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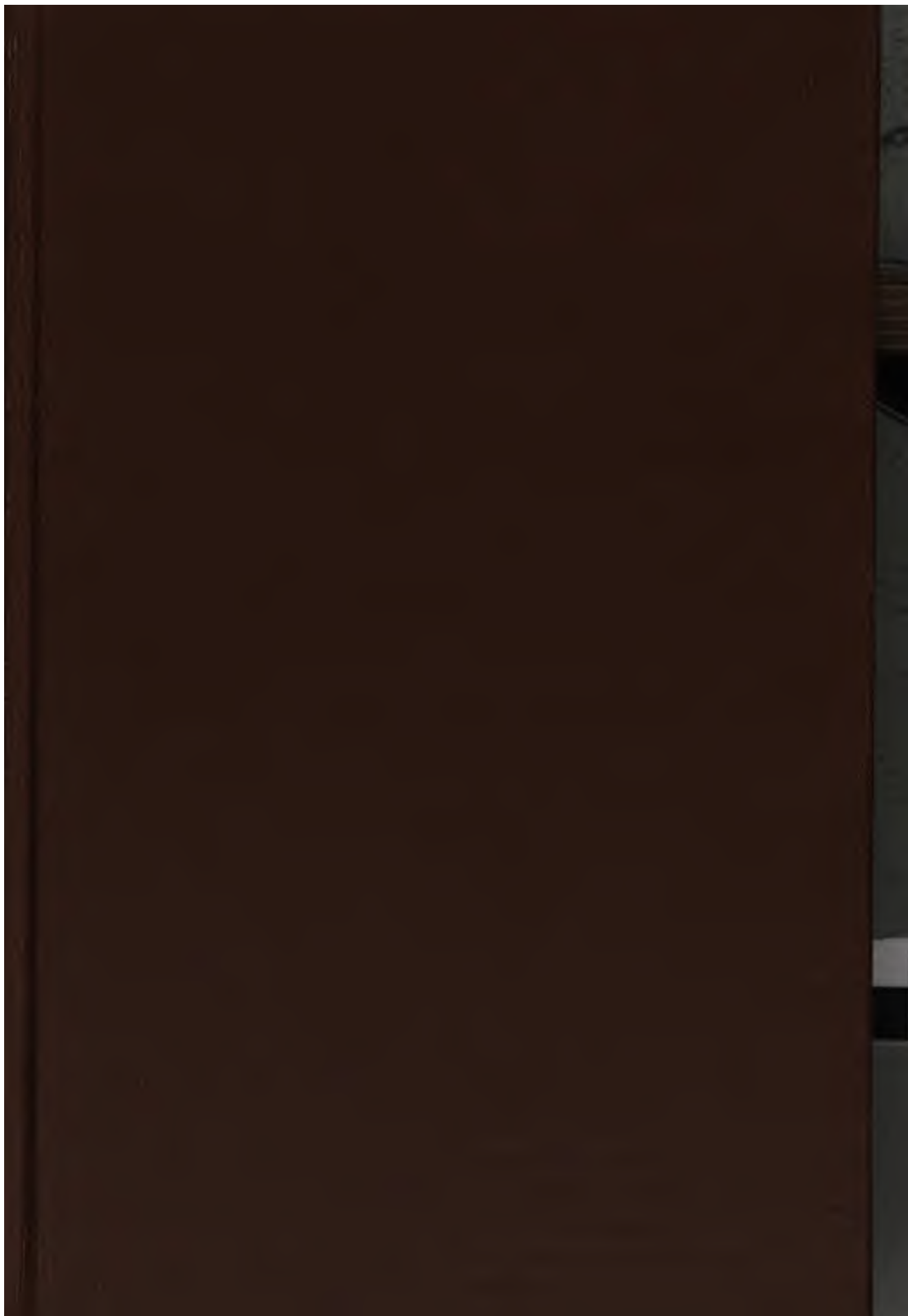
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THE
CONTEMPORARY
REVIEW

VOLUME XLIII. JANUARY—JUNE, 1883

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THE AMERICANS:

A CONVERSATION AND A SPEECH, WITH AN ADDITION.

By HERBERT SPENCER.

I.—A CONVERSATION: *October 20, 1882.*

[The state of Mr. Spencer's health unfortunately not permitting him to give in the form of articles the results of his observations on American society, it is thought useful to reproduce, under his own revision and with some additional remarks, what he has said on the subject; especially as the accounts of it which have appeared in this country are imperfect: reports of the conversation having been abridged, and the speech being known only by telegraphic summary.

The earlier paragraphs of the conversation, which refer to Mr. Spencer's persistent exclusion of reporters and his objections to the interviewing system, are omitted, as not here concerning the reader. There was no eventual yielding, as has been supposed. It was not to a newspaper-reporter that the opinions which follow were expressed, but to an intimate American friend: the primary purpose being to correct the many misstatements to which the excluded interviewers had given currency; and the occasion being taken for giving utterance to impressions of American affairs.—Ed.]

HAS what you have seen answered your expectations?

It has far exceeded them. Such books about America as I had looked into had given me no adequate idea of the immense developments of material civilization which I have everywhere found. The extent, wealth, and magnificence of your cities, and especially the splendour of New York, have altogether astonished me. Though I have not visited the wonder of the West, Chicago, yet some of your minor modern places, such as Cleveland, have sufficiently amazed me by the results of one generation's activity. Occasionally, when I have been in places of some ten thousand inhabitants where the telephone is in general use, I have felt somewhat ashamed of our own unenterprising towns, many of which, of fifty thousand inhabitants and more, make no use of it.

I suppose you recognize in these results the great benefits of free institutions?

Ah! Now comes one of the inconveniences of interviewing. I have been in the country less than two months, have seen but a relatively small part of it, and but comparatively few people, and yet you wish from me a definite opinion on a difficult question.

Perhaps you will answer, subject to the qualification that you are but giving your first impressions?

Well, with that understanding, I may reply that though the free institutions have been partly the cause, I think they have not been the chief cause. In the first place, the American people have come into possession of an unparalleled fortune—the mineral wealth and the vast tracts of virgin soil producing abundantly with small cost of culture. Manifestly, that alone goes a long way towards producing this enormous prosperity. Then they have profited by inheriting all the arts, appliances, and methods, developed by older societies, while leaving behind the obstructions existing in them. They have been able to pick and choose from the products of all past experience, appropriating the good and rejecting the bad. Then, besides these favours of fortune, there are factors proper to themselves. I perceive in American faces generally a great amount of determination—a kind of “do or die” expression; and this trait of character, joined with a power of work exceeding that of any other people, of course produces an unparalleled rapidity of progress. Once more, there is the inventiveness which, stimulated by the need for economizing labour, has been so wisely fostered. Among us in England, there are many foolish people who, while thinking that a man who toils with his hands has an equitable claim to the product, and if he has special skill may rightly have the advantage of it, also hold that if a man toils with his brain, perhaps for years, and, uniting genius with perseverance, evolves some valuable invention, the public may rightly claim the benefit. The Americans have been more far-seeing. The enormous museum of patents which I saw at Washington is significant of the attention paid to inventors’ claims; and the nation profits immensely from having in this direction (though not in all others) recognized property in mental products. Beyond question, in respect of mechanical appliances the Americans are ahead of all nations. If along with your material progress there went equal progress of a higher kind, there would remain nothing to be wished.

That is an ambiguous qualification. What do you mean by it?

You will understand me when I tell you what I was thinking the other day. After pondering over what I have seen of your vast manufacturing and trading establishments, the rush of traffic in your street-cars and elevated railways, your gigantic hotels and Fifth Avenue palaces, I was suddenly reminded of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages; and recalled the fact that while there was growing up in them great commercial activity, a development of the

arts which made them the envy of Europe, and a building of princely mansions which continue to be the admiration of travellers, their people were gradually losing their freedom.

Do you mean this as a suggestion that we are doing the like?

It seems to me that you are. You retain the forms of freedom; but, so far as I can gather, there has been a considerable loss of the substance. It is true that those who rule you do not do it by means of retainers armed with swords; but they do it through regiments of men armed with voting papers, who obey the word of command as loyally as did the dependants of the old feudal nobles, and who thus enable their leaders to override the general will, and make the community submit to their exactions as effectually as their prototypes of old. It is doubtless true that each of your citizens votes for the candidate he chooses for this or that office, from President downwards; but his hand is guided by an agency behind which leaves him scarcely any choice. "Use your political power as we tell you, or else throw it away," is the alternative offered to the citizen. The political machinery as it is now worked, has little resemblance to that contemplated at the outset of your political life. Manifestly, those who framed your Constitution never dreamed that twenty thousand citizens would go to the poll led by a "boss." America exemplifies at the other end of the social scale, a change analogous to that which has taken place under sundry despotisms. You know that in Japan, before the recent Revolution, the divine ruler, the Mikado, nominally supreme, was practically a puppet in the hands of his chief minister, the Shogun. Here it seems to me that "the sovereign people" is fast becoming a puppet which moves and speaks as wire-pullers determine.

Then you think that Republican institutions are a failure?

By no means: I imply no such conclusion. Thirty years ago, when often discussing politics with an English friend, and defending Republican institutions, as I always have done and do still, and when he urged against me the ill-working of such institutions over here, I habitually replied that the Americans got their form of government by a happy accident, not by normal progress, and that they would have to go back before they could go forward. What has since happened seems to me to have justified that view; and what I see now, confirms me in it. America is showing, on a larger scale than ever before, that "paper Constitutions" will not work as they are intended to work. The truth, first recognized by Mackintosh, that Constitutions are not made but grow, which is part of the larger truth that societies, throughout their whole organizations, are not made but grow, at once, when accepted, disposes of the notion that you can work as you hope any artificially-devised system of government. It becomes an inference that if your political structure has

been manufactured and not grown, it will forthwith begin to grow into something different from that intended—something in harmony with the natures of the citizens, and the conditions under which the society exists. And it evidently has been so with you. Within the forms of your Constitution there has grown up this organization of professional politicians altogether un contemplated at the outset, which has become in large measure the ruling power.

But will not education and the diffusion of political knowledge fit men for free institutions?

No. It is essentially a question of character, and only in a secondary degree a question of knowledge. But for the universal delusion about education as a panacea for political evils, this would have been made sufficiently clear by the evidence daily disclosed in your papers. Are not the men who officer and control your Federal, your State, and your Municipal organizations—who manipulate your caucuses and conventions, and run your partisan campaigns—all educated men? And has their education prevented them from engaging in, or permitting, or condoning, the briberies, lobbyings, and other corrupt methods which vitiate the actions of your administrations? Perhaps party newspapers exaggerate these things; but what am I to make of the testimony of your civil service reformers—men of all parties? If I understand the matter aright, they are attacking, as vicious and dangerous, a system which has grown up under the natural spontaneous working of your free institutions—are exposing vices which education has proved powerless to prevent?

Of course, ambitious and unscrupulous men will secure the offices, and education will aid them in their selfish purposes. But would not those purposes be thwarted, and better Government secured, by raising the standard of knowledge among the people at large?

Very little. The current theory is that if the young are taught what is right, and the reasons why it is right, they will do what is right when they grow up. But considering what religious teachers have been doing these two thousand years, it seems to me that all history is against the conclusion, as much as is the conduct of these well-educated citizens I have referred to; and I do not see why you expect better results among the masses. Personal interests will sway the men in the ranks, as they sway the men above them; and the education which fails to make the last consult public good rather than private good, will fail to make the first do it. The benefits of political purity are so general and remote, and the profit to each individual is so inconspicuous, that the common citizen, educate him as you like, will habitually occupy himself with his personal affairs, and hold it not worth his while to fight against each abuse as soon as it appears. Not lack of information, but lack of certain moral sentiment is the root of the evil.

You mean that people have not a sufficient sense of public duty?

Well, that is one way of putting it; but there is a more specific way. Probably it will surprise you if I say the American has not, I think, a sufficiently quick sense of his own claims, and, at the same time, as a necessary consequence, not a sufficiently quick sense of the claims of others—for the two traits are organically related. I observe that they tolerate various small interferences and dictations which Englishmen are prone to resist. I am told that the English are remarked on for their tendency to grumble in such cases; and I have no doubt it is true.

Do you think it worth while for people to make themselves disagreeable by resenting every trifling aggression? We Americans think it involves too much loss of time and temper, and doesn't pay.

Exactly; that is what I mean by character. It is this easy-going readiness to permit small trespasses, because it would be troublesome or profitless or unpopular to oppose them, which leads to the habit of acquiescence in wrong, and the decay of free institutions. Free institutions can be maintained only by citizens, each of whom is instant to oppose every illegitimate act, every assumption of supremacy, every official excess of power, however trivial it may seem. As Hamlet says, there is such a thing as "greatly to find quarrel in a straw," when the straw implies a principle. If, as you say of the American, he pauses to consider whether he can afford the time and trouble—whether it will pay, corruption is sure to creep in. All these lapses from higher to lower forms begin in trifling ways, and it is only by incessant watchfulness that they can be prevented. As one of your early statesmen said—"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." But it is far less against foreign aggressions upon national liberty that this vigilance is required, than against the insidious growth of domestic interferences with personal liberty. In some private administrations which I have been concerned with, I have often insisted that instead of assuming, as people usually do, that things are going right until it is proved that they are going wrong, the proper course is to assume that they are going wrong until it is proved that they are going right. You will find continually that private corporations, such as joint-stock banking companies, come to grief from not acting on this principle; and what holds of these small and simple private administrations holds still more of the great and complex public administrations. People are taught, and I suppose believe, that the "heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and yet, strangely enough, believing this, they place implicit trust in those they appoint to this or that function. I do not think so ill of human nature; but, on the other hand, I do not think so well of human nature as to believe it will go straight without being watched.

You hinted that while Americans do not assert their own individualities sufficiently in small matters, they, reciprocally, do not sufficiently respect the individualities of others.

Did I? Here, then, comes another of the inconveniences of interviewing. I should have kept this opinion to myself if you had asked me no questions; and now I must either say what I do not think, which I cannot, or I must refuse to answer, which, perhaps, will be taken to mean more than I intend, or I must specify, at the risk of giving offence. As the least evil, I suppose I must do the last. The trait I refer to comes out in various ways, small and great. It is shown by the disrespectful manner in which individuals are dealt with in your journals—the placarding of public men in sensational headings, the dragging of private people and their affairs into print. There seems to be a notion that the public have a right to intrude on private life as far as they like; and this I take to be a kind of moral trespassing. Then, in a larger way, the trait is seen in this damaging of private property by your elevated railways without making compensation; and it is again seen in the doings of railway autocrats, not only when overriding the rights of shareholders, but in dominating over courts of justice and State governments. The fact is that free institutions can be properly worked only by men, each of whom is jealous of his own rights, and also sympathetically jealous of the rights of others—who will neither himself aggress on his neighbours in small things or great, nor tolerate aggression on them by others. The Republican form of government is the highest form of government; but because of this it requires the highest type of human nature—a type nowhere at present existing. We have not grown up to it; nor have you.

But we thought, Mr. Spencer, you were in favour of free government in the sense of relaxed restraints, and letting men and things very much alone, or what is called *laissez faire*?

That is a persistent misunderstanding of my opponents. Everywhere, along with the reprobation of Government intrusion into various spheres where private activities should be left to themselves, I have contended that in its special sphere, the maintenance of equitable relations among citizens, governmental action should be extended and elaborated.

To return to your various criticisms, must I then understand that you think unfavourably of our future?

No one can form anything more than vague and general conclusions respecting your future. The factors are too numerous, too vast, too far beyond measure in their quantities and intensities. The world has never before seen social phenomena at all comparable with those presented in the United States. A society spreading over enormous tracts, while still preserving its political continuity, is a new thing.

This progressive incorporation of vast bodies of immigrants of various bloods, has never occurred on such a scale before. Large empires, composed of different peoples, have, in previous cases, been formed by conquest and annexation. Then your immense *plexus* of railways and telegraphs tends to consolidate this vast aggregate of States in a way that no such aggregate has ever before been consolidated. And there are many minor co-operating causes, unlike those hitherto known. No one can say how it is all going to work out. That there will come hereafter troubles of various kinds, and very grave ones, seems highly probable; but all nations have had, and will have, their troubles. Already you have triumphed over one great trouble, and may reasonably hope to triumph over others. It may, I think, be concluded that, both because of its size and the heterogeneity of its components, the American nation will be a long time in evolving its ultimate form, but that its ultimate form will be high. One great result is, I think, tolerably clear. From biological truths it is to be inferred that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming the population, will produce a finer type of man than has hitherto existed; and a type of man more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needful for complete social life. I think that whatever difficulties they may have to surmount, and whatever tribulations they may have to pass through, the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known.

II.—A SPEECH :

*Delivered on the occasion of a Complimentary Dinner in New York,
on November 9, 1882.*

Mr. President and Gentlemen :—Along with your kindness there comes to me a great unkindness from Fate; for, now that, above all times in my life, I need full command of what powers of speech I possess, disturbed health so threatens to interfere with them that I fear I shall very inadequately express myself. Any failure in my response you must please ascribe, in part at least, to a greatly disordered nervous system. Regarding you as representing Americans at large, I feel that the occasion is one on which arrears of thanks are due. I ought to begin with the time, some two-and-twenty years ago, when my highly valued friend Professor Youmans, making efforts to diffuse my books here, interested on their behalf the Messrs. Appleton, who have ever treated me so honourably and so handsomely; and I ought to detail from that time onward the various marks and

acts of sympathy by which I have been encouraged in a struggle which was for many years disheartening. But, intimating thus briefly my general indebtedness to my numerous friends, most of them unknown, on this side of the Atlantic, I must name more especially the many attentions and proffered hospitalities met with during my late tour, as well as, lastly and chiefly, this marked expression of the sympathies and good wishes which many of you have travelled so far to give, at great cost of that time which is so precious to the American. I believe I may truly say, that the better health which you have so cordially wished me, will be in a measure furthered by the wish; since all pleasurable emotion is conducive to health, and, as you will fully believe, the remembrance of this event will ever continue to be a source of pleasurable emotion, exceeded by few, if any, of my remembrances.

And now that I have thanked you, sincerely though too briefly, I am going to find fault with you. Already, in some remarks drawn from me respecting American affairs and American character, I have passed criticisms, which have been accepted far more good-humouredly than I could have reasonably expected; and it seems strange that I should now propose again to transgress. However, the fault I have to comment upon is one which most will scarcely regard as a fault. It seems to me that in one respect Americans have diverged too widely from savages, I do not mean to say that they are in general unduly civilized. Throughout large parts of the population, even in long-settled regions, there is no excess of those virtues needed for the maintenance of social harmony. Especially out in the West, men's dealings do not yet betray too much of the "sweetness and light" which we are told distinguish the cultured man from the barbarian. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which my assertion is true. You know that the primitive man lacks power of application. Spurred by hunger, by danger, by revenge, he can exert himself energetically for a time; but his energy is spasmodic. Monotonous daily toil is impossible to him. It is otherwise with the more developed man. The stern discipline of social life has gradually increased the aptitude for persistent industry; until, among us, and still more among you, work has become with many a passion. This contrast of nature has another aspect. The savage thinks only of present satisfactions, and leaves future satisfactions uncared for. Contrariwise, the American, eagerly pursuing a future good, almost ignores what good the passing day offers him; and when the future good is gained, he neglects that while striving for some still remoter good.

What I have seen and heard during my stay among you has forced on me the belief that this slow change from habitual inertness to persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must begin a counterchange—a reaction. Everywhere I have been struck

with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-haired men; and inquiries have brought out the fact, that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavours to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all the observant persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life—the physique is being undermined. That subtle thinker and poet whom you have lately had to mourn, Emerson, says, in his essay on the Gentleman, that the first requisite is that he shall be a good animal. The requisite is a general one—it extends to the man, to the father, to the citizen. We hear a great deal about “the vile body;” and many are encouraged by the phrase to transgress the laws of health. But Nature quietly suppresses those who treat thus disrespectfully one of her highest products, and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish.

Beyond these immediate mischiefs there are remoter mischiefs. Exclusive devotion to work has the result that amusements cease to please; and, when relaxation becomes imperative, life becomes dreary from lack of its sole interest—the interest in business. The remark current in England that, when the American travels, his aim is to do the greatest amount of sight-seeing in the shortest time, I find current here also: it is recognized that the satisfaction of getting on devours nearly all other satisfactions. When recently at Niagara, which gave us a whole week's pleasure, I learned from the landlord of the hotel that most Americans come one day and go away the next. Old Froissart, who said of the English of his day that “they take their pleasures sadly after their fashion,” would doubtless, if he lived now, say of the Americans that they take their pleasures hurriedly after their fashion. In large measure with us, and still more with you, there is not that abandonment to the moment which is requisite for full enjoyment; and this abandonment is prevented by the ever-present sense of multitudinous responsibilities. So that, beyond the serious physical mischief caused by overwork, there is the further mischief that it destroys what value there would otherwise be in the leisure part of life.

Nor do the evils end here. There is the injury to posterity. Damaged constitutions reappear in children, and entail on them far more of ill than great fortunes yield them of good. When life has been duly rationalized by science, it will be seen that among a man's duties, care of the body is imperative; not only out of regard for

personal welfare, but also out of regard for descendants. His constitution will be considered as an entailed estate, which he ought to pass on uninjured, if not improved, to those who follow; and it will be held that millions bequeathed by him will not compensate for feeble health and decreased ability to enjoy life. Once more, there is the injury to fellow-citizens, taking the shape of undue disregard of competitors. I hear that a great trader among you deliberately endeavoured to crush out every one whose business competed with his own; and manifestly the man who, making himself a slave to accumulation, absorbs an inordinate share of the trade or profession he is engaged in, makes life harder for all others engaged in it, and excludes from it many who might otherwise gain competencies. Thus, besides the egoistic motive, there are two altruistic motives which should deter from this excess in work.

The truth is, there needs a revised ideal of life. Look back through the past, or look abroad through the present, and we find that the ideal of life is variable, and depends on social conditions. Every one knows that to be a successful warrior was the highest aim among all ancient peoples of note, as it is still among many barbarous peoples. When we remember that in the Norseman's heaven the time was to be passed in daily battles, with magical healing of wounds, we see how deeply rooted may become the conception that fighting is man's proper business, and that industry is fit only for slaves and people of low degree. That is to say, when the chronic struggles of races necessitate perpetual wars, there is evolved an ideal of life adapted to the requirements. We have changed all that in modern civilized societies; especially in England, and still more in America. With the decline of militant activity, and the growth of industrial activity, the occupations once disgraceful have become honourable. The duty to work has taken the place of the duty to fight; and in the one case, as in the other, the ideal of life has become so well established that scarcely any dream of questioning it. Practically, business has been substituted for war as the purpose of existence.

Is this modern ideal to survive throughout the future? I think not. While all other things undergo continuous change, it is impossible that ideals should remain fixed. The ancient ideal was appropriate to the ages of conquest by man over man, and spread of the strongest races. The modern ideal is appropriate to ages in which conquest of the earth and subjection of the powers of Nature to human use, is the predominant need. But hereafter, when both these ends have in the main been achieved, the ideal formed will probably differ considerably from the present one. May we not foresee the nature of the difference? I think we may. Some twenty years ago, a good friend of mine, and a good friend of yours too,

though you never saw him, John Stuart Mill, delivered at St. Andrews an inaugural address on the occasion of his appointment to the Lord Rectorship. It contained much to be admired, as did all he wrote. There ran through it, however, the tacit assumption that life is for learning and working. I felt at the time that I should have liked to take up the opposite thesis. I should have liked to contend that life is not for learning, nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life. The primary use of knowledge is for such guidance of conduct under all circumstances as shall make living complete. All other uses of knowledge are secondary. It scarcely needs saying that the primary use of work is that of supplying the materials and aids to living completely; and that any other uses of work are secondary. But in men's conceptions the secondary has in great measure usurped the place of the primary. The apostle of culture as it is commonly conceived, Mr. Matthew Arnold, makes little or no reference to the fact that the first use of knowledge is the right ordering of all actions; and Mr. Carlyle, who is a good exponent of current ideas about work, insists on its virtues for quite other reasons than that it achieves sustentation. We may trace everywhere in human affairs a tendency to transform the means into the end. All see that the miser does this when, making the accumulation of money his sole satisfaction, he forgets that money is of value only to purchase satisfactions. But it is less commonly seen that the like is true of the work by which the money is accumulated—that industry too, bodily or mental, is but a means; and that it is as irrational to pursue it to the exclusion of that complete living it subserves, as it is for the miser to accumulate money and make no use of it. Hereafter, when this age of active material progress has yielded mankind its benefits, there will, I think, come a better adjustment of labour and enjoyment. Among reasons for thinking this, there is the reason that the process of evolution throughout the organic world at large, brings an increasing surplus of energies that are not absorbed in fulfilling material needs, and points to a still larger surplus for the humanity of the future. And there are other reasons, which I must pass over. In brief, I may say that we have had somewhat too much of "the gospel of work." It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation.

This is a very unconventional after-dinner speech. Especially it will be thought strange that in returning thanks I should deliver something very much like a homily. But I have thought I could not better convey my thanks than by the expression of a sympathy which issues in a fear. If, as I gather, this intemperance in work affects more especially the Anglo-American part of the population—if there results an undermining of the physique, not only in adults, but also in the young, who, as I learn from your daily journals, are also being

injured by overwork—if the ultimate consequence should be a dwindling away of those among you who are the inheritors of free institutions and best adapted to them; then there will come a further difficulty in the working out of that great future which lies before the American nation. To my anxiety on this account you must please ascribe the unusual character of my remarks.

And now I must bid you farewell. When I sail by the *Germanic* on Saturday, I shall bear with me pleasant remembrances of my intercourse with many Americans, joined with regrets that my state of health has prevented me from seeing a larger number.

[A few words may fitly be added respecting the causes of this over-activity in American life—causes which may be identified as having in recent times partially operated among ourselves; and as having wrought kindred, though less marked, effects. It is the more worth while to trace the genesis of this undue absorption of the energies in work, since it well serves to illustrate the general truth which should be ever present to all legislators and politicians, that the indirect and unforeseen results of any cause affecting a society are frequently, if not habitually, greater and more important than the direct and foreseen results.

This high pressure under which Americans exist, and which is most intense in places like Chicago, where the prosperity and rate of growth are greatest, is seen by many intelligent Americans themselves to be an indirect result of their free institutions and the absence of those class-distinctions and restraints existing in older communities. A society in which the man who dies a millionaire is so often one who commenced life in poverty, and in which (to paraphrase a French saying concerning the soldier) every news-boy carries a president's seal in his bag, is, by consequence, a society in which all are subject to a stress of competition for wealth and honour, greater than can exist in a society whose members are nearly all prevented from rising out of the ranks in which they were born, and have but remote possibilities of acquiring fortunes. In those European societies which have in great measure preserved their old types of structure (as in our own society up to the time when the great development of industrialism began to open ever-multiplying careers for the producing and distributing classes) there is so little chance of overcoming the obstacles to any great rise in position or possessions, that nearly all have to be content with their places: entertaining little or no thought of bettering themselves. A manifest concomitant is that, fulfilling, with such efficiency as a moderate competition requires, the daily tasks of their respective situations, the majority become habituated to making the best of such pleasures as their lot affords, during whatever leisure

they get. But it is otherwise where an immense growth of trade multiplies greatly the chances of success to the enterprising; and still more is it otherwise where class-restrictions are partially removed or wholly absent. Not only are more energy and thought put into the time daily occupied in work, but the leisure comes to be trenched upon, either literally by abridgment, or else by anxieties concerning business. Clearly, the larger the number who, under such conditions, acquire property, or achieve higher positions, or both, the sharper is the spur to the rest. A raised standard of activity establishes itself and goes on rising. Public applause given to the successful, becoming in communities thus circumstanced the most familiar kind of public applause, increases continually the stimulus to action. The struggle grows more and more strenuous, and there comes an increasing dread of failure—a dread of being “left,” as the Americans say: a significant word, since it is suggestive of a race in which the harder any one runs, the harder others have to run to keep up with him—a word suggestive of that breathless haste with which each passes from a success gained to the pursuit of a further success. And on contrasting the English of to-day with the English of a century ago, we may see how, in a considerable measure, the like causes have entailed here kindred results.

Even those who are not directly spurred on by this intensified struggle for wealth and honour, are indirectly spurred on by it. For one of its effects is to raise the standard of living, and eventually to increase the average rate of expenditure for all. Partly for personal enjoyment, but much more for the display which brings admiration, those who acquire fortunes distinguish themselves by luxurious habits. The more numerous they become, the keener becomes the competition for that kind of public attention given to those who make themselves conspicuous by great expenditure. The competition spreads downwards step by step; until, to be “respectable,” those having relatively small means feel obliged to spend more on houses, furniture, dress, and food; and are obliged to work the harder to get the requisite larger income. This process of causation is manifest enough among ourselves; and it is still more manifest in America, where the extravagance in style of living is greater than here.

Thus, though it seems beyond doubt that the removal of all political and social barriers, and the giving to each man an unimpeded career, must be purely beneficial; yet there is (at first) a considerable set-off from the benefits. Among those who in older communities have by laborious lives gained distinction, some may be heard privately to confess that “the game is not worth the candle;” and when they hear of others who wish to tread in their steps, shake their heads and say—“If they only knew!” Without accepting in full so

pessimistic an estimate of success, we must still say that very generally the cost of the candle deducts largely from the gain of the game. That which in these exceptional cases holds among ourselves, holds more generally in America. An intensified life, which may be summed up as—great labour, great profit, great expenditure—has for its concomitant a wear and tear which considerably diminishes in one direction the good gained in another. Added together, the daily strain through many hours and the anxieties occupying many other hours—the occupation of consciousness by feelings that are either indifferent or painful, leaving relatively little time for occupation of it by pleasurable feelings—tend to lower its level more than its level is raised by the gratifications of achievement and the accompanying benefits. So that it may, and in many cases does, result that diminished happiness goes along with increased prosperity. Unquestionably, as long as order is fairly maintained, that absence of political and social restraints which gives free scope to the struggles for profit and honour, conduces greatly to material advance of the society—develops the industrial arts, extends and improves the business organizations, augments the wealth; but that it raises the value of individual life, as measured by the average state of its feeling, by no means follows. That it will do so eventually, is certain; but that it does so now seems, to say the least, very doubtful.

The truth is that a society and its members act and react in such wise that while, on the one hand, the nature of the society is determined by the natures of its members; on the other hand, the activities of its members (and presently their natures) are re-determined by the needs of the society, as these alter: change in either entails change in the other. It is an obvious implication that, to a great extent, the life of a society so sways the wills of its members as to turn them to its ends. That which is manifest during the militant stage, when the social aggregate coerces its units into co-operation for defence, and sacrifices many of their lives for its corporate preservation, holds under another form during the industrial stage, as we at present know it. Though the co-operation of citizens is now voluntary instead of compulsory; yet the social forces impel them to achieve social ends while apparently achieving only their own ends. The man who, carrying out an invention, thinks only of private welfare to be thereby secured, is in far larger measure working for public welfare: instance the contrast between the fortune made by Watt and the wealth which the steam-engine has given to mankind. He who utilizes a new material, improves a method of production, or introduces a better way of carrying on business, and does this for the purpose of distancing competitors, gains for himself little compared with that which he gains for the community by facilitating the lives of all. Either unknowingly or in

spite of themselves, Nature leads men by purely personal motives to fulfil her ends: Nature being one of our expressions for the Ultimate Cause of things, and the end, remote when not proximate, being the highest form of human life.

Hence no argument, however cogent, can be expected to produce much effect: only here and there one may be influenced. As in an actively militant stage of society it is impossible to make many believe that there is any glory preferable to that of killing enemies; so, where rapid material growth is going on, and affords unlimited scope for the energies of all, little can be done by insisting that life has higher uses than work and accumulation. While among the most powerful of feelings continue to be the desire for public applause and dread of public censure—while the anxiety to achieve distinction, now by conquering enemies, now by beating competitors, continues predominant—while the fear of public reprobation affects men more than the fear of divine vengeance (as witness the long survival of duelling in Christian societies); this excess of work which ambition prompts, seems likely to continue with but small qualification. The eagerness for the honour accorded to success, first in war and then in commerce, has been indispensable as a means to peopling the Earth with the higher types of man, and the subjugation of its surface and its forces to human use. Ambition may fitly come to bear a smaller ratio to other motives, when the working out of these needs is approaching completeness; and when also, by consequence, the scope for satisfying ambition is diminishing. Those who draw the obvious corollaries from the doctrine of Evolution—those who believe that the process of modification upon modification which has brought life to its present height must raise it still higher, will anticipate that “the last infirmity of noble minds” will in the distant future slowly decrease. As the sphere for achievement becomes smaller, the desire for applause will lose that predominance which it now has. A better ideal of life may simultaneously come to prevail. When there is fully recognized the truth that moral beauty is higher than intellectual power—when the wish to be admired is in large measure replaced by the wish to be loved; that strife for distinction which the present phase of civilization shows us will be greatly moderated. Along with other benefits may then come a rational proportioning of work and relaxation; and the relative claims of to-day and to-morrow may be properly balanced.—H. S.]

UNIVERSITY ELECTIONS.

THE late election for the University of Cambridge had an ending which may well set many of us a-thinking. That Mr. Raikes should have been chosen by an overwhelming majority rather than Mr. Stuart means a good deal more than a mere party victory and party defeat. Combined with several elections of late years at Oxford, it is enough to make us all turn over in our minds the question of University representation in general. The facts taken altogether look as if those constituencies to which we might naturally look for the return of members of more than average personal eminence were committed, in the choice of their representatives, not only to one particular political party, but to absolute indifference to every claim beyond membership of that particular party. It would be unreasonable to expect a conscientious Conservative to vote for a Liberal candidate; but one might expect any party, in choosing candidates for such constituencies as the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to put forward its best men. And we cannot, after all, think so ill of the great Conservative party as to believe that the present representatives of Oxford and Cambridge are its best men. We ought indeed not to forget that, whatever Mr. Beresford-Hope has since shown himself, he was brought forward, partly at least, as a man of scholarship and intellectual tastes, and that he received many Liberal votes in the belief that he was less widely removed from Liberal ideas than another Conservative candidate. This would seem to have been the last trace of an old tradition, the last faint glimmering of the belief that the representative of an University should have something about him specially appropriate to the representation of an University. In Oxford that tradition had, on the Conservative side, given way earlier. Another tradition gave way with it, one which I at

least did not regret, the tradition that an University seat should be a seat for life. It sounded degrading when a proposer of Mr. Gladstone stooped to appeal to the doctrine, "*ut semel electus semper eligatur*." But be that rule wise or foolish, it was on the Conservative side that it was broken down. It gave way to the rule that Mr. Gladstone was always to be opposed, and that it did not matter who could be got to oppose him. Again I cannot believe that the Conservative ranks did not contain better men than the grotesque succession of nobodies by whom Mr. Gladstone was opposed. But in the course of those elections the rule was established at Oxford, and it now seems to be adopted at Cambridge, that anybody will do to be an University member, provided only he is an unflinching supporter of the party which, as recent elections show, still keeps a large majority in both Universities.

Mr. Gladstone was very nearly the ideal University member. I say "very nearly," because to my mind the absolutely ideal state of things would be if the Universities could catch such men as Mr. Gladstone young, and could bring them into Parliament as their own, before they had been laid hold of by any other constituency. The late jubilee of Mr. Gladstone's political life ought to have been the jubilee of his election, not for Newark but for Oxford. The Universities should choose men who have already shown themselves to be scholars and who bid fair one day to be statesmen. I am not sure about the policy of bringing forward actual University officials. There is sure to be a cry against them, and it is not clear that they are the best choice in themselves. It may be as well however to remember that the example was set, though in rather an amusing shape, by the Conservatives themselves. Dr. Marsham, late Warden of Merton, who was brought forward thirty years ago in opposition to Mr. Gladstone, did not belong to exactly the same class of academical officials as Professor Stuart and Professor H. J. S. Smith; still, as an academical official of some kind, he had something in common with them, as distinguished from either Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Raikes. At the last elections both for Oxford and Cambridge, the Liberal candidate was an actual Professor. Mr. Stuart indeed is much more than a mere professor; he has shown his capacity for practical work of various kinds. But I could not but look on the Oxford choice of 1878 as unlucky. Mr. H. J. S. Smith was brought forward purely on the ground of "*distinction*," distinction, it would seem, so great that moral right and wrong went for nothing by its side. Just at that moment right and wrong were emphatically weighing in the balance; it was the very crisis of the fate of South-Eastern Europe. But we were told that Mr. Smith's candidature had "*no reference to the Eastern Question*;" he was, we were told, supported by men who took opposite views on that

matter. That is to say, when the most distinct question of right and wrong that ever was put before any people was at that moment placed before our eyes, we were asked to put away all thought of moral right and moral duty in the presence of the long string of letters after Mr. Smith's name. Better, I should have said, to choose, even for the University, a man who could not read or write, if he had been ready to strive heart and soul for justice and freedom alongside of Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll. Yet no such hard choice was laid upon us. There was a man standing by, another bearer of the same great Teutonic name, not young indeed in years, but who might have gone fresh to Parliament as the University's own choice, one whom it would have been worth some effort to keep within the bounds of England and of Europe, one who to a list of "distinctions" at least as long as that of the candidate actually chosen, added the noblest distinction of all, that of having been, through a life of varied experiences, the consistent and unflinching champion of moral righteousness. I do not know that Mr. Goldwin Smith would have had a greater chance—perhaps he might have had even less chance—of election than Mr. H. J. S. Smith. But there would have been greater comfort in manly defeat in open strife under such a leader than there could be in a defeat which it had been vainly-hoped to escape by a compromise on the great moral question of the moment. The Oxford Liberals lost, and, I must say, they deserved to lose. It is a great gain for an University candidate to be "distinguished;" but one would think that it would commonly be possible to find a "distinguished" candidate who is at once "distinguished" and something better as well.

Still at Oxford in 1878 Mr. H. J. S. Smith was the accepted candidate of the Liberal party, and in that character he underwent a crushing defeat. It may be, or it may not be, that a candidate of more decided principles would have gained more votes than the actual candidate gained; he certainly would not have gained enough to turn the scale. Mr. Smith was defeated by a candidate who was utterly undistinguished; and who, instead of simply halting, like Mr. Smith, between right and wrong, was definitely committed to the cause of wrong. Mr. Talbot became member for the University on the same principle on which Mr. Gladstone's successive opponents were brought forward, the principle that anybody will do, if only he be a Tory. Any stick is good enough to beat the Liberal dog. When Toryism showed itself in its darkest colours, when it meant the rule of Lord Beaconsfield, and when the rule of Lord Beaconsfield meant, before all things, the strengthening of the power of evil in South-Eastern Europe, a constituency, in which the clerical vote is said to be decisive, preferred, by an overwhelming majority, the candidate who most distinctly represented the bondage of Christian

nations under the yoke of the misbeliever. It is quite possible that crowds voted at the Oxford election, as at other elections, in support of Lord Beaconsfield's ministry, in utter indifference or in utter ignorance as to what support of Lord Beaconsfield's ministry meant. The Conservative party was conventionally supposed to be the Church party; and so men calling themselves Christians, calling themselves clergymen, rushed, with the cry of "Church" in their mouths, to do all that in them lay for the sworn allies of Antichrist.

A constituency which could return a supporter of Lord Beaconsfield in 1878 is hopelessly Tory—hopelessly that is, till a new generation shall have supplanted the existing one. It is Conservative, not in the sense of acting on any intelligible Conservative principle, but in the sense of supporting anything that calls itself Conservative, be its principles what they may. No measure could be less really Conservative, none could more be opposed to the feelings and traditions of a large part of the clergy, than the Public Worship Act. A large part of the clergy grumbled at it; some voted for the Liberals in 1880 on the strength of it; but it did not arouse a discontent so strong or so general as seriously to deprive the so-called Conservative party of clerical support. It was perhaps unreasonable to expect much change in the older class of electors, clerical or lay; but the results of the two elections, of Oxford in 1878 and of Cambridge in 1882, are disappointing in another way. The Universities, and therewith the University constituencies, have largely increased within the last few years. The number of electors at Oxford is far greater than it was in the days of Mr. Gladstone's elections; at Cambridge the increase must be greater still since any earlier election at which a poll was taken. And it was certainly hoped that the increase would have been altogether favourable to the Liberal side. Among the new electors there was a large lay element, a certain Nonconformist element; even among the clergy a party was known to be growing who had found the way to reconcile strict Churchmanship with Liberal politics, and whose Christianity was not of the kind which is satisfied to walk hand-in-hand with the Turk. In these different ways it was only reasonable to expect that the result of an University election was now likely to be, if not the actual return of a Liberal member, yet at least a poll which should show that the Conservative majority was largely diminished. Instead of this, both at Oxford in 1878 and at Cambridge in 1882 the Conservative candidate comes in by a majority which is simply overwhelming. It must however be remembered that it would be misleading to compare the poll at either of these elections with the polls at any of Mr. Gladstone's contests. The issue was different in the two cases. The elections of 1878 and 1880 were far more distinctly trials between political parties than the several elections in which Mr. Gladstone succeeded or the final one

in which he failed. First of all, there is a vast difference between Mr. Gladstone and any other candidate. This difference indeed cuts both ways. The foremost man in the land is at once the best loved and the best hated man in the land. Neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. Stuart nor any other candidate that could be thought of could call forth either the depth of enthusiasm in his supporters or the depth of antagonism in his opponents which is called forth by every public appearance of Mr. Gladstone. No other man has, in the same measure as he has, won the glory of being the bugbear of cultivated "society" and the object of the reverence and affection of thinking men. But, apart from this, the issues were different. Mr. Smith and Mr. Stuart stood directly as Liberal candidates. Mr. Gladstone, at least in his earlier elections, was still in party nomenclature counted among Conservatives, and he received but little support from professed political Liberals. The constituency was then confined to men who had signed the articles of the Established Church, and the election largely turned on controversies within the Established Church. I venture to think that the High Church party of that day was really a Liberal party, one that had far more in common with the political Liberals than with the political Conservatives. But it is certain that neither the High Churchmen nor the political Liberals would have acknowledged the kindred, and the great mass of Mr. Gladstone's supporters in 1847, in 1852, and even later, would assuredly not have voted for any avowedly Liberal candidate. In his later elections Mr. Gladstone received a distinct Liberal support; still he was also supported by men who would not support a Liberal candidate now. As he came nearer and nearer to the Liberal camp, his majorities forsook him till he was at last rejected for Mr. Hardy. The two elections of the last four years have turned more directly, we may say that they have turned wholly, on ordinary political issues. Controversies within the Established Church have had little bearing on them. So far as ecclesiastical questions have come in, the strife has been between "Church"—that kind of Church which is pue-fellow to the Mosque—and something which is supposed not to be "Church." These late elections have therefore been far better tests than the old ones of the strictly political feelings of the constituencies. Looked at in that light, they certainly do not prove that the University constituencies are more Conservative now than they were then. They do prove that the Liberal growth, the Liberal reaction, or whatever we are to call it, in the University constituencies since that time has been far less strong than Liberals had hoped that it had been. They do prove that the Conservatism of those constituencies is still of a kind which, both for quantity and quality, has a very ugly look in Liberal eyes.

Thus far we have been looking at Oxford and Cambridge only.

But we must not forget that Oxford and Cambridge are not the only Universities in the kingdom. The general results of University elections were set forth a few weeks back in an article in the *Spectator*. They are certainly not comfortable as a whole. We of Oxford and Cambridge may perhaps draw a very poor satisfaction from the thought that we are at least not so bad as Dublin. But then we must feel in the like proportion ashamed when we see how we stand by the side of London. A better comparison than either is with the Universities of Scotland. From a Liberal point of view, they are much better than Oxford and Cambridge, but still they are not nearly so good as they ought to be. The Liberalism of the Universities of Scotland lags a long way behind the Liberalism of the Scottish people in general. One pair of Universities returns a Liberal, the other a Conservative, in neither case by majorities at all like the Conservative majorities at Oxford and Cambridge. Speaking roughly, in the Scottish Universities the two parties are nearly equally balanced, a very different state of things from what we see in the other constituencies of Scotland. If then in England and Ireland the University constituencies are overwhelmingly Conservative, while in Liberal Scotland they are more Conservative than Liberal, it follows that there is something amiss either about Liberal principles or about University constituencies. And those who believe that Liberal principles are the principles of right reason and that so-called Conservative principles represent something other than right reason, will of course take that horn of the dilemma which throws the blame on the University constituencies. For some reason or other, those constituencies which might be supposed to be more enlightened, more thoughtful and better informed, than any others are those in which the principles which we deem to be those of right reason find least favour. Even in the most Liberal part of the kingdom, the University constituencies are the least Liberal part of the electoral body. The facts are clear; we must grapple with them as we can. There is something in education, in culture, in refinement, or whatever the qualities are which are supposed to distinguish University electors from the electors of an ordinary county or borough, which makes University electors less inclined to what we hold to be the principles of right reason than the electors of an ordinary county or borough. Education, culture, or whatever it is, clearly has, in political matters, a weak side to it. There is the fact; we must look it in the face.

After all perhaps the fact is not very wonderful. There is no need to infer either that Liberal principles are wrong or that University education is a bad thing. The *Spectator* goes philosophically into the matter. The Universities give—that is, we may suppose, to those who take only a common degree—only a moderate education, an average education, a little knowledge and a little

culture springing from it. And the effect of this little knowledge and little culture is to make those who have it satisfied with the state of things in which they find themselves, and to separate themselves from those who have not even that little knowledge and little culture. "Education," says the *Spectator*, "to the very moderate extent to which a University degree attests it, is a Conservative force, because to that extent at all events it does much more to stimulate the sense of privilege and caste than it does to enlarge the sympathies and to strengthen the sense of justice." That is, it would seem, a pass degree tends to make a man a Tory. It does not at all follow that even the passman's course is mischievous to him on the whole, even if it does him no good politically. For, if it has the effect which the *Spectator* says, the form which that effect takes is, in most cases, rather to keep a man a Tory than to make him one. And it may none the less do him good in some other ways. But the *Spectator* leaves it at least open to be inferred that a higher degree, or rather the knowledge and consequent culture implied in the higher degree, does, or ought to do, something different even in the political way. And such an inference would probably be borne out by facts. If Lord Carnarvon looks on all passmen as "men of literary eminence and intellectual power," he must be very nearly right in his figures when he says that three-fourths of such men are opposed to Mr. Gladstone. But those who have really profited by their University work may doubt whether passmen as such are entitled to that description. Indeed in the most ideal state of an University, though it might be reasonable to expect its members to be men of intellectual power, it would be unreasonable to expect all of them to be men of literary eminence. If by literary eminence be meant the writing of books, some men of very high intellectual power are men of no literary eminence whatever. Without therefore requiring the University members to be elected wholly by men of literary eminence, we may fairly ask that they may be elected by men of more intellectual power than the mass of the present electors. We should ask for this, even if we thought that Lord Carnarvon was right, if we thought that, the higher the standard of the electors, the safer would be the Tory seats. But it is perhaps only human nature to ask for it the more, if we happen to think that the raising of the standard would have the exactly opposite result.

The evil then, to sum up the result of the *Spectator's* argument, is that the University elections are determined by the votes of the passmen, and that the mass of the passmen are Tories. Now what is the remedy for this evil? One very obvious remedy is always, on such occasions as that which has just happened, whispered perhaps rather than very loudly proclaimed. This is the doctrine that the

representation of Universities in Parliament is altogether a mistake, and that it would be well if the Universities were disfranchised by the next Reform Bill. And, if the question could be discussed as a purely abstract one, there is no doubt much to be said, from more grounds than one, against University representation. There is only one ground on which separate University representation can be justified on the common principles on which an English House of Commons is put together. This is the ground that each University is a distinct community from the city or borough in which it is locally placed, something in the same way in which it is held that a city or borough is a distinct community from the county in which it locally stands. The University of Oxford has interests, feelings, a general corporate being, distinct from the city of Oxford, just as the city of Oxford has interests, feelings, a general corporate being, distinct from the county of Oxford. So, if one were maliciously given, one might go on to argue that the choice of a representative made by the borough of Woodstock seems to show that the inhabitants of that borough have something in them which makes them distinct from University, county, city, or any other known division of mankind. Regarding then these differences, the wisdom of our forefathers has ruled, not that the county of Oxford, the city, the University, and the boroughs of Woodstock and Banbury, should join to elect nine members after the principle of *scrutin de liste*, but that the nine members should be distributed among them according to their local divisions, after the principle of *scrutin d'arrondissement*. On any ground but this local one, a ground which applies to some Universities and not to others, and which seems to have less weight than formerly in those Universities to which it does apply, the University franchise is certainly an anomaly. It must submit to be set down as a fancy franchise. But it is a fancy franchise which has a great weight of precedent in its favour. Besides the original institution of the British Solomon, there is the fact that University representation has been extended at each moment of constitutional change for a century past. It was extended by the Union with Ireland, by the great Reform Bill, and by the legislation of fifteen years back. Each of these changes has added to the number of University members. And each has added to them in a way which more and more forsakes the local ground, and gives to the University franchise more and more the character of a fancy franchise. Dublin has less of local character than Oxford and Cambridge; London has no local character at all. Such a grouping as that of Glasgow and Aberdeen takes away all local character from Scottish University representation. In short, whatever James the First intended, later legislators, down to our own day, have adopted and confirmed the principle of the fancy franchise as applied to the Universities. There stands the anomaly,

with the stamp of repeated re-enactment upon it. Some very strong ground must therefore be found on which to attack it. Liberals may think that there is a very strong ground in the fact that University representation tends to strengthen the Conservative interest, and not only to strengthen it, but to give it a kind of credit, as stamped with the approval of the most highly educated class of electors. But this is a ground which could not be decently brought forward. It would not do to propose the disfranchisement of a particular class of electors merely because they commonly use their franchise in favour of a particular political party. From a party point of view, the representation of the cities of London and Westminster is as great a political evil as the representation of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. But we could not therefore propose the disfranchisement of those cities. The abstract question of University representation may be discussed some time. It may be discussed in our own time on the proposal of a Conservative government or a Conservative opposition. It may be discussed on the proposal of a Liberal government on the day when all University members are Liberals. But the disfranchisement of the Universities could not, for very shame, be proposed by a Liberal government when the answer would at once be made, and made with truth, that the Universities were to be disfranchised simply because most of them return Conservative members.

We may therefore pass by the alternative of disfranchisement as lying beyond the range of practical politics. I use that famous phrase advisedly, because it always means that the question spoken of has already shown that it will be a practical question some day or other. The other choice which is commonly given us is to confine the franchise to residents. After every University election for many years past, and not least after the one which has just taken place, we have always heard the outcry that the real University is swamped by the nominal University, that the body which elects in the name of the University is in no way qualified to speak in the name of the University, and that in point of fact it does not speak the sentiments of those to whom the name of University more properly belongs. Reckonings are made to show that, if the election had depended, not on the large bodies of men who are now entitled to vote, but on much smaller bodies of residents, above all of official residents, professors, tutors, and the like, the result of the election would have been different. If then, it is argued, the Universities are to keep the right of parliamentary representation, the right of voting should be taken away from the mass of those who at present exercise it, and confined to those who really represent the University, to those who are actually engaged on the spot, in the government, the studies, or the teaching of the place.

Every word of this outcry is true. No one can doubt that

the electoral bodies of the Universities, as at present constituted, are quite unfit to represent the Universities, to speak in their name or to express their wishes or feelings. The franchise, at Oxford and Cambridge, is in the hands of the two largest bodies known to the University constitution, the Convocation of Oxford, the Senate of Cambridge. If we look at the University as a commonwealth of the ancient, the mediæval, or the modern Swiss pattern, the election is in the hands of the *Ekklesia*, the *Comitia* of Tribes, the *Portmannagmót*, the *Landesgemeinde*, the *Conseil Général*. The franchise is open to all academic citizens who have reached full academic growth, to all who have put on the *toga virilis* as the badge of having taken a complete degree in any faculty. That is to say, it belongs to all doctors and masters who have kept their names on the books. Now, whatever such a body as this may seem in theory, we know what it is in practice. It is not really an academic body. Those who really know anything or care anything about University matters are a small minority. The mass of the University electors are men who are at once non-resident and who have taken nothing more than that common degree which the *Spectator*, quite rightly, holds to be of such small account. They often, we may believe, keep their name on the books simply in order to vote at the University elections.

But what is the remedy? I cannot think that it is to be found in confining the election to residents, at Oxford perhaps to members of Congregation.* By such a restriction we should undoubtedly get a constituency with a much higher average of literary eminence and intellectual power. We should get a constituency which would far more truly represent the University as a local body. But surely we cannot look on the Universities as purely local bodies. It has always been one of the great characteristics—I venture to think one of the great beauties—of the English Universities that the connexion of the graduate with his University does not come to an end when he ceases to reside, but that the master or doctor keeps all the rights of a master or doctor wherever he may happen to dwell. The resident body has many merits and does much good work; but it has its weaknesses. It is in the nature of things a very changing body; it must change far more from year to year than any other electoral body. And, though the restriction to residents would undoubtedly raise the general character of the constituency, it would get rid of one of its best elements. Surely those who have distinguished themselves in the University, who have worked well for the University, who are continuing in some other shape the studies or the teaching which they have begun in the University, who are in fact carrying the

* That is, to all members of Convocation who are either resident or hold University office. This, besides the Chancellor and a few other great personages, lets in a few professors and examiners who are non-resident.

University into other places, are not to be looked on as cut off from the University merely because they have ceased locally to reside in it. Not a few of the best heads and the best professors—I suspect we might say the best of both classes—are those who have not always lived in the University, but who have been called back to it after a period of absence. To the knowledge of local affairs, which belong to the mere resident, they bring a wider knowledge, a wider experience, which makes them better judges even of local affairs. And can men whom the University thus welcomes after absence be deemed unworthy even to give a vote during the time of absence? One reads a great deal about the real University being swamped by voters running in from London clubs, barristers' chambers, country houses, country parsonages. And no doubt a great many most incompetent voters do come from all those quarters. But some of the most competent come also. The restriction to residents would have disfranchised for ever or for a season most of our greatest scholars, the authors of the greatest works, for the last forty years. Yet surely sad men are the University in the highest sense; they are the men best entitled to speak in its name, whether they are at a given moment locally resident or not. It would surely not be a gain, it would not increase the literary eminence or intellectual power of the constituency, to shut out those men, and to confine everything to a body made up so largely of one element which is too permanent and another which is too fluctuating, of old heads and of young tutors. Then too there is a very reasonable presumption in the human mind, and specially in the English mind, against taking away the rights of any class of men without some very good reason. And in this case there are at least as strong arguments against the restriction as there are for it. I speak only of the simple proposal to confine the election to residents, in Oxford language to transfer it from Convocation to Congregation. There are indeed other plans, to let Convocation elect one member and Congregation the other—something like the election of the consuls at an early stage of the Roman commonwealth—or to leave the present members as they are, and to give the Universities yet more members to be chosen by Congregation. Now I will not say that these schemes lie without the range of practical politics, because they show no sign of being ever likely to come within it. They may safely be referred to Mr. Thomas Hare.

While therefore I see as strongly as any man the evils of election by Convocation, as Convocation is at present constituted,* I cannot think that restriction to Congregation or to residents in any shape

* I use Oxford language, as that which I myself best understand; but I believe that all that I say applies equally to Cambridge also. For "Convocation" one must of course, in Cambridge language, read "Senate."

is the right remedy for the evil. I venture to think that there is a more excellent way. The remedy that I propose has this advantage, that, though it would practically lessen the numbers of the constituency, and would, gradually at least, get rid of its most incompetent elements, it would not be, in any constitutional sense, a restrictive measure. It would not deprive any recognized class of men of any right. And it would have the further advantage that it would be a change which could be made by the University itself, a change which would not be a mere political change affecting parliamentary elections only, but a real academical reform affecting other matters as well, a reform which would be simply getting rid of a modern abuse and falling back on an older and better state of things. It is one of three changes which I have looked for all my life, but towards which, amidst countless academical revolutions, I have never seen the least step taken. I confess that all three have this to be said against them, that they would affect college interests and would give the resident body a good deal of trouble. But this is no argument against the measures themselves; it only shows that it would be hard work to get them passed. Of these three the first and least important is the establishment of an University matriculation examination. (Things change so fast at Oxford that this may have been brought in within the last term or two; but, if so, I have not heard of it.) Secondly, a rational reconstruction of the Schools, so as to have real schools of history and philology—perhaps better still a school of history and philology combined—without regard to worn out and unscientific distinctions of “ancient” and “modern.” Thirdly, the change which alone of the three concerns us now, the establishment of some kind of standard for the degree of Master of Arts. Through all the changes of more than thirty years, I have always said, when I have had a chance of saying anything, Give us neither a resident oligarchy nor a non-resident mob. Keep Convocation with its ancient powers, but let Convocation be what it was meant to be. Let the great assembly of masters and doctors go untouched; but let none be made masters or doctors who do not show some fitness to bear those titles. Every degree was meant to be a reality; it was meant, as the word *degree* implies, to mark some kind of proficiency; a degree which does not mark some kind of proficiency is an absurdity in itself. A degree conferred without any regard to the qualifications of the person receiving it is in fact a fraud; it is giving a testimonial without regard to the truth of the facts which the testimonial states. Now this is glaringly the case with the degree of Master of Arts as at present given. In each faculty there are two stages: the lower degree of bachelor, the higher degree of master or doctor. The lower degree is meant to mark a certain measure of proficiency in the studies of the faculty; the higher degree is meant to mark a higher

measure of proficiency, that measure which qualifies a man to become, if he thinks good, a teacher in that faculty. The bachelor's degree is meant to mark that a man has made satisfactory progress in introductory studies; the master's degree is meant, as its name implies, to mark that a man is really a master in some subject. The bachelor's degree in short should be respectable; the master's degree should be honourable. Nowadays we certainly cannot say that the master's degree is honourable; it might be almost too much to say that the bachelor's degree is respectable. I am far from saying that an University education, even for a mere passman, is worthless; I am far from thinking so. But the mere pass degree is very far from implying literary eminence or intellectual power. Eminence indeed is hardly to be looked for at the age when the bachelor's degree is taken; it is only one or two men in a generation who can send out "The Holy Roman Empire" as a prize essay. But the degree does not imply even the promise or likelihood of eminence or power. The best witness to the degradation of the simple degree is the elaborate and ever-growing system of class-lists, designed to mark what the degree itself ought in some measure to mark. The need of having class-lists is the clearest confession of the very small value of the simple degree by itself. And, whatever may be the value of the bachelor's degree, the value of the master's degree is exactly the same. The master's degree proves no greater knowledge or skill than the bachelor's degree; it proves only that its bearer has lived some more years and has paid some more pounds. It is given, as a matter of course, to every one who has taken the degree of bachelor—never mind after how many plucks—and has reached the standing which is required of a master. The bestowing of two degrees is a mere make-believe; the higher degree proves nothing, beyond mere lapse of time, which is not equally proved by the lower.

Now this surely ought not to be. That the first degree should be next door to worthless, and that the second degree should be worth no more than the first, is surely to make University degrees a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. Men who do not know how little a degree means are apt to be deceived, even in practical matters, by its outward show. Men who see that a degree proves very little, but who do not look much further, are apt most untruly to undervalue the whole system and studies of the University. In common consistency, in common fairness, the degrees should mean what their names imply. The bachelor's degree should prove something, and the master's degree should prove something more. As I just said, the bachelor's degree should be respectable and the master's degree should be honourable. I should even like to see the bachelor's degree so respectable that we might get rid of the modern device of class-lists; but that is not our question at present. The

immediate business is to make the master's degree a real thing, an honest thing, to make it the sign of a higher standard than the bachelor's degree, whether the bachelor's standard be fixed high or low. Let there be some kind of standard, some kind of test. Its particular shape, whether an examination, or a disputation, or the writing of a thesis, or anything else, need not now be discussed. I ask only that there should be a test of proficiency of some kind, and that there should be the widest possible range of subjects in which proficiency may be tested. Let a man have the degree, if he shows himself capable of scholarly or scientific treatment of some branch of some subject, but not otherwise. The bachelor's degree should show a general knowledge of several subjects, which may serve as a ground-work for the minuter knowledge of one. The master's degree should show that that minuter knowledge of some one subject has been gained. The complete degree should show, if not the actual presence, at least the very certain promise, of literary eminence or intellectual power. We should thus get, neither the resident oligarchy nor the non-resident mob; we should have a body of real masters and doctors worthy of the name. Men who had once dealt minutely with some subject of their own choice would not be likely to throw their books aside for the rest of their days, as the man who has merely got his bachelor's degree by a compulsory smattering often does. We should get a Convocation or Senate fit, not only to elect members of Parliament, but to do the other duties which the constitution of the University lays on its Convocation or Senate. And I cannot help thinking that, if such a change as this had been adopted at the time of the first University Commission, it would have been less needful to cut down the powers of Convocation in the way which, Convocation being left what it is, certainly was needful.

Such a change as I propose would doubtless lessen the numbers of the constituency. Possibly it would not lessen them quite so much as might seem at first sight. A high standard, but a standard attainable with effort, would surely make many qualify themselves who at present do not. Still it would lessen the numbers very considerably, and it would be meant to do so. Yet it would not be a restrictive measure in the same sense in which confining the franchise to Congregation would be a restrictive measure. It would not take away the votes of any class. The franchise would still be the same, exercised by the same body; only that body would be purified and brought back to the character which it was originally meant to bear. The purifying would be gradual. The doctrine of vested interests, that doctrine so dear to the British mind, would of course secure every elector in the possession of his vote as long as he lives and keeps his name on the books. But the ranks of the unqualified would no

longer be yearly reinforced. In course of time we should have a competent body. And the great advantage of this kind of remedy is that it is so distinctly an academical remedy. It would not come as a mere clause in a parliamentary reform bill. It would affect the parliamentary constituency ; but it would affect it only as one thing among others. It would be a general improvement in the character of the Great Council of the University, which would make it better qualified to discharge all its duties, that of choosing members of Parliament among them. In the purely political look-out, we may believe that one result of the change would be to make the election of Liberal members for the Universities much more likely. But neither this nor any other purely political result would be the sole and direct object of the change. Even if it did not accomplish this object, it would do good in other ways. If the Universities, under such a system, still chose Conservative members, we should have no right to complain. We should feel that we had been fairly and honourably beaten by adversaries who had a right to speak. It would be an unpleasant result if the real Universities should be proved to be inveterately Tory. But it would be a result less provoking than the present state of things, in which Tory members are chosen for the Universities by men who have no call to speak in the name of the Universities at all.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

HAMLET: A NEW READING.

THERE is a sense in which the stage alone can give the full significance to a dramatic poem, just as a lyric finds its full interpretation in music; but we prefer that a song of Goethe or Shelley should wait for its music, and in the meantime suggest its own aerial accompaniment, rather than be vulgarized in the setting. And even when set for the voice by a master, although there is a gain in as far as the charm is brought home to the senses, yet there is a loss in proportion to the beauty of the song; for if it is delicate the finer spiritual grace departs, and if it is ardent the passion is liable to scream, and, above all, there is a vague but appreciable loss of identity; so that on the whole we please ourselves best with the literary form. There is the same balance of gain and loss in the relation of the drama to the stage. The gain is in proportion to the excellence of the acting, and the loss in proportion to the beauty of the play. It is well then that, as the lyric poem no longer demands the lyre, the poetical drama has become, though more recently, independent of the stage. Each has its own perspective of life, its own idea of Nature, its own brilliancy, its own dulness, and finally its own public; and notwithstanding the objections of some critics, it will soon be admitted that a work may be strictly and intrinsically dramatic, and yet only fit for the study—that is, for ideal representation. For there is a theatre in every imagination, where we produce the old masterpiece in its simplicity and dignity, and where the new work appears and is followed in plot and action, and conflict of feeling, and play of character, and rhythm of part with part, if not with as keen an excitement, at least with as fair a judgment, as if we were criticizing the actors, not the piece. And were all theatres closed, the drama—whether as the free and

spontaneous outflow of observation, fancy, and humour, or as the intense reflection of the movement of life in its animation of joy and pain—would remain one of the most natural and captivating forms in which the creative impulse of the poet can work. When we look at its variety and flexibility of structure—from the lyrical tragedy of *Æschylus* to a "Proverbe" of De Musset; at its diversity of spirit—from the exuberance of a comedy of *Aristophanes* and the caprice of an Elizabethan mask to the serenity of "*Comus*" and *Tasso*, and the terror of "*Agamemnon*" and "*Macbeth*;" at its range of expression—from the full-toned Greek and English Iambic to the plain but sparkling prose of *Molière*, and from that again to the intricate harmonies of *Calderon*, *Goethe*, and *Shelley*; with its use of all voices, from vociferous mob to melodious daughters of Ocean, and its command of all colour, from the gloom of *Medea* to the splendour of *Marlowe's Helen*,—it is a small matter to remember the connection of work or author with the stage—how long they held it, how soon they were dispossessed, how and at what intervals and with what uncertain footing they returned. We do not accept them because they were popular in their day, and we do not reject them because they are not suitable to ours. They have lost no vivacity or strength or grace by their exclusion from the stage and their exile to literature—to that permanent theatre for which the poet, freely using any and every form of dramatic expression, should now work.

"There is the playhouse now, there you must sit . . .
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our king."

The relevancy of these remarks, as an introduction to a study of one of *Shakespeare's* plays, will presently appear.

I.

Shakespeare, although a master of theatrical effect, is often found working rather away from it than toward it, and at a meaning and beauty beyond the limits of stage expression. This is because he is more dramatist than playwright, and will always produce and complete his work in its ideal integrity, even if, in so doing, he outruns the sympathy of his audience. This disposition may be traced not only in the plays it has banished from the stage, including such a masterpiece as "*Antony and Cleopatra*," but in those that are universally popular, such as "*The Merchant of Venice*," where the fifth Act, although it closes and harmonizes the drama as a work of art with perfect grace, is but a tame conclusion to the theatrical piece; and in the scenes that furnish us with the delicate and finished study of *Antonio*, we find the audience intent on the situation and the poet on the character; for we no more expect to see the true *Antonio* on the stage than to see the

true moonlight shimmering on the trees in Belmont Park. But sometimes the play will transcend the limits of stage expression by being too purely and perfectly dramatic, as in "Lear." For not only is it, as Lamb points out,* impossible for the actor to give the convulsions of the father's grief, and yet preserve the dignity of the king, but the sustained intensity of passion fatigues both voice and ear when they should be most impressive and impressed. Had Shakespeare written with a view to stage effect, he would not in the first two acts have stretched the voice through all the tones and intervals of passion, and then demand more thrilling intonations and louder outcries to meet and match the tumult of the storm. This greatest of all tragedies is written beyond the compass of the human voice, and can only be fully represented on that ideal stage, where, instead of hoarse lament and husky indignation, we hear each of us the tones that most impress and affect us, and can command the true degrees of feeling in their illimitable scale.

But in "Hamlet" the inadequacy of the stage is of another kind. It leads to a general displacement of motive, and change of focus, the hero's character being obscured in the attempt to make it effective. And for this to some extent the stage itself, as a place of popular entertainment, and not the actor, is at fault. Some such ambiguity as this seems, indeed, only natural, when we recall the circumstances attending the composition of the play.

By common consent of the best authorities, "Hamlet" represents the work of many years. I make no conjectures, but content myself with Mr. Dowden's statement of the case:—"Over 'Hamlet,' as over 'Romeo and Juliet,' it is supposed that Shakespeare laboured long and carefully. Like 'Romeo and Juliet,' the play exists in two forms, and there is reason to believe that in the earlier form, in each instance, we possess an imperfect report of Shakespeare's first treatment of his theme."† We know also that Shakespeare had before him, at least as early as 1589, an old play in which "a ghost cried dismally like an oyster wife, 'Hamlet! Revenge!'" and Shakespeare worked upon this until from what was probably a rather sorry melodrama he produced the most intellectual play that keeps the stage. And the very sensational character of the piece enabled him to steal into it the results of long and deep meditation without hazard to its popularity. He seems to have withdrawn Hamlet from time to time for a special study, and then to have restored and readjusted the hero to the play, touching and modulating, here and there, character and incident in harmony with the new

* "To see Lear acted, to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting."—*Lamb's Essays*.

† "Shakspeare: His Mind and Art," p. 96.

expression. In this way a new direction and significance would be given to the plot, but in a latent and unobtrusive way, so as not to weaken the popular interest. This leads to the ambiguity of which I have spoken. The new thought is often not earnestly but ironically related to the old material, and the spiritual hero seems almost to stand apart from the rude framework of the still highly sensational theatrical piece. This has given rise to a rather favourite saying with the Germans, that Hamlet is a modern. Hamlet seems to step forth from an antiquated time,—with its priestly bigotry, its duels for a province, its heavy-headed revels, its barbarous code of revenge, and its ghostly visitations to enforce it,—to meet and converse with a riper age. But this is because Hamlet belongs wholly and intimately to the poet, while the other characters, though informed with new and original expression, are left in close relation to the old plot.

Such being the ambiguity resulting from this continued spiritualization of the play, the actor would instinctively endeavour to remove it, and to bring the hero in closer relation with the main action of the stage piece. Hamlet must not be too disengaged; he must not be too ironical. A few omissions, a fit of misplaced fury, a too emphatic accent, a too effective attitude, with what is called a bold grasp of character, and Shakespeare's latest and finest work on the hero is obliterated.

Now, the great actors who have personated Hamlet have done much, and the thrilling treatment of the ghost-story has done more, to stamp upon the minds of learned and unlearned alike the impression that *the great event of Hamlet's life is the command to kill his uncle*. As he does not do this, and as he is given to much meditation and much discussion, it is assumed that he thinks and talks in order to avoid acting. And then the word "irresolution" leaps forth, and all is explained. This curious assumption, that all the pains taken by Shakespeare on the work and its hero has no other object but to illustrate this theme—a command to kill and a delayed obedience—pervades the criticism even of those who consider the intellectual element the great attraction of the play. And yet, when you ask what is the dramatic situation out of which this speculative matter arises, the German and English critics alike reply in chorus, "Irresolution." Each one has his particular shade of it, and finds something not quite satisfactory in the interpretations of others. Goethe's finished portrait of Hamlet as the amiable and accomplished young prince, too weak to support the burden of a great action, did not recommend itself either to Schlegel or Coleridge, who take the mental rather than the moral disposition to task. Schlegel, with some asperity, speaks of "a calculating consideration that cripples the power of action;" and Coleridge, with more subtlety, applies Hamlet's antithesis of thought

and resolution to the elucidation of his own character, concluding that Hamlet "procrastinates from thought." Gervinus, while following Schlegel as to "the bent of Hamlet's mind to reflect upon the nature and consequences of his deed, and by this means to paralyze his active powers," adds to this defect a deplorable conscientiousness, which unfits Hamlet for the great duty of revenge. And Mr. Dowden, while most ably collating these various kinds and degrees of irresolution, concludes that Hamlet is "disqualified for action by his excess of the reflective faculty." Mr. Swinburne alone resolutely protests against this doctrine. He speaks of "the indomitable and ineradicable fallacy of criticism which would find the key-note of Hamlet's character in the quality of irresolution."* And he considers that Shakespeare purposely introduces the episode of the expedition to England to exhibit "the instant and almost unscrupulous resolution of Hamlet's character in time of practical need." I gladly welcome this instructive remark, which, although Mr. Swinburne calls it "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," is more likely to gain me a patient hearing than any arguments I can use. But before I propose my own reading, I will, as I have given the genesis or natural history of this theory of irresolution, compare it with the general features of Hamlet's mental condition throughout the play.

If Hamlet "procrastinates from thought," if "the burden of the action is too heavy for him to bear," if "by a calculating consideration he exhausts all possible issues of the action," it should at least be continually present to his mind. We should look for the delineation of a soul harassed and haunted by one idea; torn by the conflict between conscience and filial obedience; or balancing advantage and peril in an agony of suspense and vacillation; forecasting consequence and result to himself and others; and so absorbed in this terrible secret as to exclude all other interests. We have two studies of such a state of irresolution, in Macbeth and Brutus. Of Macbeth it may truly be said that he has an action upon his mind the burden of which is too heavy for him to bear. It is constantly before him; he is shaken with it, possessed by it, to such a degree that

"function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not."

Now "he will proceed no further in this business," and now "he is settled and bound up to it," and in one long perturbed soliloquy stands before us the very picture of that irresolution which "procrastinates from thought." Brutus thus describes his own suspense:—

"Between the action of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

* "A Study of Shakespeare," p. 166.

The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council : and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection."

But what is the general course and scope of Hamlet's utterance, whether to himself or others? We find musings and broodings on the possibility of escape from so vile a world alternating with cool and keen analysis, polished criticism, and petulant wit; we find a pervading ironical bitterness, rising at times to fierce invective, and even to the frenzy of passion when his mother is the theme, relapsing again to trance-like meditations on the depravity of the world, the littleness of man and the nullity of appearance; and when his mind does revert to this "great action," this "dread command," which is supposed to haunt it, and to keep it in a whirl of doubt and irresolution, it is because it is forcibly recalled to it, because some incident startles him to recollection, proves to him that he has forgotten it, and he turns upon himself with surprise and indignation: Why is it this thing remains to do? Am I a coward! Do I lack gall? Is it "bestial oblivion?" or is it

"some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event?"

On this text, so often quoted in support of the orthodox "irresolution" theory, I will content myself at present with the remark, that surely no one before or after Hamlet ever accounted for his non-performance of a duty by the double explanation that he had either entirely forgotten it or had been thinking too much about it.

Looking then at the general features of Hamlet's talk, it is plain that to make this command to revenge the clue to his mental condition, is to make him utter a great deal of desultory talk without dramatic point or pertinence; for if, except when surprised by the actors' tears or by the gallant bearing of the troops of Fortinbras, he wholly forgets it, what does he remember? What is the secret motive of this prolonged criticism of the world which "charms all within its magic circle?"

The true centre will be found, I think, by substituting the word "preoccupation" for the word "irresolution." And the "preoccupation" is found by antedating the crisis of Hamlet's career from the revelation of the ghost to the marriage of his mother, and the persistent mental and moral condition thus induced. Start from this as a fixed point, and a dramatic situation is gained in which every stroke of satire, every curiosity of logic, every strain of melancholy is appropriate and pertinent to the action.

In order to measure the full effect of this strange event, we must bring before us the Hamlet of the earlier time, before his father's and for this we have abundant material in the play.

II.

Hamlet was an enthusiast. His love for his father was not an ordinary filial affection, it was a hero-worship. He was to him the type of sovereignty—

"The front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;"

a link between earth and heaven—

"A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

To Hamlet, this "assurance of a man" was the great reality which made other things real, which gave meaning to life, and substance to the world. That his love for his mother was equally intense, is clearly discernible in the inverted characters of his rage and grief. In her he revered wifehood and womanhood. He sees the rose on

"the fair forehead of an innocent love."

And of his mother we are told—

"The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks."

But this enthusiasm was connected with a habit of thought that was rather critical than sentimental. Hamlet had a shrewd judgment, a lively and caustic wit, an exacting standard, and a turn for satire. He was fond of question and debate, an enemy to all illusion, impatient of dulness, and not indisposed to alarm and bewilder it; and he had brought with him from Wittenberg a philosophy half stoical and half transcendental, with whose eccentricities he would torment the wisdom of the Court. He looked upon the machinery of power as part of the comedy of life, and would be more amused than impressed by the equipage of office, its chains and titles, the frowns of authority, and the smiles of imaginary greatness. He therefore of all men needed a personal centre in which faith and affection could unite to give seriousness and dignity to life; and this he had found from his childhood in the sovereign virtues of the King and Queen. So that his criticism in these earlier days was but the fastidiousness of love, that disparages all other excellence in comparison with its own ideal; his philosophy was a disallowance of all other reality; and his negations only defined and brightened his faith. Doubt, question and speculation, mystery and anomaly, the illusions of sense, the instability of natures, all that was irrational in life, with its certainties of logic and hazards of chance, all that was unproven in religion, dubious in received opinion, obscure in the destiny of man, were but glimpses of a larger unity, vistas of truth unexplored.

Hamlet's thinking is always marked by that quality of penetration into and through the thoughts of others, that is called free-thinking. The discovery, as he moved in the spiritual world of established ideas and settled doctrines, apparently immovable, that they were of the same stuff as his own thoughts—were pliant and yielding, and could be readily unwoven by the logic that wove them, would tempt him to move and displace, and build and construct, until he might have a collection of opinions large enough to be termed a philosophy. But it would be gathered rather in the joy of intellectual activity, realizing its own energy, and ravelling up to its own form the woof of other minds, than with any practical bearing on life. All this was a work in another sphere—

“of no allowance to his bosom's truth.”

The light of a sovereign manhood and womanhood was reflected on the world around him, and afar on the world of thought—their greatness reconciled all the contradictions of life. And in pure submission to their control all the various activities of his versatile nature, its irony and its earnestness, its shrewdness and its fancy, its piety and its free-thinking, harmonized like sweet bells not yet jangled or untuned. He lived at peace with all, in fellowship with all; he could rally Polonius without malice, and mimic Osric without contempt.

It is plain that Hamlet looked forward to a life of activity under his father's guidance. He was no dreamer—we hear of “the great love the general gender bear him,” and the people are not fond of dreamers. In truth, the Germans have had too much their own way with Hamlet, and have read into him something of their own laboriousness and phlegm. But Hamlet was more of a poet than a professor. He had the temperament of a man of genius—impatient, animated, eager, swift to feel, to like or dislike, praise or resent—with a character of rapidity in all his actions, and even in his meditation, of which he is conscious when he says, “as swift as meditation.” He did not live apart as a student, but in public as a prince—

“the observed of all observers;”

he was of a free, open, unsuspicious temper—

“remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving.

He was fond of all martial exercises and expert in the use of the sword. He was a soldier first, a scholar afterwards; a soldier in his alacrity to fight

“Until his eyelids would no longer wag;”

ven to

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form ;"

and, above all, a soldier in his sensibility on the point of honour, one who would think it well

"Greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour is at stake."

And Fortinbras, type of the man of action, recognized in him a kindred spirit—

"Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally ;"

while Hamlet eyed Fortinbras with the envious longing of one who had missed his career. What must have been the felicity of life to such a man, whose vivacity no stress of calamity, no accumulation of sorrow could tame, whose enthusiasm embraced Nature, art, and literature, and whose delight was always fresh and new, "in this excellent canopy the air, in this brave o'erhanging firmament," and in the spectacle of man "so excellent in faculty, in form and moving so express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god?"

Without a warning the blow fell. His father was suddenly struck down ; and while he was indulging a grief, poignant and profound indeed, but natural, wholesome, manly, his uncle usurped the crown. This second blow would be acutely felt, but it would rather rouse than prostrate his energies. There is no passion in Hamlet when there has been no love. And he had always held his uncle in slight esteem—foreboded something from his smiling insincerity. He never mentions him without an expression of contempt, hardly acknowledges him as king ; he is a thing—of nothing—a farcical monarch—"a peacock"—and, in this particular act, no dread usurper, but a "cut-purse of the realm." Whether he designed to wait or was prepared to strike, his future was still intact, his energy unimpaired. His mother remained to him, now doubly dear and doubly great, and with her the tradition of the past. She was, as he gathered from her silence, like himself, retired from the world, absorbed in grief ; but he was assured of her constancy and truth. Even the kind of distance between them in age and sex, in mind and character, was no barrier to this sympathetic relation. She was there with the expectation that makes heroism possible ; she was there to watch, if not to further his enterprise, and to give it lustre with her praise. We are often quite unconscious of the commanding influence exerted on our life by those who are least in contact with it. To be cognizant of one steadfast and stainless soul is to have encouragement in difficulty and support in pain. The mere knowledge of its existence is a light within the mind, and a secret incentive to the best action.

Though silent and apart, it is the witness of what is great, and our life is always seeking to rise within its sphere; while, by a secret transference—for souls are not retentive of their own goodness—our standards of living and thinking are maintained at their highest level, like water fed by a distant spring. All this and infinitely more than this was the Queen his mother to Hamlet. It is impossible, therefore, to measure the effect upon him of her marriage with his uncle. The shock of it is ever fresh throughout the play. In the third Act the whole frame of nature is still aghast at it:—

"Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act."

And this was not only after the revelation of the Ghost, but after the confirmation of its truth by the test Hamlet had himself applied. Even then the first paroxysm has hardly subsided. You see the whole being measured by it, the mind stretched to give it utterance, the world called as a witness to its enormity:—

III.

But it is at an earlier stage of this impression, when the thought of this profanation of the sacredness of life and the sanctity of love chills the life-blood of his heart, and then rushes burning through it like the shame of a personal insult, that he first stands before us in the palace of the King. In appearance nothing is changed. He sees the same crowd, the same obsequious attitudes, the same decorous forms; the trumpets with their usual flourish announce the arrival of the King and Queen; the Ministers of State precede them, and the Court ladies; the pretentious gravity of Polonius' brow; the dreamy innocence of Ophelia. The sovereigns seat themselves, the Queen looks smilingly around her as of old. All is easy, bright, and festive. All goes on as if this horrible revolution were the most natural thing in the world. Oh, that he could avoid the sight of it! Oh, that he could be quit of it all!

"Oh! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!"

Although the nervous horror of his address to the Ghost is greater, there is no speech in which Hamlet betrays so deep an agitation as in this. He struggles for utterance, repeats himself, mingles oaths and axioms, confuses and then annihilates time in the breathless

tumult of his soul. "Why, she, *even she*. O Heaven!" What can he say? what is vile enough? "A *beast*

"that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer—married with my uncle."

In this opening speech we see at once the immediate relation of the feeling of life-weariness so prevalent throughout the play to this supreme emotion; we see also his comprehensive criticism of the world branching from the same root—

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world!
Fie, on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden;"

and

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

These themes are developed Act by Act, we can follow them to the graveyard scene, and to the moment before death.

And it is not unnatural that Hamlet's grief should assume a comprehensive form. The Queen had drawn the world in her train. Nobles and people, councillors and courtiers, the honoured statesman, the artless maiden, had joined her, had connived, were her accomplices. They had, parted among them, all the vices appropriate to *her* Court, *her* people. The world was betrayed to Hamlet in all its meanness and littleness: and he looked at it to see if he could discover the secret of his mother's treason, as Lear would anatomize the heart of Regan to account for her ingratitude. In attacking it he is attacking her guilt, in its inferior forms and obscure disguises. It is the nest of her depravity, and the small vices are but hers in the shell, and the whole is a vast confederacy of evil. Here are no "superfluous activities," no desultory talk; Hamlet's preoccupation is one throughout. He alternates between the desire to escape from so vile a world, and the pleasure of exposing its vice and fraud. The one gives us soliloquies, the other dialogues. Now he looks out at an obscure eternity from a time that was more obscure, and now the tension of the mind relieves the tension of the heart. On the one side we have all passages of life-weariness, whether as the issue of long meditation, or as the outcome of familiar talk; and on the other we have the brilliant and discursive criticism of man and Nature continued throughout the play. All this is so closely connected with the treason of his mother, that we see the very attachment of the feeling to the thought.

This explains the particular bitterness with which he attacks the Ministers and parasites of the Court. As soon as he sees them he crosses the current of their talk, commits them to an argument, confuses them with the evolutions of a logic too rapid for their senses to follow, and makes their bewilderment a sport. How

small their world appears in the mirror of his ironical mind! The state-craft, the love-making, the "absurd pomp," the "heavy-headed revels," the women that "jig and amble and lisp," the nobles that are "spacious in the possession of dirt," the sovereign that is a "king of shreds and patches;" as for their opinions, "do but blow them to their trials, and the bubbles are out;" as for their ideas of prosperity, it is to act as "sponges and soak up the king's countenance, his rewards and authorities;" as for their standard of worth, "let a beast be a lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's table." It is a disgrace to live in such a world, and contemptible to share its pleasures and prizes.

But his quarrel with it does not end here. The flaw runs through the whole constitution of things; there is no possible equation between the soul and the world; and in the order of the soul itself there are anomalies and dislocations on which he turns the dry light of that sceptical philosophy which has usurped the place of faith. Thought is good and action is good, but they will not work together. Our reason is our glory, but our indiscretions serve us best—we must either be cowards or fools. We have a perception of infinite goodness, just sufficient to make us conclude that we are "arrant knaves, all of us," and just enough belief in immortality "to perplex our wills." There is nothing but disagreement and disproportion—a constant missing of the mark, a stretching of the hand for that which is not. How is it possible to take seriously such a life if you pause to think?

It is not only irrational but visionary. The evanescence and fluency of Nature would matter little, but man himself, with his ingenuities of wit and triumphs of ambition, is whirled from form to form in "a fine revolution if we had the trick to see it." This is a favourite idea, it lends itself so easily to the contempt of the world—

"Imperious Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,"

is only a variation of "a man may fish with the worm that has eat of a king, and eat of the fish that has fed on the worm."

In this collision with the world, alone and unsupported, Hamlet's natural buoyancy returns. It is the moment of isolation, but it is the moment also of intellectual freedom. It is desertion, but it is also independence. Every incongruity feeds his fanciful and inventive humour. He follows vanity and affectation with irony and mimicry, removes a mask with the point of his dexterous wit, and exposes the pretence of virtue or conceit of knowledge with sarcastic glee, while there is a savour of retribution in his chastisement of vice. The vivacity of this running comment, critical and satirical, on the ways and works of men adds the charm of the play, but it is a charm that properly belongs

to the best comedy. And Shakespeare has marked this disengagement of his hero from the sanguinary plot by reserving the exaltation of verse to the expression of personal feeling, while the lithe and nimble movement of his prose follows with its undulating rhythm every turn of Hamlet's wayward mind in subtlety of argument or caprice of fancy.

Such is the "preoccupation" of Hamlet, emotional and intellectual. I have purposely made it seem a separate study, as thus alone could this fatal "thought-sickness," in which Heaven and Earth seemed to partake, be treated with the requisite clearness and fulness.

We can see at once that no other claim to the command of his spirit is likely to succeed. His mind is already haunted. No Ghost can be more spiritual than his own thoughts, or more spectral than the world around him. No revelation of a particular crime can rival the revelation lately made to him of sin in the most holy place—the seat of virtue itself and heavenly purity. He may acknowledge the ties of filial obedience and the duty of revenge, but there is no place for obligation to hold, no world to which it may be attached, no faith or interest strong enough within him to give it vitality, no fruit of good result to be looked for without. The place is occupied;

"For where the greater malady is fixed
The lesser scarce is felt."

When Hamlet says, "There is nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so," he confesses himself an idealist—that is, one to whom ideas are not images or opinions, but the avenues of life. They garner up happiness and they store the harvest of pain; they make the "majestical roof fretted with golden fire" and the "pestilential cloud." The basis on which Hamlet's happiness had rested had been suddenly removed, and with the sanctity of the past the promise of the future had disappeared; the sky and the earth. He could say to his mother:

"Du hast sie zerstört
Die schöne Welt;"

but the new world is built of the same materials—that is, absorbing ideas. The shadow descends till it measures the former brightness; the revulsion is as great as the enthusiasm.

IV.

Why, then, does he accept the mission of the Ghost? To answer this fully we must accompany him to the platform.

In this scene Hamlet exhibits in perfection all the elements of courage—coolness, determination, daring. He is singularly free

from excitement; and this is not because he is absorbed in his own thoughts, for he easily falls into conversation, and treats the first subject that comes to hand with his usual felicity and fulness, rising from the private instance to a public law, and applying it to larger and larger groups of facts till his father's spirit stands before him. Thrilled and startled he pauses not, "harrowed with fear and wonder" like Horatio on the previous night, but at once addresses it, as he said he would, "though hell itself should gape." No more dignified rebuke ever shamed terror from the soul than Hamlet administers to his panic-stricken friends, and when they would forcibly withhold him from following the Ghost, the steady determination with which he draws his sword is marked by the play upon words:

"By Heav'n, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

In the presence of his father the old life is rekindled within him: filial awe and affection, unquestioned obedience, daring resolve. He will "sweep to his revenge,"

"And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter."

And this commandment had forbidden him to taint his mind against his mother.

But what is his first exclamation when he is released from the physical horror, and his thoughts regain the living world? It is

"O! most pernicious woman!"

This singular phrase is one of Shakespeare's final touches, as it does not appear in the quarto of 1603; and it marks, therefore, his deliberate intention, and is of the highest significance. He who will hereafter be so often amazed at his own forgetfulness has already forgotten.

When his friends reappear, Hamlet is in a half-ironical humour, and assuming an astonishing superiority over ghost and mortal alike, informs them—

"It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you."

But when this honest ghost plays sepulchral tricks, Hamlet shows small respect to it, and at last, in a tone of almost command, cries—

"Rest! rest! perturbed spirit!"

Does Hamlet slight the command of the Ghost? By no means. He never repudiates it or even calls it in question. There is no hesitation, cavil, or debate in the acceptance of it as a duty. But the purpose cools. It cools even on the platform. What passes within him is hardly a process of thought, otherwise some intimation of it is given in his numerous self-communings. But there is a

process prior to thought in which the relations of things are felt before they are defined, and a conclusion is reached, and a disposition decided, without the mediation of the reason. There is a vague attraction this way or that, a blind forecast and correlation of issues, and the whole being is so influenced that, while there is no register of result in the memory, there is a direction of the will and a determination of conduct. From the shadow of the future that passes thus before his spirit he shrinks averse. To scramble for a throne—to lord it over such a crew—to be linked to them as by chains—to return to that polluted Court—to be the centre of intrigues and hatreds—and for what? To leave the darker deeper evil untouched. Some process such as this may account for the change from “sweeping to his revenge” to

“The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!”

In the meantime, in the well-lit chambers of consciousness, no note is taken of this shadowy logic. This may appear paradoxical: but the last of the changes from love to indifference, from faith to doubt, is the avowal of change. When the ties of habit and tradition are inwardly outgrown, we bend and intend with our whole being in a new direction without the purpose or even the desire to move. So Hamlet silently evades the obligation he so readily undertakes, and sinks back into that more powerful interest that almost at once regains possession of his mind. Still, before he quits the scene of this ghastly disclosure, he resolves to counterfeit madness—and this for two reasons: he will seem (to himself) to be conspiring, and he will gain a license to speak his mind without offence. This is the only use to which he puts this mask of madness, as Coleridge has remarked. But why should he instinctively seek to gain more latitude of speech? Because since the marriage of his mother he had suffered from an enforced silence with regard to the proceedings of the Court, as he distinctly tells us in the first soliloquy—

“But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!”

From his first utterances after he had left the platform, we at once infer that the mission of the Ghost had failed. There is nothing that Hamlet would sooner part with “than his life.” There is, therefore, no prospect before his mind, no awakening energy, no latent enterprise. With what relief, on the contrary, does he turn from the real to the ideal world! How cordially does he welcome the players, and how gracefully, so that we seem for the first time to make acquaintance with his natural tone and manner. Here at least is man’s world, whose reality can never be undermined. He plies them with questions, indulges in literary criticism, and asks for a recita-

tion. Suddenly he sees tears in the actors' eyes. He hurries them away, and when he is alone breaks out—

“ Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I ! ”

He is jealous of the players' tears. Here again is no debate, but simply surprise at his own apathy. He tries to lash himself to fury, but fails, and falls back on the practical test he is about to apply to the guilt of the king which he must appear to doubt, or this pseudo-activity would be too obviously superfluous.

In the interval between the instruction to the players and the play, Hamlet's mind, unless absorbed by some strong preoccupation, would naturally turn to the issue of the plot; and he would reveal, if he admitted us to the secret workings of his mind, if not resolution, at least irresolution, something to mark the vacillation of which we hear so much. But we find that the whole matter has dropped from his mind, and that he has drifted back to the theme of—

“ Oh ! that this too too solid flesh would melt ! ”

It is now recast more in the tone of deliberate thought than of excited feeling: he asks not which is best for him, but which is “ nobler in the mind,”—an impersonal, a profoundly human question, which so fascinates our attention that we forget its irrelevance to the matter in hand or what we assume to be the matter in hand. It is as if he had never seen the Ghost. In his profound preoccupation he speaks of the “ bourne from which no traveller returns,” and of “ evils that we know not of,” although the Ghost had told him “ of sulphurous and tormenting flames.” Hamlet muses, “ To sleep ! perchance to dream,—ay, there's the rub,” but the Ghost had said—

“ I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires.”

It is plain that the “ traveller ” that had returned was not present at all to his mental vision nor his tale remembered. In his former meditation he had accepted the doctrine of the church; here he interrogates the human spirit in its still place of judgment; and he gives its verdict with a sigh of reluctance—

“ Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.”

Considering that this and the succeeding lines occur at the end of a soliloquy on suicide,—that there is not only the absence of any reference to the ghostly action, but positive proof that the subject was not present to his thoughts, it is nothing less than astonishing that this passage should be quoted as Hamlet's witness to his own “ irresolution.” He would willingly take his own life; conscience forbids it; therefore conscience makes us cowards: and then with a

still further generalization he announces the opposition of thought and resolution, causing the failure of

"enterprises of great pith and moment."

Now the only enterprise on which he was engaged—the testing of the king's conscience—was in a fair way of success, and did, in fact, ultimately succeed.

The scene with Ophelia that immediately follows is the development of another theme in the first soliloquy, "Frailty! thy name is woman." Ophelia is inseparably connected with the queen in Hamlet's mind. She is a Court maiden, sheltered, guarded, cautioned, and, as we see in the warnings of Polonius and Laertes, cautioned in a tone that is suggestive of evil. What scenes she must have witnessed—the confusion on the death of the king, the exclusion of Hamlet from the throne, the marriage of the queen to the usurper! Yet she takes it all quite sweetly and subserviently. She is as docile to events as she is to parental advice. To such a one every circumstance is a fate, and she bows to it as she bows to her father: "Yes, my lord, I will obey my lord." She denies Hamlet's access to her though he is in sorrow; though he has lost all, she will "come in for an after loss." One would rather leave her blameless in the sweetness of her maiden prime and the pathos of her end, but to place her, as some do, high on the list of Shakespeare's peerless women fastens upon Hamlet unmerited reproach. There is a love that includes friendship, as religion includes morality, and such was Portia's for Bassanio. There is a love whose first instinctive movement is to share the burden of the loved one, and such was Miranda's love for Ferdinand. And there is a love that reserves the light of its light and the perfume of its sweetness for the shadowed heart and the sunless mind. How would Cordelia have addressed this king and queen—how would she have aroused the energy of Hamlet and rehabilitated his trust, with that voice, soft and low indeed, but firmer than the voice of Cato's daughter claiming to know her husband's cause of grief! As Hamlet talks to Ophelia, you perceive that the marriage of his mother is more present to him than the murder of his father. He discourses on the frailty of woman and the corruption of the world: "Go to, it hath made me mad. We will have no more marriages."

The play is acted. The king is "frighted with false fire," and Hamlet is left with the feeling of a dramatic success and the proof of his uncle's guilt. He sings snatches of song. Horatio falls in with his mood. "You might have rhymed," he says. The only effect of the confirmation of the ghost's story, as at its first hearing, is a fresh blaze of indignation against his mother. When Polonius

has delivered his message that the queen would speak with him, Hamlet presently says, "Leave me, friend;" and then his mind clouds like the mind of Macbeth before he enters the chamber of Duncan—

"'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world; now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on."

As he passes to the Queen's closet in this tense and dangerous mood, he sees the king on his knees. His brow relaxes in a moment; he stops, looks curiously at him, and says, familiarly—

"Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying."

He did not mean to do it, because he was on his way to his mother's closet, but some reason must be found. The word "praying" suggests it. "This would be scanned;" and he scans it, and decides to leave him for another day. As he enters the closet to speak the words "like daggers," his quick decisive gesture and shrill peremptory tones alarm the queen. She rises to call for help; he seizes her roughly: "Come, come, and sit you down." Nothing can mark Hamlet's awful resentment more than his persistence through two interruptions that would have unnerved the bravest, and checked the most relentless spirit. As he looks at his mother there is that in his countenance bids her cry aloud for assistance. There is a movement behind the arras. Hamlet lunges at once. Is it the king? No; it is but Polonius. Had it been the king, it would not have diverted him from his purpose. He is no more afraid of killing than he is afraid of death, and is as hard to arrest in his reproof of his mother as in his talk with his father:

"Leave wringing of your hands; peace, sit you down."

His mother confesses her guilt. Hamlet is not appeased. He vilifies her husband with increasing vehemence; the Ghost rises as if to protect the queen. "Do not forget," he cries, although the king's name was at that moment on Hamlet's lips in terms of bitterest contempt. But it was understood between the two spirits that it was the queen's husband and not his father's murderer that he was thus denouncing. After the disappearance of the ghost, he turns again to his mother; and on leaving her almost reluctantly, without further punishment, asks pardon of his own genius—"Forgive me this my virtue," more authoritative to Hamlet than a legion of spirits.

This scene is the spiritual climax of the play, and from it the whole tragedy directly proceeds. The death of Polonius leads on the one side to the madness of Ophelia, on the other to the revenge of Laertes and the final catastrophe. Hamlet's apathy at the death of

Polonius is of the same character as his oblivion of the ghost's command, and has the same origin. For there is no apathy like that of an over-mastering passion, whether it be love or jealousy, or a new faith, or a terrible doubt. It draws away the life from other duties and interests, and leaves them pale and semi-vital. Men thus possessed acknowledge the duties, they evade, let slip occasion, are "lapsed in time and passion," and are surprised at their own oblivion.

This happens again to Hamlet as he is leaving Denmark. His own inaction is flashed back upon him by the sight of the gallant array of Fortinbras, and his first words—

"How all occasions do inform against me,"

disclose that the duty of revenge has its obligations and sanctions, not in the inward but the outward world; not in the genius of the man—secret, individual, detached—but in the outward mind of inherited opinion and ancestral creed, that we share with others in unreflecting fellowship. The world has charge of it, and reflects it back upon him new in the actor's tears, and now—

"In this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,"

This speech must be read, like a Spartan despatch, on the *σκυτάλη* or counterpart of Hamlet's personality. He begins, as after the player's recitation, with a confession, and ends with an excuse. He is startled into an avowal, which he qualifies by a subtle after-thought—"What is a man," he cries, who acts as I have acted, who allows

"That capability and god-like reason,
To fust in him unused?"

"A beast, no more." But as he looks at Fortinbras and his soldiers, another thought strikes him. These men act because they do not pause to think. I must have been thinking, *not too little, but too much*; and with that he turns short round upon his first confession, escapes from the charge of "bestial oblivion," and takes refuge in an imaginary "thinking too precisely on the event;" which indeed, as he remembers, had more than once prevented him taking his own life. But he condemns himself without cause; he cannot now return to that earlier stage of unreasoning activity in appointed paths, and the joy and grace of unconscious obedience.

When Hamlet returns from England, he takes Horatio apart to recount his adventures and unfold the plot of the king; but before he utters a word of this his settled mood is revealed to us in the graveyard scene. Hamlet, ever prone to belittle the world, is not loth to watch the making of a grave. There is the limit and boundary of what can be done or suffered; there the triumph is ended, and there the enmity is stayed. He advances step by step to look closely at the ruins of mortality; to slight the great names of kings and follow

heroes to the dust. As he sees the skull tossed out of the grave, the king is already dead to him. "How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder. This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?" He is not satisfied till he takes the skull in his hand, and is sarcastic on beauty and festive wit, and the base uses to which we may come; when, from the other side, the procession of Ophelia advances. The grace and allurements of Ophelia had awakened in the imaginative Hamlet a feeling stronger and warmer indeed, but of the same relation to his capacity of loving as that of Romeo for Rosaline, and as easily lost in the glow or shadow of a deeper passion. That it was without depth and sacredness is plain from his delighting to ridicule and torment her father, and from his careless and equivocal jesting with her at the play. But though not a deep experience, it was of a quality different from that of other life. And the death of Ophelia had gathered into one the records of the hours of love; the first and the last; the meetings and the partings; the gifts, and flowers, and snatches of song. On these tender memories the hollow clamour of Laertes breaks with a discord so intolerable that Hamlet, who had with his usual reserve received the news of her death with the cold exclamation, "What! the fair Ophelia!" suddenly breaks into a fury and leaps into her grave.

In this study of Hamlet in relation to the ghost-story, we have seen that the effect, both of the first recital and of its subsequent confirmation, was to whet his mind against his mother; and that the passages in which this is expressed are among the *final touches* of the master; that the deed of revenge is only flashed upon him from without; and that, in the intervals between such awakenings of memory, he relapses to the thought-sickness of the first soliloquy; that on the only occasion when the bitterness of his sorrow leads him to meditate self-destruction, there is no question of the ghost, the murder, or the king; that the only ungovernable bit of fury is in the presence of his mother; and that from this scene the drama is developed, and the final catastrophe ensues.

V.

Supposing this "preoccupation" proved, what is the particular value and significance of the fact? Before we can answer this we must set the character of Hamlet in this new light clearly before us.

Shakespeare gives to him the rare nobility of feeling with the keenness of personal pleasure and pain, the presence or absence of moral beauty. He is one to whom public falsehood is private affliction, to whom goodness in its purity, truth in its severity, honour in its brightness, are the only goods worth a man's possessing, and the

rest but a dream and the shadow of a dream. Hamlet bears his private griefs with proud composure. We have no lamentation on the death of his father, on the defection of Ophelia, on his exclusion from the throne. Among the images of horror and distress that crowd upon his mind in his mother's closet there is one on which he is silent then, and throughout the play, and that is her heartless desertion of his cause, as natural successor to the crown. To make it entirely clear that we have here no type of morbid weakness and excess, but the portrait of a representative man, we have only to look at the careful way in which all the other characters are touched and modelled so as to allow and enhance Hamlet's superiority. This is true even of Horatio. We have already remarked that in their scenes with the ghost the manhood of Hamlet is of a higher strain and dignity. And not only in resolution, but in that other manly virtue of self-reliance, his superiority is incontestable. Horatio follows Hamlet at a distance as Lucilius follows Brutus, content if from time to time he may stand at his side. Whatever is Hamlet's mood he reflects it, for to him Hamlet is always great. Horatio never questions, presumes not to give advice, echoes the scorn or laughter of his friend, is equally contemptuous of the king, and, as he never urges to action, is, if his friend is supposed to procrastinate, accomplice in his delay. Hamlet detaches himself from the world and follows his own bent; he will admit no guidance, and be subject to no dictation. He is not the man to be hag-ridden like Macbeth, or humoured into remorseful deeds like Brutus. The strong dramatic feature of his character, the secret of his attraction on the stage, is his pure and independent personality. Who has a word of solace from him, but when does he claim it? Who leaves any mark or dint of intellectual impact on that firm and self-determined mind? And if he is superior to Horatio, how much more to Laertes? Had Shakespeare wished to exalt the quality of resolution at Hamlet's expense, he would not have chosen so ignoble a representative of it as this man. A true son of Polonius, a prater of moral maxims, while he is all for Paris and its pleasures; violent, but weak; who, when he is told of the tragic and untimely death of his sister, can find nothing better to say than—

"Too much of water, hast thou, dear Ophelia?"

who, like Aufidius, has the outward habit and encounter of honour, but is a facile tool of treacherous murder in the hands of the king. Compare the conduct of the two when they are brought into collision, and the final impression they leave. The readiness with which Hamlet undertakes to fence for his uncle's wager is one of the most surprising strokes in the play. What! with the foil in his hand, no plot, no project, not even a word, not a look between him and Horatio that the occasion might be improved! What absolute freedom

from the malice which in another mind is preparing his death. The treachery of Laertes is the more odious in this, that the success of his plot depends on the generous confidence of his victim. Polonius is handled in the same way with special reference to Hamlet. His thinking is marked by slowness and insincerity, and when he comes in contact with the rapid current of Hamlet's mind he is benumbed; he can only mutter, "If this is madness, there is method in it." What little portable wisdom was given to him in the first Act is soon withdrawn—he stammers in his deceit, and the old indirectness having no material of thought to work upon becomes a circumlocution of truisms. As the play proceeds he is made, as if with a second intention, more and more the antithesis, as he is the antipathy, of the prince. It is the careful portrait of what Hamlet would hate—a remnant of senile craft in the method with folly in the matter—a shy look in the dull and glazing eye, that insults the honesty of Hamlet as much as the shrivelled meaning with its pompous phrase insults his intelligence. So with the other characters; they are all made to justify his demeanour towards them. The queen is heard to confess her guilt, Ophelia is seen to act as a decoy; his college friends attempt his death.

In as far then as Hamlet is right in his verdicts, blameless in his aims, lofty in his ideal, and just in his resentment, he is a representative man; and we have not the study of a special affliction, but the fundamental drama of the soul and the world. This, whatever we may call it, was the work at which Shakespeare laboured so long, and for which he withdrew Hamlet from time to time for special study, every fresh touch telling in this direction.

VI.

How far is such an interpretation consonant with the genius and method of Shakespeare? Certainly I should hardly have found courage to add another to the many studies of Hamlet had it not been for the hope of bringing out a characteristic of our great national poet that is rather unobtrusive than obscure. I mean a singular unworldliness of thought and feeling; a cherished idealism; an inborn magnanimity. Not the unworldliness of the study and the cloister, or the other-worldliness of such poets as Dante and Milton, but the unworldliness of a man of the world, the idealism that is closely allied with humour. And it is in this union and not elsewhere that the "breadth" of Shakespeare, of which we hear so much, is found. This unworldliness is elusive, ubiquitous, full of disguise. Now it is militant, and now observant; now it is fastidious in its scorn, and now it is piercing in its dissection; now it is satire, and now it is melancholy. He gives the most

knighly chivalry of friendship to a merchant, and the most exquisite fidelity of service to a fool, and makes the ingrained worldliness of Cleopatra die before her love. He not only scatters through his pages rebukes of the arrogance of power and the more pitiable pride of wealth, but makes his kings deride their own ceremonies and mock their own state. Who has not observed the easy and effortless way in which his heroes and heroines move from one station to the other, from authority to service like Kent, from obscurity to splendour like Perdita, or to the greenwood from the palace like Rosalind. The change affects their happiness no more than the change of their position in the sky affects the brightness of the stars. It is all so truthful and clear that we grow more simple as we read. Lear utters but one cry of joy, and that is when he is entering a prison with Cordelia :

"Come, let's away to prison!
We two alone will sing like birds in a cage ;"

while the Queen of France has just said :

"For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down,
Myself could else outfrown false fortune's frown."

In these two lines the magnanimity of Shakespeare is pure, unveiled, as he gives us the last words of his favourite heroine ; we must read them backwards and forwards to catch the portrait they enclose. We see the unconscious elevation of Cordelia's mind, not so much superior as invulnerable to mortal ills ; we see this dignity and lovely pride cast down by pity and love, and then in answer to Lear's troubled and anxious look we hear in measured and steadfast tones the reassurance of perfect peace.

Remark too Shakespeare's habit of looking upon the world as a masque or pageant, not to be treated with too much respectful anxiety as if it were as real as ourselves. He who can give so perfectly the texture of common life, the solidities of common sense, likes to wave his wand over the domain of sturdy prose and incontrovertible custom, and to show how plastic it is, and how easily pierced, and how readily transformed. He has a malicious pleasure in confusing the boundaries of nature and fancy, and mocking the purblind understanding. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" we have an ambiguous and bewildering light, with the horizon always shifting, and the boundaries of fact and fable confused with an inseparable mingling of forms ; both outwardly, as when Theseus enters the forest on the skirts of the fairy crew ; and inwardly in the memories of the lovers. And we are expressly told after the enchantment of the "Tempest" that this summary dealing with the solid world was not merely by way of entertainment but was a presentation of truth. And Macbeth, after grasping all that life could offer of tangible reward or palpable power, pronounces it

"such stuff as dreams are made of."

No doubt something will be said on the other side, of Shakespeare's broad and indulgent humanity, and of his toleration even of vice itself when it is convivial and amusing. It should be remembered, however, that his comedies while more realistic are not so real as his tragedies. They are, as he himself insists, entertainments; to which jovial sensuality, witty falsehood, and even hypocrisy when it is not morose are admitted, as diverting in their very aberration from the mean rule of life. So that a touch of rascality is a genuine element in comedy, as a touch of danger in sport, and the provocation of the moral sense is part of the fun. But they are all under guard. The moment they pass a certain boundary and break into reality, the moment that intemperance leads to disorder, and vice to suffering, as in real life, then suddenly Harry turns upon Falstaff, or Olivia on Sir Toby, and vice is called by its right name.

And as life awakens and reality enters, either the grace or the sentiment or the passion of unworldliness is more and more distinctly present. And in the tragedies even the pleasant vices are seen as part of a world-wide corruption that wrongs, debases, and betrays. Shakespeare has painted every phase of antagonism to the world, from the pensive aloofness of Antonio to the impassioned misanthropy of Timon. Every excited feeling emits light into the dark places of the earth, and every suffering is a revelation of more than its own injury. It is as if the soul, fully aroused, became aware by its own light of the oppression and injustice abroad upon the earth.

But there is a more vague and general disaffection to the world than is the outcome of any particular experience. It may be called a spiritual discontent which few have felt as a passion, but many have known as a mood: when that average goodness of human nature which we have found so companionable, and to which we have so pleasantly adapted ourselves, becomes "very tolerable and not to be endured;" when the world seems to be made of our vices, and our virtues seem to be looking on, or if they enter into the fray are too tame and conventional for the selfish fire and unscrupulous industry of their rivals; and when to our excited sensibility there is a taint in the moral atmosphere, and we long to escape if only to breathe more freely. This is more than a mood with Shakespeare, and is present in those slight but distinctive touches that mark the unconscious intrusion of character in an artist's work; and is frankly confessed in one of his Sonnets:—

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry;
As to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing drest in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn.
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone."

We then, scattered through the dramas of Shakespeare a

disaffection to the world as deep-grained as it is comprehensive; and we find the various elements of it—the contempt of fortune, the ideal virtue, the disinterested passion, the mysticism, the fellowship with the oppressed, the distaste of the world's enjoyment and the weariness of its burden—concentrated in Hamlet for full and exhaustive study; thus presenting what I have called the interior or fundamental drama of the soul and the world.

But the tragedy of "Hamlet" includes more than this. It is not merely the doom of suffering on a soul above a certain strain, still less is it the accidental death of a sluggard in revenge; it is the implication of a noble mind in the intrigues and malignities of a world it has renounced. In vain Hamlet contracts his ambition till it is bounded by a nutshell; he is ordered to strike for a throne. No abnegation clears him from entanglement. The world permits not his escape, but drags him back with those crooked hands of which Dante speaks, which pierce while they hold. This is the tragedy in all its fulness, the involution of the inward and outward drama to the immense advantage of both. For while the spiritual agony of Hamlet gives an incomparable dignity to the ghost-story, yet by the very interruptions and checkings and crossings of it through the accidents and oppositions of the plot, its physiognomy is more distinctly and delicately revealed. Instead of the majestic but monotonous declamation of Timon, we have every variety of that ironical humour (indicating some yet unconquered province of the soul) that guards and embalms the purer strength of feeling, keeps it airy and spiritual, and frees it from moan and heaviness. Here we have no insistence on suffering, no literary heart-breaks, no dilettante pessimism; but those indefinable harmonies of freedom and law, of the ascendancy of the soul and the sovereignty of fate, of Nature and the spaces of the mind, that in the works of the great masters represent, if they do not explain, the mystery of life.

The religion of Hamlet is that faith in God which survives after the extinction of the faith in man. Losing the light of human worth and dignity through which alone the soul can reach to the idea of what is truly divine, and with it the link between earth and heaven, Hamlet's religion is reduced to its elements again; to the vague and fragmentary hints of Nature, and instincts of the spirit; to intimations of limitless power, of mysterious destiny, of a "something after death," of a "divinity that shapes our ends;" and with these, gleams of a transcendent religion of humanity, for devotion to which he was suffering; and on the other side, binding him to the stage-plot, relics of childish superstition, half-beliefs, inherited opinions, "*our* circumstance and course of thought," which he adopted when he pleased,—as, for instance, when he feared lest he should dismiss the murderer to heaven, or half-

believed that his blameless father was tormented in sulphurous flames for having endured a horrible death. But however obscure and indefinite the religion of Hamlet may be, and partly because it is so, and hence of universal experience, it adds reach and depth to his struggle with the world. His soul flies out of bounds and away in airy liberty on these excursions to the vast unknown, and escapes at last victorious with the light through the darkness of conscious immortality, and the lamp in his hand of "the readiness is all." There is always a certain vacuity in the positive or realistic treatment of passion, in which it is confined to the area of mortality, and after a sultry strife delivered over to the mercy of its enemies. But the world cannot so beset and beleaguer the soul as to block up the access and passage of invisible allies, or intercept the communications of infinite strength and infinite charity, or follow to its distant haunts and inaccessible refuges the migrations of thought—

"In the hoar deep to colonize."

FRANKLIN LEIFCHILD.

PANISLAMISM AND THE CALIPHATE.*

I USE the word "Panislamism," simply because it is one of the political catchwords of the day. The prefix *Pan* is supposed to have some great and terrible significance. It is not long since Europe exerted all her power to save Islam from the jaws of Panslavism, but now that a *Pan* has been added to Islam, it has become in its turn the bugbear of Europe. It is even supposed that England was fighting with this new monster, when she put down the revolution in Egypt. England could never have so far forgotten her liberality as to take up arms against Islam, but Panislam must be crushed by a new crusade. Such is the wondrous power of a prefix. So far as I can understand the mysterious force of this word, it is designed to express the idea that the scattered fragments of the Mohammedan world have all rallied around the Caliph to join in a new attack upon Christendom, or that they are about to do so. There is just enough of truth in this idea to give it currency, and to make it desirable that the whole truth should be known. Most of the mistakes of Europe in dealing with the Ottoman empire, during the present century, have come from a misapprehension of the forces of Islam, and the position and influence of the Sultan of Turkey. There is danger now of such a misapprehension as may lead to the most unfortunate complications.

The first essential point, which must always be kept in mind by those who would understand the movements of the Mohammedan world, is the exact relation of the Ottoman Sultans to the Caliphate. The word Caliph means the vicar or the successor of the Prophet. The origin and history of the Caliphate is well known, but it may be well to give a brief *résumé* of it here. During the life of the Prophet it was his custom to name a Caliph to act for him when he was absent

* We have received this article from a valued correspondent, whose name, for obvious reasons, is not given.—Ed.

from Medina. During his last illness he named his father-in-law, Abou-Bekir, and after his death this appointment was confirmed by election. Omar, Osman, and Ali were successively chosen to this office, and these four are recognized by all orthodox Mohammedans as perfect Caliphs. The Persians and other Shiites recognize only Ali. It is said that the Prophet predicted that the true Caliphate would continue only thirty years. His words are quoted: "The Caliphate after me will be for thirty years. After this there will be only powers established by force, usurpation, and tyranny." The death of Ali and the usurpation of Mouawiye came just thirty years after the death of the Prophet, and this was the end of the true and perfect Caliphate. The sixty-eight imperfect Caliphs who followed were all of the family of the Prophet, although of different branches, but they fulfilled the demand of the sacred law, that the Caliph must be of the family of Koreish, who was a direct descendant from Abraham. Mouawiye and the Ommiades, fourteen in all, were of the same branch as Osman, the third Caliph. The Abassides of Kufa, Bagdad, and Cairo, fifty-four in all, descended from Abas, the great-uncle of the Prophet. There were many others who at different times usurped the name of Caliph, but these seventy-two are all who are recognized as universal Caliphs. Mohammed XII., the last of these, died in obscurity in Egypt in 1538. The power of the Caliphs gradually decayed, until for hundreds of years it was little more than nominal, and exclusively religious.

The claim of the Ottoman Sultans to the Caliphate dates back to the time of Sultan Selim I. This Sultan conquered Egypt and overthrew the dynasty of the Mamelukes. He found at Cairo the Caliph Mohammed XII., and brought him as a prisoner to Constantinople. He was kept at the fortress of the Seven Towers for several years, and then sent back to Egypt with a small pension. While Selim was in Cairo, the Shereeff of Mecca presented to him the keys of the holy cities, and accepted him as their protector. In 1517 Mohammed XII. also made over to him all his right and title to the Caliphate. This involuntary cession, and the voluntary homage of the Shereeff of Mecca, are the only titles possessed by the Ottoman Sultans to the Caliphate, which, according to the word of the Prophet himself, must always remain in his own family. If the Ommiades and the Abassides were imperfect Caliphs, it is plain that the Ottoman Sultans must be doubly imperfect. It was easy, however, for an all-powerful Sultan to obtain an opinion from the Ulema that his claim was well-founded; and it has been very generally recognized by orthodox Mohammedans, in spite of its essential weakness. When the time comes, however, that the Ottoman Sultans are no longer powerful, it will be still more easy to obtain an opinion that the Shereeff of Mecca, who is of the family of the Prophet, is the true Caliph.

The Ottoman Sultans have also assumed the other and more generally used title of *Imam-ul-Mussilmin*, which may be roughly translated Grand Pontiff of all the Moslems, although, strictly speaking, the functions of an Imam are not priestly. This title is based upon an article of the Mohammedan faith which says—"The Mussulmans ought to be governed by an Imam, who has the right and authority to secure obedience to the law, to defend the frontiers, to raise armies, to collect tithes, to put down rebels, to celebrate public prayers on Fridays, and at Beiram," &c. This article of faith is based upon the words of the Prophet—"He who dies without recognizing the authority of the Imam of his time, is judged to have died in ignorance and infidelity."

The law goes on to say—"All Moslems ought to be governed by one Imam. His authority is absolute, and embraces everything. All are bound to submit to him. No country can render submission to any other."

Under this law the Ottoman Sultans claim absolute and unquestioning obedience from all Moslems throughout the world; but their right to this title rests upon the same foundation as that upon which is based the title of Caliph. The Prophet himself said, and the accepted law repeats, that the Imam-ul-Mussilmin must be of the family of Koreish. The Ottoman Sultans belong not only to a different family, but to a different race.

With this evident weakness in their title to the Caliphate, and the accompanying rank of universal Imam, it is a question of interest on what grounds the doctors of Mohammedan law have justified their claims, and how far these have been recognized.

In addition to the rights said to have been conferred by the Caliph Mohammed XII. and by the Shereef of Mecca upon Sultan Selim I., and by him transmitted to his posterity, the Mohammedan doctors make use of a very different argument. They say—

"The rights of the house of Othman are based upon its power and success, for one of the most ancient canonical books declares that the authority of a prince who has usurped the Caliphate by force and violence, ought not the less to be considered legitimate, because, since the end of the perfect Caliphate, the sovereign power is held to reside in the person of him who is the strongest, who is the actual ruler, and whose right to command rests upon the power of his armies."

This statement presents the real basis of the claims of the Sultans to the Caliphate. It is the right of the strongest. Any man who disputes it, does so at his peril; and, since 1517, the Ottoman Sultans have been able to command the submission of the Mohammedan world. Their title has not been seriously disputed.

But the title has this weak point in it. It is good only so long as the Sultan is strong enough to maintain it. It has not destroyed the rights of the family of Koreish. It only holds them in abeyance,

until some one of that family is strong enough to put an end to the Turkish usurpation. The power of the Sultan does not depend upon the title, but the title depends upon his power. This is a point the political importance of which should never be overlooked.

We come now to our second question. How far is the claim of the Ottoman Sultans to the Caliphate now recognized in the Mohammedan world? Except with the Shiites, who have never acknowledged it, there is no open rebellion against it. But the decay of the Ottoman Empire during the last hundred years has been obvious to all the world. Not only has it been gradually dismembered, not only have many of its Mohammedan subjects been brought under the dominion of Christian Powers, and many of its Christian subjects set free, not only have its African possessions become practically independent, except Tripoli, but the house of Othman exists to-day, only because Christian Europe interfered to defend it against its own Mohammedan subjects. The house of Mohammed Ali would otherwise have taken its place. Again and again have the Sultans shown their inability to defend the frontiers of Islam. Since the advent of the present Sultan, the process of dismemberment has gone on more rapidly than ever.

The influence of these facts upon the Mohammedan world has been very marked. I cannot speak from personal knowledge of the people of India and Central Asia, but from the best information that I can obtain, I conclude that while they have lost none of their interest in Islam, while they are still interested in the fate of their Turkish brethren, they would not lift a finger to maintain the right of the Sultan to the Caliphate against any claimant of the family of the Prophet. The feeling of the Arabic-speaking Mohammedans is well known. Islam is an Arab religion; the Prophet was an Arab; the Caliph should be an Arab. The Ottoman Sultans are barbarian usurpers, who have taken and hold the Caliphate by force. The Arabs have been ready for open revolt for years, and have only waited for a leader of the house of the Prophet. Their natural leader would be the Shereef of Mecca; and it is understood that the Shereef who has just been deposed by the Sultan, as well as his predecessor who was mysteriously assassinated, was on the point of declaring himself Caliph. The new Shereef is a young man of the same family.

So far as the Turkish, Circassian, and Slavic Mohammedans are concerned, their interests are bound up with those of the Sultan. They do not distinguish between the Caliphate and the Sultanat. Their ruler is the Imam-ul-Mussilmin, their law is the Sheraat, their country is the Dar-Islam; and when they are fighting for their Sultan they are fighting for their faith. They know nothing of any other possible Caliph. But if a new Caliph should appear at Mecca, and declare the Sultan a usurper and a Kaffir, it is very doubtful whether they would stand by the Sultan. They would not know what to do.

Another element enters just now into the question of the Caliphate, of which so much has been written of late that it is only necessary to mention it here. The Mohammedan world is looking for the coming of the Mehdy. The time appointed by many traditions for his appearance has already come, the year of the Hedjira 1300. Other traditions, however, fix no definite time—they only say “towards the end of the world,” and many impostors have already appeared at different times and places claiming to be the Mehdy. According to Shiite tradition, it is the twelfth Imam of the race of Ali who is to appear. At the age of twelve he was lost in a cave, where he still lives, awaiting his time. According to the Sunnis, the *Mehdy* is to come from Heaven with 360 celestial spirits, to purify Islam and convert the world. He will be a perfect Caliph, and will rule over all nations.

It is impossible for any Christian to speak with absolute certainty of the real feeling of Mohammedans; but it is evident that this expected Mehdy is talked of by Mohammedans everywhere, and that there is more or less faith in his speedy appearance. No one who anticipates his coming, can have any interest in the claims of the Sultan to be the Caliph. Should any one appear to fulfil the demands of the tradition, and meet with success in rousing any part of the Mohammedan world, the excitement would become intense, especially in Africa and Arabia. The claims of the Sultan would be repudiated at once. Still I think it probable that too much has been made of this Mehdy in Europe. I do not think that the Pachas of Constantinople have any more faith in his coming than Mr. Herbert Spencer has in the second coming of Christ. They only fear that some impostor may take advantage of the tradition to create division in the empire. This is the real danger.

It has been evident for many years that the Sultans have felt that their influence in the Mohammedan world was declining. They have seen that beyond their own dominions the Caliph has no real authority; that whatever influence they have depends upon the strength of their own empire. Abd-ul-Medjid and Abd-ul-Aziz seem to have had a pretty clear conception of their weakness, and of the necessity of restoring the vitality of the Ottoman empire, by the introduction of radical reforms. There is no reason to suppose that the Hatt-i-houmayoun and the other innumerable Hatts issued by these Sultans, were all intended simply to blind the eyes of Europe. None knew better than they that the empire must be reformed or lost. But they were Caliphs as well as Sultans, and what they would do as Sultans they could not do as Caliphs. The very nature of their claims to the Caliphate made them more timid. They could not execute the reforms which they promised, without encountering the opposition of the whole body of the Ulema, the most powerful and the best organized force in the empire. If they could have saved

their empire by resigning the Caliphate, they might possibly have been willing to do it; but they were made to believe that in surrendering the Caliphate they would lose the support of the only part of the nation upon which they could fully depend. So they hesitated, promising much and doing little, raising hopes on one side which could never be forgotten, and raising fears on the other which they could not allay; seeing clearly the need of reform, but seeing no way in which to accomplish it. They could decide upon nothing, and drifted on until Abd-ul-Aziz was deposed and assassinated by his own ministers, and the empire was on the verge of ruin.

The next Sultan was overwhelmed by the burdens which fell upon him, and in a few months was deposed as a lunatic. Sultan Hamid came to the throne under these trying circumstances, and it seemed for a time that he might be the last of the Sultans. He was but little known, as he had been forced to live in retirement, and it was supposed that he would follow meekly in the steps of his predecessors; but it very soon became evident to those about him that he had a mind and a will of his own—more than this, that he had a policy which he was determined to carry out. A Sultan with a fixed policy was a new thing, and to this day Europe is somewhat sceptical about it; but it very soon became apparent to close observers at Constantinople. Sultan Hamid was determined to be first of all the Caliph, the Imam-ul-Mussilmin, and to sacrifice all other interests to this. His education had been exclusively religious, and in his retirement he had lived a serious life, associating much with the Ulema, who, no doubt, pointed out to him the vacillating policy of his predecessors, and the danger that there was that the Caliphate and the empire would be lost together. He determined to strengthen his empire by restoring the influence of the Caliphate, and rallying the Mohammedan world once more around the throne of Othman. Judged from a European standpoint, this policy is at once reactionary and suicidal. It ignores the fact that the Ottoman empire is dependent for its existence upon the good-will of Europe; that it has measured its strength with a single Christian Power, and been utterly crushed in a year. It ignores the principle that a government can never be strong abroad which is weak at home. It ignores the history of the last hundred years. It may be doubted whether it is a policy which can be justified from the standpoint of Islam. Turkey is the last surviving Mohammedan Power of any importance. Its influence depends upon its strength, and its strength upon the prosperity of its people, and this upon a wise and enlightened administration of the government. It would seem that the best thing the Sultan could have done for Islam, would have been not to excite the fears of Europe by the phantom of a Panislamic league, but to have devoted all his energies to the reformation of his government.

But Sultan Hamid chose the path of Faith rather than of Reason, and, however we may think the choice unwise, we are bound to treat it with respect. It is easy to say that it was a mere question of policy, and very bad policy; it certainly was, but I think we have good reason to believe that the Sultan was actuated by religious rather than political motives, that he is a sincere and honest Moslem, and feels that it is better to trust in God than in the Giaour. I have a sincere respect and no little admiration for Sultan Hamid. Had he been less a Caliph and more a Sultan, with his courage, industry, and pertinacity, he might have done for Turkey what he has failed to do for Islam. He might have revived and consolidated the empire. It is possible that he may do it yet, and should he attempt it he will have the sympathy of the world.

But thus far, having transferred the seat of government from the Porte to the Palace, having secured a declaration from the Ulema that his will is the highest law, and that as Caliph he needs no advice, he has sought, first of all, to make his influence felt in every part of the Mohammedan world, to revive the spirit of Islam, and to unite it in opposition to all European and Christian influences. Utterly unable to resist Europe by force of arms, he has sought to outwit her by diplomacy and finesse. I know of nothing more remarkable in the history of Turkey than the skill with which he made a tool of Sir Henry Layard. Sir Henry could not be bought; but he could be flattered and blinded by such attentions as no Ottoman Sultan ever bestowed upon any Ambassador before; and to accomplish this object, the Sultan did not hesitate to ignore all Mohammedan ideas of propriety. His demonstrations of friendship for Germany is another illustration of his diplomatic skill. But while ready to yield any point of etiquette to accomplish his ends, he has resisted to the last every attempt to induce him to do anything to repress or punish any development of Moslem fanaticism. All Europe combined could not force him to punish the murderer of Colonel Coumaroff, the secretary of the Russian Embassy, who was shot down in the street like a dog by a servant of the Palace; nor, so far as I know, has he ever suffered a Moslem to be punished for murdering a Christian.

His agents have done their best to rouse the Mohammedans of India and Central Asia. He has armed the tribes of Northern Africa against France, and encouraged them to resist to the end. He has given new life to Mohammedan fanaticism in Turkey. The change from the days of Abd-ul-Aziz is very marked. The counsellors of the Sultan are no longer the Ministers, but the astrologers, eunuchs, and holy men of the Palace. No Mussulman could now change his faith in Constantinople without losing his life. Firmans can no longer be obtained for Christian churches, and it is extremely difficult to

obtain permission to print a Christian book, even in a Christian language. The greatest care is taken to seize books of every description in the Custom House. It is not long since the *Life of Mr. Gladstone* was seized as a forbidden book. It is a curious fact in this connection that the fanaticism of the Government is far in advance of the fanaticism of the people. There is no fear of the people, except as they are encouraged and pushed forward by those in authority. If left to themselves, Turks and Christians would have no difficulty in living together amicably.

The relation of the Sultan to the rebellion in Egypt is not perfectly clear, and probably never will be. In one sense he was no doubt the cause of it. It was a direct result of the agitation which his policy had roused. But it was not intended by Arabi to strengthen the power of a Turkish Caliph. It was originally anti-Turkish, and looked to the revival of the Arab Caliphate, as well as to the personal advantage of Arabi himself. The Sultan could not oppose it without exciting the enmity of those whom he most wished to conciliate, so he sought to control it and turn it to his own advantage. He gave Arabi all possible aid and support. There is no reason to suppose that Arabi and his friends were deceived by this; but it was for their interest to avoid a conflict with the Sultan as long as possible, and to get what aid from him they could. But for the intervention of England, Arabi would no doubt have won the game against the Turk. He might even have caused the downfall of the Sultan; for it is a well-known fact that so great was the enthusiasm of the Moslems in Syria and Arabia for Arabi, that they were with difficulty restrained by the Turkish authorities from breaking out into open rebellion. This spirit had been fostered by the Sultan; but it naturally turned, not to the Turkish Caliph, but to the successful Arab adventurer. Even in Asia Minor and Constantinople the enthusiasm for Arabi was universal, and had he been allowed to triumph unmolested, it seems probable the Sultan would have been forced either to unite with him in a crusade against Christendom, or to send an army to put him down. Either of these courses would have been fatal; for no Moslem army would have fought against Arabi under such circumstances, and as against Europe the Sultan could have accomplished nothing.

It is no doubt perfectly legitimate for a Caliph, especially for one whose title depends upon the strength of his sword, to stir up the enthusiasm of his people and attract their attention to himself as their leader. He cannot be blamed for improving every occasion to defend their rights and interfere in their behalf. If he is strong enough to do so, it is no doubt in full accord with the example and teaching of the Prophet that he should lead them against the infidels. It is not strange that a man of faith should be so dazzled by the possibility

of such a crusade as to forget his own weakness. As he sits in his palace to-night,* and hears the roar of the guns announcing the great festival of Courban Beiram, and thinks that more than two hundred millions of the faithful are uniting with him in the sacrifice, and confessing their faith in the Prophet of whom he claims to be the successor and representative, it will be strange if he does not dream of what might be if he could but rally them round his throne; strange if he does not catch something of the inspiration of the Prophet himself, who, with God on his side, dared alone to face all Mecca, and with a few half-naked Arabs to brave the world. There is nothing in the Palace unfavourable to such a dream as this, and there will be nothing in the pomp and ceremony of the homage to be paid to him to-morrow morning to recall him from it. What a contrast it will be to come back from such a dream of universal dominion, and the triumph of the true faith, to the discussion of the sixty-first Article of the Treaty of Berlin and the rights of the Armenians! It is perfectly legitimate for a Caliph to have such dreams, and perfectly natural for him to prefer to try to realize them, rather than to give his attention to the reform of his empire; but without blaming the Caliph we may well doubt whether it is altogether wise for the Sultan of Turkey to indulge in such dreams.

I believe that it would be better not only for Turkey but for Islam also, if the Sultan would give up his doubtful title to the Caliphate, and pass it over to the descendant of the Prophet who is Shereef of Mecca. As for Turkey, this is the only hope of the empire; and the experience of the Pope of Rome has made it clear that the loss of temporal power tends rather to strengthen than to weaken a great religious organization. There is no inclination in any part of the world to persecute Mohammedans, or interfere in any way with their faith. Only a very small minority of them are under the government of the Sultan, and those who are not enjoy as much religious liberty as those who are. This is not from fear of the Sultan, but it is in accord with the spirit of the age, and the manifest interest of other Governments. As a Caliph cannot by any possibility restore the strength of the Ottoman empire, so a Sultan of Turkey cannot be the spiritual leader of millions who are not in any way under his control. I see no reason to suppose that the transfer of the Caliph to Mecca would in any way weaken the faith of Moslems or diminish their zeal. Mohammedans in India and in Russia show no more inclination to abandon their faith than those who reside at Constantinople under the shadow of the Caliph; on the contrary, there is more unbelief in Constantinople than there. What is more, there is every reason to believe that such a transfer would gratify the great majority of Mohammedans, probably a

* The eve of Courban Beiram.

majority of those living in the Turkish Empire, certainly all the Arabic-speaking population. In one way or another this change is sure to come, however it may be resisted by the Sultan; the very effort that he has made to arouse the spirit of Islam has made it more apparent than before that he is really powerless to defend any Mohammedan country against aggression. He could do nothing for Tunis against France. He could do nothing for Arabi against England. The very encouragement that he gave in these cases was an injury to them. The Arabs are all ready to assert their rights to the Caliphate and defend them against the Sultan. If he does not surrender the title voluntarily, sooner or later they will take it by force, and that part of the empire along with it.

The Sultan complains of the interference of Europe in the affairs of his empire; but, in fact, he owes not only his throne, but his continued possession of the Caliphate, to their protection. Let it be known in Mecca to-day that Europe would favour such a change and encourage an insurrection in Syria and Arabia, and the new Shereef of Mecca would celebrate the Courban Beiram as Caliph amidst such enthusiasm as has not been known there for a hundred years.

In spite of all this, however, in spite of the imperfection of his title, and the coolness or discontent of Mohammedans throughout the world, in spite of the growing weakness of the empire and his failure to defend those whom he has encouraged to resist Europe, it is not probable that Sultan Hamid will voluntarily surrender the Caliphate. Abd-ul-Aziz might have done it to save his empire, but Sultan Hamid is too religious a man; he values his title of Imam-ul-Mussilmin too highly to give it up without a struggle. It is safe to conclude that he will cling to it until it is taken by force by a stronger man.

I have already mentioned incidentally the relation of Europe to the Caliphate. England and France are most directly interested in this question, and hitherto their policy has been to sustain the claims of the Sultans. They seem to be quite as anxious to maintain the Caliphate of Constantinople as the Sultans themselves, and its continuance has been due in great measure to their protection. As the interest of France in this question is only secondary, I will confine myself to the policy of England. It is not strange that England, with her Indian Empire and 40,000,000 Mohammedan subjects, should be deeply interested in the question of the Caliphate. It must be a question of vital importance to her whether it is better for the peace of India to have the Caliphate in the hands of a temporal sovereign at Constantinople or of a Shereef of Mecca in Arabia. So long as she was in close alliance with the Sultan, and her influence at Constantinople was supreme, there could not be any

doubt on this subject, for a Caliph at Mecca would be practically beyond her reach; but since the Crimean war English influence has seldom been paramount at Constantinople. Still, English statesmen have probably reasoned that, even if he were decidedly unfriendly, it was better to have a Caliph who had something to lose, and who, on occasion, could be reached by a British fleet and bombarded in his palace, than one in the deserts of Arabia who could not be reached by pressure of any kind, either diplomatic or military, who might proclaim a holy war without fear of being called to account for it. There is always a great practical advantage in dealing with a responsible person. Then, again, the late Sultans have manifested no inclination to rouse the fanaticism of Mohammedans against Christendom. They have been only anxious that Christendom should forget them, and leave them to manage their own affairs in their own way. Under these circumstances no English interest has demanded the consideration of the question of the Caliphate. It is a religious question which no Christian Government could wish to take up unless forced to do so. Whatever the Turks may believe, it is certain that no European Power has any inclination to enter upon a crusade against the Mohammedan religion. Even the Pope of Rome, who in former days decreed crusades against the Moslem, is now on terms of the most friendly intimacy with the Caliph. England not only carefully protects the rights of Mohammedans in India, but she has used all her influence for years to strengthen the Ottoman Empire and discourage all agitation against the Caliphate of the Sultan.

Such has been the policy of the past. But circumstances have changed, and long-cherished hopes have been disappointed. The effort to reform and strengthen the Turkish empire has failed chiefly because the Sultans have been unwilling or unable to abandon the strictly religious constitution of the Government, and to distinguish between their duties as Caliphs, and their duties as civil rulers over a mixed population of various sects. This failure has led to most unhappy complications in Europe, to the dismemberment of European Turkey, and to a great development of the influence of Russia, the Power most unfriendly to the existence of the Turkish Empire. It is now clear to all the world that Turkey cannot be reformed by a Caliph. In addition to this, the present Sultan, departing from the prudent course of his predecessors, has undertaken to rouse the hostility of Islam against Christendom, and to encourage fanatical outbreaks, not only in Africa, but in Asia as well. As Caliph he is no longer the friendly ally of the Christian Powers, but, as far as he dares, is acting against them. Under these changed circumstances the question must arise whether it is any longer for the interest of England to defend the Caliphate of Constantinople. It is not a question of deposing one Caliph and setting up another. This is not

the work of a Christian Power. It is for Mohammedans to settle this question among themselves. If they prefer to continue to recognize the Sultan as Caliph, they should be free to do so. But the policy of England has not hitherto been one of neutrality. It has been the active support of the Sultan. The question now is whether this support should not be withdrawn, and the Arabs made to understand that if they prefer an Arab Caliph at Mecca, England will not interfere to prevent it.

This is a very serious question, and the plan is open to the objection already suggested of the inaccessibility of Mecca. It is also to be considered that the Arabs are more fanatical and more easily excited than the Turks. But, on the other hand, it may be doubted whether the influence of the Shereef of Mecca would be greatly increased by his assuming the title of Caliph. It would not be recognized by the Turks, and Constantinople would be even more opposed to Mecca than it is now. The nature of the new Caliph's influence would be the same that it is now as Shereef of Mecca—a purely moral influence.

Another thing to be considered is the fact that this is only a question of time. Sooner or later this change is sure to come. As the power of the Sultan continues to decline, he will be less and less able to resist the progress of this Arab movement. It is not easy to see exactly what England will gain by postponing this change. Certainly not the friendship of the Arabs. I cannot speak with authority of the feeling in India; but it is understood that Indian Mohammedans sympathize with the Arabs rather than the Turks. I cannot presume to give a decided opinion on this question; but the new responsibilities assumed by the British Government in Egypt, make it one of immediate practical importance. Are the real interests of England with the Turk or the Arab?

THE BOLLANDISTS :

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF A MAGNUM OPUS.

THE majority of educated people have, from time to time, in the course of their historical reading, come across some mention of the "Acta Sanctorum," or "Lives of the Saints;" while but few know anything as to the contents, or authorship, or history of that work. Yet it is a very great, nay a stupendous monument of what human industry, steadily directed for ages towards one point, can effect. Industry, directed for ages, I have said—an expression, which to some must seem almost like a misprint, but which is quite justified by facts, since the first volume issued by the company of the Bollandists, is dated Antwerp, 1643; and the last, Paris, A.D. 1875. Two hundred and forty years have thus elapsed, and yet the work is not concluded. Indeed, as it has taken well-nigh two centuries and a half to narrate the lives of the Saints commemorated in the first ten months of the year, it may easily happen that the bones of the present generation will all be mingled with the dust, before those Saints be reached who are celebrated on the 31st of December. Some indeed—prejudiced by the very name "Acta Sanctorum"—may be inclined to turn away, with a contempt bred of ignorance, from the whole subject. But if it were only as a mental and intellectual tonic the contemplation of these sixty stately folios, embracing about a thousand pages each, would be a most healthy exercise for the men of this age. This is the halcyon period of primers, introductions, handbooks, manuals. "Knowledge made Easy" is the cry on every side. We take our mental pabulum just as we take Liebig's essence of beef, in a very concentrated form, or as homœopathists imbibe their medicine, in the shape of globules. I do not desire, however, to say one word against such publications. The great scholars of the seventeenth century, the Bollandists, Casaubon, Fabricius, Valesius

Baluze, D'Achery, Mabillon, Combefis, Vossius, Canisius, shut up their learning in immense folios, which failed to reach the masses as our primers and handbooks do, penetrating the darkness and diffusing knowledge in regions inaccessible to their more ponderous brethren. But at the same time their majestic tomes stand as everlasting protests on behalf of real and learned inquiry, of accurate, painstaking, and often most critical research into the sources whence history, if worth anything, must be drawn.

I propose in this paper to give an account of the origin, progress, contents, and value of the work of the Bollandists, regarded as the vastest repertory of original material for the history of mediæval times. This immense series is popularly known either as the "*Acta Sanctorum*" or the Bollandists. The former is the proper designation. The latter, however, will suit best as the peg on which we shall hang our narrative. John Bolland, or Joannes Bollandus as it is in Latin, was the name of the founder of a Company which, more fortunate than most literary clubs, has lasted well-nigh three centuries. To him must be ascribed the honour of initiating the work, drawing the lines and laying the foundations of a building which has not yet been completed. That work was one often contemplated but never undertaken on the same exhaustive principles. Clement, the reputed disciple of the Apostles Peter and Paul, is reported—in the "*Liber Pontificalis*" or "*Lives of the Popes*;" dating from the early years of the sixth century—to have made provision for preserving the "*Acts of the Martyrs*." Apocryphal as this account seems, yet the honest reader of Eusebius must confess that the idea was no novel one in the second century, as is manifest from the well-known letter narrating the sufferings of the martyrs of Lyons and Vienne. Space would now fail us to trace the development of hagiography in the Church. Let it suffice to say that century after century, as it slowly rolled by, contributed its quota both in east and west. In the east even an emperor, Basil, gave his name to a Greek martyrology; while in both west and east the writings of Metaphrastes, Mombritius, Surius, Lipomanus, and Baronius, embalmed abundant legends in many a portly volume. Still the mind of a certain Heribert Rosweid, a professor at Douai, a Jesuit and an enthusiastic antiquarian, was not satisfied. Rosweid was a typical instance of those Jesuits, learned and devout, who at a great crisis in the battle restored the fallen fortunes of the Church of Rome. As the original idea of the "*Acta Sanctorum*" is due to him, we may be pardoned in giving a brief sketch of his career, though he was not in strictness a member of the Bollandist Company.

Rosweid was born at Utrecht, in 1569, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1589, the year when all Europe, and the world at large, was ringing with the defeat of the Armada and the triumph of Pro-

testantism. He studied and taught first at Douai and then at Antwerp, where, also after the manner of the Jesuits, he entered upon active pastoral work, in which he caught a contagious fever, of which he died A.D. 1629. His literary life was very active, and very fruitful in such literature as delighted that age. Thus he produced editions of various martyrologies, the modern Roman, the ancient Roman, and that of Ado; he discussed the question of keeping faith with heretics; took an active share in the everlasting controversy concerning the "Imitatio Christi," wherein he espoused the side of A-Kempis and the Augustinians, as against Gerson and the Benedictines; published the lives of the Eastern Ascetics, who were the founders of modern monasticism; debated with Isaac Casaubon concerning Baronius; and published, in 1607, the "Lives of the Belgic Saints," where we find the first sketch or general plan of the "Acta Sanctorum." The idea of this great work suggested itself to Rosweid while living at Douai, where he used to employ his leisure time in the libraries of the neighbouring Benedictine monasteries, in search of manuscripts bearing on the lives of the Saints. It was an age of criticism, and he doubtless felt dissatisfied with all existing compilations, content as they were to repeat, parrot-like and without any examination, the legends of earlier ages. It was an age of research, too—more fruitful in some respects than those which have followed—and he felt that an immense mass of original material had never yet been utilized. It was at this period of his life he produced the work above mentioned, which we have briefly named the "Lives of the Belgic Saints," but the full title of which is, "Fasti Sanctorum quorum Vitæ in Belgicis Bibliothecis Manuscriptæ." He intended it as a specimen of a greater and more comprehensive work, embracing the lives of all the Saints known to the Church throughout the world. He proposed that it should embrace sixteen volumes, divided in the following manner:—The first volume dealing with the life of Christ and the great feasts; the second with the life of the Blessed Virgin and her feasts; the third to the sixteenth with the lives of the Saints according to the days of the month, together with no less than thirteen distinct indexes, biographical, historical, controversial, geographical, and moral; so that the reader might not have any ground for the complaint so often brought against modern German scholars, that they afford no apparatus to help the busy student when consulting their works. Rosweid's idea as to the manner in which those volumes should be compiled was no less original. He proposed first of all to bring together all the lives of Saints that had been ever published by previous hagiographers; which he would then compare with ancient manuscripts, as he was convinced that considerable interpolation had been made in the narratives. In addition, he desired to seek in all directions

for new materials; and to illustrate all the lives hitherto published or unpublished, by explaining obscurities, reconciling difficulties, and shedding upon their darker details the light of a more modern criticism. Rosweid's fame was European in the first quarter of the seventeenth century; and his proposal attracted the widest attention. To the best judges it seemed utterly impracticable. Cardinal Bellarmine heard of it, and proved his keenness and skill in literary criticism by asking what age the man was who proposed such an undertaking. When informed that he was about forty, "Ask him," said the learned Cardinal, "whether he has discovered that he will live two hundred years; for within no smaller space can such a work be worthily performed by one man,"—an unconscious prophecy, which has found in fact a most ample fulfilment; for death snatched away Rosweid before he could do more towards his great undertaking than accumulate much precious material; while more than two hundred years have elapsed, and yet the work is not completed.

After the death of Rosweid, the Society of Jesus, which now regarded the undertaking as a corporate one, entrusted its continuation to Bollandus. He was thirty-three years of age, and had distinguished himself in every branch of the Society's activity as a teacher, a divine, a scholar, and an orator. In this last capacity, indeed, it was his duty to address Latin sermons to the aristocracy of Antwerp, a fact which betokens a much more learned audience than now falls to any preacher's lot. He was a wise director of conscience too, a sphere of duty in which the Jesuits have always delighted. A story is told illustrating his skill in this direction. One of the highest magistrates of the city, being suddenly seized with a fatal illness, despatched a messenger for Bollandus, who at once responded to the call, only however to find the sick man in deepest trouble, on account of the sternness with which he had exercised his judicial functions. He acknowledged that he had often been the means of inflicting capital punishment when the other judges would have passed a milder sentence in the belief that he was rescuing the condemned from greater crimes, which they would inevitably commit, and securing the salvation of their souls through the repentance to which their ghostly adviser would lead them prior to their execution. Bollandus at once perceived that he had to deal with the over-scrupulous conscience of one who had striven, according to his light, to do his duty. He therefore produced his breviary, and proceeded to read and expound the hundred and first psalm, "I will sing of mercy and judgment;" making such a very pertinent application of it to the magistrate's case, as led him to cry out with tears, "What comfort thou hast brought me, Father! now I die happy." A consideration of these numerous and apparently inconsistent engagements may not be without some practical use in this age. Looking at the varied occupations of Bol-

landus and his fellows, and at the massive works which they at the same time produced, who can help smiling at the outcry which the advocates for the endowment of research, as they style themselves, raised some time ago against the simple proposal of the Oxford University Commission, that well-endowed professors should deliver some lectures on their own special subjects? Such a practice, they maintained, would utterly distract the mind from all original investigation of the sources. Such certainly was not the case with the Bollandists, who yet could make time carefully—far more carefully than most modern historians—to investigate the sources of European history. But then the Bollandists were real students, and had neither lawn tennis nor politics to divert them from their chosen career.

Bollandus again is a healthy study for us moderns in the triumph exhibited by him of mind over matter, of the ardent student over physical difficulties. His rooms were no pleasant College chambers, lofty, commodious, and well-ventilated; on the contrary the apartments where the volumes commemorating the saints of January saw the light were two small dark chambers next the roof, exposed alike to the heat of summer and the cold of winter, in the Jesuit House at Antwerp. In them were heaped up, for such is the expression of his biographer, the documents accumulated by his Society during forty years. How vast their number must have been is manifest from this one fact that Bollandus possessed upwards of four hundred distinct Lives of Saints, and more than two hundred histories of cities, bishoprics, and monasteries in the Italian language alone, whence our readers may judge of the size of the entire collection which dealt with the saints and martyrs of China, Japan, and Peru, as well as those of Greece and Rome.

Bollandus was summoned to his life's work in 1629. He at once entered upon a vigorous pursuit of fresh manuscripts in every quarter of the globe, wherein he was mightily assisted by the organization of the Jesuit Society, and by the liberal assistance bestowed upon his undertaking by successive abbots of the great Benedictine Monastery of Liessies, near Cambray, specially by Antonius Winghius, the friend and patron, first of Rosweid, and then of Bollandus. Indeed, it was the existence and rich endowments of those great monasteries which explains the publication of such immense works as those of Bollandus, Mabillon, and Tillemont, quite surpassing any now issued even by the wealthiest publishers among ourselves, and only approached, and that at a distance, by Pertz's "Monumenta" in Germany.

New material was now poured upon him from every quarter, from English Benedictines even and Irish Franciscans; though indeed, as regards the latter, Bollandus seems to have cherished a wholesome suspicion as to the genuineness of many, if not most, of the Irish legends. But Bollandus, though he worked hard, and knew no other

enjoyment save his work, was only human. He soon found the labour was too great for any one man to perform, while, in addition, he was racked and torn with disease in many shapes; gout, stone, rupture, all settled like harpies upon his emaciated frame, so that in 1635 he was compelled to take Henschenius as his assistant. This was in every respect a fortunate choice, as Henschenius proved himself a man of much wider views as to the scope of the work than Bollandus himself. Bollandus had proposed simply to incorporate the notices of the Saints found in ancient martyrologies and manuscripts, adding brief notes upon any difficulties of history, geography, or theology, which might arise. To Henschenius was allotted the month of February. He at once set to work, and produced under the date of Feb. 6, exhaustive memoirs of SS. Amandus and Vedastus, Gallic bishops of the sixth and eleventh centuries whose lives present a striking picture of those troubled times, amid which the foundations of French history were laid. Henschenius scorned the narrow limits within which his master would fain limit himself. He boldly launched out into a discussion of all the aspects of his subject, discussing not merely the men themselves, but also the history of their times, and doing that in a manner now impossible, as the then well stored, but now widely scattered muniment rooms of the abbeys of Flanders and Northern France lay at his disposal. Bollandus was so struck with the success of this innovation that he at once abandoned his own restricted ideas, and adopted the more exhaustive method of his assistant, which of course involved the extension of the work far beyond the sixteen volumes originally contemplated. The first two volumes appeared in 1643, and the next three, including the "Saints of February," in 1658. About this time the reigning Pontiff, Alexander VII., who had been the life-long friend and patron of Bollandus, pressed upon him, an oft-repeated invitation to visit Rome, and utilize for his work the vast stores accumulated there and in the other libraries of Italy. Bollandus had hitherto excused himself. In fact, he possessed already more material than he could conveniently use. But now that larger apartments had been assigned to him, and proper arrangements and classifications adopted in his library—due especially to the skill of Henschenius—he felt that such a journey would be most advantageous to his work. As, however, he could not go in person, owing to his infirmities, which were daily increasing, he deputed thereto Henschenius and Daniel Papebrock, a young assistant lately added to the Company, and destined to spend fifty-five years in its service. The history of that literary journey is well worth reading. The reader, curious on such points, will find it in the "Life of Bollandus," prefixed to the first volume of the "March Saints," chap. xiii.—xx. Still more interesting, were it printed, would be the diary of his journey kept by Papebrock, now preserved

in the Burgundy Library at Brussels, and numbered 17,672. Twenty-nine months were spent in this journey, from the middle of 1659 to the end of 1661. Bollandus accompanied his disciples as far as Cologne, where they were received with almost royal honours. After parting with their master, his followers proceeded up the Rhine and through Southern Germany, making a very thorough examination of the libraries, to all of which free access was given; the very Protestant town of Nuremberg being most forward to honour the literary travellers, while the President of the Lutheran Consistory assisted them even with his purse. Entering Italy by way of Trent, they arrived at Venice towards the end of October, where they found the first rich store of Greek manuscripts, and whence also they despatched by sea to Bollandus the first fruits of their toil. From Venice they made a thorough examination of the libraries of North-east Italy, at Vicenza, Verona, Padua, Bologna; whence they turned aside to visit Ravenna, walking thither one winter's day, November 18—a journey of thirty miles—and Henschenius, be it observed, was now sixty years of age.* They spent the greater part of the year 1661 at Rome, at Naples—where the blood and relics of St. Januarius were specially exhibited to them, an honour only conferred on kings and their ambassadors—and amid the rich libraries of the numerous abbeys of Southern Italy. But even when absent from Rome their work there went on apace. They enjoyed the friendship of some wealthy merchants from their own land, who liberally supplied them with money, enabling them to employ five or six scribes to copy the manuscripts they selected; while the patronage of two eminent scholars, even yet celebrated in the world of letters, Lucas Holstenius and Ferdinand Ughelli, backed by the still more powerful aid of the Pope, placed every library at their command. The Pope, indeed, went so far as to remove, in their case, every anathema forbidding the removal of books or manuscripts from the libraries. Lucas Holstenius, in his boyhood a Lutheran, in his later age an agent in the conversion of Queen Christina of Sweden, and one of the greatest among the giants of the black-letter learning of the age, rated the Bollandists and their work so highly that, at his decease, which took place while they were in Rome, he used their ministry alone in receiving the last sacraments of the Roman Church. Encouraged and supported thus, the Bollandists economized and utilized every moment. They were in the habit of rising before day to say their sacred offices; and then prosecuted,

* Henschenius was a man of great physical powers. He always delighted in walking exercise, and executed many of his literary journeys in Italy on foot, even amid the summer heats. Ten years later, when close on seventy, he walked on an emergency ten leagues in one day through the mountains and forests of the Ardennes district, and was quite fresh next day for another journey. He was a man of very full complexion. According to the medical system of the time, he indulged in blood-letting once or twice a year.

with their secretaries, their loved work till ten or eleven o'clock at night. When leaving Rome they were enabled therefore to send to Bollandus, by sea, a second consignment of three chests of manuscripts, in addition to a large store which they carried home themselves.

On their return journey they visited Florence and Milan, spending more than half a year in these libraries, and then proceeded through France to Paris, where they met scholars like Du Cange, Combefis, and Labbe. They finally arrived at home December 21, 1661, to find Bollandus in a very precarious state of health, which terminated in his death in 1665. The life of Bolland is a type of the lives led by all his disciples and successors. Devout, retired, studious, they gave themselves up, generation after generation, to their appointed task, the elders continually assuming to themselves one or two younger assistants, so as to preserve their traditions unimpaired. And what a work was theirs! How it dwarfed all modern publications! Bollandus worked at eight of those folios, Henschenius at twenty-four, Papebrock at nineteen, Janningus his successor at thirteen; and so the work went on, aided by a subsidy from the Imperial House of Austria, till the suppression of the Jesuits, which was followed soon after by the dissolution of the Bollandists in 1788. Their library became then an object of desire to many foreigners, who would undoubtedly have purchased it, had it not been for the opposition of the local government, and of several Belgian abbeys. It was finally bought by Godfrey Hermans, a Præmonstratensian abbat, under whose auspices the publication of the work continued for seven years longer, till, on the outburst of the wars of the French Revolution, the library was dispersed, part burnt, part hidden, part hurried into Westphalia. At length, after various chances, a great part of the manuscripts was obtained for the ancient library of the House of Burgundy, now forming part of the Royal Library at Brussels, while others of them were reclaimed for the library of the New Bollandists at Louvain, where the work is now carried on. After the dissolution of the old Company, two attempts at least, one in 1801 and the other in 1810—this last under the all-powerful patronage of Napoleon—were made, though without success, to revive the work. Better fortune attended a proposal made in 1838 by four members of the Jesuit Society—viz., J. B. Boone, J. Vandermoere, P. Coppens, and J. van Hecke. Since that time the publication of the volumes has steadily proceeded; we may even hope that the progress of the work in the future will be still more rapid, as the Company has lately added to its ranks P. C. de Smedt, one of the most learned and laborious ecclesiastical historians in the Roman Communion.*

* Since this paper was written the Bollandists have issued a prospectus of an annual publication called "*Analecta Bollandiana*." From this document we learn that disease and death have now reduced the company very low. De Smedt has had to retire almost as soon as elected.

After this sketch of the history of the Bollandists, which the literary student can easily supplement from the various memoirs of deceased members scattered through the volumes of the "*Acta Sanctorum*," we proceed to a consideration of the results of labours so long, so varied, and so strenuous. We shall now describe the plan of the work, the helps all too little known towards the effective use thereof, and then offer some specimens illustrating its critical value. When an ordinary reader takes up a volume of the "*Acta Sanctorum*," he is very apt to find himself utterly at sea. The very pagination is puzzling, two distinct kinds being used in all of the volumes, and even three in some. Then again lists, indexes, dissertations, acts of Saints, seem mingled indiscriminately. This apparent confusion, however, is all on the surface, as the reader will at once see, if he take the trouble to read the second chapter of the general preface prefixed to the first volume of the "*January Saints*," where the plan of the work is elaborately set forth. Let us briefly analyze a volume. The daily order of the Roman martyrology was taken as the basis of Bolland's scheme. Our author first of all arranged the saints of each day in chronological order, discussing them accordingly. A list of the names belonging to it is prefixed to the portion of the volume devoted to each separate day, so that one can see at a glance the lives belonging to that day and the order in which they are taken. A list then follows of those rejected or postponed to other days. Next come prefaces, prolegomena, and "*previous dissertations*," examining the lives, actions, and miracles of the Saints, authorship and history of the manuscripts, and other literary and historical questions. Then appear the lives of the Saints in the original language, if Latin; if not, then a Latin version is given; while of the Greek *menologion*, which the Bollandists discovered during their Roman journey, we have both the Greek original and a Latin translation. Appended to the lives are annotations, explaining any difficulties therein; while no less than five or six indexes adorn each volume: the first an alphabetical list of Saints discussed; the second chronological; the third historical; the fourth topographical; the fifth an onomasticon, or glossary; the sixth moral or dialectic, suggesting topics for preachers.

Prefixed to each volume will be found a dedication to some of the numerous patrons of the Bollandists, followed by an account of the life and labours of any of their Company who had died since their last publication. Thus, opening the first volume for March, we find, in order, a dedication to the reigning Pope, Clement IX; the life of Bollandus; an alphabetical index of all the Saints celebrated during the first eight days of March; a chronological list of Saints discussed under the head of March 1; the lives of Saints, including the Greek ones discovered by Henschenius during his Italian tour, ranged under

their various natal days, followed by five indexes as already described. But, the reader may well ask, is there no general index, no handy means of steering one's way through this vast mass of erudition, without consulting each one of those fifty or sixty volumes? Without such an apparatus, indeed, this giant undertaking would be largely in vain; but here again the forethought of Bollandus from the very outset of his enterprise made provision for a general index, which was at last published at Paris, in 1875. We possess also in Potthast's "*Bibliotheca Historica Medii Aevi*," a most valuable guide through the mazes of the "*Acta Sanctorum*," while for a very complete analysis of every volume, joined with a lucid explanation of any changes in arrangement, we may consult De Backer's "*Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus*," t. v., under the name "*Bollandus*."

But some may say, what is the use of consulting these volumes? Are they not simply gigantic monuments of misplaced and misapplied human industry, gathering up every wretched nursery tale and village superstition, and transmitting them to future ages? Such certainly has been the verdict of some who knew only the backs of the books, or who at farthest had opened by chance upon some passage where—true to their rule which compelled them to print their manuscripts as they found them—the Bollandists have recorded the legendary stories of the Middle Ages. Yet even for an age which searches diligently, as after hid treasure, for the old folk-lore, the nursery rhymes, the popular songs and legends of Scandinavia, Germany, and Greece, the legends of mediæval Christendom might surely prove interesting. But I regard the "*Acta Sanctorum*" as specially valuable for mediæval history, secular as well as ecclesiastical, simply because the authors—having had unrivalled opportunities of obtaining or copying documents—printed their authorities as they found them; and thus preserves for us a mine of historical material which otherwise would have perished in the French Revolution and its subsequent wars. Yet it is very strange how little this mine has been worked. We must suppose indeed that it was simply due to the want of the helps enumerated above—all of which have come into existence within the last twenty-five years—that neither of our own great historians who have dealt with the Middle Ages, Gibbon or Hallam, have, as far as we have been able to discover, ever consulted them.

Yet the very titles of even a few out of the very many critical dissertations appended to the "*Lives of the Saints*," will show how very varied and how very valuable were the purely historical labours of the Bollandists. Thus opening the first volume of the "*Thesaurus Antiquitatis*," a collection of the critical treatises scattered through the volumes published prior to 1750, the following titles strike the eye:—"Dissertations on the Byzantine historian Theophanes," on the "*Ancient Catalogues of the Roman Pontiffs*," on the "*Diplomatic*"

Art"—a discussion which elicited the famous treatise of Mabillon, "*De Re Diplomatica*," laying down the true principles for distinguishing false documents from true—on certain mediæval "Itineraries in Palestine," on the "Patriarchates of Alexandria and Jerusalem," on the "Bishops of Milan to the year 1261," on the "Mediæval Kings of Majorca" and no less than three treatises on the "Chronology of the early Merovingian and other French Kings." Let us take for instance these last mentioned essays on the early French kings. In them we find the Bollandists discovering a king of France, Dagobert II., whose romantic history, banishment to Ireland, restoration to his kingdom by the instrumentality of Archbishop Wilfrid, of York, and tragic death, had till their investigations lain hidden from every historian. As soon, indeed, as they had brought this obscure episode to light, and had elaborately traced the genealogy of the Merovingians, their claim to the discovery was disputed by Hadr. Valesius, the historiographer to the French Court, who was of course jealous that any one else should know more about the origins of the French monarchy than he did. His pretension, however, was easily refuted by Henschenius, who showed that he had himself discovered this derelict king twelve years before Valesius turned his thoughts to the subject, having published in 1654 a dissertation upon him distinct from those embodied in the "*Acta Sanctorum*." Hallam, in his "*History of the Middle Ages*," introduces this king, and notices that his history had escaped all historians till discovered by some learned men in the seventeenth century, for it is in this vague way he alludes to the Bollandists—and then refers for his authority to Sismondi, who in turn knows nothing of the Bollandists' share in the discovery, but attributes it to Mabillon when treating of the "*Acts of the Benedictine Saints*." Let us again take up Hallam, and we shall in vain search for notices of the kings of Majorca, a branch of the Royal family of Arragon, who reigned over the Balearic Islands in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Let any one, however, desirous of a picture of the domestic life of sovereigns during the Middle Ages, take up Papebrock's treatise on the "*Palatine Laws*" of James II., King of Majorca, A.D. 1324, where he will see depicted—all the more minutely because from the size of his principality the king had no other outlet for his energy—the ritual of a mediæval Court, illustrated, too, with pictures drawn from the original manuscript. In this document are laid down with painful minuteness, the duties of every official from the chancellor and the major-domo to the lowest scullions and grooms, including butlers, cooks, blacksmiths, musicians, scribes, physicians, surgeons, chaplains, choir-men, and chamberlains. Remote, too, as these kings of Majorca and their elaborate ceremonial may seem to be from the England of to-day, a careful study of these "*Palace Laws*" would seem to indicate either that our own Court

Ritual was derived from it, or else that both are deduced from one common stock. The point of contact, however, between our own Court etiquette and that of Majorca is not so very hard to find. The kings of Arragon, acting on the usual principle, might is right, devoured the inheritance of their kinsmen, which lay so tantalizingly close to their own shores, during the lifetime of the worthy legislator, James II. But as Greece led captive her conqueror, Rome, so too Arragon, though superior in brute force, bowed to the genius of Majorca, at least on points of courtly details, and adopted *en bloc* the laws of James II., which were published as his own by Peter IV., King of Arragon, A.D. 1344. Thence they passed over to the United Kingdom of Castile and Arragon, and so may have easily found their way to England; for surely, if a naturally ceremonious people like the Spaniards needed instruction on such matters from the Majorcans, how much more must colder northerners like ourselves. This incident illustrates the special opportunities possessed by the Bollandists for consulting ancient documents, which otherwise would most probably have been lost for ever. Their manuscript of those Majorcan laws seems to have been originally the property of the legislator himself. When King James was dispossessed of his kingdom, he fled to Philip VI. of France, seeking redress, and bearing with him a splendid copy of his laws as a present, which his son and successor John in turn presented to Philip, Duke of Burgundy. After lying there a century it found its way to Flanders, in the train of a Duchess of Burgundy, and thus finally came into the possession of the Antwerp Jesuits.

Again, the study of the Bollandists throws light upon the past history and present state of Palestine. Thus the indefatigable Papebrock, equally at home in the most various kinds of learning, discusses the history of the Bishops and Patriarchs of Jerusalem,* in a tract preliminary to the third volume for May. But, not content with a subject so wide, he branches off to treat of divers other questions relating to Oriental history, such as the Essenes and the origin of Monasticism, the Saracenic persecution of the Eastern Christians, and the introduction of the Arabic notation into Europe. On this last head the Bollandists anticipate some modern speculations.* He maintains, on the authority of a Greek manuscript in the Vatican, written by an Eastern monk, Maximus Planudes, about 1270, that, while the Arabs derived their notation from the Brahmins of India, about A.D. 200, they only introduced it into Eastern Europe so late as the thirteenth century. Upon the geography of Palestine again they give us information. All modern works of travel or survey dealing with the Holy Land, make frequent reference to the records left us by men like Eusebius and Jerome, and the itineraries of the "Bordeaux

* Cf., for instance, Colebrooke's "Life and Essays," i. 309. iii. 360, 399, 474; Wœpké, "Memoir on the Propagation of Indian Cyphers in Jour. Asiatique," 1863.

Pilgrim," of Bishop Arculf, A.D., 700, Benjamin of Tudela, A.D. 1163, and others. In the second volume for May, we have presented to us two itineraries, one of which seems to have escaped general notice. One is the record of Antoninus Martyr, a traveller in the seventh century. This is well known and often quoted. The other is the diary of a Greek priest, Joannes Phocas, describing "the castles and cities from Antioch to Jerusalem, together with the holy places of Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine," as they were seen by him in the year 1185. This manuscript, first published in the "*Acta Sanctorum*," was discovered in the island of Chios, by Leo Allatius, afterwards librarian of the Vatican. It is very rich in interesting details concerning the state of Palestine and Christian tradition in the twelfth century. The Bollandists again were the first to bring prominently forward in the last volume of June the "*Ancient Roman Calendar of Polemeus Silvius*." This seems to have been a combined calendar and diary, kept by some citizen of Rome in the middle of the fifth century. It records from day to day the state of the weather, the direction of the wind, the birthdays of eminent characters in history, poets like Virgil, orators like Cicero, emperors like Vespasian and Julian; and is at the same time most important as showing the large intermixture of heathen ideas and fashions which still continued paramount in Rome a century and a half after the triumph of Christianity.

The new Bollandists, indeed, do not produce such exhaustive monographs as their predecessors did; but we cannot join in the verdict of the writer in the new issue of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," who tells us that the continuation is much inferior to the original work. Some of their articles manifest a critical acquaintance with the latest modern research, as, for instance, their dissertation on the Homerite Martyrs and the Jewish Homerite kingdom of Southern Arabia, wherein they display their knowledge of the work done by the great Orientalists of England and Germany, while in their history of St. Rose, of Lima, A.D. 1617, they celebrate the only American who was ever canonized by the Roman Catholic Church, and, at the same time, give us a fearful picture of the austerities to which fanaticism can lead its victims. Perhaps to some readers one of the most interesting points about this great work, when viewed in the light of modern history, will be the complete change of front which it exhibits on one of the test questions about Papal Infallibility. One of the great difficulties in the path of this doctrine is the case of Liberius, Pope in the middle of the fourth century. He is accused—and to ordinary minds the accusation seems just—of having signed an Arian formula, of having communicated with the Arians, and of having anathematized St. Athanasius. He stood firm for a while, but was exiled by the Emperor. During his absence Felix II. was chosen Pope. Liberius,

after a time was permitted to return; whereupon the spectacle, so often afterwards repeated, was witnessed of two Popes competing for the Papal throne. Felix, however he may have fared in life, has fairly surpassed his opponent in death, since Felix appears in the Roman Martyrology as a Saint and a Martyr under the date of July 29; while Liberius is not admitted therein even as a Confessor. This would surely seem to give us every guarantee for the sanctity of Felix, and the fallibility of Liberius, as the Roman Martyrology of to-day is guaranteed by a decree of Pope Gregory XIII., issued "under the ring of the Fisherman." In this decree "all patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, abbots, and religious orders," are bidden to use this Martyrology without addition, change, or subtraction; while any one so altering it is warned that he will incur the wrath of Almighty God and of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul. The earlier Bollandists, with this awful anathema hanging over them, most loyally accepted the Roman Martyrology, and therefore most vigorously maintained, in the seventh volume for July, the heresy of Liberius, as well as the orthodoxy and saintship of Felix. But, as years rolled on, this admission was seen to be of most dangerous consequence; and so we find, in the sixth volume, for September, that Felix has become, as he still remains in current Roman historians, like Alzog, a heretic, a schismatic, and an anti-Pope, while Liberius is restored to his position as the only valid and orthodox Bishop of Rome. But then the disagreeable question arises, if this be so, what becomes of the Papal decree of Gregory XIII. issued *sub annulo piscatoris*, and the anathemas appended thereto? With the merits of this controversy, however, we are, as historical students, in a very slight degree concerned; and we simply produce these facts as specimens of the riches contained in the externally unattractive volumes of the "Acta Sanctorum." Space would fail us, did we attempt to set forth at any length the contents of these volumes. Suffice it to say that even upon our English annals, which have been so thoroughly explored of late years, the records of the Bollandists would probably throw some light, discussing as they do, at great length, the lives of such English Saints as Edward the Confessor and Wilfrid of York; and yet they are not too favourably disposed towards our insular Saints, since they plainly express their opinion that our pious simplicity has filled their Acts with incredible legends and miracles, more suited to excite laughter than to promote edification.

But, doubtless, our reader is weary of our hagiographers. We must, therefore, notice briefly the controversies in which their labours involved them. Bollandus, when he died, departed amid universal regret: Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, all joined with Jesuits in regret for his death, and in prayers for his eternal peace. A few years afterwards the Society experienced the very fleeting character

of such universal popularity. During the issue of the first twelve volumes, they had steered clear of all dangerous controversies by a rigid observance of the precepts laid down by Bollandus. In discussing, however, the life of Albert, at first Bishop of Vercelli, and afterwards Papal Legate and Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, Papebrock challenged the alleged antiquity of the Carmelite Order, which affected to trace itself back to Elijah the Tishbite. This piece of scepticism brought down a storm upon his devoted head, which raged for years and involved Popes, yea even Princes and Courts, in the quarrel. Du Cange threw the shield of his vast learning over the honest criticism of the Jesuits. The Spanish Inquisition stepped forward in defence of the Carmelites; and toward the end of the seventeenth century condemned the first fourteen volumes of the "*Acta Sanctorum*" as dangerous to the faith. The Carmelites were very active in writing pamphlets in their own defence, wherein after the manner of the time they deal more in hard words and bad names than in sound argument. Thus the title of one of their pamphlets describes Papebrock as "the new Ishmael whose hand is against every man and every man's hand is against him." It is evident, however, that they felt the literary battle going against them, inasmuch as in 1696 they petitioned the King of Spain to impose perpetual silence upon their adversaries. As his most Catholic Majesty did not see fit to interfere, they presented a similar memorial to Pope Innocent XIII., who in 1699 imposed the *clôture* upon all parties, and thus effectually terminated a battle which had raged for twenty years. Papebrock again involved himself at a later period in a controversy touching a very tender and very important point in the Roman system. In discussing the lives of some Chinese martyrs, he advocated the translation of the Liturgy into the vulgar tongue of the converts; which elicited a reply from Gueranger in his "*Institutions Théologiques*;" while again between the years 1729 and 1736 a pitched battle took place between the Bollandists and the Dominicans touching the genealogy of their founder, St. Dominic. All these controversies, with many other minor ones in which they were engaged, will be found summed up in an apologetic folio which the Bollandists published. In looking through it the reader will specially be struck by this instructive fact, that the bitterness and violence of the controversy were always in the inverse ratio of the importance of the points at issue. This much also must any fair mind allow: the Society of Jesus, since the days of Pascal and the "*Provincial Letters*," has been regarded as a synonym for dishonesty and fraud. From any such charge the student of the "*Acta Sanctorum*" must regard the Bollandists as free. In them we behold oftentimes a credulity which would not have found place among men who knew by experience more of the world of life and action, but,

on the other hand, we find in them thorough loyalty to historical truth. They deal in no suppression of evidence; they give every side of the question. They write like men who feel, as Bollandus their founder did, that under no circumstances is it right to tell a lie. They never hesitate to avow their own convictions and predilections. They draw their own conclusions, and put their own gloss upon facts and documents; but yet they give the documents as they found them, and they enable the impartial student—working not in trammels as they did—to make a sounder and truer use of them. They display not the spirit of the mere confessor whose tone has been lowered by the stifling atmosphere of the casuistry with which he has been perpetually dealing; but, the braced soul, the hardy courage of the historical critic, who having climbed the lofty peaks of bygone centuries, has watched and noted the inevitable discovery and defeat of lies, the grandeur and beauty of truth. They were Jesuits indeed, and, like all the members of that Society, were bound, so far as possible, to sink all human affections and consecrate every thought to the work of their order. If such a sacrifice be lawful for any man, if it be permitted any thus to suppress the deepest and holiest affections which God has created, surely such a sacrifice could not have been made in the pursuance of a worthier or nobler object than the rescue from destruction, and the preservation to all ages, of the facts and documents contained in the “*Acta Sanctorum*.”

GEORGE T. STOKES.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND MADAGASCAR.

THE present difficulties between France and Madagascar, and the recent arrival of a Malagasy Embassy in this country, have made the name of the great African island a familiar one to all readers of our daily journals during the last few weeks. For some time past we have heard much of certain "French claims" upon Madagascar, and alleged "French rights" there; and since the envoys of the Malagasy sovereign are now in England seeking the friendly offices of our Government on behalf of their country, it will be well for Englishmen to endeavour to understand the merits of the dispute, and to know why they are called to take part in the controversy.

Except to a section of the English public which has for many years taken a deep interest in the religious history of the island and given liberally both men and money to enlighten it, and to a few others who are concerned in its growing trade, Madagascar is still very vaguely known to the majority of English people; and, as was lately remarked by a daily journal, its name has until recently been almost as much a mere geographical expression as that of Mesopotamia. The island has, however, certain very interesting features in its scientific aspects, and especially in some religious and social problems which have been worked out by its people during the past fifty years; and these may be briefly described before proceeding to discuss the principal subject of this article.

Looking sideways at a map of the Southern Indian Ocean, Madagascar appears to rise like a huge sea monster out of the waters. The island has a remarkably compact and regular outline; for many hundred miles its eastern shore is almost a straight line, but on its north-western side it is indented by a number of deep land-locked gulfs, which include some of the finest harbours in the world. About

a third of its interior to the north and east is occupied by an elevated mountainous region, raised from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea, and consisting of Primary rocks—granite, gneiss, and basalt—probably very ancient land, and forming during the Secondary geological epoch an island much smaller than the Madagascar of to-day. While our Oolitic and Chalk rocks were being slowly laid down under northern seas, the extensive coast plains of the island, especially on its western and southern sides, were again and again under water, and are still raised but a few hundred feet above the sea-level. From south-east to north and north-west there extends a band of extinct volcanoes, connected probably with the old craters of the Comoro Group, where, in Great Comoro, the subterranean forces are still active. All round the island runs a girdle of dense forest, varying from ten to forty miles in width, and containing fine timber and valuable gums and other vegetable wealth—a paradise for botanists, where rare orchids, the graceful traveller's-tree, the delicate lattice-leaf plant, the gorgeous flamboyant, and many other elsewhere unknown forms of life abound, and where doubtless much still awaits fuller research.

While the flora of Madagascar is remarkably abundant, its fauna is strangely limited, and contains none of the various and plentiful forms of mammalian life which make Southern and Central Africa the paradise of sportsmen. The ancient land of the island has preserved antique forms of life: many species of lemur make the forest resound with their cries; and these, with the curious and highly-specialized Aye-aye, and peculiar species of Viverridæ and Insectivora, are probably "survivals" of an old-world existence, when Madagascar was one of an archipelago of large islands, whose remains are only small islands like the Seychelles and Mascarene Groups, or coral banks and atolls like the Chagos, Amirante, and others, which are slowly disappearing beneath the ocean. Until two or three hundred years ago, the coast-plains of Madagascar were trodden by the great struthious bird, the *Æpyornis*, apparently the most gigantic member of the avi-fauna of the world, and whose enormous eggs probably gave rise to the stories of the Rukh of the "Arabian Nights." It will be evident, therefore, that Madagascar is full of interest as regards its scientific aspects.

When we look at the human inhabitants of the island there is also a considerable field for research, and some puzzling problems are presented. While Madagascar may be correctly termed "the great African island" as regards its geographical position, considered ethnologically, it is rather a Malayo-Polynesian island. Though so near Africa, it has but slight connection with the continent; the customs, traditions, language, and mental and physical characteristics of its people all tend to show that their ancestors came across the Indian from the south-east of Asia. There are traces of some aboriginal

peoples in parts of the interior, but the dark and the brown Poly-nesi-ans are probably both represented in the different Malagasy tribes; and although scattered somewhat thinly over an island a thousand miles long and four times as large as England and Wales, there is substantially but one language spoken throughout the whole of Madagascar. Of these people, the Hova, who occupy the central portion of the interior high-land, are the lightest in colour and the most civilized, and are probably the latest and purest Malay immigrants. Along the western coast are a number of tribes commonly grouped under the term *Sàkalàva*, but each having its own dialect, chief, and customs. They are nomadic in habits, keeping large herds of cattle, and are less given to agriculture than the central and eastern peoples. In the interior are found, besides the Hova, the *Sihanaka*, the *Bétsiléô*, and the *Bàra*; in the eastern forests are the *Tanàla*, and on the eastern coast are the *Bétsimisàraka*, *Tamòro*, *Taisàka*, and other allied peoples.

From a remote period the various Malagasy tribes seem to have retained their own independence of each other, no one tribe having any great superiority; but about two hundred years ago a warlike south-western tribe called *Sàkalàva* conquered all the others on the west coast, and formed two powerful kingdoms, which exacted tribute also from some of the interior peoples. Towards the commencement of the present century, however, the Hova became predominant; having conquered the interior and eastern tribes, they were also enabled by friendship with England to subdue the *Sàkalàva*, and by the year 1824 King *Radàma I.* had established his authority over the whole of Madagascar except a portion of the south-west coast.

A little earlier than the date last named—viz., in 1820—a Protestant mission was commenced in the interior of the island at the capital city, *Antanànarivo*. This was with the full approval of the king, who was a kind of Malagasy Peter the Great, and ardently desired that his people should be enlightened. A small body of earnest men sent out by the London Missionary Society did a great work during the fifteen years they were allowed to labour in the central provinces. They reduced the beautiful and musical Malagasy language to a written form; they gave the people the beginnings of a native literature, and a complete version of the Holy Scriptures, and founded several Christian churches. Many of the useful arts were also taught by the missionary artisans; and to all appearance Christianity and civilization seemed likely soon to prevail throughout the country.

But the accession of Queen *Ranavàlona I.* in 1828, and, still more, her proclamation of 1835 denouncing Christian teaching, dispelled these pleasing anticipations. A severe persecution of Christianity ensued, which, however, utterly failed to prevent its progress, and only served to show in a remarkable manner the faith and courage

of the native Christians, of whom at least two hundred were put to death. The political state of the country was also very deplorable during the queen's reign; almost all foreigners were excluded, and for some years even foreign commerce was forbidden.

On the queen's death, in 1861, the island was reopened to trade and to Christian teaching, both of which have greatly progressed since that time, especially during the reign of the present sovereign, who made a public profession of Christianity at her accession in 1868. By the advice and with the co-operation of her able Prime Minister numerous wise and enlightened measures have been passed for the better government of the country; idolatry has entirely passed away from the central provinces; education and civilization have been making rapid advances; and all who hope for human progress have rejoiced to see how the Malagasy have been gradually rising to the position of a civilized and Christian people.

The present year has, however, brought a dark cloud over the bright prospects which have been opening up for Madagascar. Foreign aggression on the independence of the country is threatened on the part of France, and a variety of so-called "claims" have been put forward to justify interference with the Malagasy, and alleged "rights" are urged to large portions of their territory.

It is not perfectly clear why the present time has been chosen for this recent ebullition of French feeling, since, if any French rights ever existed to any portion of Madagascar, they might have been as justly (or unjustly) urged for the last forty years as now. Some three or four minor matters have no doubt been made the ostensible pretext,* but the real reason is doubtless the same as that which has led to French attempts to obtain territory in Tongking, in the Congo Valley, in the Gulf of Aden, and in Eastern Polynesia, viz., a desire to retrieve abroad their loss of influence in Europe; and especially to heal the French *amour propre*, sorely wounded by their having allowed England to settle alone the Egyptian difficulty.

It is much to be wished that some definite and authoritative statement could be obtained from French statesmen or writers as to the exact claims now put forward and their justification, with some slight concession to the request of outsiders for reason and argument. As it is, almost every French newspaper seems to have a theory of its own, and we read a good deal about "our ancient rights," and "our acknowledged claims," together with similar vague and rather grandiose language. As far as can be ascertained, four different theories seem to be held:—(1) Some French writers speak of their "ancient rights," as if the various utter failures of their

* The single act which led to the revival of these long-forgotten claims upon the north-west coast, was the hoisting of the Queen's flag by two native Sâkalâva chieftains in their villages. These were hauled down, and carried away in a French gun-boat, and the flag-staves cut up.

nation to retain any military post in Madagascar in the 17th and 18th centuries were to be urged as giving rights of possession. (2) Others talk about "the treaties of 1841" with two rebellious Sakalava tribes as an ample justification of their present action. (3) Others, again, refer to the repudiated and abandoned "Lambert treaty" of 1862 as, somehow or other, still giving the French a hold upon Madagascar. And (4) during the last few days we have been gravely informed that "France will insist upon carrying out the treaty of 1868," which gives no right in Madagascar to France beyond that given to every nation with whom a treaty has been made, and which says not one word about any French protectorate.*

It will be necessary to examine these four points a little in detail.

1. Of what value are "ancient French rights" in Madagascar? These do not rest upon *discovery* of the country, or prior occupation of it, since almost every writer, French, English, or German, agrees that the Portuguese, in 1506, were the first Europeans to land on the island. They retained some kind of connection with Madagascar for many years; and so did the Dutch, for a shorter period, in the early part of the seventeenth century; and the English also had a small colony on the south-west side of the island before any French attempts were made at colonization. Three European nations therefore preceded the French in Madagascar.

During the seventeenth century, from 1643 to 1672, repeated efforts were made by the French to maintain a hold on three or four points of the east coast of the island. But these were not colonies, and were so utterly mismanaged that eventually the French were driven out by the exasperated inhabitants; and after less than thirty years' intermittent occupation of these positions, the country was abandoned by them altogether for more than seventy years.† In the latter part of the eighteenth century fresh attempts were made (after 1745), but with little better result; one post after another was relinquished; so that towards the beginning of the present century the only use made of Madagascar by the French was for the slave-trade, and the maintenance of two or three trading stations for supplying oxen to the Mascarene Islands.‡ In 1810 the capture of Mauritius and Bourbon by the British gave a decisive blow to French predominance in the Southern Indian Ocean; their two or three posts on the east coast were occupied by English troops, and were by us given over to Radama I., who had succeeded

* This last claim must be preferred either in perfect ignorance of what the 1868 treaty really is, or as an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the newspaper-reading public.

† It is true that during these seventy years various edicts claiming the country were issued by Louis XIV.; but as the French during all that time did not attempt to occupy a single foot of territory in Madagascar, these grandiloquent proclamations can hardly be considered as of much value. As has been remarked, French pretensions were greatest when their actual authority was least.

‡ See "Précis sur les Etablissements Français formés à Madagascar." Paris, 1836, p. 4.

in making himself supreme over the greater portion of the island. The French eventually seized the little island of Ste. Marie's, off the eastern coast, but retained not a foot of soil upon the mainland; and so ended, it might have been supposed, their "ancient rights" in Madagascar.*

It is, however, quite unnecessary to dwell further on this point, as the recognition by the French, in their treaty with Radama II., of that prince as *King of Madagascar* was a sufficient renunciation of their ancient pretensions. This is indeed admitted by French writers. M. Galos, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Oct. 1863, p. 700), says, speaking of the treaty of Sept. 2, 1861:—

"By that act, in which Radama II. appears as King of Madagascar, we have recognized without restriction his sovereignty over all the island. In consequence of that recognition two consuls have been accredited to him, the one at Tananarivo, the other at Tamatave, who only exercise their functions by virtue of an *exequatur* from the real sovereign."

Again he remarks:—

"We see that France would not gain much by resuming her position anterior to 1861; also, we may add, without regret, that it is no longer possible. We have recognized in the King of Madagascar the necessary quality to enable him to treat with us on all the interests of the island. It does not follow, because he or his successors fail to observe the engagements that they have contracted, that therefore the quality aforesaid is lost, or that we should have the right to refuse it to them for the future."†

And the treaty of 1868 again, in which the present sovereign is recognized as "*Reine de Madagascar*," fully confirms the view of the French writer just cited.‡

2. Let us now look for a moment at the Lambert treaty, or rather charter, of 1862. On his accession to the throne in 1861, the young king, Radama II., soon fell into follies and vices which were not a little encouraged by some Frenchmen who had ingratiated themselves with him. A Monsieur Lambert, a planter from Réunion, managed to obtain the king's consent to a charter conceding to a company to be formed by Lambert very extensive rights over the whole of Madagascar. The king's signature was obtained while he was in a state of intoxication, at a banquet given at the house of the French Consul, and against the remonstrances of all the leading people of the kingdom. But the concession was one of the principal causes of the revolution of the following year, in which the king lost both crown and life; and it was promptly repudiated by the new Sovereign and her Government, as a virtual abandonment of the country to France. Threats of bombardment, &c., were freely used,

* For fuller details as to the character of French settlements in Madagascar, their gross mismanagement and bad treatment of the people, see Statement of the Madagascar Committee; and *Souvenirs de Madagascar*, par M. le Dr. H. Lacaze: Paris, 1881, p. xviii.

† "are my own."

‡ of Bishop Ryan, late of Mauritius, *Daily News*, Dec. 16.

but at length it was arranged that, on the payment of an indemnity of a million francs by the native Government to the company, its rights should be abandoned. It is said that this pacific result was largely due to the good sense and kindly feeling of the Emperor Napoleon, who, on being informed of the progress in civilization and Christianity made by the Malagasy, refused to allow this to be imperilled by aggressive war. There would seem, then, to be no ground for present French action on the strength of the repudiated Lambert treaty.

3. As already observed, several French public prints have been loudly proclaiming that France is resolved "to uphold the treaty of 1868 in its entirety."* It may with the same emphasis be announced that the Malagasy Government is equally resolved to uphold it, so far at least as they are concerned, especially its first article, which declares that "in all time to come the subjects of each power shall be friends, and shall preserve amity, and shall never fight." But it should be also carefully noted that this 1868 treaty recognizes unreservedly the Queen as Sovereign of *Madagascar*, makes no admission of, or allusion to, any of these alleged French rights, much less any protectorate; and is simply a treaty of friendship and commerce between two nations, standing, as far as power to make treaties is concerned, on an equal footing. If French statesmen, therefore, are sincere in saying that they only require the maintenance of the treaty of 1868 in its integrity, the difficulties between the two nations will soon be at an end.

But it is doubtful whether the foregoing is really a French "claim," as far more stress has been laid, and will still doubtless be laid, upon certain alleged treaties of 1841. What the value of these is we must now consider.

4. The facts connected with the 1841 treaties are briefly these:—In the year 1839 two of the numerous Sàkalàva tribes of the north-west of the island, who had since the conquest in 1824 been in subjection to the central government, broke into rebellion. It happened that a French war vessel was then cruising in those waters, and as the French had for some time previously lost all the positions they had ever occupied on the east coast, it appeared a fine opportunity for recovering prestige in the west. By presents and promises of protection they induced, it is alleged, the chieftainess of the Ibòina people, and the chief of the Tankàrana, further north, to cede to them their territories on the mainland, as well as the island of Nòsibé, off the

* See *Daily News*, Nov. 30 and Dec. 1; *La Liberté*, Nov. 29, and *Le Parlement* of same date. Both these French journals speak of an "Act by which the Tanànarivo Government cancelled the Treaty of 1868" (*Le Parlement*), and of its being "annulled by Queen Ranavalona of her own authority" (*La Liberté*). It is only necessary to say that no such "Act" ever had any existence, save in the fertile brains of French journalists, and it is now brought forward apparently with a view to excite animosity towards the Malagasy in the minds of their readers.

north-west coast. These treaties are given by De Clercq, "Recueil de Traités," vol. iv. pp. 594, 597; but whether these half-barbarous Sàkalàva, ignorant of reading and writing, knew what they were doing, is very doubtful. Nòsibé was, however, taken possession of by the French in 1841, and has ever since then remained in their hands; but, curiously enough, until the present year, no claim has ever been put forward to any portion of the mainland, or any attempt made to take possession of it. But these treaties have been lately advanced as justifying very large demands on the part of the French, including (a) a protectorate over the portions ceded; (b) a protectorate over all the northern part of the island, from Mojangà across to Antongil Bay; (c) a protectorate over all the western side of the island; finally (d), "general rights" (whatever these may mean) over all Madagascar! Most English papers have rightly considered these treaties as affording no justification for such large pretensions, although one or two* have argued that the London press has unfairly depreciated the strength of French claims. Is this really so?

The Malagasy Government and its envoys to Europe have strenuously denied the right of a rebellious tribe to alienate any portion of the country to a foreign power; a right which would never be recognized by any civilized nation, and which they will resist to the last. The following are amongst some of the reasons they urge as vitiating and nullifying any French claim upon the mainland founded upon the 1841 treaties:—

i. The territory claimed had been fairly conquered in war in 1824 by the Hova, and their sovereign rights had for many years never been disputed.

ii. The present queen and her predecessors had been acknowledged by the French in their treaties of 1868 and 1862 as sovereigns of Madagascar, without any reserve whatever. (See also *Revue des deux Mondes*, already cited.)

iii. Military posts have been established there, and customs duties collected by Hova officials ever since the country was conquered by them, and these have been paid without any demur or reservation by French as well as by all other foreign vessels. Some years ago complaints were made by certain French traders of overcharges; these were investigated, and money was refunded.

iv. All the Sàkalàva chiefs in that part of the island have at various times rendered fealty to the sovereign at Antanànarivo.

v. These same Sàkalàva, both princes and people, have paid a yearly poll-tax to the Central Government.

vi. The French flag has never been hoisted on the mainland of

* *E.g.*, *The Manchester Guardian*, Dec. 1st., 5th., and 6th.

Madagascar, nor, for forty years, has any claim to this territory been made by France, nothing whatever being said about any rights or protectorate on their part in the treaties concluded during that period.

vii. The Hova governors have occasionally (after the fashion set now and then by governors of more civilized peoples) oppressed the conquered races. But the Sàkalàva have always looked to the Queen at Antanànarivo for redress (and have obtained it), and never has any reference been made to France, nor has any jurisdiction been claimed by France or by the colonial French authorities in the matter.

viii. British war-vessels have for many years past had the right (conceded by our treaty of 1865) to cruise in these north-western bays, creeks, and rivers, for the prevention of the slave trade. The British Consul has landed on this territory, and in conducting inquiries has dealt directly with the Hova authorities without the slightest reference to France, or any claim from the latter that he should do so.

ix. The French representatives in Madagascar have repeatedly blamed the Central Government for not asserting its authority more fully over the north-west coast; and several years ago, in the reign of Ranavàlona I., a French subject, with the help of a few natives, landed on this coast with the intention of working some of the mineral productions, and built a fortified post. Refusing to desist, he was attacked by the Queen's troops, and eventually killed. No complaint was ever made by the French authorities on account of this occurrence, as it was admitted to be the just punishment for an unlawful act. Yet it was done on what the French now claim as their territory.

x. And, lastly, France has quite recently (in May of this year) extorted a heavy money fine from the Malagasy Government for a so-called "outrage" committed by the Sàkalàva upon some Arabs from Mayotta, sailing under French colours. These latter were illegally attempting to land arms and ammunition, and were killed in the fight which ensued. The demand was grossly unjust, but the fact of its having been made would seem to all impartial persons to vitiate utterly all French claims to this territory, as an unmistakable acknowledgment of the Hova supremacy there.

Such are, as far as can be ascertained, the most important reasons recently put forth for French claims upon Madagascar, and the Malagasy replies thereto; and it would really be a service to the native Government and its envoys if some French writer of authority and knowledge would endeavour to refute the arguments just advanced.

Another point of considerable importance is the demand of the French that leases of ninety-nine years shall be allowed. This has been resisted by the Malagasy Government as most undesirable in the present condition of the country. It is, however, prepared to grant leases of thirty-five years, renewable on complying with certain forms.

It argues, with considerable reason on its side, that unless all powers of obtaining land by foreigners are strictly regulated, the more ignorant coast people will still do as they are known to have done, and will make over, while intoxicated, large tracts of land to foreign adventurers for the most trifling consideration, such as a bottle of rum, or a similar payment.

The question now arises, what have Englishmen to do in this matter, and what justifies our taking part in the dispute?

Let us first frankly make two or three admissions. We have no right to hinder, nor do we seek to prevent, the legitimate development of the colonial power of France. So far as France can replace savagery by true civilization, we shall rejoice in her advances in any part of the world. And further, we have no right to, nor do we pretend to the exercise of, the duty of police of the world. But at the same time, while we ought not and cannot undertake such extensive responsibilities, we have, in this part of the Indian Ocean, constituted ourselves for many years a kind of international police for the suppression of the slave-trade, in the interests of humanity and freedom; and this fact has been expressly or tacitly recognized by other European Powers. The sacrifices we have made to abolish slavery in our own colonies, and our commercial supremacy and naval power, have justified and enabled us to take this position. And, as we shall presently show, the supremacy of the French in Madagascar would certainly involve a virtual revival of the slave-trade.

It may also be objected by some that, as regards aggression upon foreign nations, we do not ourselves come into court with clean hands. We must with shame admit the accusation. But, on the other hand, we do not carry on religious persecution in the countries we govern; and, further, we have restored the Transvaal, we have retired from Afghanistan, and, notwithstanding the advocates of an "Imperialist" policy in Egypt, we are not going to retain the Nile Delta as a British province. And, as was well remarked in the *Daily News* lately, "such an argument proves a great deal too much. It would be fatal to the progress of public opinion as a moral agent altogether, and might fix the mistaken policy of a particular epoch as the standard of national ethics for all time."

What claim, then, has England to intervene in this dispute, and to offer mediation between France and Madagascar?

(a) England has greatly aided Madagascar to attain its present position as a nation. Largely owing to the help she gave to the enlightened Hova king, Radama I., from 1817 to 1828, he was enabled to establish his supremacy over most of the other tribes of the island, and, in place of a number of petty turbulent chieftaincies, to form one strong central government, desirous of progress, and able

to put down intestine wars, as well as the export slave-trade of the country. For several years a British agent, Mr. Hastie, lived at the Court of Radàma, exercising a powerful influence for good over the king, and doing very much for the advancement of the people. In later times, through English influence, and by the provisions of our treaty with Madagascar, the import slave-trade has been stopped, and a large section of the slave population—those of African birth, brought into the island by the Arab slaving dhows—has been set free (in June, 1877).

(b) England has done very much during the last sixty years to develop civilization and enlightenment in Madagascar. The missionary workmen, sent out by the London Missionary Society from 1820 to 1835, introduced many of the useful arts—viz., improved methods of carpentry, iron-working, and weaving, the processes of tanning, and several manufactures of chemicals, soap, lime-burning, &c.; and they also constructed canals and reservoirs for rice-culture.

From 1862 to 1882 the same Society's builders have introduced the use of brick and stone construction, have taught the processes of brick and tile manufacture and the preparation of slates, and have erected numerous stone and brick churches, schools, and houses; and these arts have been so readily learned by the people that the capital and other towns have been almost entirely rebuilt within the last fifteen years with dwellings of European fashion. England has also been the principal agent in the intellectual advance of the Malagasy; for, as already mentioned, English missionaries were the first to reduce the native language to a grammatical system, and to give the people their own tongue in a written form. They also prepared a considerable number of books, and founded an extensive school system.* If we look at what England has done for Madagascar, a far more plausible case might be made out—were we so disposed—for "English claims" on the island, than any that France can produce.

(c) England has considerable political interests in preserving Madagascar free from French control. These should not be overlooked, as the influence of the French in those seas is already sufficiently strong. Not only are they established in the small islands of Ste. Marie and Nòsibé, off Madagascar itself, but they have taken possession of two of the Comoro group, Mayotta and Mohilla. Réunion is French; and although Mauritius and the Seychelles are under English government, they are largely French in speech and sympathy. And it must be remembered that the first instalment of territory which is now coveted includes five or six large

* Almost all Malagasy words for military tactics and rank are of English origin, so are many of the words used for building operations, and the influence of England is also shown by the fact that almost all the words connected with education and literature are from us, such as school, class, lesson, pen, copybook, pencil, slate, book, gazette, press, print, proof, capital, period, &c., grammar, geography, addition, &c.

gulfs, besides numerous inlets and river mouths, and especially the Bay of Diego Suarez, one of the finest natural harbours, and admirably adapted for a great naval station. The possession of these, and eventually of the whole of the island, would seriously affect the balance of power in the south-west Indian Ocean, making French influence preponderant in these seas, and in certain very possible political contingencies would be a formidable menace to our South African colonies.

(*d*) We have also commercial interests in Madagascar which cannot be disregarded, because, although the island does not yet contribute largely to the commerce of the world, it is a country of great natural resources, and its united export and import trade, chiefly in English and American hands, is already worth about a million annually. Our own share of this is fourfold that of the French, and British subjects in Madagascar outnumber those of France in the proportion of five to one; and our valuable colony of Mauritius derives a great part of its food-supply from the great island.

But apart from the foregoing considerations, it is from no narrow jealousy that we maintain that French preponderance in Madagascar would work disastrously for freedom and humanity in that part of the world. We are not wholly free from blame ourselves with regard to the treatment of the coolie population of Mauritius; but it must be remembered that, although that island is English in government, its inhabitants are chiefly French in origin, and they retain a great deal of that utter want of recognition of the rights of coloured people which seems inherent in the French abroad. So that successive governors have been constantly thwarted by magistrates and police in their efforts to obtain justice for the coolie immigrants. A Commission of Inquiry in 1872, however, forced a number of reforms, and since then there has been little ground for complaint. But in the neighbouring island of Réunion the treatment of the Hindu coolies has been so bad that at length the Indian Government has refused to allow emigration thither any longer. For some years past French trading vessels have been carrying off from the north-west Madagascar coast hundreds of people for the Réunion plantations. Very lately a convention was made with the Portuguese authorities at Mozambique to supply coloured labourers for Réunion, and, doubtless, also with a view to sugar estates yet to be made in Madagascar—a traffic which is the slave-trade in all but the name. The French flag is sullied by being allowed to be used by slaving dhows—an iniquity owing to which our brave Captain Brownrigg met his death not long ago. Is it any exaggeration to say that an increase of French influence in these seas is one of sad omen for freedom?

And, further, a French protectorate over a part of the island would only work disastrously for the progress of Madagascar itself. It has

been already shown that during the present century the country has been passing out of the condition of a collection of petty independent States into that of one strong Kingdom, whose authority is gradually becoming more and more firmly established over the whole island. And all hope of progress is bound up in the strengthening and consolidation of the central Hova Government, with capable governors representing its authority over the other provinces. But for many years past the French have depreciated and ridiculed the Hova power; and except M. Guillaumin, who, in his "*Documents sur la Partie Occidentale de Madagascar*," has written with due appreciation of the civilizing policy of Radâma I., there is hardly any French writer but has spoken evil of the central government, simply because every step taken towards the unification of the country makes their own projects less feasible. French policy is, therefore, to stir up the outlying tribes, where the Hova authority is still weak, to discontent and rebellion, and so cause internecine war, in which France will come in and offer "protection" to all rebels. Truly a noble "mission" for a great and enlightened European nation!

After acknowledging again and again the sovereign at Antananarivo as "Queen of Madagascar," the French papers have lately begun to style Her Majesty "Queen of the Hovas," as if there were not a dozen other tribes over whom even the French have never disputed her authority; while they write as if the Sakalava formed an independent State, with whom they had a perfect right to conclude treaties. More than this: after making treaties with at least two sovereigns of Madagascar, accrediting consuls to them and receiving consuls appointed by them, a portion of the French press has just discovered that the Malagasy are "a barbarous people," with whom it would be derogatory to France to meet on equal terms.* Let us see what this barbarous Malagasy Government has been doing during the last few years:—

i. It has put an end to idolatry in the central and other provinces, and with it a number of cruel and foolish superstitions, together with the use of the *Tangéna* poison-ordeal,† infanticide, polygamy, and the unrestricted power of divorce.

ii. It has codified, revised, and printed its laws, abolishing capital punishment (formerly carried out in many cruel forms), except for the crimes of treason and murder.

iii. It has set free a large portion of the slave population, indeed all

* See *Le Parlement*, Dec. 15, and other French papers.

† Among the many unfair statements of the Parisian press is an article in *Le Rappel*, of Oct. 29, copied by many other papers, in which this *Tangéna* ordeal is described as if it was now a practice of the Malagasy, the intention being, of course, to lead its readers to look upon them as still barbarous; the fact being that its use has been obsolete ever since 1825 (Art. XVIII. of English Treaty), and its practice is a capital offence, as a form of treason. The Malagasy Envoys are represented as saying that their Supreme Court often condemned criminals to death by its use!

African slaves brought from beyond the seas, and has passed laws by which no Malagasy can any longer be reduced to slavery for debt or for political offences.

iv. It has largely limited the old oppressive feudal system of the country, and has formed a kind of responsible Ministry, with departments of foreign affairs, war, justice, revenue, trade, schools, &c.

v. It has passed laws for compulsory education throughout the central provinces, by which the children in that part of the island are now being educated.

vi. It has begun to remodel its army, putting it on a basis of short service, to which all classes are liable, so as to consolidate its power over the outlying districts, and bring all the island under the action of the just and humane laws already described.

vii. It has made the planting of the poppy illegal, subjecting the offender to a very heavy fine.

viii. It has passed several laws forbidding the manufacture and importation of ardent spirits into Imérina, and is anxious for powers in the treaties now to be revised to levy a much heavier duty at the ports.

We need not ask if these are the acts of a barbarous nation, or whether it would be for the interests of humanity and civilization and progress if the disorderly elements which still remain in the country should be encouraged by foreign interference to break away from the control they have so long acknowledged. It is very doubtful whether any European nation has made similar progress in such a short period as has this Hova Government of Madagascar.

It may also be remarked that although it has also been the object of the French to pose as the friends of the Sàkalàva, whom they represent as down-trodden, it is a simple matter of fact that for many years past these people have been in peaceable subjection to the Hova authority. The system of government allows the local chiefs to retain a good deal of their former influence so long as the suzerainty of the Queen at Antanànarivo is acknowledged. And a recent traveller through this north-west district, the Rev. W. C. Pickersgill, testifies that on inquiring of every tribe as to whom they paid allegiance, the invariable reply was, "To Ranavàlo-manjàka, Queen of Madagascar." It is indeed extremely probable that, in counting upon the support of these north-westerly tribes against the central government, the French are reckoning without their host, and will find enemies where they expect allies.* In fact, the incident which was one of the chief pretexts for the revival of these long-dormant claims—the hoisting of the Queen's flag at two places—really shows how well disposed the people are to the Hova Government, and how they look to the Queen for justice.

It will perhaps be asked, Have we any diplomatic standing-ground for friendly intervention on behalf of the Malagasy? I think

* See Tract No. II. of the Madagascar Committee.

there are at least two considerations which—altogether apart from our commercial and political interests in the freedom of the country, and what we have done for it in various ways—give us a right to speak in this question. One is, that there has for many years past been an understanding between the Governments of France and England that neither would take action with regard to Madagascar without previous consultation with each other.* We are then surely entitled to speak if the independence of the island is threatened. Another reason is, that we are to a great extent pledged to give the Hova Government some support by the words spoken by our Special Envoy to the Queen Ranavalona last year. Vice-Admiral Gore-Jones then repeated the assurance of the understanding above-mentioned, and encouraged the Hova Government to consolidate their authority on the west coast, and, in fact, his language stimulated them to take that action there which the French have made a pretext for their present interference.†

In taking such a line of action England seeks no selfish ends. We do not covet a foot of Madagascar territory; we ask no exclusive privileges; but I do maintain that what we have done for Madagascar, and the part we have taken in her development and advancement, gives us a claim and imposes on us an obligation to stand forward on her behalf against those who would break her unity and consequently her progress. The French will have no easy task to conquer the country if they persist in their demands; the Malagasy will not yield except to overwhelming force, and it will prove a war bringing heavy cost and little honour to France.

May I not appeal to all right-minded and generous Frenchmen that their influence should also be in the direction of preserving the freedom of this nation?—one of the few dark peoples who have shown an unusual receptivity for civilization and Christianity, who have already advanced themselves so much, and who will still, if left undisturbed, become one united and enlightened nation.

It will be to the lasting disgrace of France if she stirs up aggressive war, and so throws back indefinitely all the remarkable progress made by the Malagasy during the past few years; and it will be hardly less to our own discredit if we, an insular nation, jealous of the inviolability of our own island, show no practical sympathy with another insular people, and do not use every means that can be employed to preserve to Madagascar its independence and its liberties.

JAMES SIBREE, JUN.

* See Lord Granville's speech in reply to the address of the Madagascar Committee, Nov. 28.

† The Admiral, so it is reported on good authority, congratulated the Queen and her Government on having solved the question of Madagascar by showing that the Hova could govern it. He also said that France and England were in perfect accord on this point, and on the wisdom of recognizing Queen Ranavalona as sovereign of the whole island. See *Daily News*, Dec. 14. This will no doubt be confirmed by the publication of the official report which has been asked for by Mr. G. Palmer, M.P.

THE RELIGIOUS FUTURE OF THE WORLD.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

I SUPPOSE there are few students of man and of society to whom the present religious condition and apparent religious prospect of the world can seem very satisfactory. If there is any lesson clear from history it is this: that, in every age religion has been the main stay both of private life and of the public order,—“the substance of humanity,” as Quinet well expresses it, “whence issue, as by so many necessary consequences, political institutions, the arts, poetry, philosophy, and, up to a certain point, even the sequence of events.”* The existing civilization of Europe and America—I use the word civilization in its highest and widest sense, and mean by it especially the laws, traditions, beliefs, and habits of thought and action, whereby individual family and social life is governed—is mainly the work of Christianity. The races which inhabit the vast Asiatic Continent are what they are chiefly from the influence of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, of the Brahminical, Confucian, and Taosean systems. In the fetichism of the rude tribes of Africa, still in the state of the childhood of humanity, we have what has been called the *parler enfantin* of religion:—it is that rude and unformed speech, as of spiritual babes and sucklings, which principally makes them to differ from the anthropoid apes of their tropical forests: “un peuple est compté pour quelque chose le jour où il s’élève à la pensée de Dieu.”† But the spirit of the age is unquestionably hostile to all these creeds from the highest to the lowest. In Europe there is a movement—of its breadth and strength I shall say more presently—the irreconcilable hostility of which to “all religion and all religiosity,” to use the words of the late M. Louis Blanc, is written on its front. Thought is the most contagious thing in the world, and in these days

* “La Génie des Religions,” l. i. c. i.

† *Ibid.*, c. iv.

of steam locomotion and electric telegraphs, of cheap literature and ubiquitous journalism, ideas travel with the speed of light, and the influences which are warring against the theologies of Europe are certainly acting as powerful solvents upon the religious systems of the rest of the world. But apart from the loud and fierce negation of the creed of Christendom which is so striking a feature of the present day, there is among those who nominally adhere to it a vast amount of unaggressive doubt. Between the party which avowedly aims at the destruction of "all religion and all religiosity," at the delivery of man from what it calls the "nightmare" or "the intellectual whoredom" of spiritualism, and those who cling with undimmed faith to the religion of their fathers, there is an exceeding great multitude who are properly described as sceptics. It is even more an age of doubt than of denial. As Chateaubriand noted, when the century was yet young, "we are no longer living in times when it avails to say 'Believe and do not examine:' people will examine whether we like it or not." And since these words were written, people have been busily examining in every department of human thought, and especially in the domain of religion. In particular Christianity has been made the subject of the most searching scrutiny. How indeed could we expect that it should escape? The greatest fact in the annals of the modern world, it naturally invites the researches of the historian. The basis of the system of ethics still current amongst us, it peremptorily claims the attention of the sociologist. The fount of the metaphysical conceptions accepted in Europe, until in the last century, before the "uncreating word" of Lockian sensism,

"Philosophy that leaned on Heaven before
Sinks to her second cause, and is no more,"

it challenges the investigation of the psychologist. The practical result of these inquiries must be allowed to be, to a large extent, negative. In many quarters, where thirty or forty years ago we should certainly have found acquiescence, honest if dull, in the received religious systems of Europe, we now discern incredulity, more or less far-reaching, about "revealed religion" altogether, and, at the best, "faint possible Theism," in the place of old-fashioned orthodoxy. And earnest men, content to bear as best they may their own burden of doubt and disappointment, do not dissemble to themselves that the immediate outlook is dark and discouraging. Like the French monarch they discern the omens of the deluge to come after them; a vast shipwreck of all faith, and all virtue, of conscience, of God; brute force, embodied in an omnipotent State, the one ark likely to escape submersion in the pitiless waters. A world from which the high sanctions of religion, hitherto the binding principle of society, are relegated to the domain of old wives' fables; a march through life with its brief dream of pleasure and long reality of

pain unchanged, but with no firm ground of faith, no "hope both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil," no worthy object of desire whereby man may erect himself above himself, whence he may derive an indefectible rule of conduct, a constraining incentive to self-sacrifice, an adequate motive for patient endurance,—such is the vision of the coming time, as it presents itself to many of the most thoughtful and competent observers.

II.

In these circumstances it is natural that so thoughtful and competent an observer as the author of "*Ecce Homo*" should take up his parable. And assuredly few who have read that beautiful book, so full of lofty musing, and so rich in pregnant suggestion, however superficial and inconsequent, will have opened the volume which he has recently given to the world without high expectation. It will be remembered that in his preface to his former work, he tells us that he was dissatisfied with the current conceptions of Christ, and unable to rest content without a definite opinion regarding Him, and so was led to trace His biography from point to point, with a view of accepting those conclusions about Him which the facts themselves, weighed critically, appeared to warrant. And now, after the lapse of well-nigh two decades, the author of "*Ecce Homo*" comes forward to consider the religious outlook of the world. Surely a task for which he is in many respects peculiarly well-fitted. Wide knowledge of the modern mind, broad sympathies, keen and delicate perceptions, freedom from party and personal ends, and a power of graceful and winning statement must, upon all hands, be conceded to him. What such a man thinks on such a subject, is certain to be interesting; and, whether we agree with it or not, is as certain to be suggestive. I propose, therefore, first of all to consider what may be learnt about the topic with which I am concerned, from this new book on "*Natural Religion*," and I shall then proceed to deal with it in my own way.

The author of "*Natural Religion*" starts with the broad assumption that "supernaturalism" is discredited by modern "science." I may perhaps, in passing, venture to express my regret that in an inquiry demanding, from its nature and importance, the utmost precision of which human speech is capable, the author has in so few cases clearly and rigidly limited the sense of the terms which he employs. "Supernaturalism," for example, is a word which may bear many different meanings; which, as a matter of fact, does bear, I think, for me a very different meaning from that which it bears for the author of "*Natural Religion*." So, again, "science" in this book, is tacitly assumed to denote physical science only: and what an assumption, as though there were no other sciences than the

physical! This in passing. I shall have to touch again upon these points hereafter. For the present let us regard the scope and aim of this discourse of Natural Religion, as the author states it. He finds that the supernatural portion of Christianity, as of all religions, is widely considered to be discredited by physical science. "Two opposite theories of the Universe" (p. 26) are before men. The one propounded by Christianity "is summed up," as he deems, "in the three propositions, that a Personal Will is the cause of the Universe, that that Will is perfectly benevolent, that that Will has sometimes interfered by miracles with the order of the Universe" (p. 13). The other he states as follows:—"Science opposes to God Nature. When it denies God it denies the existence of any power beyond or superior to Nature; and it may deny at the same time anything like a *cause* of Nature. It believes in certain laws of co-existence and sequence in phenomena, and in denying God it means to deny that anything further can be known" (p. 17). "For what is God—so the argument runs—but a hypothesis, which religious men have mistaken for a demonstrated reality? And is it not precisely against such premature hypotheses that science most strenuously protests? That a Personal Will is the cause of the Universe—this might stand very well as a hypothesis to work with, until facts should either confirm it, or force it to give way to another, either different or at least modified. That this Personal Will is benevolent, and is shown to be so by the facts of the Universe, which evince a providential care for man and other animals—this is just one of those plausibilities which passed muster before scientific method was understood, but modern science rejects it as unproved. Modern science holds that there may be design in the Universe, but that to penetrate the design is, and probably always will be, beyond the power of the human understanding. That this Personal Will has on particular occasions revealed itself by breaking through the customary order of the Universe, and performing what are called miracles—this, it is said, is one of those legends of which histories were full, until a stricter view of evidence was introduced, and the modern critical spirit sifted thoroughly the annals of the world" (p. 11). These, in our author's words, are the two opposite theories of the Universe before the world: two "mortally hostile" (p. 13) theories; the one "the greatest of all affirmations;" "the other the most fatal of all negations," (p. 26) and the latter, as he discerns, is everywhere making startling progress. "The extension of the *methods* of physical science to the whole domain of human knowledge," he notes as the most important "change of system in the intellectual world" (p. 7). "No one," he continues, "needs to be told what havoc this physical method is making with received systems, and it produces a sceptical disposition of mind towards primary principles which have been

thought to lie deeper than *all* systems. Those current abstractions, which make up all the morality and all the philosophy of most people, have been brought under suspicion. Mind and matter, duties and rights, morality and expediency, honour and interest, virtue and vice—all these words, which seemed once to express elementary and certain realities, now strike us as just the words which, thrown into the scientific crucible, might dissolve at once. It is thus not merely philosophy which is discredited, but just that homely and popular wisdom by which common life is guided. This too, it appears, instead of being the sterling product of plain experience, is the overflow of an immature philosophy, the redundancy of the uncontrolled speculations of thinkers who were unacquainted with scientific method" (p. 8). And then, moreover, there is that great political movement which has so largely and directly affected the course of events and the organization of society on the Continent of Europe, and which in less measure, and with more covert operation, has notably modified our own ways of thinking and acting in this country. Now the Revolution in its ultimate or Jacobin phase, is the very manifestation, in the public order, of the tendency which in the intellectual calls itself "scientific." It bitterly and contemptuously rejects the belief in the supernatural hitherto accepted in Europe. It wages implacable war upon the ancient theology of the world. "It delights in declaring itself atheistic"* (p. 37). It has "a quarrel with theology as a doctrine. 'Theology,' it says, even if not exactly opposed to social improvement, is a superstition, and as such allied to ignorance and conservatism. Granting that its precepts are good, it enforces them by legends and fictitious stories which can only influence the uneducated, and therefore in order to preserve its influence it must needs oppose education. Nor are these stories a mere excrescence of theology, but theology itself. For theology is neither more nor less than a doctrine of the supernatural. It proclaims a power behind nature which occasionally interferes with natural laws. It proclaims another world quite different from this in which we live, a world into which what is called the soul is believed to pass at death. It believes, in short, in a number of things which students of Nature know nothing about, and which science puts aside either with respect or with contempt.

* The author of "Natural Religion" thinks it mistaken in so declaring itself. "Its invectives against God and against Religion do not prove that it is atheistic, but only that it thinks itself so. And why does it think itself so? Because God and Religion are identified in its view with the Catholic Church; and the Catholic Church is a thing so very redoubtable that we need scarcely inquire why it is passionately hated and feared" (p. 37). But this is an error. God and Religion are not identified, in the view of the Revolution, with the Catholic Church. It will be evident to anyone who will read its accredited organs that it is as implacably hostile to religious Protestantism as to Catholicism. Perhaps I may be allowed to refer, on this subject, to some remarks of an article entitled "Free Thought—French and English," published in this February last, p. 241.

These supernatural doctrines are not merely a part of theology, still less separable from theology, but theology consists exclusively of them. Take away the supernatural Person, miracles, and the spiritual world, you take away theology at the same time, and nothing is left but simple Nature and simple Science" (p. 39). Such, as the author of "*Ecce Homo*" considers, is "the question between religion and science" now before the world. And his object* in his new work is not to inquire whether the "negative conclusions so often drawn from modern scientific discoveries are warranted," still less to refute them, but to estimate "the precise amount of destruction caused by them," admitting, for the sake of argument, that they are true. His own judgment upon their truth he expressly reserves, with the cautious remarks, that "it is not the greatest scientific authorities who are so confident in negation, but rather the inferior men who echo their opinions:"† that "it is not on the morrow of great discoveries that we can best judge of their negative effect upon ancient beliefs:" and that he is "disposed to agree with those who think that in the end the new views of the Universe will not gratify an extreme party quite so much as is now supposed."‡

The argument, then, put forward in "*Natural Religion*," and put forward, as I understand the author, tentatively, and for what it is worth, and by no means as expressing his own assured convictions, is this:—that to banish the supernatural from the human mind is "not to destroy theology or religion or even Christianity, but in some respects to revive and purify all three:"§ that supernaturalism is not of the essence but of the accidents of religion; that "the *unmiraculous* part of the Christian tradition has a value which was long hidden from view by the blaze of supernaturalism," and "that so much will this unmiraculous part gain by being brought, for the first time into full light . . . that faith may be disposed to think even that she is well rid of miracle, and that she would be indifferent to it, even if she could still believe it" (p. 254). That religion in some form or another is essential to the world, the author apparently no more doubts than I do: indeed he expressly warns us that "at this moment we are threatened with a general dissolution of states from the decay of religion" (p. 211). "If religion fails us," these are his concluding words, "it is only when human life itself is proved to be worthless. It may be doubtful whether life is worth living, but if religion be what it has been described in this book, the principle by which alone life is redeemed from secularity and animalism, . . . can it be doubtful that if we are to live at all we must live,

* See his Preface to the Second Edition.

† Warburton, a shrewd observer enough, expressed the same view a hundred years ago, with characteristic truculence:—"Mathematicians—I do not mean the inventors and geniuses amongst them, whom I honour, but the Demonstrators of others' inventions, who are ten times duller and prouder than a damned poet—have a strange aversion to everything that smacks of religion."—*Letters to Hurd*, xix.

‡ Preface to Second Edition, p. vii.

§ *Ibid.*, p. v.

and civilization can only live, by religion?" And now let us proceed to see what is the hope set before us in this book: and consider whether the Natural Religion, which it unfolds, is such a religion as the world can live by, as civilization can live by.

III.

The author of "Natural Religion," it will be remembered, assumes for the purposes of his argument, that the supernatural portion of Christianity is discredited, is put aside by physical science; that, as M. Renan has somewhere tersely expressed it, "there is no such thing as the supernatural, but from the beginning of being everything in the world of phenomena was preceded by regular laws." Let us consider what this involves. It involves the elimination from our creed, not only of the miraculous incidents in the history of the Founder of Christianity, including, of course, His Resurrection—the fundamental fact, upon which, from St. Paul's time to our own, His religion has been supposed to rest—but all the beliefs, aspirations, hopes, attaching to that religion as a system of grace. It destroys theology, because it destroys that idea of God from which theology starts, and which it professes to unfold. This being so, it might appear that religion is necessarily extinguished too. Certainly, in the ordinary sense which the word bears among us, it is. "Religio," writes St. Thomas Aquinas, "est virtus reddens debitum honorem Deo."* And so Cardinal Newman, somewhat more fully, "By religion I mean the knowledge of God, of His will, and of our duties towards Him;" and he goes on to say that "there are three main channels which Nature furnishes us for our acquiring this knowledge—viz., our own minds, the voice of mankind, and the course of the world, that is, of human life and human affairs."† But that, of course, is very far from being what the author of "Ecce Homo" means by religion, and by natural religion, in his new book. Its key-note is struck in the words of Wordsworth cited on its title-page:—"We live by admiration."‡ Religion he understands to be an "ardent condition of the feelings," "habitual and regulated admiration" (p. 129), "worship of whatever in the known Universe appears worthy of worship" (p. 161). "To have an individuality," he teaches, "is to have an ideal, and to have an ideal is to have an object of worship; it is to have a religion" (p. 136). "Irreligion," on the other hand, is defined as "life without worship,"

* Summa, 1^{ma} 2^{de} qu. 60, art. 3.

† "Grammar of Assent," p. 389. 5th ed.

‡ What Wordsworth says is—

"We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love,
And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend."

This is widely different from the nude proposition that "we live by admiration."

and is said to consist in "the absence of habitual admiration, and in a state of the feelings, not ardent but cold and torpid" (p. 129). It would appear then that religion, in its new sense, is enthusiasm of well-nigh any kind, but particularly the enthusiasm of morality, which is "the religion of right," the enthusiasm of art, which is "the religion of beauty," and the enthusiasm of physical science, which is "the religion of law and of truth" (p. 125).* "Art and science," we read, "are not secular, and it is a fundamental error to call them so; they have the nature of religion" (p. 127). "The popular Christianity of the day, in short, is for the artist too melancholy and sedate, and for the man of science too sentimental and superficial; in short, it is too melancholy for the one, and not melancholy enough for the other. They become, therefore, dissenters from the existing religion; sympathizing too little with the popular worship, they worship by themselves and dispense with outward forms. But they protest at the same time that, in strictness, they separate from the religious bodies around them, only because they know of a purer or a happier religion" (p. 126). It is useful to turn, from time to time, from the abstract to the concrete, in order to steady and purge our mental vision. Let us therefore, in passing, gaze upon Théophile Gautier, the high priest of the pride of human form, whose unspeakably impure romance has been pronounced by Mr. Swinburne to be "the holy writ of beauty;" and, on the other, upon Schopenhauer, the most thorough-going and consistent of physicists, who reduces all philosophy to a cosmology, and consider whether, the author of "Ecce Homo" himself being judge, the religion of the one can be maintained to be purer or that of the other to be happier, than the most degraded form of popular Christianity. I proceed to his declaration, which naturally follows from what has been said, that the essence of religion is not in theological dogma nor in ethical practice. The really religious man, as we are henceforth to conceive of him, is, apparently, the man of sentiment. "The substance of religion is culture," which is "a threefold devotion to Goodness, Beauty, and Truth," and "the fruit of it the higher life" (p. 145). And the higher life is "the influence which draws men's thoughts away from their personal existence, making them intensely aware of other existences, to which it binds them by strong ties, sometimes of admiration, sometimes of awe, sometimes of duty, sometimes of love" (p. 236). And as in the individual religion is identified with culture, so, "in its public aspect" "it is identical with civilization" (p. 201), which "expresses the same threefold religion, shown on a larger scale, in the character, institutions, and ways of life of nations" (p. 202). "The great civilized community" is "the modern city of God" (p. 204).

But what God? Clearly not that God spoken of by St. Paul—or

* See also p. 127.

the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, whoever he was—"the God of Peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant;" for that God, the Creator, Witness, and Judge of men—is assuredly *Deus absconditus*, a hidden God, belonging to "the supernatural;" and the hypothesis upon which the author of "Ecce Homo" proceeds in his new work is that men have "ceased to believe in anything beyond Nature" (p. 76). The best thing for them to do, therefore, he suggests, if they must have a God, is to deify Nature. But "Nature, considered as the residuum that is left after the elimination of everything supernatural, comprehends man with all his thoughts and aspirations, not less than the forms of the material world" (p. 78). God, therefore, in the new Natural Religion, is to be conceived of as Physical "Nature, including Humanity" (p. 69), or "the unity which all things compose in virtue of the universal presence of the same laws" (p. 87), which would seem to be no more than a Pantheistic expression, its exact value being all that exists, the totality of forces, of beings, and of forms. The author of "Natural Religion" does not seem to be sanguine that this new Deity will win the hearts of men. He anticipates, indeed, the objection "that when you substitute Nature for God you take a thing heartless and pitiless instead of love and goodness." To this he replies, "If we abandoned our belief in the supernatural, it would not be only inanimate Nature that would be left to us; we should not give ourselves over, as is often rhetorically described, to the mercy of merciless powers—winds and waves, earthquakes, volcanoes, and fire. The God we should believe in would not be a passionless, utterly inhuman power." "Nature, in the sense in which we are now using the word, includes humanity, and therefore, so far from being pitiless, includes all the pity that belongs to the whole human race, and all the pity that they have accumulated, and, as it were, capitalised in institutions political, social and ecclesiastical, through countless generations" (pp. 68-9).

He, then, who would not "shock modern views of the Universe" (p. 157) must thus think of the Deity. And so Atheism acquires a new meaning. "It is," we read, "a disbelief in the *existence* of God—that is, a disbelief in *any* regularity in the Universe to which a man must conform himself under penalties" (p. 27); a definition which surely is a little hard upon the *libres-penseurs*, as taking the bread out of their mouths. I remember hearing, not long ago, in Paris, of a young Radical diplomatist who, with the good taste which characterizes the school now dominant in French politics, took occasion to mention to a well-known ecclesiastical statesman that he was an Atheist. "O de l'athéisme à votre âge," said the Nuncio, with a benign smile: "pourquoi, quand l'—

ffit et ne vous engage à rien?" But with the new signifi-

cation imposed upon the word, a profession of Atheism would pledge one in quite another sense: it would be equivalent to a profession of insanity; for where, except among the wearers of strait-waistcoats or the occupants of padded rooms, shall we find a man who does not believe in some regularity in the universe to which he must conform himself under penalties? But let us follow the author of "Natural Religion" a step further in his inquiry. "In what relation does this religion stand to our Christianity, to our churches, and religious denominations?" (p. 139). Certainly, we may safely agree with him that "it has a difficulty in identifying itself with any of the organized systems," and as safely that the "conception of a spiritual city," of an "organ of civilization," of an "interpreter of human society," is "precisely what is now needed" (p. 223). "The tide of thought, scepticism, and discovery, which has set in . . . must be warded off the institutions which it attacks as recklessly as if its own existence did not depend upon them. It introduces everywhere a sceptical condition of mind, which it recommends as the only way to real knowledge; and yet if such scepticism became practical, if large communities came to regard every question in politics and law as absolutely open, their institutions would dissolve, and science, among other things, would be buried in the ruin. Modern thought brings into vogue a speculative Nihilism . . . but unintentionally it creates at the same time a practical Nihilism. . . . There is a mine under modern society which, if we consider it, has been the necessary result of the abeyance in recent times of the idea of the Church" (p. 208). In fact, as our author discerns, the existence of civilization is at stake. "It can live only by religion" (p. 262). "On religion depends the whole fabric of civilization, all the future of mankind" (p. 218). The remedy which he suggests is that the Natural Religion which we have been considering, the new "universal religion," should "be concentrated in a doctrine," should "embody itself in a Church" (p. 207). "This Church," we are told, "exists already, a vast communion of all who are inspired by the culture and civilization of the age. But it is unconscious, and perhaps, if it could attain to consciousness, it might organize itself more deliberately and effectively" (p. 212). The precise mode of such organization is not indicated, but its main function it appears would be to diffuse an "adequate doctrine of civilization," and especially to teach "science," in "itself a main part of religion, as the grand revelation of God in these later times," and also the theory "of the gradual development of human society, which alone can explain to us the past state of affairs, give us the clue to history, save us from political aberrations, and point the direction of progress" (p. 209). Of the *clerus* of the new Natural Church we read as follows:—

"If we really believe that a case can be made out for civilization, this case must be presented by popular teachers, and their most indispensable qualification will be independence. They perhaps will be able to show that happiness or even universal comfort is not, and never has been, within quite so easy reach, that it cannot be taken by storm, and that as for the institutions left us from the past they are no more diabolical than they are divine, being the fruit of necessary development far more than of free-will or calculation. Such teachers would be the free clergy of modern civilization. It would be their business to investigate and to teach the true relation of man to the universe and to society, the true Ideal he should worship, the true vocation of particular nations, the course which the history of mankind has taken hitherto, in order that upon a full view of what is possible and desirable men may live and organize themselves for the future. In short, the modern Church is to do what Hebrew prophecy did in its fashion for the Jews, and what bishops and Popes did according to their lights for the Roman world when it laboured in the tempest, and for barbaric tribes first submitting themselves to be taught. Another grand object of the modern Church would be to teach and organize the outlying world, which for the first time in history now lies prostrate at the feet of Christian civilization. Here are the ends to be gained. These once recognized, the means are to be determined by their fitness alone" (p. 221).

IV.

So much must suffice to indicate the essential features of the religion which would be left us after the elimination of the supernatural. And now we are to consider whether this religion will suffice for the wants of the world; whether it is a religion "which shall appeal to the sense of duty as forcibly, preach righteousness and truth, justice and mercy, as solemnly and as exclusively as Christianity itself does" (p. 157). Surely to state the question is enough. In fact the author of "Natural Religion" quite recognizes that "to many, if not most, of those who feel the need of religion, all that has been offered in this book will perhaps at first seem offered in derision" (p. 260), and frankly owns that "whether it deserves to be called a faith at all, whether it justifies men in living, and in calling others into life, may be doubted" (p. 66). He tells us that "the thought of a God revealed in Nature," which he has suggested, does not seem to him "by any means satisfactory, or worthy to replace the Christian view, or even as a commencement from which we must rise by logical necessity to the Christian view" (p. 25) and it must be hard not to agree with him. It is difficult to suppose that any one who considers the facts of life, who contemplates not the *individua vaga* of theories, but the men and women of this working-day world can think otherwise. Surely no one who really surveys mankind as they are, as they have been in the past, and, so far as we are able to judge, will be in the future, can suppose that this Natural Religion, even if embodied in a Natural Church, and equipped with "a free clergy," will meet their wants, or win their affections, or satisfy those "strange yearnings" of which we read in Plato, and which, in one form or another, stir every

human soul; which we may trace in the chatterings of the poor Neapolitan crone to her Crucifix, or in the hallelujahs of "Happy Sal" at a Salvationist "Holiness Meeting," as surely as in the profoundest speculations of the Angelic Doctor, or in the loftiest periods of Bossuet. Can any one, in this age of all others, when, as the revelations of the physical world bring home to us so overwhelmingly what Pascal calls "the abyss of the boundless immensity of which I know nothing, and you know nothing," man sinks to an insignificance which, the apt word of the author of "Natural Religion" "petrifies" him, can—can any one believe that the compound of Pantheistic Positivism and Christiansentiment—if we may so account of it—set forth in these brilliant pages, will avail to redeem men from animalism and secularity? But, indeed, we need not here rest in the domain of mere speculation. The experiment has been tried. Not quite a century ago, when Chaumette's "Goddess of Reason," and Robespierre's "Supreme Being," had disappeared from the altars of France, La Reveillère-Lepeaux essayed to introduce a Natural Religion under the name of Theophilanthropy* to satisfy the spiritual needs of the country over which he ruled as a member of the Directory, Chemin Dupontés, Dupont de Nemours and Bernardin de St. Pierre constituting with himself the four Evangelists of the new cult. The first mentioned of these must, indeed, be regarded as its inventor, and his "Manuel des Théophilanthrophes" supplies the fullest exposition of it. But it was La Reveillère-Lepeaux whose influence gave form and actuality to the speculations of Chemin, and whose credit obtained for the new sect the use of some dozen of the principal churches of Paris, and of the choir and organ of Notre Dame. The formal *début* of the new religion may, perhaps, be dated from the 1st of May, 1797, when La Reveillère read to the Institute a memoir in which he justified its introduction upon grounds very similar to those urged in our own day against "the theological view of the universe." Moreover, he insisted that Catholicism was opposed to sound morality, that its worship was anti-social, and that its clergy—whom he contemptuously denominated *la prêtraille*, and whom he did his best to exterminate—were the enemies of the human race. In its leading features the new Church resembled very closely the system which we have just been considering, offered to the world by the author of "Ecce Homo." It identified the Deity with Nature:† religion, considered subjectively, with sentiment; and objectively, with civilization; and it regarded Atheists and

* A good deal of information about Theophilanthropy and the Theophilanthropists, in an undigested and, indeed, chaotic state, will be found in Grégoire's "Histoire des Sectes Religieuses," vol. i.

† The Theophilanthropists were most anxious that the object of their worship should not be supposed to be the Christian God. Thus in one of their hymns their Deity is invoked as follows:—

"Non, tu n'es pas le Dieu dont le prêtre est l'apôtre,
Tu n'as point par la Bible enseigné les humains."

the adherents of all forms of faith—with the sole exception of Catholics—as eligible for its communion. Its dogmas, if one may so speak, were a hotchpotch of fine phrases about beauty, truth, right, and the like, culled from writers of all creeds and of no creed. Its chief public function consisted in the singing of a hymn to “the Father of the Universe,” to a tune composed by one Gossec, a musician much in vogue at that time, and in lectures chosen from Confucius, Vyasa, Zoroaster, Theognis, Cleanthes, Aristotle, Plato, La Bruyère, Fénelon, Voltaire, Rousseau, Young, and Franklin, the Sacred Scriptures of Christianity being carefully excluded on account, as may be supposed, of their alleged opposition to “sound morality.” The priests of the “Natural Religion” were vested in sky-blue tunics, extending from the neck to the feet, and fastened at the waist by a red girdle, over which was a white robe open before. Such was the costume in which La Reveillère-Lepeaux exhibited himself to his astonished countrymen, and having the misfortune to be—as we are told—“petit, bossu, et puant,” the exhibition obtained no great success. It must be owned, however, that the Natural Church did its best to fill the void caused by the disappearance of the Christian religion. It even went so far as to provide substitutes for the Sacraments of Catholicism. At the rite which took the place of baptism, the father himself officiated, and, in lieu of the questions prescribed in the Roman Ritual, asked the godfather, “Do you promise before God and men to teach N. or M. from the dawn of his reason to adore God, to cherish (*chérir*) his fellows, and to make himself useful to his country?” And the godfather, holding the child towards heaven, replied, “I promise.” Then followed the inevitable “discourse,” and a hymn of which the concluding lines were :

“Puisse un jour cet enfant honorer sa patrie,
Et s’applaudir d’avoir vécu.”

So much must suffice as to the Natural Church during the time that it existed among men as a fact, or, in the words of the author of “*Ecce Homo*,” as “an attempt to treat the subject of religion in a practical manner.” But, backed as it was by the influence of a despotic government, and *felix opportunitate* as it must be deemed to have been in the period of its establishment, very few were added to it. Whereupon, as the author of “*Ecce Homo*” relates, not without a touch of gentle irony, La Reveillère confided to Talleyrand* his disappointment at his ill-success. “‘His propaganda made no way,’ he said, ‘What was he to do?’ he asked. The ex-bishop politely condoled with him, feared indeed it was a difficult task to found a

* The author of “*Natural Religion*” says, Talleyrand; I do not know on what authority. Grégoire writes:—“Au Directoire même on le raillait sur son zèle théophiliantropique. Un de ses collègues, dit-on, lui proposait de se faire pendre et de ressusciter le troisième jour, comme l’infaillible moyen de faire triompher sa secte, et Carnot lui décoche dans son *Mémoire des épigrammes sanglantes* à ce sujet.”—*Histoire des Sectes Religieuses*, vol. i. p. 406. Talleyrand was never a member of the Directory.

new religion—more difficult than could be imagined, so difficult that he hardly knew what to advise! ‘Still’—he went on, after a moment’s reflection—‘there is one plan which you might at least try: I should recommend you to be crucified, and to rise again the third day’” (p. 181). Is the author of “*Ecce Homo*” laughing in his sleeve at us? Surely his keen perception must have suggested to him, as he wrote this passage, “*mutato nomine, de me.*” It may be confidently predicted that, unless he is prepared to carry out Talleyrand’s suggestion, the Natural Religion which he exhibits “to meet the wants of a sceptical age” will prove even a more melancholy failure than it proved when originally introduced a century ago by La Reveillère-Lepeaux.

V.

Are we then thrown back on Pessimism—“the besetting difficulty of Natural Religion” (p. 104), as the author of “*Ecce Homo*” confesses? Is that after all the key to the enigma of life? And is the prospect before the world that “universal darkness” which is to supervene, when, in the noble verse of the great moral poet of the last century—the noblest he ever wrote—

“Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires;
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.”

I venture to think otherwise. And as with regard to the subject of which I am writing, it may be said that “egotism is true modesty,” I shall venture to say why I think so, even at the risk of wearying by a twice-told tale, for I shall have to go over well-worn ground, and I must of necessity tread more or less in the footprints of others. The reasons which satisfy me have satisfied, and do satisfy, intellects far more subtle, acute, and penetrating than mine. All I can do is to state them in the way in which they present themselves to my own mind. I shall be genuine, if not original, although indeed I might here shelter myself under a dictum—profoundly true it is—of Mr. Ruskin: “That virtue of originality that men so strive after is not newness, as they vainly think (there is nothing new) it is only genuineness.”

Cardinal Newman, in writing to me a few weeks ago, suggests the pregnant inquiry, “Which is the greater assumption? that we can do without religion, or that we can find a substitute for Christianity?” I have hitherto been surveying the substitute for Christianity which the author of “*Ecce Homo*” has exhibited to the world in his new book. I shall now briefly consider the question whether the need for such a substitute does in truth exist. The book, as I have already more than once noted, assumes that it

does. It takes "the scientific view frankly at its worst"* as throwing discredit upon the belief "that a Personal Will is the cause of the Universe, that that Will is perfectly benevolent, that that Will has sometimes interfered by miracles with the order of the Universe," which three propositions are considered by its author to sum up the theological view of the universe. "If," he writes, "these propositions exhaust [that view] and science throws discredit upon all of them, evidently theology and science are irreconcilable, and the contest between them must end in the destruction of one or the other" (p. 13). I remark in passing, first, that no theologian—certainly no Catholic theologian—would accept these three propositions as exhausting the theological view of the universe; and secondly, that if we were obliged to admit that physical science throws discredit upon that view, it would by no means necessarily follow that physical science and theology are irreconcilable, for ampler knowledge might remove the discredit.

"What do we see? Each man a space,
Of some few yards before his face.
Can that the whole wide plan explain?
Ah no! Consider it again."

But is it true, as a matter of fact, that physical science throws discredit upon these three propositions? Let us examine this question a little. I must of necessity be brief in the limits to which I am here confined, and I must use the plainest language, for I am writing not for the school but for the general reader. Brevity and plainness of speech do not, however, necessarily imply superficiality, which, in truth, is not unfrequently veiled by a prolix parade of pompous technicalities.

First, then, as to causation. The shepherd in the play, when asked by Touchstone, "Hast any philosophy in thee?" replies, "No more but that I know that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep: and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun," and upon the strength of this knowledge is pronounced by the clown to be "a natural philosopher." Well, is not in truth the "science" of the mere physicist, however accomplished, *in pari materia* with that of honest Corin? He observes certain sequences of facts, certain antecedents and consequents, but of the *nexus* between them he knows no more than the most ignorant and foolish of peasants. He talks, indeed, of the laws of Nature, but the expression, convenient as it is in some respects, and true as it is in a sense—and that the highest—is extremely likely to mislead, as he uses it ordinarily. What he calls a law of Nature is only an induction from observed phenomena, a formula which serves compendiously to express them. As Dr. Mozley has well observed in his Bampton

* Preface to second edition.

Lectures, "we only know of law in Nature, in the sense of recurrences in Nature, classes of facts, *like* facts in Nature :"*

"In vain the sage with retrospective eye
Would from the apparent what conclude the why ;"

physical "science has itself proclaimed the truth that we see no causes in nature"†—that is to say, in the phenomena of the external world, taken by themselves. We read in Bacci's "Life of St. Philip Neri" that the Saint drew men to the service of God by such a subtle irresistible influence as caused those who watched him to cry out in amazement, "Father Philip draws souls, as the magnet draws iron." The most accomplished master of natural science is as little competent to explain the physical attraction as he is to explain the spiritual. He cannot get behind the *fact*, and if you press him for the reason of it—if you ask him why the magnet draws iron—the only reason he has to give you is, "Because it does." It is just as true now as it was when Bishop Butler wrote in the last century that "the only distinct meaning of the word [natural] is, stated, fixed, or settled," and it is hard to see how he can be refuted when, travelling beyond the boundaries of physics, he goes on to add, "What is natural as much requires and presupposes an intelligent agent to render it so—*i.e.*, to effect it continually, or at stated times—as what is supernatural or miraculous does to effect it for once."‡ Then, again, the indications of design in the universe may well speak to us of a Designer, as they spoke three thousand years ago to the Hebrew poet who wrote the Psalm "*Cæli enarrant*," as they spoke but yesterday to the severely disciplined intellect of John Stuart Mill, who, brushing aside the prepossessions and prejudices of a lifetime, has recorded his deliberate judgment that "there is a large balance in favour of the probability of creation by intelligence."§ Sir William Thomson, no mean authority upon a question of physical science, goes further, and speaks not of "a large balance of probability," but of "overpowering proofs." "Overpowering proofs," he told the British Association, "of intelligence and benevolent design lie all around us; and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through Nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend upon one ever-acting Creator and Ruler."|| And, once more, it is indubitable that matter is inert until acted upon by force, and that we have no knowledge of any other primary¶ cause of force than will.

* "Eight Lectures on Miracles," p. 50.

† *Ibid.* See Dr. Mozley's note on this passage.

‡ "Analogy." Part I. c. i. I give, of course, Bishop Butler's words as I find them, but, as will be seen a little later, I do not quite take his view of the supernatural.

§ "Three Essays on Religion," p. 174.

|| "Address to the British Association," 1871.

¶ I say "primary cause;" of course I do not deny its *own proper causality* to the non-spiritual or matter.

Whence, as Mr. Wallace argues in his well-known work, "it does not seem improbable that all force may be will-force, and that the whole universe is not merely dependent upon, but actually is, the will of higher intelligences or of one Supreme Intelligence."*

If then things are so—as who can disprove?—we may reasonably demur to the assertion that physical science throws discredit upon the position that a Personal Will is the cause of the universe. Let us now glance at the last of the propositions supposed to be condemned by the researches of the physicists—namely, that this Personal Will has sometimes interfered by miracles with the order of the universe. Now, here, as I intimated in an earlier portion of this article, I find myself at variance with the author of "Natural Religion" upon a question, and a very important question, of terminology. I do not regard the supernatural as an interference with, or violation of, the order of the universe. I adopt, unreservedly, the doctrine that "nothing is that errs from law." The phenomena which we call supernatural and those which we call natural, I view as alike the expression of the Divine Will: a Will which acts not capriciously, nor, as the phrase is, arbitrarily, but by law, "attingens a fine usque ad finem, fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia." And so the theologians identify the Divine Will with the Divine Reason. Thus St. Augustine, "Lex æterna est ratio divina vel voluntas Dei,"† and St. Thomas Aquinas, "Lex æterna summa ratio in Deo existens."‡ It is by virtue of this law that the sick are healed, whether by the prayer of faith or the prescription of a physician, by the touch of a relic or by a shock from a galvanic battery; that the Saint draws souls and that the magnet draws iron. The most ordinary so-called "operations of Nature" may be truly described in the words of St. Gregory as God's

* "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," p. 368. I am, of course, aware of Mr. Mill's remarks upon this view in his "Three Essays on Religion" (pp. 146-150). The subject is too great to be discussed in a footnote. But I may observe that he rests, at bottom, upon the assumption—surely an enormous assumption—that causation is order. Cardinal Newman's argument upon this matter in the "Grammar of Assent" (pp. 66-72, 5th ed.) seems to me to be unanswerable; certainly, it is unanswered. I have no wish to dogmatize—the dogmatism, indeed, appears to be on the other side—but if we go by experience, as it is now the fashion to do, our initial elementary experience would certainly lead us to consider will the great or only cause. To guard against a possible misconception let me here say that I must not be supposed to adopt Mr. Wallace's view in its entirety or precisely as stated by him. Of course, the analogy between the human will and the Divine Will is imperfect, and Mr. Mill appears to me to be well founded in denying that *our* volition originates. My contention is that Matter is inert until Force has been brought to bear upon it: that all Force must be due to a Primary Force of which it is the manifestation or the effect: that the Primary Force cannot exert itself unless it be self-determined: that to be self-determined is to be living: that to be primarily and utterly self-determined is to be an infinitely self-conscious volition: *ergo*, the primary cause of Force is the Will of God. This is the logical development of the famous argument of St. Thomas Aquinas. He contends that whatever things are moved must be moved by that which is not moved: *a movente non moto*. But Suarez and later writers complete the argument by analyzing the term *movens non motum*, which they consider equivalent to *Ens a se, in se, et per se*, or *Actus Purissimus*.

† "Contra Faustum," 22.

‡ Summa, qu. 83, art. 1. But on this and the preceding quotation, see the note on p.

daily miracles;* and those events, commonly denominated miraculous, of which we read in the Sacred Scriptures, in the Lives of the Saints, and elsewhere, may as truly be called natural, using the word in what, as I just now observed, Bishop Butler notes as its only distinct meaning—namely, stated, fixed, or settled;† for they are the normal manifestations of the order of Grace—an order external to us, invisible, inaccessible to our senses and reasonings, but truly existing and governed by laws, which, like the laws of the physical and the intellectual order, are ordained by the Supreme Lawgiver. Once purge the mind of anthropomorphic conceptions as to the Divine Government, and the notion of any essential opposition between the natural and the supernatural disappears. Sanctity, which means likeness to God, a partaking of the Divine nature, is as truly a force as light or heat, and enters as truly into the great order of the universe. There is a passage in M. Renan's "*Vie de Jésus*" worth citing in this connection. "*La nature lui obéit,*" he writes; "*mais elle obéit aussi à quiconque croit et prie; la foi peut tout. Il faut se rappeler que nulle idée des lois de la nature ne venait, dans son esprit ni dans celui de ses auditeurs, marquer la limite de l'impossible. . . . Ces mots de 'surhumain' et de 'surnaturel,' empruntés à notre théologie mesquine, n'avaient pas de sens dans la haute conscience religieuse de Jésus. Pour lui, la nature et le développement de l'humanité n'étaient pas des règnes limités hors de Dieu, de chétives réalités assujetties aux lois d'un empirisme désespérant. Il n'y avait pas pour lui de surnaturel, car il n'y avait pas pour lui de nature. Ivre de l'amour infini, il oubliait la lourde chaîne qui tient l'esprit captif; il franchissait d'un bond l'abîme, infranchissable pour la plupart, que la médiocrité des facultés humaines trace entre l'homme et Dieu.*"‡ These words

* "*Quotidiana Dei miracula ex assiduitate vilesunt.*"—*Hom. xxvi. in Evan.*

† "Stated, fixed, or settled" is a predicate common to natural and supernatural, not the *differentia* of either. And here let me remark that the expression, "*Laws of Nature,*" is a modern technical expression which the Catholic philosopher would require, probably, to have defined before employing it. "*Natura,*" in St. Thomas Aquinas, is declared to be "*Principium operationis cujusque rei,*" the Essence of a thing in relation to its activity, or the Essence as manifested *agendo*. Hence "*Natura rerum,*" or "*Universitas rerum*" (which is the Latin for Nature in the phrase "*Laws of Nature*") means the Essences of all things created (finite) as manifested and related to each other by their proper inherent activities, which of course are stable or fixed. But since it is not a logical contradiction that these activities should be suspended, arrested, or annihilated (granting an Infinite Creator), it will not be contrary to Reason should a miraculous intervention so deal with them, though their suspension or annihilation may be described, loosely and inaccurately, as against the Laws of Nature. By Reason is here meant the declarations of necessary Thought as to possibility and impossibility, or the canons of contradiction, the only proper significance of the word in discussions about miracles. Hence, to say that miracles have their laws, is not to deny that they are by the Free Will of God. For creation is by the Fiat of Divine Power and Freedom, and yet proceeds upon law—that is to say, upon a settled plan and inherent sequence of cause and effect. But it is common with Mr. Mill and his school to think of law as necessary inviolable sequence; whereas it is but a fixed mode of action whether necessarily or freely determined; and it is a part of law that some activities should be liable to suspension or arrestment by others, and especially by the First Cause.

‡ "*Vie de Jésus,*" p. 247.

seem to me to express a great truth. The religious mind conceives of the natural, not as opposed to the supernatural, but as an outlying province of it; of the economy of the physical world as the complement of the economy of Grace. And to those who thus think, the great objection urged by so many philosophers, from Spinoza downwards—not to go further back—that miracles, as the violation of an unchangeable order, make God contradict himself, and so are unworthy of being attributed to the All-Wise, is without meaning. The most stupendous incident in the “Acta Sanctorum” is, as I deem, not less the manifestation of law than is the fall of a sparrow.* The budding of a rose and the Resurrection of Jesus

* When Mr. Mill says (“Three Essays on Religion,” p. 224), “The argument that a miracle may be the fulfilment of a law in the same sense in which the ordinary events of Nature are fulfilments of laws, seems to indicate an imperfect conception of what is meant by a law and what constitutes a miracle,” all he really means is that this argument involves a conception of law and of miracle different from his own, which is undoubtedly true. Upon this subject I remark as follows: There is a necessary will (*spontaneum non liberum*) and a free will (*liberum non spontaneum*); and these are in God on the scale of infinite-perfection, as they are in man finitely. With Mr. Mill, as I have observed in a previous note, Law is taken to signify “invariable, necessary sequence;” and its test is, that given the same circumstances, the same thing will occur. But it is essential to Free Will (whether in God or man) that given the same circumstances, the same thing need not, may not, and perhaps will not, occur. However, an act may be free *in causa* which *hic et nunc* must happen; the Free Will having done that by choice which brings as a necessary consequence something else. For there are many things which would involve contradiction and so be impossible, did not certain consequences follow them. This premised, it is clear that the antithesis of Mr. Mill’s “Law” is Free Will. Law and antecedent necessity to Mr. Mill are one and the same. But Law in Catholic terminology means the Will of God decreeing freely or not freely, according to the subject-matter; and is not opposed to Free-Will. It guides, it need not coerce or necessitate, though it may. Neither in one sense, is Law synonymous with Reason, for that is according to Reason, simply, which does not involve a contradiction, whether it be done freely or of necessity; and many things are possible, or non-contradictories, that Law does not prescribe. Nor again does Free-Will mean lawless in the sense of irrational; or causeless, in the sense of having no motive: “*contra legem*,” “*præter legem*” is not “*contra rationem*,” “*præter rationem*.” The Divine Will, then, may be free, yet act according to Law, namely, its own freely-determined Law. And it may act “not according to Law,” and yet act according to Reason. In this sense, then, theologians identify the Divine Will with the Divine Reason—I mean, they insist that God’s Will is always according to Reason—in this sense, but, as I think, not in any other. For the Divine Will is antecedently free as regards all things which are not God; but the Divine Intellect is not free in the same way. St. Augustine always tends to view things in the concrete, not distinguishing their “*rationes formales*,” or distinguishing them vaguely. And Ratio with him does not mean Reason merely, but living Reason or the Reasoning Being, the Soul. When St. Thomas Aquinas speaks of *Lex Æterna* he means the Necessary Law of Morality, concerning which God is not free, because in decreeing it, He is but decreeing that there is no Righteousness except by imitation of Him.

The root of all these difficulties and of all the confusion in speech which they have brought forth is this: the mystery of Free-Will in God, the Unchangeable and Eternal. The great truth taught in the words of the Vatican Council, “*Deus, liberrimo consilio condidit universa*,” must ever be borne in mind. Undoubtedly, there are no afterthoughts in God. But neither is there a past in which He decreed once for all what was to be and what was not to be. He is the Eternal Now. But still all events are the fulfilment of His Will, and contribute to the working out of the scheme which He has traced for creation. Feeble is human speech to deal with such high matters, serving, at the best, but dimly to adumbrate ineffable truths. As Goethe somewhere says, “Words are good, but not the best: the best cannot be expressed in words. My point, however, is that the one hand, a connection of events with events all through creation and an en-
sequence, while, on the other, the Free-Will of man is a determining force in his own spiritual actions, as is the Free-Will of God in respect of the whole

Christ are equally the effect of the One Motive Force, which is the cause of all phenomena, of the Volition of the Maker, Nourisher, Guardian, Governor, Worker, Perfecter of all. Once admit what is involved in the very idea of God as it exists in Catholic theology—as it is set forth, for example, in the treatise of St. Thomas Aquinas "*De Deo*"—and the notion of miracles as abnormal, as infractions of order, as violations of law, will be seen to be utterly erroneous.

And now one word as to the bearing of physical science upon the doctrine of the Divine goodness*—the second of the theological positions which, as we have seen, the author of "*Natural Religion*" assumes to be discredited by physical science. No doubt he had in his mind what has been so strongly stated by the late Mr. Mill: "Not even on the most distorted and contracted theory of good, which ever was framed by religious or philosophical fanaticism, can the government of Nature be made to resemble the work of a being at once good and omnipotent."† Now there can be no question that physical nature gives the lie to that shallow optimism, which prates of the best of all conceivable worlds, and hardly consents to recognize evil, save as "a lower form of good;" unquestionably recent researches of physicists have brought out with quite startling clearness what St. Paul calls the subjection of the creature to vanity. Ruin, waste, decay are written upon every feature of the natural order. All that is joyful in it is based on suffering; all that lives, on death; every thrill of pleasure which we receive from the outward world is the outcome of inconceivable agonies during incalculable periods of time. But how does this discredit the teaching of theology as to God's goodness? Theology recognizes, and recognizes far more fully than the mere physicist, the abounding misery that is in the world, the terribleness of that "unutterable curse which hangs upon mankind," for it sees not only what he sees, but what is infinitely sadder and more appalling, the vision of moral evil presented by the heart and conscience of man, by every page in the history of the individual and of the race. It was not reserved for professors of

creation, and that miracles are neither afterthoughts, nor irregularities, nor contradictions, but at once free and according to law. Miracles are not abnormal, unless Free-Will is a reduction of Kosmos to Chaos, and the negation of Reason altogether.

* I say "the doctrine of the Divine goodness," because that is, as I think, what the author of "*Natural Religion*" means. As to the "simple, absolute benevolence"—"benevolence," indeed, is a milk-and-water expression; "God is love"—which "some men seem to think the only character of the Author of Nature," it is enough to refer to Bishop Butler's striking chapter on "The Moral Government of God," (*Analogy*, Part I. c. iii). I will here merely observe that although, doubtless, God's attribute is Love of the creation, He is not only Love, but Sanctity, Justice, Creative Power, Force, Providence; and whereas, considered as a Unit He is infinite, He is not infinite—I speak under correction—viewed in those aspects, abstractions, or attributes which, separately taken, are necessary for our subjective view of Him. I allow that God's power and His "benevolence" may in some cases work out different ends, as if separate entities, but still maintain—that the author of "*Natural Religion*" ignores—that God in His very essence is not only "Benevolence," but Sanctity, &c. also; *all as One in His Oneness*.

† "*Three Essays on Religion*," p. 38.

physical science in the nineteenth century to bring to light the fact that "the world is out of joint," and thereby to discredit the theological view of the universe. Theology knows only too well that life is "a dread machinery of sin and sorrow." It is the very existence of the vast aboriginal calamity, whatever it may have been, in which the human race, the whole creation, is involved, that forms the ground for the need of the revelation which Christianity professes to bring. If there were no evil, there would be no need of a deliverance from evil. Of course, why evil has been suffered to arise, why it is suffered to exist, by the Perfect Being, of whom it is truly said that He is God, because he is the highest Good, we know not, and no search will make us know. All we know is that it is not from Him, of whom, and for whom, and by whom, are all things; "because it has no substance of its own, but is only the defect, excess, perversion, or corruption of that which has substance." The existence of evil is a mystery—one of the countless mysteries surrounding human life—which, after the best use of reason, must be put aside as beyond reason. But it is also a fact, and a fact which is so far from discrediting the theological view of the universe, that it is a primary and necessary element of that view.

VI.

Thus much as to physical science and the propositions in which the author of "Natural Religion" supposes the theological view of the universe to be summed up. But, as he notes, the case urged in the present day against Christianity does not rest merely upon physical science, properly so called; but upon the extension of its methods to the whole domain of knowledge (p. 7), the practical effect being the reduction of religion to superstition, of anthropology to physiology, of metaphysics to physics, of ethics to the result of temperament or the promptings of self-interest, of man's personality to the summation of a series of dynamic conditions of particles of matter. I shall proceed to state the case, as I often hear it stated, and I shall put it in the strongest way I can, and to indicate the answer which, at all events, has satisfied one mind, after long and patient consideration, and in spite of strong contrary prepossessions. And this evidently has the most direct bearing on my theme. If Christianity be irrational, its claims to the world's future may at once be dismissed. But if, as I very strongly hold, the achievements of the modern mind, whether in the physical sciences, in psychology, in history, in exegetical criticism, have not in the least discredited Christianity, as rightly understood, here is a fact which is a most important factor in determining our judgment as to the religious prospect of mankind. What I have to say on this grave question I must reserve for the Second Part of this article. I end the First Part with one observa-

tion. It seems to me that the issue before the world is between Christianity and a more or less sublimated form of Materialism—not necessarily Atheistic, nay, sometimes approximating to “faint possible Theism”—which is most aptly termed Naturalism; a system which rejects as antiquated the ideas of final causes, of Providence, of the soul and its immortality; which allows of no other realities than those of the physical order, and makes of Nature man’s highest ideal: and this issue is not in the least affected by decking out Naturalism in some borrowed garments of Spiritualism, and calling it “Natural Christianity.”

W. S. LILLY.

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 ...scorched as if by the breath of a furnace,
 ...of dreary and blasted desolation which time
 ...They looked for the garden of the Lord, and they
 ..."It was my fate, during a long
 ...to hear autumn tourists criticize books written
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 ...veracity;—the fact being that the writers
 ...of what they saw, with perhaps a little
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...that to most English travellers, who have no
 ...the barren appearance of Syria and Palestine is a dis-
 ...to their own moist climate and green
 ...prepared for the dry and parched, and abandoned
 ...of the greater part of the country. With us an abund-

D...the crops; in Syria and Palestine the case
 ...unless water can be poured over the land the
 ...and uncertain. For six or seven months
 ...any rain falls, and scarcely a cloud
 ...In October the early rain commences, with
 ...lightning; and in April the latter rain becomes
 ...and generally ceases altogether. Then the

First...blue, and the sun comes out in all his
Second...in all her glory, for with the Arabs the sun is
 ...grass and vegetation wither up and become dry
Third...The level country, except where there are rivers,
 ...The stones stick up out of the red soil like the
Fourth...Limestone, flint, and basalt, and thorny
 ...of the wilderness country. Here and there

...a dwarf oak, or an olive tree, or a wild fig tree; and
 I. In the...you may notice little patches scratched and
 of Syria and the *Jellahin*; but, unless on the great plains of Bashan
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 quantity of...irrigation, you may ride for hours along the zigzag
 Small deposits...and high-land, and before and behind extend
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 coloured marl...into powder. It thus happens that few tourists
 the Lebanon...tracks of Syria and Palestine have any just
 £20,000. Hence the agricultural resources of the land.

Galilee, and the...in the Syrian landscape are two parts of
 Palmyra and in...appear on the map like two cents
 are of sufficient...and are the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon

Forests can be...along the shore of the Mediterranean

The narrow strip of land between the mountain and the sea was the home of the Phœnicians, who steered their white-winged ships to every land, and dipped their oars in every sea, before the Britons were heard of. The gardens of Sidon, luxuriant with bananas, oranges, figs, lemons, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, &c., extend across the plain for two miles to the mountain, and show what Phœnicia may once have been. The palm trees that adorn the fertile gardens of Beyrout are doubtless survivors of the groves from which the strip of land once took its name.*

By the exertions of Lord Dufferin in 1860, a Christian governor was placed over the Lebanon in a semi-independent position. Since then the terraced mountain has been marvellously developed, and every foothold has been planted with vines and figs and mulberries. The industrious peasantry, comparatively safe from Turkish rapacity, have cultivated the ledges among its crags and peaks, and enjoy the fruits of their industry, sitting under their vines and fig trees. The bloodthirsty and turbulent Druzes, restrained by law, and unable to hold their own in a field of fair competition, are being rapidly civilized off the mountain, and betake themselves to remote regions in Bashan where no law is acknowledged but that of the strong arm.

Between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon stretches for seventy miles Cœlo-Syria or Buka'a, a well-watered and fertile plain, containing about 500 square miles and 137 agricultural villages, and marked by such ruins as those of Chalcis and Baalbek.

The Anti-Lebanon consists of a series of mountain ranges, some of which run parallel with Lebanon, and flatten into the plain at "the gathering in of Hamath," while some bend off in a more easterly direction, and shoot out boldly into the desert. The westward end of this mountainous range rises into Mount Hermon. The eastward end sinks into Palmyra. North of the Anti-Lebanon, the narrow plain of Cœlo-Syria expands into the great rolling country of high-land, river, lake, and plain, where for more than a thousand years the Hittite kings rolled back the tide of Egyptian and Assyrian invasion, and where, in later years, the Selucidæ kings pastured their elephants and steeds of war.

Among the ranges and spurs of the Anti-Lebanon are many green spots of great picturesque beauty. Wherever there are fountains the habitations of men are clustered together at the water, seemingly jostling and struggling like thirsty flocks to get to its margin. The cottages cling to the edges of fountains and rivers in the most perilous

Sometimes they are stuck to the rocks like swallows' they are placed on beetling cliffs like the home of the chasm. No solitary houses are met through-

* has been by some derived from *zabiz*, a palm tree.

waves of a Syrian noonday, with only an ashy chocolate-coloured landscape around them, scorched as if by the breath of a furnace, they get an impression of dreary and blasted desolation which time can never efface. They looked for the garden of the Lord, and they find only the "burning marl." It was my fate, during a long residence in Syria, to hear autumn tourists criticize books written by spring tourists, and spring tourists criticize books written by autumn tourists, and generally in a manner by no means complimentary to the authors' veracity;—the fact being that the writers had given their impression of what they saw, with perhaps a little of American wit, which consists in exaggerating "the leading feature."

I think, however, that to most English travellers, who have no hobbies to ride, the barren appearance of Syria and Palestine is a disenchantment. Accustomed to their own moist climate and green fields, they are not prepared for the dry and parched, and abandoned appearance of the greater part of the country. With us an abundance of water spoils the crops; in Syria and Palestine the case is reversed, for unless water can be poured over the land the crops are stunted and uncertain. For six or seven months in the year scarcely any rain falls, and scarcely a cloud darkens the sky. In October the early rain commences, with much thunder and lightning; and in April the latter rain becomes light and uncertain, and generally ceases altogether. Then the sky becomes intensely blue, and the sun comes out in all his glory, or rather in all her glory, for with the Arabs the sun is feminine. Suddenly grass and vegetation wither up and become dry for the oven. The level country, except where there are rivers, becomes parched. The stones stick up out of the red soil like the white bones of a skeleton. Limestone, flint, and basalt, and thorny shrubs, cover the face of the wilderness country. Here and there you may see a dwarf oak, or an olive tree, or a wild fig tree, and among the mountains you may notice little patches scratched and cultivated by the *fellahin*; but, unless on the great plains of Bashan and Esdraelon and Hamath, and on the uplands of Gilead, or where there is water for irrigation, you may ride for hours along the zigzag paths, over mountain and high-land, and before and behind extend the limestone and flinty rocks, white and blinding, and broken into fragments or burnt into powder. It thus happens that few tourists who pass along the beaten tracks of Syria and Palestine have any just conception of the vast agricultural resources of the land.

The most striking features in the Syrian landscape are two parallel mountain ranges, which appear on the map like two centipedes, running north and south. These are the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges. Lebanon proper lies along the shore of the Mediterranean.

The narrow strip of land between the mountain and the sea was the home of the Phœnicians, who steered their white-winged ships to every land, and dipped their oars in every sea, before the Britons were heard of. The gardens of Sidon, luxuriant with bananas, oranges, figs, lemons, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, &c., extend across the plain for two miles to the mountain, and show what Phœnicia may once have been. The palm trees that adorn the fertile gardens of Beyrout are doubtless survivors of the groves from which the strip of land once took its name.*

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* Phœnicia, the Greek *φœνίκη*, has been by some derived from *φœνιξ*, a palm tree.

out the country. The people build together for safety, and near the water for life, and by the village fountains and wells cluster the fairest scenes of Eastern poetry, as well Arab and Persian as Hebrew, and around them have taken place some of the fiercest of Oriental battles.

At the villages a little water is drawn off from the rivers, and carefully apportioned among the different families and factions. By means of this water, carefully conducted to the various gardens, apples and plums, grapes and pomegranates, melons and cucumbers, corn and onions, olives and egg plants are cultivated; and such is the bounty of Nature, that with the least effort existence is possible wherever there is water. A little rancid oil and a few vegetables are sufficient to sustain life, and these can be had by a few hours labour in the cool of the day. The rest of the time may be spent squatting cross-legged by the water, or smoking and dozing in the shade. This is existence, but not life; yet why should the *fellah* labour for anything beyond what is absolutely necessary, when the slightest sign of wealth would create anxious solicitude on the part of the Turk?

A ride of seventy-two miles across Phœnicia, Lebanon, Cœlo-Syria, and Anti-Lebanon, brings us, by French diligence, to Damascus. Abana and Pharpar break through a sublime gorge, about 100 yards wide, down the middle of which the French road winds its serpentine course, the rivers on either side being fringed with silver poplar and scented walnut. As we look eastward from the brow of the hill, the great plain of Damascus, encircled by a framework of desert, lies before us. The river, escaped from the rocky gorge, spreads out like a fan, and, after a run of three miles, enters Damascus, where it flows through 15,000 houses, sparkles in 60,000 marble fountains, and hurries on to scatter wealth and fertility far and wide over the plain. Those who have gazed on this scene are never likely to forget its supreme loveliness. Its beauty is doubtless much enhanced by contrast. The eye has been wandering over a chocolate-coloured and heated landscape throughout a weary day; suddenly, on turning a corner, it rests on Eden.

The city is spread out before you, embowered in orchards, in the midst of a plain of 300 square miles. Around the pearl-coloured city—first in the world in point of time, first in Syria and Western Asia in point of importance—surge, like an emerald sea, forests of apricots and olives and apples and citrons, and “every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food,” with all their variety of colour and tint, according to their season, sometimes all aglow with blossoms, sometimes golden and ruddy with fruit, and sometimes russet with the mellowing tints of autumn. Beyond the city the water conveys its wealth by seven rivers to shady gardens and

thirsty fields; and, as far as cultivation extends, two or three splendid crops during the same year reward the industry of the husbandman. But even in the plain of Damascus the land is cultivated for only a few miles beyond the gates of the city. The water that would fertilize the whole plain flows uselessly into pestiferous marshes, and the wide plain within sight of the Damascus garrison is abandoned to the Bedawîn of the Desert and the wild boars of the jungle.*

In Palestine there is the great plain of Esdraelon, now, to a large extent, in the hands of a Greek firm at Beyrout, and partially cultivated, but capable of producing wheat and maize and cotton and barley, throughout its whole extent. On the southern side of Carmel spreads out the extensive plain of Sharon, a vast expanse of pasture-land, ablaze with flowers in early spring, and rank with thistles in the time of harvest; and further south extends the still more fertile regions of Philistia.

Looking south, from the southern slopes of Mount Hermon, the green plain of the Huleh, with Lake Merom glassed in its centre, forms a beautiful picture. Mr. Oliphant here first saw an enchanting location for his colony. "I felt," he says, "a longing to imitate the example of the men of Dan; for there can be no question that if, instead of advancing upon it with six hundred men, and taking it by force, after the manner of the Danites, one approached it in the modern style of a joint-stock company (limited), and recompensed the present owners, keeping them as labourers, a most profitable speculation might be made out of the 'Ard el Huleh.'"[†] The lake "might, with the marshy plain above it, be easily drained; and a magnificent tract of country, nearly twenty miles long by from five to six miles in width, abundantly watered by the upper affluents of the Jordan, might then be brought into cultivation. It is only now occupied by some wandering Bedawîn and the peasants of a few scattered villages on its margin."[†]

East of the Jordan are the corn-growing table-land of Bashan and the beautiful and fertile high-lands of Gilead. In the former I have ridden for hours, with an unbroken sea of waving wheat as far as I could see around me, and as regards the "land of Gilead," I can

* Vice-Consul Jago, writing from Damascus, March, 1880, says:—"With regard to the property near the Damascus Lakes, it is on the edge of the Desert where no authority exists, and therefore exposed to Bedawîn raids." He summarizes the agricultural products of the neighbourhood of Damascus as:—"Wheat, barley, maize (white and yellow), beans, peas, lentils, kerané, gelbané, bakié, helbé, fessa, boraké (the last seven being green crops for cattle food), aniseed, sésamé, tobacco, shuma, olive, and liquorice root. The fruits are grapes, hazel, walnut, almond, pistachio, currant, mulberry, fig, apricot, peach, apple, pear, quince, plum, lemon, citron, melon, berries of various kinds, and a few oranges. The vegetables are cabbage, potatoes, artichokes, tomatoes, beans, wild truffles, cauliflower, egg-plant, celery, cress, mallow, beetroot, cucumber, radish, spinach, lettuce, onions, leeks, &c."—*Report*, dated Damascus, March 14, 1881. To these might be added numerous other products, such as bitumen, soda, salt, hemp, cotton, madder-root, wool, &c.

† "The Land of Gilead," p. 19.

confirm Mr. Oliphant's most enthusiastic descriptions of its beauty, fertility, and desolation.

Nor are the agricultural resources of Syria and Palestine limited to the great irrigated plains and broad trans-Jordanic table-lands. Throughout the country there are numerous villages shut in among bare hills, with apparently no resource ; but on closer inspection it turns out that there are a few cultivated terraces, where tobacco and grape-vines and vegetables are cultivated, and on a still closer inspection it is evident that the bare mountains all around were once terraced, and doubtless clothed with the vine.

I was once crossing a series of undulating ranges abutting on Mount Hermon with an English tourist who was making merry at the utterly barren appearance of "the promised land." It turned out, however, that his attempted wit served to sharpen our observation, and we found that all the hill-sides had once been terraced by human hands. A few miles further on we came to Rasheiyā, where the vineyards still flourish on such terraces, and we had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the bare terraces, from which lapse of time had worn away the soil, were once trellised with the vine, the highest emblem of prosperity and joy. Similar terraces were noticed by Drake and Palmer in the Desert of Judea, far from any modern cultivation.

It is rash to infer that because a place is desolate now, it must always have been so, or must always remain so. The Arab historian tells us that Salah-ed-Dīn, before the battle of Hattin, set fire to the forests, and thus encircled the Crusaders with a sea of flame. Now there is scarcely a shrub in the neighbourhood.

In wandering through that sacred land, over which the Crescent now waves, one is amazed at the number of ruins that stud the landscape, and show what must once have been the natural fertility of the country. Whence has come the change? Is the blight natural and permanent? or has it been caused by accidental and artificial circumstances which may be only temporary? Doubtless, each ruin has its tale of horror, but all trace their destruction to Islamism, and especially to the blighting and desolating presence of the Turk.

That short, thick, beetle-browed, bandy-legged, obese man, that so many fresh tourists find so charming, is a Turkish official. He and his ancestors have ruled the land since 1517. A Wilberforce in sentiment, he is the representation of "that shadow of shadows for good—Ottoman rule." The Turks, whether in their Pagan or Mohammedan phase, have only appeared on the world's scene to destroy. No social or civilizing art owes anything to the Turks but progressive debasement and decay.

That heap of stones, in which you trace the foundations of temples

and palaces, where now the owl hoots and the jackal lurks, was once a prosperous Christian village. Granted that the Christianity was pure neither in creed nor ritual; yet it had, even in its debased form, a thew and sinew that brought prosperity to its possessors. The history of that ruin is the history of a thousand such throughout the empire. Its prosperity led to its destruction. The insolent Turk, restrained by no public opinion, and curbed by no law, would wring from the villagers the fruits of their labour. Oppression makes even wise men mad, and the Christians, goaded to madness, turned on their oppressors. Then followed submission, on promise of forgiveness. The Christians surrendered their arms, and the flashing scymitar of Islam fell upon the defenceless; and the place became a ruin amid horrors too foul to narrate. No greater proof of the exhaustless fertility of the soil of Syria and Palestine could be furnished than this: that the spoiler, unrestrained, has been in it for 365 years, and that he has not yet succeeded in reducing it all to a howling wilderness.

II. Those who embark capital in land, with a view to securing a home for themselves and their children, should look closely to the character of their title-deeds. The foremost Englishman in the Levant assured me that he never invested money in houses or land because there was no such thing as security of title in the Turkish Empire. My own opinion, based on an experience of ten years, is that it is impossible to know whether or not you have a title in Syria. Unfortunately this judgment does not rest on mere opinions as to what might happen, but it is fortified by the authoritative Commercial Reports of Her Majesty's Consuls throughout Syria and Palestine, and by a series of facts of daily occurrence.

Vice-Consul Jago, of Beyrout, in a report dated July 11, 1876, thus writes:—

"Efforts made by wealthy native Christians and Europeans to employ capital in agriculture have been invariably met by great obstacles, the apparent impossibility of getting *incontestable title-deeds* being one of the many, although such documents may have emanated from the highest authority in the land. Actions of ejectment have invariably followed such efforts, to which the fact of the Government itself being often the seller opposed no bar."

The same Vice-Consul, writing from Damascus, under date March 13, 1880, referring to the difficulty of investing capital in agricultural enterprise, says:—

"Unfortunately, the present judicial system is of a nature to permit, if not to foster, the thousand and one intrigues and vexations which seem to be almost inseparably connected with the possession of land in Syria, and additional facilities for such are to be found, if wanting, in the state in which the land registry offices are kept. Erasures, irregular entries, at the request of the interested, change of one name for another as the legitimate owner, resulting

often in persons finding their names down in the Government books as owners of property, the existence of which was unknown to them, and *vice versa*, cause the validity of title-deeds, issued as they are by various courts in the country, to be a fertile source of litigation, and fraudulent action. . . . The fact, however, that title-deeds can be set aside by verbal testimony perhaps sufficiently accounts for the little value they practically possess."

I could cite many instances in illustration of Mr. Jago's statements. An effort made by the Rev. E. B. Frankel, of Damascus, to secure the title-deeds of a worthless piece of barren rock without resorting to the degrading practices of the country, is interesting, not only as an illustration in point, but also as showing that an honest man would suffer loss rather than gain his point by questionable means. I was privy to the transactions as they occurred, but as Mr. Frankel has kindly furnished me with a brief history, I shall give it in his own words:—

"During my residence in Damascus, I tried one or two villages in the neighbourhood as a summer retreat, and at length fixed upon a village called Maraba, as being at a convenient distance from the city to ride there in the morning and return at night. Finding, however, that the native houses were scarcely habitable, I determined to have a small house built, close to, yet not overlooking, the village. To carry out my plan I had first of all to apply to the Vali for permission to do so. His Highness, with an outburst of Oriental liberality, declared his readiness to give me not only a piece of ground but a garden as well. This I declined with thanks, knowing the value of such an offer, but showed him on paper the spot I had chosen, consisting of a barren rock, and asked him to send a competent person to the place to examine the site and value it, and at the same time see from the plan that none of my windows would overlook my neighbours. In the course of a few days, I received a notice that a commission of six officials would meet me on the spot and settle the matter at once. I provided a luncheon *al fresco*, to which the sheikh of the village was invited to negotiate on the part of the villagers.

"After a long preamble, setting forth the value of land in general, and of this spot in particular, he offered at length to sell the site for 5,000 piastres (a piastre is equal to 2*d.*).

"'Fifty piastres,' wrote down the scribe. 'By the life of your father, it is too little—say 3,000.' 'Seventy-five,' said the scribe. 'Say 1,000—by Allah, it is worth 5,000; but Allah is great.' 100 piastres was the sum agreed to at last, and I had the permission to begin building at once.

"When the house was half finished, an order came to stop, on the ground that it was built over the tomb of a Moslem saint, and that the departed spirit might not relish the vicinity of Christians, and avenge himself by doing us some bodily harm for which the Vali would be responsible.

"After a great deal of trouble and investigation, His Highness was convinced that the existence of such a tomb was a myth. The next charge brought against me was, that whilst I pretended to build a house, I was in reality building a convent in the midst of a Mohammedan population. I had a hard struggle to convince him that Protestants had no such institutions.

"Now all these charges had been trumped up by the officials in the hope of receiving the usual bribe, which I was determined not to give—having made up my mind to carry the business through honestly and legally. One more effort was made to annoy me, or rather to force me to give the customary

'backsheesh,'—viz., that the house was built over a road leading from the village to the stream to the great inconvenience of the villagers. The Consul had at length to interfere; the Government engineer was sent to investigate the matter and report upon it, which was to the effect that there was no vestige of road or foot-path in the vicinity of the house.

"After this, I was left in peaceful possession so far, that no one could turn me out of the house, but not having the title-deeds, I could scarcely expect to find a purchaser in case I wished to sell it. My next effort was to secure the necessary papers. Month after month I applied in vain for them. The Governor pretended to be shocked to hear that his orders had not been carried out, he sent for the scribe, and threatened him with his fiercest displeasure if such an act of negligence should ever again be reported against him. The scribe pleaded a sprained wrist as an excuse for the delay, but by the life of the Prophet, he would write the document at once. I took a hasty leave of the Vali, and rushed off after the scribe, determined not to lose sight of him again; he had, however, disappeared, as if the earth had swallowed him up. These scenes were repeated over and over again, till at the end of twelve months, having to leave Damascus, I had to sell the house at a great loss, not having the title-deeds. The purchaser, the American Vice-Consul, trusting to his official position, hoped to be able to succeed where I had failed.

"I have no doubt but that by following the usual Oriental custom of backsheesh, and dividing £10 or £20 among the officials, every obstacle would have been removed to my obtaining the title-deeds of a property for which I paid the sum of 16s. 8d."

There are a few most interesting groups of German colonists in Palestine, who belong to a religious order called "The Temple;" and who assume to be a Spiritual Temple in the Holy Land. As far as I had opportunity of judging, the colonists were men who, as colonists, would succeed in any land, except perhaps Syria. There were among them masons and carpenters and blacksmiths and shoemakers and doctors. They were all accustomed to work with their hands, and they were prepared to do, not only whatever hard work was to be done in their own colony, but also to do any jobs for their neighbours, wherever their superior skill might be employed. They were strong, patient, sober, devout, and they entered on their work with lofty but calm enthusiasm. One branch settled at Jaffa, on the ruins of an American colony which had been led there by a Mr. Adams, and which ended in sad disaster. Another has settled "under the shadow of Mount Carmel," about a mile out of Haifa, and a third near Jerusalem. Besides settling in these places, some of the girls were prepared to go out as servants, with results, in some cases, that cannot be detailed. The first batch of these colonists settled near Nazareth in 1867, and all died of malarious fever.* But the German colonists were not daunted by preliminary disaster, and they have been since battling with the difficulties of the situation with a patient energy bordering on heroism.

Mr. Oliphant visited the colonies at Jerusalem and Haifa, and after describing the streets and gardens and homesteads created by

* "Tent Work in Palestine," p. 355.

German industry, he adds, "The colonists have scarcely any trouble in their dealings with the Government."

Captain Conder, who spent much time among the colonists, gives a more realistic picture. He says—

"The Turkish government is quite incapable of appreciating their real motives in colonization, and cannot see any reason beyond a political one for the settlement of Europeans in the country. The colonists have therefore *never obtained title-deeds to the land they have bought*, and there can be little doubt that should the Turks deem it expedient they would entirely deny the right of the Germans to hold their property. Not only do they extend no favour to the colony, though its presence has been most beneficial to the neighbourhood, but the inferior officials, indignant at the attempts of the Germans to obtain justice, without any regard to 'the customs of the country' (that is, to bribery), have thrown every obstacle they can devise in the way of the community, both individually and collectively."*

The two most successful agricultural enterprises in Palestine are those of Bergheim and Sursuk, and as these are often referred to with a view to induce Englishmen to embark capital in similar enterprises, a few words about each may not be superfluous. Captain Conder, writing with full and accurate information, says:—

"Probably the most successful undertaking of an agricultural kind in Palestine is the farm at Abu Shûsheh, belonging to the Bergheims, the principal banking firm in Jerusalem. The lands of Abu Shûsheh belong to this family, and include 5,000 acres; a fine spring exists on the east, but in other respects the property is not exceptional. The native inhabitants are employed to till the land, under the supervision of Mr. Bergheim's son; a farmhouse has been built, a pump erected, and various modern improvements have been introduced. The same hindrance is, however, experienced by the Bergheims which has paralyzed all other efforts for the improvement of the land. The difficulties raised by the venal and corrupt under-officials of the Government have been vexatious and incessant, being due to the determination to extort money by some means or other, or else to ruin the enterprise from which they could gain nothing. The Turkish Government recognizes the right of foreigners to hold land, subject to the ordinary laws and taxes; but there is a long step between this abstract principle and the practical encouragement of such undertakings, and nothing is easier than to raise groundless difficulties, *on the subject of title*, or of assessment, in a land where the judges are as corrupt as the rest of the governing body."†

More important still is the estate of seventy square miles in the plain of Esdraelon, now in the hands of Mr. Sursuk, a wealthy banker at Beyrout. Mr. Oliphant gives an account of the enterprise. "The investment," he adds, "has turned out eminently successful; indeed, so much so, that I found it difficult to credit the accounts of the enormous profits which Mr. Sursuk derives from his estate."‡

From Mr. Oliphant's description, I turn to the excellent Commer-

* "Tent Work in Palestine," p. 361.

† *Ibid.* p. 372.

‡ "The Land of Gilead," p. 330.

cial Report, written by Vice-Consul Jago, in plain prose, and I find he thus speaks of the undertaking:—

"Some few years ago, the wealthiest native Christian in the country, tempted by the low price of land near Acre offered for sale by the Government, purchased a large tract, containing thirty villages, for £18,000. The revenue accruing to the Government was, prior to the purchase, between £1,500 and £2,000 per annum, owing to the poverty of the peasants, and consequently little production.

"Large sums were spent in importing labour from other districts for cultivation, and in providing the peasants with proper means. Under judicious management the speculation paid well, as much as thirty per cent. on capital, besides increasing the taxes paid to the Government to £5,000. The peasantry likewise benefited, being assured of protection and prompt return for their labours. This state of prosperity produced local intrigue and jealousies. Actions of ejectment were brought to which *the government title-deeds proved no bar*. Journeys to Constantinople, and endless special commissions were the result, and it was only after a liberal expenditure of money, time, and labour, that the judicial courts of the country gave a decision, which, it is hoped, has set the matter finally at rest. . . . In short, a capitalist wishing to employ money in agriculture must be prepared to fight his way, as it were, inch by inch, and that, too, with the weapons of the country."*

Apparently Mr. Oliphant would have no objection to use the weapons of the country. At least he seems ready to base the successful launching of his Company on such considerations. Looking out over the province of Ajlun, which is a fertile region about forty miles long by twenty-five in width, he exclaims: "I feel no moral doubt that £50,000, partly expended judiciously in bribes at Constantinople, and partly applied to the purchase of land, not belonging to the State, from its present proprietors, would purchase the entire province, and could be made to return a fabulous interest on the investment."†

I need only suggest that where investors embark their capital in philanthropic undertakings for "fabulous interest," it might be well if they reflected on the character of their proposed security and the means used to secure it.

III. Tenure of land in Syria and Palestine is regulated by Moham-medan law as administered in the Ottoman Empire. That law contemplates land under a five-fold classification.

First. Crown lands set apart at the time of the conquest as the personal share of the Sultan and the Mussulman nation. These crown lands were farmed to the highest bidders, and the rent paid for them was known as *Miri*. Several changes at different times were introduced with respect to the *Miri*, and in 1864 these were superseded by the *Tapoo* code, the effect of which was to give titles of possession to those who, for ten years previously, had cultivated the

* Beyrouth, July 11, 1876.

† "The Land of Gilead," p. 131.

crown lands, on condition of their paying five per cent. of the value of the land against the issue of their title-deeds. Under the *Tapoo* system the crown lands become subject to two fixed taxes—the *Verghoo*, about four per mil. on the estimated value of the land; and the *Ushr* or tithe, which should be a tenth part of the produce of the soil.

Second. Wakoof lands dedicated to the maintenance of holy places at Mecca, or to charitable institutions and sacred sanctuaries.

Third. Mulk, or freehold property. This is subdivided into four categories, which I need not enumerate. Such lands are owned and cultivated by private individuals, without payment to the Government. The owners of such lands are free to dispose of them as they please, and at their deaths they pass to their descendants in accordance with the rules of inheritance prescribed by Mohammedan law.

Fourth. Waste lands.

Fifth. Lands abandoned through non-cultivation.

The above classification has the advantage of being theoretically simple, and easily understood by the people; and the different items of taxation, as laid down by law, cannot be said to be onerous. The following are the chief heads:—

Verghi.—A rate of four per mil., as stated above.

Ushr.—A tenth of the produce of the soil. This is sometimes raised to $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and in the manner in which it is collected it sometimes amounts to 20 or 30 per cent.

Income Tax.—Which amounts to 3 per cent. on the estimated income of those engaged in trade.

Military Exoneration Tax.—Payable by Jews, Christians, and other non-Moslems, at the rate of £T.50 for every 182 males of all ages. There is a new law limiting this payment to males between the ages of 15 and 60, but it has not yet come into operation.

Military Exemption Tax.—Payable by Moslems who are drawn by conscription, but wish to escape service, at the rate of £T.50 each.

Tax on the Registration of Real Property.

Sheep and Goat Tax of sixpence per head (3 piastres).

Besides these there are stamp duties:—auction fees of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., fees on contracts of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., on sale of all animals $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., on recovery of debts 3 per cent., on transfer of real estate 1 per cent.; import duties of 8 per cent., export duties of 1 per cent., and a charge of 8 per cent. on all native produce and manufactures when carried by sea from one part of the Turkish Empire to another. There are also the duties on tobacco, liquors, salt, &c. In addition to these Vice-Consul Jago, in his Commercial Report, dated Beyrout, July 11, 1876, gives a summary of seventeen agricultural burdens, which are worthy of the consideration of all who feel disposed to embark in agriculture in Syria under its present rulers.

IV. European emigrants, on landing in Syria, would find themselves in an unhealthy climate. The whole of the first batch of German settlers, and a very large number of the American emigrants who preceded them, fell victims to the fevers of the country. Captain Conder, referring to the difficulties of the German colonists, says:—

"There are other reasons which militate against the idea of the final success of the Colony. The Syrian climate is not adapted to Europeans, and year by year it must infallibly tell on the Germans, exposed as they are to sun and miasma. It is true that Haifa is, perhaps, the healthiest place in Palestine, yet even here they suffer from fever and dysentery, and if they should attempt to spread inland, they will find their difficulties from climate increase tenfold."^{*}

The privations and discomforts of Syrian peasant life would be intolerable to European emigrants. The men would work by day under a blistering sun, and sleep at night the centre of attraction for sand-flies and mosquitoes, and all the other nameless tormentors that leap and bite. Mr. Oliphant speaks feelingly of a night spent at Kefr Assad:—

"No sooner had the sounds of day died away, and the family and our servants gone to roost, than a pack of jackals set up that plaintive and mournful wail by which they seem to announce to the world that they are in a starving condition. They came so close to the village that all the dogs in it set up a furious barking. This woke the baby, of whose vocal powers we had been till then unaware. Fleas and mosquitoes innumerable seemed to take advantage of the disturbed state of things generally to make a combined onslaught. Vainly did I thrust my hands into my socks, tie handkerchiefs round my face and neck, and so arrange the rest of my night attire as to leave no opening by which they could crawl in. Our necks and wrists especially seemed circled with rings of fire. Anything like the number and voracity of the fleas of that 'happy village' I have never, during a long and varied intimacy with the insect, experienced."[†]

These experiences were made near the troglodyte village es-Sal; and as Mr. Oliphant peeped into the subterranean dwellings and dark caves, with a view to his colonization company, he exclaimed,

"Indeed, there is probably no country in the world where an immigrant population would find such excellent shelter all ready prepared for them, or where they could step into the identical abodes which had been vacated by their occupants at least 1,500 years ago, and use the same doors and windows."[‡]

It is just possible, however, that emigrants might not care to have their necks and wrists circled with rings of fire, and their bodies covered with swarms of loathsome insects, for the romantic delights of living in underground dens that had not been occupied for 1,500 years.

Mr. Oliphant's scheme only contemplates Jewish emigrants, to whom such conditions would not be altogether novel.

^{*} "Tent Work in Palestine," p. 361.

[†] "The Land of Gilead," p. 146.

[‡] *Ibid.* p. 103.

"I should not," he says, "expect men to come from England or France, but from European and Asiatic Turkey itself, as well as from Russia, Galicia, Roumania, Servia, and the Slav countries."

He has, however, his eye on the whole Jewish race throughout the world when he says:—

"As the area of land which I should propose, in the first instance, for colonization would not exceed a million, or, at most, a million and a half acres, it would be hard if, out of nearly 7,000,000 of people attached to it by the tradition of former possession, enough could not be found to subscribe a capital of £1,000,000, or even more, for its purchase and settlement, and if, out of that number, a selection of emigrants could not be made, possessing sufficient capital of their own to make them desirable colonists."*

This article is not a review of Mr. Oliphant's interesting book, and therefore I shall not follow him into the details of his colonization scheme, where he narrows it, first, to Oriental Jews exclusively, and second to the elevation of such Jews into petty landlords.

"It has been objected," he says, "that the Jews are not agriculturists, and that any attempts to develop the agricultural resources of the country through their instrumentality must result in failure. In the first instance, it is rather as landed proprietors than as labourers on the soil, that I should invite them to emigrate into Palestine, where they could lease their own land at high prices to native farmers if they preferred, instead of lending money on crops at 20 or 25 per cent. to the peasants, as they do at present."†

This is the point to which Mr. Oliphant's fine enthusiasm dwindles down—the floating of a joint-stock company, limited, with one million sterling capital, for the purpose of transforming into "landed proprietors" a number of Oriental Jews, who would neither have the heart to work themselves nor the skill to direct the labour of others. Those who have read modern history, or political economy, will not require an elaborate exposure of a scheme which aims at setting up in Gilead, under the guise of philanthropy, the rack-renting and ornamental landlording which have received such severe rebukes in Europe. We refer to the general outline of Mr. Oliphant's fascinating scheme, inasmuch as he has reduced to practical shape what others vaguely theorize about.

He gives us a map of the proposed colony, connected by railways and tram-cars with the outer world. It embraces "the plains of Moab and the land of Gilead," from the Jabok to the Annon. I know the country well. It is even more beautiful and fertile than Mr. Oliphant describes it to be. It is impossible to pass through it without the constant thought of what it might be in the hands of an Anglo-Saxon race. Mr. Oliphant was struck with the beauty of the girls of Ajlun, one of whom tried in vain to remove the vermin from his blankets. Dr. Thomson and I lay on a grassy

* "Land of Gilead," p. 21.

† *Ibid.* p. 23.

slope, a whole afternoon, at the the village of es-Souf, watching the children pelting each other with flowers, and we both agreed that we had never seen an assemblage of merrier or lovelier children. "I cannot make them out," said Dr. Thomson, with unwonted enthusiasm; "they seem to be English children."

Supposing the land for the proposed colony were secured, on Mr. Oliphant's plan, partly by judicious bribing at Constantinople, and partly by buying out the interest of the present proprietors, and that the undertaking proved to be the "sound and practical scheme containing all the elements of success" which its promoters predict—the very success of the colony would expose the colonists to a great and terrible danger. Travellers must have noticed that the *fellahin* cultivate their fields with long guns slung over their shoulders, and an armoury of pistols and daggers in their belts. Why is this? Because, as the proverb, tested by experience, has it—"A Turkish judge may be bribed by three eggs, two of them rotten; and a *fellah* may be murdered for his jacket without a button upon it."

Mr. Oliphant came upon Circassians re-occupying deserted villages in the midst of the Bedawîn, and he takes the fact as "valuable evidence that the problem of colonization by a foreign element, so far as the Arabs are concerned, is by no means insoluble."* He seems to forget that the traveller with empty pockets may whistle in the face of the highwayman. The Circassians are settling in abandoned villages by the wish of the authorities. They have the deep sympathy of all Moslems on account of their sufferings. Besides, they have nothing to lose which would compensate the Bedawîn for the alienation of the Turkish Government.

The case would be far different with a rich and prosperous colony of foreigners supported by foreign capital.

In his hurried tour beyond Jordan, Mr. Oliphant came upon the Fudl Arabs with 2,000 fighting men, and in their midst a colony of 300 Circassians. In another place he came on a colony of 3,000 Circassians in the midst of the Naïm Arabs, who muster 4,000 fighting men. "The Anezeh Arabs, who control," he says, "an area of about 40,000 square miles, and who can bring over 100,000 horsemen and camel-drivers into the field," would be on the borders of the colony, and the Druzes, who are born warriors, and who inhabit Jebel-ed-Druze, he places at 50,000. Besides these there are the Beni Sukhr, and other local tribes, whose fanaticism and cupidity would be moved by the presence of a prosperous colony of foreigners.

On April 12, 1875, Dr. Thomson and I started from Der'a in a south-westerly direction over wavy hills covered with splendid wheat, the sides of the way ablaze with anemones. As we approached Remthey, we saw what in the miragy atmosphere seemed a row of trees fifteen

* "The Land of Gilead," p. 255.

or twenty miles long. I had been over the path before, and I was struck with this new feature in the landscape. Soon it seemed to us that the line, as far as we could see, was in motion, and as we approached closer to it, we found that it was composed of camels. We spurred our horses, and soon we found ourselves by the side of the great living stream of the Wuld 'Aly Arabs moving from the Arabian Desert to the pastures of Jaulan. The procession marched six or seven abreast, and in families of from 20 to 150. The camels had curious baskets fixed on their humps, and in these were stowed women and children, and kids and dogs, while cooking utensils were hung all round the baskets, and by the sides of their dams trotted little baby camels. The stream flowed past silent and orderly, with here and there a spearman riding by the side of his family. At short intervals flocks of sheep and goats marched parallel with the living stream.

A party of Arab horsemen were reclining on a little hill with their spears stuck in the ground watching their people pass. We rode up to them, and their chief received us with great courtesy, and urged us to await the arrival of the cavalry with the Sheikh, to whom I had once done a favour which they remembered. We remained about an hour, and still the stream flowed past. The Arabs told us they had begun to move at an early hour, and would continue on the march for days, and as far as we could see, looking north and south, the procession was without break or pause. They told us they could bring into the field 100,000 fighting men, and their people, they said, was "like the sand of the sea." Never before or since have I seen such a swarm of human beings—"a multitude that no man could number." Any trans-Jordanic colony would have to calculate on the proximity of this horde, whose power has never been broken, not even by Joshua nor Ibrahim Pasha, and whose rule in their own land is supreme in virtue of their resistless might. Even the Turkish Government bribe the Arabs in this region to let the Mohammedan pilgrims pass to Mecca! How much black-mail would the prosperous colony of infidels have to pay for permission to exist in the land of the faithful? And supposing arrangements could be made to secure the tolerance of the Bedawîn, there would still remain the Druzes and Circassians, and local sub-tribes and aggrieved *fellahîn*, who would form combinations to which an agricultural colony could offer no effective resistance.

Mr. Oliphant speaks of driving the Arabs "back across the *Hadj* road, where a small cordon of soldiers, posted in the forts which now exist upon it, would be sufficient to keep them in check." Turkish soldiers would not be the slightest protection to a prosperous colony of infidels, nor would a small cordon of any soldiers suffice, should the colony ever become a tempting prize.

In the spring of 1874, a small party of us were returning from

Palmyra, and a few miles beyond Karyetein we passed close by a desperate battle in progress between the Giath and Amour Arabs, and a powerful caravan proceeding from Baghdad to Damascus. The camels of the caravan were formed into a circular rampart, the head of one camel being made fast to the next; and from behind this living rampart the hardy villagers, who were bringing provisions for their families from beyond the Euphrates, defended themselves throughout a long summer day—the sound of the battle being distinctly heard by the Turkish garrison at Karyetein. The Bedawîn galloped round the circle, making a feint here and an attack there until the villagers were worn out and their ammunition exhausted. Near sunset a wounded camel staggered and fell, and broke the line. The circle opened out and became a crescent. Quick as lightning the Bedawîn rushed in at the breach, the camels fled in panic in all directions, and the wiry Arabs with their flashing spears decided the victory in a few minutes. I had full details of the fight afterwards from the victors and the vanquished. The Bedawîns took possession of 120 loads of butter, and a large amount of tobacco, dates, Persian carpets, horses, mules, and camels, valued at £4,000. All the caravan people, dead and alive, were stripped naked in the desert. What did the Bedawîn do with 120 loads of butter? They had it brought into Damascus and sold publicly. What did the Bedawîn do with the splendid carpets from the looms of Persia and Cashmere? They distributed them among their powerful friends in Damascus, in return for efficient protection, and some of the best found their way into the gorgeous saloons of those whose duty it was to administer justice. One of my friends found three of his camels in the hands of the robbers' friends, and though he got several orders from the Government for the restoration of his property, he could never get them carried out. The above incident, of which I have complete details, may be interesting to those who have any idea of entrusting their lives and property to the Bedawîn hordes and the protecting Turk.

And what is true of the land of Gilead is true of all lands bordering the Desert. In the north-east of Syria there is as fine a peasantry as is to be found anywhere. They are handsome and courteous, though picturesque in rags. They are thrifty and frugal, but penniless and starving. They are comparatively truthful and honest, but without credit or resources. They have broad acres which only require to be scratched and they bring forth sixty-fold; but they cultivate little patches surrounded with mud walls and within range of their matchlocks. During the greater part of the year these poor people dare not walk over their own fields for fear of being stripped of their tattered rags. And yet these are the most heavily taxed peasantry in the world. They pay *black-mail* to the Bedawîn, who plunder them not-

withstanding; and they pay taxes to the Turks, who give them no protection. The Bedawîn enforce their claims by cutting off the ears of any straggling villagers from defaulting villages, who fall within their power, and by carrying off for ransom a number of village children into the Desert. The Turks enforce their claims by imprisoning the Sheikhs of the villages till they have paid the uttermost farthing. With protection and fair government, the peasantry of Northern Syria would be among the happiest in the world. But in their land, what the Turkish caterpillar leaves the Bedawy locust devours.

From the foregoing remarks it is evident that the agricultural resources of Syria and Palestine are very great, and capable, under good government, of being largely developed: that the difficulties encountered by those who invest capital in land in Syria and Palestine are such as to deter immigrants from embarking in agricultural enterprises under Turkish rule in that land: and that immigrants in Syria and Palestine would be exposed to great personal dangers, which would increase in proportion to the success of their labours.

WM. WRIGHT.

THE CONSERVATIVE DILEMMA.

ALL is not as well as it should be with the Conservative party. Just when a succession of misfortunes has lowered its credit with the world, it is harassed with mutiny in the camp. Both sides have taken the public into their confidence. "Two Conservatives" lately figured on a distinguished rostrum and retailed their grievances. A month later "Two other Conservatives" stood up on the same spot and answered the impeachment. These dual appearances are rather puzzling. In the case of the first couple it may be that they fixed upon the figure "2" as a neat divisor, and while sending one-half of their force to the front kept the other half in reserve to defend the rear. This explanation will not hold good for the second couple. The party loyalists can hardly have been reduced to such insignificant proportions. Why, then, should they have hit upon the odd device of delivering their apologetics in pairs? Is suspicion so rampant in their ranks that no one man can be trusted? Is the drawing up of a reply to the insurgents so ticklish a business that two heads are needed for its satisfactory performance? Or are we to see in this circumstance merely another sign of the fatal dualism which pervades the party, and has already rent Elijah's mantle in twain?

Instead of attempting to solve these mysteries let us turn to the indictment. There, at any rate, are certain things set down in black and white, and some progress may be made in useful knowledge without any desire to be wise above what is written. The manifesto drawn up by the "Two Conservatives" is not altogether edifying reading. At a first glance it reminds us of a round-robin got up in the servants' hall for the purpose of springing a mine upon the steward and housekeeper, or of the whisperings sometimes heard in the lower ranks of a mercantile establishment where a conviction prevails that

nothing but discreet promotion will save the firm. Some of the complaints set forth fall far beneath this level. They deal with tiffs and slights and rebuffs. Services have not been compensated according to the estimate of those who rendered them. Good things have been given to the wrong men, while modest merit has been left out in the cold. Lord Beaconsfield had, it seems, a Figaro in his employ who fed him with judicious doses of flattery and ministered to his blameless vices. The Figaro system has, we are given to understand, been kept up, and the great men of the party take care to live in an atmosphere of adulation. The Dukes meet with hard treatment. It is difficult to see how these unhappy beings are to give satisfaction. They are faithless to their principles if they stand aloof; they do wrong if they come down to scatter their smiles and their patronage among the crowd. Their absence looks like treason while their presence demoralizes. In both cases they are mischievous. What are they to do?

On the whole it is held to be best for the welfare of the party that the aristocratic chiefs should forthwith perform the "happy despatch." They saved it by their secession from its councils in 1868; they ruined it in 1874 when they rushed back to claim their share of the spoils. There is some truth in the representation. It is not easy to forget the pathetic spectacle which Mr. Disraeli presented at the former period. By his suppleness and audacity he had forced his party through the crises of a revolution which they had denounced beforehand, and the consequences of which they contemplated with dismay. Over against their fears there was nothing to be put but their leader's assurances that everything would come right. They had taken "a leap in the dark," they had staked the fortunes of the party on the dice-box, and events were to decide the issue. When the blow came Mr. Disraeli's reputation for sagacity fell to zero. At last the hollowness of his pretensions was detected, and there was no mincing of epithets for the man who had befooled and destroyed a great party. The Dukes left him to himself, and, according to our present informant, their flight was the harbinger of reviving fortunes. The heart of provincial conservatism warmed to its deserted chief. The patriotic sentiments of the people began to stir. Constitutional associations sprang up in the large towns. The reaction grew apace when the party was left face to face with one great man. When in 1874 the most sanguine prophecies were fulfilled, the Dukes could not have been more surprised if Moses and the Prophets had dropt from the clouds to chide their unbelief. They made what amends they could for their former incivilities. They gathered with prodigious hum about the great man, overwhelmed him with disinterested plaudits, and settled down comfortably to the feast which his genius had spread. From that moment, so we are assured, decay

set in. Aristocratic patronage soon paralyzed the rude energies which had won the victory. The Carlton again began to pay the bills and pull the strings. Then in due time came the black night of defeat, when moon and stars disappeared, and Toryism was plunged into a deeper gulf than ever. The lesson is plain. Roll up your aristocratic trumpery, and give the party a leader. What it wants is a man strong enough to pull it out of the slough and set it on its legs again.

The burden of the manifesto of the Two Conservatives is the want of a leader, and an exhaustive process of exclusion shows among whom he is *not* to be found. The acting chiefs of the party are made to pass in file before us, as the sons of Jesse passed before the prophet Samuel when he wished to ascertain which of them was the predestined King of Israel. Not this man, nor this, nor this, but is there not yet another? Yes, there was one among the sheepfolds who little wotted of the greatness in store for him. The David of whom the Conservative Samuels are in search can pretend perhaps to no such unconsciousness of his mission. A genius for opposition pushes him to the front and flashes in speech and print. He is content probably to put up with the leadership of the Lower House, assured that, with the Conservative commonalty at his back, his talents will soon win for him a complete ascendancy. Meanwhile it is proved to demonstration that none of the acting chiefs are fit for the post. Sir Richard Cross and Mr. W. H. Smith, "great as are many of their qualities, do not entirely possess those that are necessary to secure the plenary confidence of a party." Sir Michael Hicks-Beach comes nearest the mark, "but, either from patience or indolence, he has not seen fit since 1880 to put forward his best energies." In Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Stanhope "there lurks great promise," but they lack years and experience. "Mr. Lowther is daring, but not always fortunate in his daring." They may all stand aside. It is clear that none of the six will do. There is Mr. Gibson, but "he is a lawyer and an Irishman of the Irish." As for Sir Stafford Northcote, he is a respectable man, with a host of respectable qualities, but "he is too amiable for his ambition, which is great, and in trying to play a double part, that of caution and daring, he is at times taxed beyond his strength." Besides, the House of Commons did not choose him. He was "chosen for them." There is as yet no active disaffection towards him, "but of latent dissatisfaction abundance, and of active loyalty none." Was there ever such a beggarly account of empty boxes? Did anybody ever see such an array of political numskulls? Not among these at any rate is the party to find its leader. We must look for him among those whose names have been left out of the enumeration. His blushes are certainly unseen, though his fragrance may not be wasted on the desert air.

The double manifesto of the mutineers is remarkable for the obliviousness it displays of everything higher than personal and party interests. It reads like the minute-book of a Caucus. With a few verbal alterations it might pass for a description of the quarrels between the "Stalwarts" and the "Half-breeds." When Mr. Gibson befools Lord Salisbury over the Arrears Bill the comment is, "What a cry for the country!" The Egyptian question suggests a hope that Egypt may deliver the Conservatives from their Irish connections and enable them to agree upon a leader. The preference shown for county over borough members is jotted down as a serious grievance. The use made of social influence comes in for a share of lamentation. Here we seem to get within the smell of soup, the bustle of evening receptions, and the smiles of dowagers. The cares which weigh upon this couple of patriot souls cannot be described as august. It is hardly among such petty anxieties that the upholders of the Empire and the pilots of the State are bred. The men who bemoan such wrongs can scarcely aspire to be the sages and ornaments of a legislature that gives laws to a fifth part of the human race. It is assuredly not in an outburst of wounded egotism that we should expect to find any trace of that noble pride which delights in subordination for public ends, and is willing to forget and to be forgotten in common services rendered to the nation. If we were not assured that we have been conversing for half an hour with two fair specimens of the chivalry of the land, we should almost suspect that we had been listening to the confidences of a couple of retired but aspiring soap-boilers.

The criticisms of the "Two Conservatives" are not wholly destructive. As one fabric collapses, we begin to see the graceful outlines of another, for which a top-stone is already prepared. The question of the leadership is complicated by the requirements of the two Houses, but there is not much doubt as to the direction in which the quivering needle will finally point. Notwithstanding the gibes which have been flung at the aristocrats of the party, an aristocratic chief is necessary to lead an aristocratic assembly, and the only possible selection is already made. Lord Cairns stands dangerously near the centre of power, but the same may be said of him as of Mr. Gibson, "He is a lawyer and an Irishman of the Irish." The noble lord, moreover, is objectionable on the spiritual side of his character. To a High Churchman he smacks a little of the conventicle, and is given to "exercises" at unauthorized times and places. His university escutcheon is dim and stained compared with that of Oxford's Chancellor. On the whole Lord Cairns can never be a serious rival for the first place among the peers of England.

Lord Salisbury is equipped with many of the qualifications that are necessary or held to be desirable in a party leader. He

is a member of the higher aristocracy. He can boast of ancestors who played a distinguished part in the politics of Europe three centuries ago. This circumstance appeals to the imagination and confers a legitimate advantage. He served an apprenticeship in the House of Commons. On succeeding to the peerage he did not lose a moment in making his influence felt in the Upper House. In one of his earliest speeches he startled the peers by telling them that if they did not choose to assert their constitutional rights they would consult their dignity by ceasing to be a House at all. He has had much experience in State affairs. What he did at the India Office and as Foreign Secretary is too well known to the world. Lord Salisbury's oratorical gifts are undeniable. He is one of a select half-dozen taken from either House who stand first in the power of moving a popular assembly. Lord Beaconsfield said that he "wanted finish." The remark was more spiteful than true. Lord Salisbury could not rival his chief in the neatness and polish of an epigram, but just as little could Lord Beaconsfield rival him in the unstudied graces of oratory. His speeches have a freedom and a rhythmical flow which captivate the hearer. Though he gives full play to his imagination and recklessly faces the risks to which an impetuous speaker is exposed, he is seldom stilted, and rarely breaks the neck of a sentence. Here, perhaps, the favourable side of the catalogue should end. His speeches have the great blemish of insolence. They are wanting in geniality, and apparently wanting in reflectiveness. They contain too little thought and more than enough of gall. Perhaps their cleverness is too obtrusive. His hearers are pleased, but they suspect a trick, and levy a discount on his argument. The faults of his speeches are his faults as a politician. He is headstrong and impulsive. He borrows his ideas from his passions, and fancies he is sagacious when he is but following the bent of his uppermost desire. He has but little sympathy with modern life and but a narrow comprehension of its facts. He is under the spell of long-descended traditions, and would prefer, if he could have it so, the England of the Tudors to the England of Victoria. Of the people and of the spirit which animates them he knows nothing. How should he? Save the rustics of Hatfield, he has never seen them, except from a platform. His occasional references to such a subject as English Nonconformity shows the depth of his benightedness; and his ignorance, the voluntary and superb ignorance of the aristocrat and the High Churchman, is the source of many of his blunders. Knowing nothing of the ground in front, he forces a leap and comes down in the ditch, and his friends with him.

Lord Salisbury is indispensable, and as nothing will cure him of his faults the only plan is to keep him out of the path of temptation. The way to do this, we are told, is to fill the front bench in the House

of Commons with the right sort of men. Thus his qualifications for the leadership depend upon the choice which may be made of a leader for the Lower House. Everything points to that as the one crucial business. The "Two Conservatives" seem to have a special grudge against Mr. Gibson, perhaps because, unlike Sir Stafford Northcote, he is not too amiable for his ambition, and has lately been making a formidable bid for power. Hence we are told how absurd it is to think for a moment of Mr. Gibson. He is a member for the University of Dublin and might just as well be a member of the House of Keys or of the States of Jersey. Lord Salisbury would never have made such a humiliating display over the Arrears Bill if he had not been misled by Mr. Gibson. Hence it is necessary to keep the hon. and learned gentleman in the background if the party is not to be doomed to endless blunders, and driven sheer beyond the range of English sympathies.

The attack on Sir Stafford Northcote is conducted with greater caution, but with the same fell design. We are told that Lord Salisbury's selection for the leadership on Lord Beaconsfield's death was opposed by a near relative of Sir Stafford's, and lost by one vote. Then comes the suggestion that Mr. Disraeli would not have left the House of Commons for the Upper House if he had not believed that Mr. Gladstone had finally retired from the leadership of the Opposition. In other words, had he foreseen the course of events he would not have entrusted the leadership of the House to Sir Stafford Northcote. There is a vicious hit in the picture of Sir Stafford sitting between Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Lowther, yielding by turns to the caution of the one and the daring of the other, and showing himself unequal to the double part. Impartial observers will, perhaps, admit that Sir Stafford Northcote's chief fault is a want of backbone. He has not enough of confidence in himself. He would be a better politician if he were not so good a man. He needs to be armed either with the power of kicking out, or with imperturbable composure. This latter is the more useful and more dignified endowment, but it springs from a sense of self-sufficiency which fails him. If he had but the gift of epigram he might escape from his tormentors. The plague of it is that he never succeeds except when he reasons like a man of sense, and weapons forged on this anvil are too blunt to pierce the thick hide of impudence.

No evil has befallen Sir Stafford Northcote but such as is common to men. It seems but the other day when Lord Robert Cecil was playing the same freaks that Lord Randolph Churchill is playing now. Our friend Fluellen would perhaps say, "the situations, look you, is both alike." Either of the noble names would pass for the other if they were written with initials and dashes in eighteenth century style. In those days the late Lord Derby was the Conserva-

tive chief, and Mr. Disraeli led the Opposition in the Commons as his lieutenant. This arrangement nettled the young blood of the Conservative *noblesse*. Lord Robert Cecil's outlook in the world was not then what it afterwards became. He was a younger son with a career to make for himself. Ambition can supply spurs, so can prudence, so can necessity, and so can all three combined. The younger son of a great house enters upon political life at an enormous advantage over humbler rivals. If there is any brilliancy about him his fortune is made. Lord Robert Cecil's influence was sufficient to produce a succession of small insurrectionary earthquakes on the Opposition benches. Old members from the shires nudged each other in their bucolic way and asked what was the matter, learning with puzzled amusement that there were some who did not think it quite right for the gentlemen of England to be led by a Semitic adventurer. But the Semitic adventurer had the gifts of his race. He was primed to the throat with contempt and scorn, too cold and measured withal for the slightest show of insolence. As each hurly-burly ended and the dust settled, he was found sitting where he always meant to sit, just as if nothing had happened, with the same impassive look and the same indomitable calm. He had one great advantage external to himself. He knew that he could place unbounded confidence in the loyalty of his chief in the Upper House, and so long as Lord Derby stood by him the insurgent school-boys on the backbenches could do him no harm. Perhaps Sir Stafford Northcote cannot count upon the same support, but then his own resources are greater, if he did but know it.

The truth is that Sir Stafford Northcote represents the only type of Conservatism that can survive in the present state of political thought in England. It is not a brilliant type, but that is the fault of history. Enough that it may be a useful one. Toryism has undergone a process of inverse development which resembles decay, but which is merely an accommodation to the existing conditions of life and health. The figments which used to furnish it with sustenance are dead. The divine right of kings, which flourished as a sentiment long after it was disowned by the laws, has at last gone spark out. The divine rights of the Church have followed suit. The legal abuses which were clung to as a symbol of the unchangeableness of English institutions are being swept away. The monopoly of political power which gave the right of governing the realm as a perquisite to a few patrician families has been broken down. The compromise which transferred the old privileges of the aristocracy to the middle classes has had to be abandoned. The "advancing tide of democracy," at which men looked through a telescope twenty years ago, wondering at what comparatively remote period it would reach our shores, has already reached us, and the waters are still rising. The superstitions

formerly attaching to the possession of land, to hereditary descent, to ancestral titles, to the feudal pretensions of the squirearchy, are all dissipating into thin air. If it is not yet proved whether science is a democratic power, at any rate it asserts the predominance of natural laws, and at their fiat artificial distinctions must tend to disappear.

In such a state of things what part is left for Conservatism to play? Mr. Disraeli asked and answered the same question when he began his witches' dance. What have you to conserve? Nothing! The answer is not true. There is much that may be conserved for a long time to come, and when it can no longer be conserved in its present shape something will have to be said as to the altered form it shall assume. One thing is certain. Conservatism cannot emancipate itself from the conditions of the age. It may indeed turn hermit and shut itself up in parsonages and manor-houses, but if it is still to be a political power it can only plan and achieve what is possible. It accepts, and cannot but accept, the law of progress as the rule of legislation, and the only arbiter to whom it can appeal is the national will. But you may advance slowly or rapidly, you may resort to modifications and compromises instead of sweeping things bodily away. In establishing a preference on these questions there is abundant room for popular advocacy. The people are not swayed by pure reason. They are actuated to a great extent by their prejudices and their passions. They must be taken as they are, and recent experience shows that it is difficult to say beforehand what and how much may not be made out of them. Unorganized groups of men are so helpless, oratory has so much power, the small vices of the mind have so strong a tendency to pass into politics, that a wide field will long be open to propagandists of every kind. It sometimes seems as if the obstacles to be overcome might be too great for the reformers, and that the "children of light" must adjourn their efforts till the millennium is a little nearer. It is the spread of education and the silent working of intellectual influences springing from the higher knowledge of the age that puts the better chances on their side. But Conservatism has its chances too, only it must not frighten the people with antiquated nonsense. It must fall in with current ideas. It must set up on the whole similar aims to those of its opponents, merely asking a preference for other methods. Above all, it must be modest and sober and give up bounce and slap-dash. The people are becoming more serious. They reason more on politics and with better lights; a sense of power teaches them self-respect, and they resent clap-trap. Perhaps I ought to ask pardon for saying so, but they can see through a merely clever man, like Lord Salisbury. A Liberal would find Sir Stafford Northcote a more formidable antagonist. He might be more eloquent, but eloquence is not everything. A gentle persuasiveness, even with a spice of puzzledom

in it, will go further in the end. The Conservative mutineers know not what they are doing when they try to demolish this type of Conservatism. Or perhaps they do know, but are bent upon objects which, from a personal point of view, are attended with compensations. But the future of Conservatism does not rest with them unless they change their ideas and manners. The staying power and the fitness of things are on the side of those whom, with the ribald audacity of youth, they deride as slow-coaches.

The "Two Conservatives" are not prepared to accept this humble rôle. They meditate something heroic. They say that "if the Conservative party is to continue to exist as a power in the State it must become a popular party;" "that the days are past when an exclusive class, however great its ability, wealth, and energy, can command a majority in the electorate." "The liberties and interests of the people at large," they say, "are the only things which it is possible now to conserve: the rights of property, the Established Church, the House of Lords, and the Crown itself, must be defended on the ground that they are institutions necessary or useful to the preservation of civil and religious freedom, and can be maintained only so far as the people take this view of their subsistence." These are the principles of democracy. It is here laid down that the people are the only legitimate court of appeal on political questions, and that the decision rests, and ought to rest, with the numerical majority. Before this court the most venerable institutions of the realm may be brought to have their merits sifted, and an adverse verdict is to be followed by a writ of execution. The only test by which they are to be judged is their utility. If they fail to stand it they are to be voted nuisances. The standard of utility is not to be the interests or the supposed rights of any person or class, but the interests of the whole people. The people themselves are to decide what is meant by their liberties, how far they extend, and what other interests shall be superadded in making out the standard towards which our institutions shall approximate.

If these are the principles of Neo-conservatism, our case is made out with a superfluity of proof. Of course there is a pretence of acting on these principles already. When a measure is before Parliament it is assumed that the sole issue in dispute is its utility. The Conservative debater recognizes the decisiveness of this test just as freely as his opponents. But these principles have not been openly avowed by the Conservatives. The "hypocrisy" with which Mr. Disraeli taunted them still flourishes in the form of amiable prepossessions. A vast mass of mystic and traditional lumber still enters into the foundations of Conservatism, and if all this "wood, hay, and stubble" were to be burnt up it would fare ill with the frail fabric overhead. The practical policy of Conservatism would not alter, and could not be altered much, but its pretensions would have to be pitched in a

lower key, and the excessive modesty of the part which alone remains to it in the politics of the future would be put beyond dispute.

It would be interesting to see this theory of Conservatism, quietly admitted though it be into the working details of legislation, hawked for acceptance among the Opposition benches, and note the result. What is this new creed of yours? we can fancy the hon. and gallant member for Loamshire ejaculating. That there must be no class influence in politics? That any half-dozen hinds on my estate are as good as so many dukes? That the will of the people is the supreme political tribunal? That if a majority at the polls bid us abolish the Church and toss the Crown into the gutter we are forthwith to be their most obedient servants? And you tell me that I can profess this horrible creed without ceasing to be a Tory! Before I could with a spark of honesty so much as parley with it I should have to crave a seat among the red-hot gentlemen yonder below the gangway. And the hon. and gallant member would only say the truth. Privilege is the mint mark of Toryism, exclusiveness is its life and soul. The doctrine of equal rights must be in everlasting repugnance to it. Toryism is the political expression of feudalized society, with lords and squires at the top, subservient dependants half-way down, and a mass of brutalized serfs at the bottom. It has been comparatively humanized by modern influences, but nothing can change the bent of its genius. With privilege vested interests of all sorts enter into ready fellowship. All those good citizens who have reason to suspect that if a public inquest sat upon them the verdict would not be favourable hasten to edge themselves in as closely as possible towards the privileged circle. The village rector, who does his duty with all the conscientiousness of a beneficed Christian, but who prizes his glebe and tithe, rushes to Cambridge to swell the majority for Mr. Raikes. Gentlemen of the long robe who make politics a vocation gravitate for some reason or other towards Liberalism; but the lower branch of the profession displays an opposite tendency. The county lawyer, who makes two-thirds of his income out of the mysteries of conveyancing, has reason to dislike such things as the registration of titles, and the transfer of estates by a few sentences extracted from a public record. The licensed victuallers, tens of thousands strong and with more than a hundred millions of invested capital, dread the change which would give them a quiet Sunday in return for a seventh of their profits. The strength of Toryism lies in this phalanx of vested interests and social privileges. The golden chain reaches from squire to Boniface, and still lower in the social scale, wherever some snug little peculium is found to nestle. The principles of Neo-Conservatism would rend the structure from top to bottom. The doctrine that the solution of all our political problems and the fate of all our institutions are simply an affair of numerical majorities at the ballot-

box, and that the interests of the people are the sole end of legislation, is enough of itself to smash the party to atoms.

All sensible politicians admit that if the time should come when a large majority of the people are adverse to monarchical institutions it will be vain to think of maintaining them by force. It may be added that sensible politicians seldom discuss such questions. They have too much present work on hand to trouble themselves about the remote and the unknown. "What thy hand findeth to do" is their motto, and out of the faithful achievements of to-day will the better future spring. Nevertheless bare possibilities sometimes present themselves as conundrums to be unravelled, and to the conundrum in question there is no second answer. But it is one thing to quietly accept a proposition and then let it drop out of sight; it is another to run it up to the top of the flag-staff as the symbol of a great party. This is what the "Neo-conservatives" propose to do with their recent discovery. An opinion of the Crown's utility is to determine whether it shall be preserved or destroyed. When the majority of the people cry "Away with it," away it is to go. As soon as the popular fiat is announced, the Sovereign will depart from Windsor, the Life Guards will present arms to the President of the Republic, and in the twinkling of an eye, as the result of a contested election, the Monarchy of England is to be decorously carried to the tomb. This is the doctrine which Tory lords and squires are asked to proclaim with sound of trumpet as the corner-stone of their political creed. "Only so far as the people take this view of its subsistence"—this is to be the Tory patent for the "subsistence" of the Crown. Rather different this from the old cry:—

"Ere the King's Crown go down there are crowns to be broke."

It is true that the peers no longer wear coats of mail, or lead their vassals to the field of battle. Of most of them it is hardly disrespectful to suppose that on critical occasions they would prefer the rear of the army to the van. But the creed is not quite extinct that there are things worth fighting for, and that among them are the Monarchy of England and the rights of the Crown. For practical purposes, perhaps, the creed is obsolete, but it lives in the imagination, and the sentiments which spring from it are part of the cement of Toryism. The solemn abjuration which is now proposed in the name of Neo-conservatism resembles a charge of dynamite.

But in abandoning Tory principles the leaders of the new movement hope perhaps to drive a roaring trade by defending Tory institutions. They will say that they have been obliged to shift their ground, but that they hope to work with better results from their new position. The business of the party is to prevail upon Household Suffrage to accept the survivals of feudalism, and a verdict in the new court of appeal that shall ratify the old creed. It is a creditable enterprise.

Will it succeed? It seems but too likely that the efforts contemplated will only serve to weaken the institutions they are meant to defend, and that whatever is practicable or desirable in the objects aimed at will be secured most easily and most effectually by the Liberal party.

Among the political institutions of an old country there are some which certainly would not be set up if the past were obliterated, and the nation were beginning afresh. They were suitable to the times in which they originated, but they are out of harmony with the tendencies of the present day. Perhaps they do some good; at any rate they do not do much harm, and the people tolerate them for the sake of old associations. From this point of view a great deal may be said in their behalf. They make visible the continuity of our national existence, they connect us with a distant and romantic past, they lend to the State something of dignity and poetic charm. Institutions of this sort may be held in veneration by those who can trace them to their origin, and see them in perspective from the beginning. But there is one test they will not stand. They will not pass unscathed through the crucible of modern criticism. They are disfigured by anomalies, they shelter many abuses, they involve an expenditure of public money out of proportion to the services rendered in return, they consecrate a privileged descent, in the transmission of property they violate the rules of natural equity, while the principles on which they rest need only to be developed and applied with logical consistency to overthrow the fabric of political freedom. The best service that can be rendered to such institutions is to say as little as possible about them. A wise friend will not utter a word in their defence unless they are assailed, and the ground selected for defence will then be carefully limited to the dimensions of the attack. The next best service will be to remove from them as occasion offers all unsightly excrescences, to put an end to any anomaly which is beginning to excite remark, and to amend any faults of mechanism which are likely to produce a jar. Such a policy of discriminating reserve may lengthen out their existence indefinitely. But to force them to the front, to exalt them as the ripest product of political wisdom, to hold them forth as necessary to the maintenance of the civil and religious liberties of the people,—this can only be the work of designing adversaries or of blundering friends. As a basis of party action it would be like sand. It would be levelled by the mocking tides of popular criticism.

The programme of the "Two Conservatives" begins with a grand item, the conservation of the liberties of the people. But why "conserve?" Why not extend and advance them? Why should the present stage in the historical growth of our liberties be selected as the point at which conservation becomes a duty? Would not the party

which undertakes the task to-day be better pleased if there were fewer of them to conserve? The Tories have always been adepts at conservation, but the things they have been most willing to conserve were not our liberties but the restrictions put upon our liberties. Since the liberties now proposed to be conserved are assumed to be threatened by the Liberals, they must be liberties of a special sort, such as liberty to spread infection, liberty to dispense with vaccination, liberty to send uninspected ships to sea, to keep children away from school, or to send them out at any age to work in the fields, the factory, or the streets. "Personal rights" have good radical sponsors in the hon. members for Stockport and Leicester. Perhaps Parliament as a whole is the best sponsor. The Neo-conservative programme should tell us what is meant by the liberties of the people. The absence of definition may perhaps cover an imposture.

The next object of Neo-conservative devotion is the maintenance of the rights of property. Those rights are of no private interpretation, and belong to sociology rather than to politics. Every man is interested in them who has anything to lose, or who has a chance of acquiring anything. Hence they cannot be claimed as an appanage of Toryism. They are placed under the common championship of all parties. But the exclusive claim set up must have some meaning. The rights of property intended may perhaps be the rights of property as understood by the landlords, in which sense they may include a right to the property of other people; or as understood by the association of which Lord Elcho is president, in which sense they stand in opposition to the rights of the public. We know what is meant by the rights of landed proprietors, of railway corporations, of publicans, of property owners, of shipowners, of pawnbrokers and of corporate bodies, such as the guilds of the city of London. They represent the pretensions of these classes to have their interests preferred to those of the community. It is a case of prescription against equity, of the license assumed by special callings against the checks and guarantees which Parliament has found it necessary to impose for the general welfare. This is a field in which Neo-conservatism can reap no harvest. It will be vain to tell the working man who is the owner of the house in which he lives, that his rights are in the same boat with the right of London companies to squander or misapply the wealth which has descended to them from the Middle Ages. It will be useless to enter an appeal before the tribunal of public opinion in defence of such rights as these on the pretence that they are the rights of property. The unsophisticated reason of the constituencies will resent the assumption as an attempted fraud.

The political institutions which are to be set forth as necessary to the maintenance of the civil and religious liberties of the people are the Established Church, the House of Lords, and the Crown. Of the

Crown we have already spoken. It is the least vulnerable of the three, and for this reason it is the least fitted to furnish a party cry. The strength of the Crown resides in its enormous historical *prestige*, and in the constitutional device, old as the monarchy in principle, but modern in its machinery, by which it is removed from the sphere of responsibility and therefore from party assault. The Crown need not be defended for it is not assailed. If it were assailed there are sufficient grounds for an adequate, perhaps a triumphant, defence. But in mere truth it would be difficult to defend it on the special ground that it is necessary to the maintenance of our civil and religious liberties. Everybody knows that these liberties were won in despite of the Crown, and in opposition to its alleged prerogatives. We had to send a dynasty adrift before we could regard our liberties as moderately secure. No greater disservice can be done to any institution than to advance exaggerated or ill-founded pretensions on its behalf, and this is what Neo-conservatism proposes to do for the Crown. It will be well to keep this institution off the hustings. To utilize it for party purposes seems like an insidious form of treason. The Established Church is fairer game, but absolutely worthless as a means of raising the wind for a forlorn party. An institution which needs all the support it can get has none to share with companions in distress. The Church may have a larger hold upon a portion of the middle classes than it had thirty years ago, but the working classes are separated from it by a wider gulf. Many who attend its services and call themselves Churchmen are utterly indifferent to its political fate. It is preposterous to represent the Established Church as necessary to the maintenance of civil and religious freedom. In the course of her history she has been the unrelenting foe of both, and we have no more of either than she could help our having. The want of disciplinary powers prevents her from interfering with the belief, or, except in grave cases, with the moral conduct of her members, but the paralysis of the authority necessary for internal discipline is not the same thing as religious freedom. The bondage of the Church is not the liberty of the State. Disestablishment has not yet come within the range of practical politics, but if a popular statesman felt it his duty to bring the question fairly before the electorate, it is at least doubtful whether the verdict would not be hostile to the Church. No doubt need be entertained as to the result of such an appeal in the case of the House of Lords. The constitution of the House as an assembly of hereditary legislators is admitted to be indefensible. Its theoretic prerogatives are tolerated only on the understanding that they shall never be exerted. It exists by virtue of habit and indifference, aided by a conviction of its powerlessness. As a decorative institution there is no great eagerness to pull it down, but whenever the House forgets

that its functions are ornamental, and commits itself to a serious issue with the Commons, its last hour will be at hand. The step most likely to precipitate its doom would be for the Tory party to glorify it as the palladium of our liberties, and try to get up popular enthusiasm on its behalf. The House of Lords would not long survive that treacherous homage. It would be beaten in one campaign.

No: from whatever point of view we consider the question, it is plain that the attempt to reconstruct the Tory party on a Democratic basis cannot succeed. The open avowal of such an aim would deprive Toryism of all back-bone and reduce it to the condition of a moribund jelly-fish. It is not given to any creature to change its nature and yet continue to discharge its old functions. It is true that Toryism in order to get on at all with the present age is obliged occasionally to act on Liberal principles. The device gives no offence so long as it is adopted quietly, and if suspicions are awakened a few heart-stirring speeches in the old orthodox vein suffice to allay them. A formal repudiation of old ideas is quite another thing. Just as utopian is the project of defending Tory institutions on Democratic principles. There are two arsenals from which political combatants may choose their weapons, the historical and the scientific. It is from the former that the champion equips himself who offers battle on behalf of institutions that have descended to us from hoar antiquity. Weapons taken from the latter are unfit for such a service. Every blow would recoil upon the institution which it was the champion's aim to defend. To abandon the Established Church, the House of Lords, and the Crown to the uncovenanted mercies of modern political criticism is a rash experiment. The hope which sees in such an experiment a fresh lease of life and new chances of ascendancy for Toryism is absurd.

Yet there is, and always will be, room for a Conservative party in English politics, only it must move along the historic lines, and not needlessly renounce its old watchwords. We need two brooms to keep our constitutional mansion in a tidy state, one in use, the other undergoing repairs, or put in pickle, and ready to be brought in when wanted. Government by party requires the existence of two parties, and demand is apt to generate supply. It is not necessary that the two parties should be separated by an impassable gulf. It is only necessary that materials for two separate connections should be provided, and in this emergency Nature does much to help us. There are opposite moods of mind in politics as in literature and art; there are antithetical differences of intellect and temperament to be found among men of all countries and all times; there is the standing opposition between what is and what ought to be, between the actual and the ideal, between the desire of the poor human

wayfarer to sit down and rest, and the curiosity which ever lures him on. Possession and the desire to possess, divine contentment and still diviner discontent, self-centring reflectiveness and impulses whose proper object is the welfare of mankind,—here are agencies which play their part in politics as well as in social life. These multifarious forces tend to range themselves on opposite sides, the sympathetic in each class readily finding out their kinsmen in the rest. With such materials to work upon, a Conservatism which chooses to follow the ordinary course of things can never be defunct. Extinction can only come from an endeavour after some monstrous birth against which both Nature and history have pronounced their ban.

HENRY DUNCLEY.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

ALL the political events of the last months of 1882 sink into insignificance in comparison with the one that has marked its concluding moments: Gambetta is dead. France has lost the only man who, since the death of M. Thiers, has possessed real popularity, has been the leader of a party, and could be regarded as the country's true representative. It is quite impossible to convey any idea of the emotion which the death of Gambetta excited throughout the entire country. After his downfall in January, 1882, judging more especially from the utterances of certain newspapers, it might have seemed as if his popularity had become extinct, whereas it showed itself to be only more deeply rooted than ever. It extended, indeed, far beyond his own immediate party, and the grief his death occasioned was in no sense a manifestation of political feeling. Many of Gambetta's adversaries, even some members of the Right, have shared in the prevailing sorrow. Gambetta is mourned as a patriot; it was as a patriot he was loved. He was felt to be a reserve-force for France against the day of danger; the only man round whom all Frenchmen would then rally with confidence, and under whose orders they would be ready to act. Gambetta might in some sense be looked upon as a hindrance in the political world of the present; because, not himself strong enough to govern, he was sufficiently so for it to be impossible for any one to govern without him. But, regarded from a more elevated and distant point of view, he was an immense power: he had his views on government; he alone had succeeded in forming a party with ideas subordinate to his own; he alone had supporters in every class of society, in the administration, in the magistracy, in the army; he alone represented France abroad, and the very fears his name inspired were an indirect homage to his power. In the state of disorganization,

of intellectual and moral anarchy in which France is at present, the passing away of a man like this is a national calamity. Some few fanatics here and there are able to rejoice at the removal of one whom they looked upon as an obstacle to the realization of their illusory dreams; but the mass of the nation has been stirred by a deep and disinterested grief.

Independently of the higher and patriotic causes of Gambetta's popularity, imagination and sentiment have, it must be owned, had something to do with the profound impression which his life and his death have created. They are a drama and a poem, full of startling incident and action. The son of a small grocer of Cahors, of foreign extraction and no fortune, he became famous in one day by favour of a political lawsuit. His flight from Paris in a balloon was the second startling incident of his life; his lawsuit during the political campaign of the 16th of May, the third. And finally, he dies after an accident, the cause of which remains a mystery; and his funeral is, as it were, an apotheosis of his memory. To a people like the French, so fond of the drama, and so essentially literary and artistic, is not this a destiny calculated to lead every heart captive?

What though Gambetta bore a foreign name, it was sonorous and readily engraven on the memory. His open countenance, his engaging smile, won general sympathy; whilst the glass eye he wore in place of the eye he lost as a child, gave a certain fixedness and fascination to his gaze. A voice at once powerful and charming, capable of every modulation, to which the southern accent lent fervour and incisiveness; an impulsive nature and wonderful spirit; and a rare power of assimilation—all combined to give the young lawyer extraordinary ascendancy over every one who came in contact with him. Already he was surrounded by a whole cluster of friends full of belief in his brilliant future, when, in consequence of the political lawsuit he was called to conduct, his name was suddenly on every one's tongue. The Empire had instituted proceedings against certain newspapers for opening a subscription for the erection of a monument to Baudin, a representative of the people who had been killed on a barricade on the 4th of December, 1851. Gambetta was one of the counsel for the defence, and, without paying any heed to the matter itself, he made a flaming speech against the December crime, which struck the magistrates dumb with admiration and astonishment. The year after, in 1869, Gambetta was elected deputy for both Paris and Marseilles, and took his stand as leader of the opposition against the Empire, which he defined in one word, *irréconciliable*. What constituted his originality and ensured his success was a singular mixture of violence and practical good sense, an absence of anything like narrow-mindedness or fanaticism combined with the zeal of an apostle. When he announced to the electors of Belleville his

political creed—more than one article of which he was in later years obliged to cancel—though adopting the most provoking attitude towards the Empire, he kept up intimate relations with the Orleanists, and supported the candidature of Prévost Paradol, and subsequently that of M. Thiers.

If the experiment of a Liberal Empire, to which the more enlightened *bourgeoisie* had given in its adhesion, had been successful, Gambetta's position would no doubt have lost in weight; but there came successively the *plébiscite* and the war, and then Sedan, to justify his attitude of *irréconciliable*. Once the Empire had fallen, he became the true representative of France. It is difficult to tell how far his colleagues in the Government of National Defence were glad to get rid of him by sending him into the provinces to organize a resistance that seemed impossible; at all events they ensured his fame. His flight from Paris in a balloon with M. Spuller, the enthusiasm his arrival in the country occasioned, the amazing rapidity with which, with M. de Freycinet's aid, he organized the army of the Loire, the unlooked-for victory at Coulmiers, all created an indelible impression on the popular mind. That Gambetta committed great faults, that he showed a want of experience, and above all, did very wrong, once the armistice was signed, to attack so fiercely his Paris colleagues, and, in defiance of all justice, declare all former official deputies, senators, and functionaries of the Empire ineligible to the future Assembly, is very true; but it is no less true that he showed indefatigable courage and activity, and even strategical talent, as the enemy admitted; that he knew how to appeal to every living force in France without party distinction; that during four months he was the very soul of his country; and that, whilst the Paris Government showed itself incapable of making any use of the forces existing in the capital, Gambetta was the real saviour of the national honour. To him we owe the only general who showed himself capable of commanding an army—General Chanzy, whose death, by a strange fatality, took place two days previous to Gambetta's funeral.

The war had placed Gambetta in the foremost rank, but he embodied the idea of the war; the country wanted peace, to get which it elected an Assembly with a reactionary majority. Gambetta was obliged to take the second place, yielding the first to M. Thiers, who, with every right to it, proved himself worthy of it. But M. Thiers could have done nothing had he not found in M. Gambetta an auxiliary all the more powerful for having been treated by him with unjust contempt, and called a *fou furieux*. No period of his life does M. Gambetta greater credit than this; never did he give proof of finer political qualities than during the years extending from 1871 to 1878. The Republican party still numbered in its ranks many of the old school of 1848, absolute theorists, heirs of the Jacobin dogmas of 1793, who

preferred that the Republic should perish rather than be differently organized from what they had pictured it to themselves in their dreams. Gambetta was not of that school : he was a realist in politics ; he knew that institutions are what the men who make them choose them to be ; he held that before all things the Republic must be established, wrested from the hands of its enemies, and its power secured. He was an *opportuniste*—which means that he always subordinated his policy to the possibilities and needs of the moment, instead of confining himself to bare and impracticable statements of principle. This epithet of *opportuniste*, used by his enemies in an injurious sense, will remain his highest eulogium. He never deserved it more than at this period of his political career.

In order to appreciate the services rendered by Gambetta he should be compared with another distinguished member of the Republican party, who by a brief space preceded him to the grave—namely, Louis Blanc. He was unquestionably an able man, an indefatigable worker, a correct, and at times eloquent, though somewhat cold and solemn speaker, a talented writer, and an upright politician, yet he exercised no efficacious or useful influence on his age. His "*Histoire de Dix Ans*," which is the only one of his books most likely to live, is in many parts nothing but a spiteful pamphlet, which has propagated the most utterly false notions concerning the Government of Louis Philippe ; his "*History of the Revolution*" is a declamatory apology for Jacobinism ; the Socialistic lucubrations he indulged in at the Workmen's Congress at the Luxembourg in 1848, incited the people to revolt, without bettering in any way the condition of the poorer classes ; the one of his works that contains the most wisdom and good sense is his correspondence addressed from London to the *Temps* from 1860 to 1870. He was more accurate in his judgment of foreigners than of his fellow-countrymen ; but that did not make him clearer-sighted or more reasonable when he returned to France. In his book on the "*Constitution de 1875*" (Charpentier), published the very day of his funeral, he again attacks Gambetta for the most meritorious acts of his political career. Whilst Louis Blanc shut himself up in haughty inaction, content with enunciating principles and dogmas, thus leaving a clear field to the reactionary party, Gambetta threw himself into the heat of political action, associated himself with every section of the majority, engaged in a thousand negotiations, a thousand intrigues, scattered disorder amid the ranks of his opponents, and by dint of his cleverness, pliancy, and breadth of mind, contrived, in an Assembly for the most part composed of Monarchists, to get a majority to proclaim the Republic. Louis Blanc's loyalty to the Republic would have been its ruin ; Gambetta saved it by his concessions to men and things. He it was who succeeded in checking the impatience of his party, in allaying its mistrust of M. Thiers, in making it first admit the right of the

National Assembly to give a Constitution to France, and then accept the Constitution of 1875, though it was far from answering to the ideas the Republicans had hitherto held. And this great point once gained, it was again Gambetta who had the marvellous address to contract that strange alliance with the Right, whereby sixty of the seventy-five life senators were drawn from the ranks of the Left. Finally, he avoided the mistake so many of his colleagues committed, of throwing discredit by his criticisms on the Constitution he had voted for; he tried rather to show how it might be made to serve for the consolidation and development of the Republic. During this time of difficulty and struggle Gambetta exhibited the true qualities of a statesman—a quickness in seizing the main point, and a justness and breadth of mind truly admirable. He was a hard worker, for ever intent on instructing himself; and the capacity, zeal, and high-mindedness he displayed in all questions of national interest, especially those relating to military affairs, won men of the most varied political opinions to his side.

When the Parliamentary *coup d'état* of May 16, 1877, took place, and Marshal MacMahon dismissed the Jules Simon Ministry, obliged the Senate to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, and tried to bring about a reactionary general election, Gambetta found himself a second time the natural head of the Republican party. He whom M. Thiers had treated as a *fou furieux* now found himself his closest ally; and had M. Thiers lived Gambetta would have become Prime Minister under M. Thiers, President of the Republic. It was more especially in this campaign of May the 16th, ending in the signal defeat of the coalition formed by the reactionary parties, that Gambetta showed how admirably qualified he was to be the head of a party. His ascendancy was such that the strictest discipline reigned unbroken amongst the Republicans—his counsels were all received as commands. He even supplied the motto of the struggle, in the famous dilemma hurled at Marshal MacMahon as a defiance: *Se soumettre ou se démettre*. He knew the nature of the electoral material so well, that the Republican majority came out strengthened from the ballot-box, and he had so many friends and partisans in every class, that had the Marshal ventured on a *coup d'état* the very army would have risen against him. M. MacMahon first submitted, and then resigned—a result due in great measure to M. Gambetta's cleverness, energy, and eloquence.

From 1878, above all from 1879—from the moment, that is, when, M. Grévy having been made President of the Republic, M. Gambetta succeeded him as President of the Chamber of Deputies—a new period of his political career begins, when he was more criticized and more severely attacked, even by the Republican party; when his popularity began to lessen, and he fell into serious errors. Not to have committed mistakes would have been difficult; everything tended that way—the attacks of

his opponents, as the excesses of his followers. The difficulties of the situation had increased when once the Republicans became masters of the field, and having no longer to dispute it with the reactionary party, were split up into sections, each aspiring to the Government. Gambetta had foreseen this when he said: *L'ère des dangers est fermée; celle des difficultés commence.*

He did not himself know how to overcome these difficulties. He felt that he could not take the lead himself, because on the one hand M. Grévy showed little inclination to entrust the formation of a new Ministry to him; and, on the other hand, in spite of his growing popularity, he was still the representative of a more advanced policy than that of the majority in the country, or of the Parliament taken *en bloc*, both Chambers included. There were other difficulties besides: the opinion of other nations, who looked upon him as the representative of the idea of revenge; the impossibility of adopting any very decided or energetic line of policy when the Republicans were so much divided; and the pressure which the deputies themselves, so entirely subject to the local influences of their electoral divisions, exercised on the Government. Not only was Gambetta, therefore, unable to take the lead himself, he did not even wish it; he knew how to be patient, but he was not patient enough; he had too little confidence in his own authority and popularity; he was anxious to pave the way for the day of his power, that he might then possess real authority, and establish a firm and lasting Government. Instead of strictly confining himself to the duties of his office as President of the Chamber, and using his influence for the support of the Ministry that seemed to him the fittest and the most certain of a solid majority, his object was to prevent any Ministry from obtaining a firm Parliamentary and political position; and also, so to exert his influence in the appointment of functionaries of all kinds, administrators, diplomatic and military officials, and judges, as to make sure of a large following against the time of his becoming Minister himself. Without a sufficiently strong party in the Chamber to form a majority, he could at least ensure the fall of any Ministry that tried to do without him. He successively supported MM. Waddington, de Freycinet, and Jules Ferry, by imposing his own conditions upon them, and directing their decisions, and compassed their downfall when they tried to act independently of him, or when he found their power tending to become too strong.

This course of action has been described as *gouvernement occulte*; incorrectly so, for Gambetta never concealed his incessant intervention in all that went on. He had friends who represented his views even in the Ministry itself; in all the Government departments he had devoted partisans, through whom he was informed of everything; he gave written advice to his *protégés*; whilst every one knew

that he was constantly consulted by the Ministers, both with respect to appointments to be made, and on questions of general politics. But it is none the less true that the authority he exercised, free as it was from all responsibility, was far too great; that he aroused the enmity of the very Ministers he ruled; that he gathered round him a whole train of petitioners and *protégés*, by whom he was frequently compromised; that the appointments he caused to be made, without being responsible for them, were not always the most desirable; that, finally, he lent arms to those who feigned to see in him the future Dictator; that, at all events, his first thought was his personal influence. These errors were the cause of his defeat on a question on which he was nevertheless entirely in the right—that of the *scrutin de liste*. He judged rightly that the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, together with universal suffrage, could not but result, in the provinces, in the election of second-rate men, who owed it to local claims or to intrigue that they had a local fame; that in the artisan quarters of the towns it ensured the return of the most radical candidates; that, moreover, the deputies thus returned, exclusively intent as they must be on pleasing their constituents, devoted themselves to local interests, to the neglect of the general interests of the country; that, finally, as the elections were independent of all general political influence, a Government majority was not to be looked for. Most Republican politicians recognized the justness of this view, but they were afraid that, in accepting the *scrutin de liste*, they would be putting too much power in Gambetta's hands, and furnishing him with the means of creating a vast system of electoral coercion and official representation. It cost M. Gambetta untold efforts to get the *scrutin de liste* accepted by the Chamber by a majority of only four; and the Senate, in evident defiance of him, rejected the proposed reform.

It was a mistake, for the Senate thereby prevented the formation of a Government majority; and the Chamber of 1881 is the most indifferent, the most incapable, and the most unruly we have ever had. Unfortunately, Gambetta responded to the Senate's mistake by a yet more serious one, in making the revision of the Constitution the platform of the elections. His view, we know, was that the object of the revision was rather to establish the *scrutin de liste* as a constitutional principle than to lessen the power of the Senate; but as the revision of the Constitution was demanded by all those who wanted the abolition of the Senate, Gambetta seemed to be making common cause with them, and thus alienated the Senate and the moderate Republicans; whilst by attaching such importance to the *scrutin de liste* he awakened the strongest mistrust amongst the Deputies, who felt that, once this measure was carried, they would be at his mercy.

Accordingly, in the month of November, 1881, M. Gambetta

found himself obliged to assume the leadership under the most unfavourable circumstances, because no other Minister had shown himself capable of forming a lasting majority. In the month of July every one was clamouring for a Gambetta Ministry; in the month of November all confidence in it was gone. Instead of forming a Ministry of men of tried capacity, representing the various sections of the Republican party, he was obliged to form one exclusively of his personal friends, some few of whom were capable men, and a smaller number had only the reputation of being such. Thus the Government of Gambetta came to be looked upon as the Government of a *coterie*, instead of a national Government, as its leader intended it to be, and as it might have been if he had associated better men with himself. Arbitrary motives were seen in all his actions; his very independence and liberality in choosing colleagues from the ranks of the old party of reaction were looked upon as the caprice of a despot; his energy in defending the interests of France in Egypt was set down to a feverish love of adventure; his scheme for establishing the *scrutin de liste* was a desire to restore representation by officials; and thus, two months after taking office, he fell, without having accomplished anything, and having turned the greater number of his friends against him.

He suffered the consequences of his bad surroundings, and of his political mistakes during his Presidency of the Chamber; but if he had erred in matters of detail, it soon began to be apparent that he was right in the general line of his policy, in his instincts and his motives. During the Freycinet Ministry, in the midst of the shuffling inconsistency of a policy without aim and without principle, of which the only object was to maintain a majority from day to day, Gambetta's popularity and influence were slowly recovering. When the Freycinet Ministry fell, in the month of July last, though it was impossible to recall Gambetta, because neither he nor the Chamber would give way on the question of the *scrutin de liste*, yet nothing seemed more natural than to place at the head of affairs men who were in sympathy with him, who followed his counsels, and who constituted, so to speak, a Gambetta Ministry without Monsieur Gambetta. His position gained in strength every day, because he no longer sought to exercise any influence over the *personnel* of the Government, otherwise than by the exercise of his own intelligence, good sense, and experience. Already the time could be foreseen when he would return to power, the wiser for his reverses, and surrounded, not only by personal friends, but by the most eminent members of the Republican party.

It was at this moment that death seized upon him—a death due less to the accident that first confined him to his bed than to the weakness of an unhealthy and exhausted constitution. According to

the opinion of all his physicians, even if he had not wounded himself while handling a revolver, he was doomed to pass away at no distant time.

His death showed what a place he occupied in the esteem and affections of the nation, and to what an extent he was in the eyes of all "a great Frenchman." His funeral was a triumph to his memory. The 6th of January was one of those rare occasions on which a whole nation is stirred by one common emotion. The hundred thousand persons who formed the imposing funeral *cortège*, the fifteen hundred thousand who watched it pass, the millions who sent wreaths and addresses from every part of France, in testimony of their grief, were all united by one and the same thought—the thought of the lost provinces for which Gambetta fought, the recollection of which was never absent from his thoughts.

In this national apotheosis, as it were, the politician is so lost in the patriot that Gambetta's career and character already assume the distinctiveness of outline, the perspective, which, as a rule, time and history alone can give, and it becomes possible, especially for us who have been neither his partisans nor his opponents, to form a judgment of his character and public life.

He had faults of nature and education which injured him in his career, and alienated many people from him. Not only did his stunted and corpulent figure give a certain meanness to his appearance, but the familiarity of his manners often amounted to vulgarity. His language was not more refined than his manners; and in moments of good humour and passion alike he was not sparing of the coarsest expressions. His private life, never very correct, is reputed to have been for a considerable time one of great irregularity. For all these reasons he had the reputation with many people of being a man *peu comme il faut*; and the *laissez aller* which predominated in his general bearing, shocked people in a man in so high a position.

But what compensated for this apparent vulgarity was the genuine goodness and real nobleness of nature which it covered. He was not a man of scrupulous morals, it must be admitted—a defective education and bad surroundings must account for this; but in money matters he showed a delicacy as estimable as it is rare in public men of the present day. His honesty amounted almost to austerity in money matters, and this in spite of a love of luxury and an unbounded generosity. He could have enriched himself without difficulty, but he determined to be above even suspicion in this respect; he refused offers of millions made to him by friends, and the small fortune which he left resulted exclusively from his share in the journals started by him—the *Republique Française* and the *Petite République Française*. He had not only good nature, but goodness, added to a generosity and warmth of heart which gained the sym-

pathy of every one who came in contact with him. Under his somewhat vulgar outward manners and language there existed considerable delicacy of perception, a very acute literary taste, a sound knowledge of classical literature, and a general culture of great width and variety. His favourite author was Rabelais; and in truth a certain moral relationship seemed to exist between them, for is there not much philosophy beneath the laughter of Rabelais, and much finesse and wisdom under his superficial coarseness?

If we proceed to examine the actions of Gambetta we find the same characteristics. He was frequently carried off at the outset by a thoughtless impetuosity, which, when he yielded to it, carried him into grave errors. Such was the case when, at the end of the war, he published his decree about the *inéligibles*; when he turned violently against the Senate after its rejection of the *scrutin de liste*; when he reviled the mob who hooted him at a meeting of electors.

He was often guilty of political imprudence, and spoke more frankly than the occasion required. He lessened his influence by asserting too loudly his hostility against all formal religion, and in making the war with clericalism the first article of his political programme. When, at the moment of taking office, he expressed his sympathy with the interests of Havre as opposed to those of Rouen, he alienated to no purpose the affections of one of the largest cities of France. But when he allowed the impetuosity and exuberance of the Southern to subside, then appeared the acuteness, the tact, and the good sense of the Italian. He had strong practical common-sense, a wide comprehension of the true interests of the country, and a supreme skill in choosing the means best adapted for the attainment of the ends he considered desirable. He had an inventive mind, full of unexpected resources, and of admirable adaptability. He might be vanquished, but never beaten. His robust good nature never forsook him, and he never failed to find a means of recovering a lost position. His extreme optimism, which sometimes he carried too far, came chiefly from his prolific invention, and was in the end generally justified by results.

It must not be forgotten that he was a man of action rather than a man of thought: in his general aims and views there was nothing that evinced a high understanding of theories or mastery of details. He was not a politician of the type of Mirabeau, who formulated clear and precise views on almost all theoretical questions of politics. Gambetta was not a great theorist, nor a great reformer; the bills brought forward by his adherents, after the downfall of his Ministry, give one rather a poor idea of his political programme in detail. He was not fitted for contending with the small daily difficulties of life; he struggled with them like the lion with the meshes

of his net, entangling himself in them without breaking them. But he had a strong sense of the general wants of the country, and when brought face to face with difficulties, he encountered them bravely, and overcame them with skill. Gifted with great self-confidence, he never let an opportunity slip, and no danger could daunt him.

His errors, and the incompleteness of his political career, were chiefly due to a close contradiction in circumstances. He came to the front as the representative of the democracy, and of the radical democracy; to retain his popularity he had to remain a democrat and a radical, whereas by nature he inclined rather to the party of authority, and above all felt that France needed to be governed by a firm and resolute hand. Democracy, and radicalism driven to excess were in his eyes the Republic's greatest danger, and he considered that the part he had to play was essentially a conservative one, and at the next elections it was his intention to adopt this attitude decidedly, and take his stand as the leader of a Tory party. But till now, to retain his influence so long as the moderate party still mistrusted him, he had to make unfortunate concessions to the radical side—as in the case of the constitutional revision, and more especially in that of the three years' military service, in which he came forward as the advocate of a system he could not approve, but which flattered the mania for equality.

These errors and defects were redeemed by the native generosity of a character free from all pettiness and inspired by a fervent patriotism. He was an absolute stranger to rancour and to the meannesses of party spirit; in the interests of France he forgot every injury and attack made upon himself. He offered a Prefecture to M. Lanfrey, who had branded his Government with the title of *Dictature de l'incapacité*, and associated himself with M. Thiers, who had designated him a *fou furieux*; after the 16th of May he made M. Miribel, who was accused of being one of the most reactionary of the reactionary party, Head of the Staff. This generosity of mind won him many friends, because everyone felt that it was for the sake of France, not of a party, that he wanted to rule; that with him everything was subordinate to his country's interest.

And it was this warm and patriotic heart of his that inspired his most eloquent utterances. He was not a correct orator. He would often lose himself in clumsy, ill-constructed sentences; then, when some strong feeling took hold of him, his eloquence would burst forth, and carry away both himself and his audience. He was never more eloquent than in his speech in favour of the amnesty. He was speaking in favour of men by whom he knew himself to be hated; from whom, he foresaw, he had nothing to expect but the low abuse and calumny with which they subsequently overwhelmed him. But there were questions of humanity at stake, as well as

political interests; the amnesty was a weapon in the hands of the Radicals; it was the bond of unity between the Revolutionists and the party of order though of advanced ideas. Gambetta wanted to get rid of this irritating question, and not to leave the Revolutionists even the semblance of an excuse. He was pathetic, insinuating, imperious; he blended good sense and passion, politics and sentiment, in a fashion that took the Chamber, the Government, the Senate, and the whole country, all by storm.

That grand voice is henceforth silent. There is no one to inherit his eloquence; is there any one on whom his political inheritance will fall? At this moment the most complete anarchy reigns in the political world; the Ministry is tottering, no one knows why. A change is wanted, no one knows of what nature. The Gambetta party has died with Gambetta. It was, it is true, far from being exclusively formed of men of his views. Its ranks had, to begin with, been recruited from the Radical party, at a time when Gambetta was credited with more advanced views than he actually held; and these Radical adherents had remained true to him, partly because of his personal influence, partly because their political future was dependent upon him; then some men of much more moderate views than his had joined him because he was the only representative of a policy of authority and government, and also from less worthy motives of political ambition and calculation. The number of true Gambettists—men who shared alike his dictatorial instincts, his democratic tendencies, and his political wisdom, and were bound to him in a perfectly disinterested manner by a community of ideas—was very small. With the names of MM. Spuller, Waldeck-Rousseau, and a few others, the list is exhausted. The Gambettist party will therefore be dissolved. Many of the members of the Republican Union will join either the Radical Left or the Extreme Left; this will be the case with MM. Naquet, Bert, Ranc. Others will join the Moderate Left. A new division of the Parliamentary parties and forces will therefore now take place.

In the midst of all this confusion who will take the lead? It is difficult to say; but it is probable that two currents will form themselves, one under the direction of M. Jules Ferry, the other under that of M. de Freycinet. M. Ferry is, undoubtedly, the most prominent man at present in the political world, the one who, more than all others, has displayed the true qualities of a statesman. His republicanism and patriotism are well known: his hostility to the clericals has been manifested in his acts; he is a man of progress, but at the same time of a moderate and thoughtful mind. What he wants is an energetic government, able to take the initiative and the responsibility; he is himself courageous and independent, and his courage and talent give him great weight in

Parliament as a speaker. All those who value discipline and authority, who are afraid of seeing France become a prey to anarchy at home and sink into insignificance abroad will range themselves on M. Ferry's side. Opposed to M. Ferry—who will, it is to be hoped, succeed in securing a majority—the most incongruous elements will group themselves under M. de Freycinet, backed by the more or less openly avowed sympathy of M. Grévy. M. de Freycinet has himself described his policy as one of deference towards the Chamber—that is to say, he has considered himself, not so much a Minister whose business it is to direct, as an agent for the transaction of affairs, a clerk in the service of the majority. He will be associated with the friends of the policy of inaction, who have no thought beyond the interests of their own particular constituency; some dreamers who would wish to see American ideas introduced into France, without troubling themselves to adapt them to our traditions and habits; and all the Radicals who, conscious of still being too weak to govern, build on his weakness their hopes for getting a number of concessions out of him which will insure them a speedy triumph. M. de Freycinet believes himself in all good faith to be the representative of moderate and liberal ideas, and is supported by M. Grévy, who has but one political idea—inaction and the peaceable enjoyment of the income he derives from the Republic. In reality, both leave France the prey of the extreme parties. Nothing can be more dangerous than the watchword of M. de Freycinet's party—the division of the Republicans into Liberals and *autoritaires*. They call upon all who are opposed to centralization and a strong executive power, to join the Liberal party, thus uniting the members of the Left Centre and the Intransigents, like M. Maret and M. de Lanessau. One may agree with them on some points of their programme; but, by attempting to unite such contradictory elements, and, under the fine name of Liberal, to create a party amongst whom ultra-Radical ideas would predominate, they are preparing the way for the disorganization of France.

What, at present, fortunately paralyzes the influence of the Radicals is, that in their very midst there are advocates of authority like M. Clemenceau side by side with absolute anarchists like M. Clovis Hugues; and that, on the other hand, they are the object of the most lively hatred and of violent attack on the part of the Socialist working-men. Nothing is more curious than the disorder that has prevailed amongst the more advanced sections since they have been in possession of absolute liberty. Their advanced guard is made up of the little rabble of rogues and mad-men who style themselves anarchists. Their system is the simplest in the world, the abolition of every form of government; their end, absolute equality; their means, dynamite, the revolver, and the dagger. It is as stupid as it is criminal; but neither the ticket-of-leave men who form the bulk of the anarchist forces, nor the visionaries, like Elis

Reclus and Prince Krapotkine, who have constituted themselves its apostles, trouble themselves much about good sense or morality. The legal proceedings instituted against the workmen of Montceau les Mines, who pillaged a presbytery and broke in the doors of a church, and those instituted at Lyons against E. Gautier, Prince Krapotkine, Bordat, and several other anarchists, for having re-established the International, have only brought to light their numerical weakness and their intellectual insignificance as a party. After these come the various grades of socialism; but here the divisions are so numerous, the rivalries so burning, that the Socialists as a party need in no way be dreaded. These divisions broke out at the last workmen's congress of St. Etienne, which split up into two congresses—one, the more violent, held at Roanne, the other at St. Etienne. Then the real working-men of St. Etienne, with their syndical chambers, protested against the revolutionary theories put forward at both one and the other congress. The Socialists, in fact, are subdivided into revolutionary *collectivistes*, who want revolution by brute force, and non-revolutionary *collectivistes*, and, besides, radical socialists, amongst whom are to be found most of the old members of the Commune, who, in presence of these rival forms of madness, have thus become a kind of reactionary party.

Never was the want of real strength or depth in the socialist ideas more apparent than in the great strike of the cabinet-makers that took place in November and December. Whilst the masters could come to no understanding amongst themselves, some being ready to make every concession to the men, others declining to make any, the men showed great moderation and good sense. They withstood all the attempts of the more advanced party to drive them into noisy demonstration; they drew up a most sensible programme, to which they unanimously adhered, and which was finally accepted by the masters. Most characteristic was the scene that took place one night at a great gathering of the men, when in the middle of a discussion one cried out, "*Vive la révolution sociale.*" "*A la porte, à la porte,*" was immediately the cry from all sides. "*Non, pas à la porte, à la tribune,*" said the president, and invited the first speaker to explain what he meant by the social revolution. The unfortunate man stammered out some incoherent words, and withdrew amid the jeers of the assembly.

The danger at present does not lie with the advanced parties. The extreme Left of the Chamber, regarded by the Socialists with suspicion, vainly compromising itself by its advances to them, has no real weight. Its sole power lies in the general incapacity of the Republican majority and their want of unity. Most pitiable have been the debates to which the budget has given rise, particularly the budget of Public Worship. All the deputies see the impossibility of

abolishing it and carrying out the separation of Church and State, but they cannot withstand the desire to annoy the clergy by a reduction of their allowance. They withdraw the grants made to the clergy in the East, who nevertheless represent French influence abroad; they reduce the stipends of the bishops one day, and raise them again the next; they make it a crime on the part of the Government to have granted Mgr. Lavigerie, Bishop of Algiers, the funds with which that enlightened prelate laboured so efficaciously for the pacification of Tunis. The religious question is always the grand difficulty for the Republican régime. Popular prejudice and feeling against the Catholic Church are sufficiently strong to make it necessary to pose as an anti-clerical to secure an electoral majority; while, on the other hand, the hostility of the Republican Government to the Church alienates a very important and influential portion of the *bourgeoisie*. Strangely enough, in many instances it even alienates popular sympathy. The same people who will vote for none but an anti-clerical are indignant at the crucifixes being removed from the schools. All sensible Republicans consider that the wisest course is to live on good terms with the Catholics; but every one is afraid that, if he show himself liberally disposed towards them, he will be accused of clericalism.

In this respect M. Duclerc's Ministry showed both sense and courage, and was in every way far above what it was expected to be. With the exception of M. Tirard, who made an error of a hundred millions in his projected budget, thereby proving that the duties of a Minister of Finance were beyond his capacity, the Ministry have done their work honestly and steadily. All the deputies speak of a change now; but this is from mere instability of mind, for no just charge can be brought against the Ministry. As regards the Egyptian question, already greatly compromised when he received it from M. de Freycinet's hands, M. Duclerc has maintained a most dignified attitude, accepting no illusory compensation for the abolition of the Dual Control, and leaving England free without being responsible for her policy. In Madagascar and Tongking, and on the Congo, M. Duclerc has defended French interests, which is all the more to his credit since M. Jauréguiberry, the Minister of Marine, was opposed to M. de Brazza and his colonization projects on the Ogooué, and M. Grévy is systematically opposed to all French enterprise abroad. But M. Duclerc had a very strong current of public opinion in his favour. People in France are not very well up in colonial questions; but lately they have been attracting public attention in a special degree, and if the Government is wise enough to take advantage of this circumstance, a new and most important outlet might be opened up for French enterprise and capital. It can only be to the advantage of foreign countries to encourage this movement, even England, who cannot wish to increase her colonial empire; and the population of France being both too small and too stationary to

occupy all the colonies which France now possesses in Oceania, Africa, and Asia, they are so many new fields open to European commerce generally. It is to the interest both of England and France to preserve their mutual friendship, and to that end a good understanding on colonial questions is one of the most necessary conditions: It is, moreover, to the general interest of Europe that France should find some foreign outlet to give new activity to her trade, and to raise her self-esteem. This would furnish the best guarantee for peace and harmony. Some idea of the views and wishes of those Frenchmen who are interested in colonial matters may be gained from the excellent work by M. P. Leroy-Beaulieu on the "*Colonisation chez les Peuples Modernes*" (Guillaumin). M. Leroy-Beaulieu is one of those who are most strongly convinced that it is the duty of France to turn her attention and energies in the direction of the colonies, and he analyzes in a most intelligent manner the elements of the colonial strength of the different modern nations.

Politics have almost wholly absorbed public opinion of late, and therefore hold the first place in the present article; nevertheless, the last months have witnessed more than one literary and artistic event worthy of note.

The theatrical season, without being very brilliant, has nevertheless been interesting. It opened with "*Les Corbeaux*," by M. Becque, at the Théâtre Français. This piece, lugubrious in its realism, but written with real dramatic feeling, has not met with the success it deserves, the reason being that, in spite of the theories of the naturalistic school, there are certain immoral endings which, though often to be met with in real life, the public will not tolerate on the stage. In M. Becque's play a charming and virtuous young girl, in order to rescue her family from ruin, consents to marry a miserable scoundrel, and the curtain falls on this triumph of disloyalty. In order that the spectators should go away satisfied a punishment ought to fall on the miscreant, and the young girl should be enabled by some accident to marry the good young man who loves her. It is all very well to say that in real life this would not always be the ending; the stage has its own particular requirements, logical, moral, and artistic: herein it is that it differs from the novel. The novel, true to real life, may be full of sudden and unlooked-for incidents, the outcome of purely accidental circumstances; to invent such is in fact one of the essential functions of the novelist's art. All that is required of him is that he should make them serve to illustrate the character of his personages. But on the stage events must have their logical sequence, regulated by the conflict of the different characters; if such conflict cannot be brought to a satisfactory issue, the piece must end with a catastrophe; but unexpected catastrophes, brought in to modify or unravel

the action, are inadmissible on the stage. This is really the reason why M. O. Feuillet's piece, "Un Roman Parisien," in spite of its success, due to the clever working out, the excellent writing, and the perfect playing of the actors of the Gymnase, is so little thought of in the literary world. One of the principal personages is carried off by apoplexy in the middle of the piece, and the point of the plot is a steamboat accident, in which the heroine is saved only by a miracle. All these startling incidents leave the spectator unmoved, because they bear no relation to the characters of the personages, so that chance becomes the chief personage.

M. Sardou, on the contrary, is wonderfully clever in the working out of his plot. The logic is rather apparent than real, and the change of one small circumstance would be enough to upset the whole edifice; but he conceals all that is artificial in the construction of his plays by the spirit and dramatic movement he infuses into them. His "Fédora," which has just been given at the Vaudeville, owes a great deal, no doubt, to the interest created by the reappearance of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt on the Parisian stage; a good deal also to M. Sardou's skill in the choice of subjects which answer to the immediate interests of the public. But Nihilism does not really play more than an auxiliary part in the piece; the main interest lies in the character of Fédora herself, an ardent Slav, impulsive and uncompromising in her love and her hatred. The tenacity with which she first pursues the man she believes to be the murderer of her betrothed; then her passionate love for him; and lastly, the final catastrophe, when she destroys herself because she has been the cause of the death of her brother and mother, and has been cursed by her lover,—all this crescendo of strange and violent passion renders "Fédora" a really tragic spectacle, and endows it with a truly human interest.

On the other hand, V. Hugo's "Le Roi s'amuse" is true neither from the human point of view nor from the historical; and in spite of the fine verse scattered through the piece, in spite of the beauty of the *mise en scène*, in spite of the great name of Hugo, its revival at the Théâtre Français has been a *fiasco*. Fifty years ago it was prohibited, after the first performance, by the Government of Louis Philippe, who in so doing rendered V. Hugo a great service, for ever since people have cherished the belief that if reproduced it would create a great sensation. Certain of its fine passages have been read and re-read,—Saint Vallier's tirade, for instance, and the scene between Triboulet and his daughter. But no one realized the dulness of the scenes between the courtiers in the first act, the vast improbability of the character of Francis I., or the little sympathy excited by all the personages without exception. Triboulet is so vile in the first act, when he makes game of Saint Vallier, that his

paternal grief touches us but slightly; and Blanche, with her love for the king, who has dishonoured her all but publicly, is a psychological monstrosity. The truth is that the popularity of "*Rigoletto*" had been reflected back on "*Le Roi s'amuse*," and that the latter is the least remarkable of V. Hugo's plays. It has neither the lyrical grace which is so fascinating in "*Hernani*," nor the epic sublimity of "*Burgraves*." The old poet knew it well, and for years opposed every suggestion for its revival. He was forced to yield, and those who forced him to do so made a great mistake.

The Odéon has also been trying its hand at tragedy, and the experiment, though unattended by any very brilliant result, has been most creditable. "*Amhra*," by M. Grangeneuve, is a Gallic—that is, a patriotic piece. Its grand sentiments and pathetic scenes, its often rugged verse, reminding one here and there of Corneille's in its vigour, and finally the under-current of patriotism, the old adversaries of the Gauls being substituted for the present enemies of France—have ensured to its author a very fair success. M. Grangeneuve has decided dramatic talent, and will do well to turn to less remote times in his next choice of a subject.

The stage, it has been seen, is still the field on which the noblest tendencies of our literature exhibit themselves. There we still look to find a certain ideal of grandeur, delicacy, and passion. The novel, on the contrary, is sinking lower and lower. M. Zola's naturalism has given birth to a hideous race of works, alike devoid of observation and style, which seek to arrest public attention by the monstrous invention of vile sentiments and revolting situations. M. Brunetière has just published an admirable book on the "*Roman Naturaliste*" (Lévy.) He has no difficulty in proving that, with respect to literary theories, M. Zola has made no innovations, and that, as to his practice, nothing can be less true or less artistic than what he puts forward as contemporary truth. He points to far truer and profounder naturalists than M. Zola amongst the English novelists. M. Brunetière is one of the only two literary critics of the younger generation; M. Bourget is the other. They represent two very different tendencies. Whilst M. Bourget, both a poet and a critic, is above all things a man of sensitive mind, a psychologist, and a philosopher, who confines himself to describing the modern spirit without judging it, M. Brunetière is a doctrinaire, who, in the midst of the present literary anarchy, adheres to certain rules of art and taste which he believes to be eternally true. These two distinguished spirits deserve a prominent place in the literary movement of the day.

Amongst the mass of vile and indifferent novels with which we are flooded, the only two that are worthy of note are, "*L'Insurgé*," by M. Vallés, and "*L'Evangéliste*," by M. Daudet. In "*L'Insurgé*" M. Vallés

relates his personal recollections of the latter days of the Empire, the War, and the Commune. It contains some pages of a brutal flavour, bold picturesqueness of style, and lifelike pictures; but more revolting reading we do not know, though it contains nothing offensive from a moral point of view. It is the envious and bitter rancour that runs through every line of it that makes it so revolting. Everything and everybody is debased, degraded, ridiculed, tarnished. Of the nobler side of Socialism, the tender compassion for human misery, the generous aspiration towards the ideal, there is in this so-called socialistic novel no trace. In place of it there is nothing but hatred and contempt. The political friends of M. Vallés are as badly treated as his opponents. If his view of things is to be accepted, political France would be indeed a world of "Tiger-apes."

M. Daudet's latest novel will add nothing to his literary glory. Of late years he has made the mistake of trying to give a political or social interest to his novels, to the neglect of his happiest vein—the portrayal of the habits and feelings of the small *bourgeoisie* and the people. In the "Nabab" he described the official political world of the Second Empire; in the "Rois en Exil" the Bohemian band of royalties and grandees that took refuge in Paris under the Third Republic; in "Numa Roumestan" the adventures of a Republican Minister. In "L'Évangéliste" he has tried to portray the Protestant world; but it is an unknown one to him; and the information he has been able to collect about it has been too scanty, and of too purely external a nature, to prevent him from falling into material as well as more serious moral inaccuracies. His confounding Lutheran and Reformed, and introducing candles into Protestant church ceremonial, is of no great consequence; but that he should have represented the wife of a Parisian banker, as combining the theatrical exaltation of the members of the Salvation Army with the fanaticism of certain sectarians of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, is more serious. This woman, who takes a girl away from her mother by force to turn her into an evangelist, and administers narcotics to disorder her mind on religious matters, is a monster without parallel in the French Protestant world. Starting from such false data as these, and describing a world he is ignorant of, M. Daudet's wonted fire and poetical inspiration have failed him, and, though very short, his novel is tedious and dull.

If our works of fiction show a lack of invention, our more serious literature is fortunately in better case. The close of the year 1882 witnessed the appearance of a number of works, all remarkable in their way. The lovers of erudition will turn with interest to M. de Beaucourt's "Histoire de Charles VII.," the second volume of which brings us down to the year 1435. It is heavy reading, and badly

put together, but very exhaustive as a work of research. The English reader will find all that relates to the military operations and diplomatic negotiations of Charles VII. especially interesting. M. Viollet's publication on the "*Etablissements de Saint-Louis*," and his introductory volume to the text, are a model of textual criticism and juridical history. M. Glasson's work on the "*Institutions Politiques et Administratives de l'Angleterre*" has less of original merit. It is more especially a work of analysis and of compilation; but the appearance in France of such an important work on English institutions is in itself interesting and noteworthy. Four volumes are already published, and there are two or three more, no doubt, to come. M. Chéruel is going on with his "*Histoire de France sous le Ministère de Mazarin*," the second and third volumes of which are just out. Though hardly attractive to all classes of readers, M. Chéruel's work is an important one, as containing a vast number of unpublished documents, and as throwing a new and most favourable light on the character of Mazarin's policy. M. Michaud, formerly priest of the *Eglise de Paris*, who followed *Père Hyacinthe's* steps in his rupture with the Church, and is now Professor at the University of Berne, is engaged on the publication of a work in four volumes on "*Louis XIV. et Innocent XI.*" He has confined himself to an analysis of the correspondence addressed to Louis XIV. from Rome by his diplomatic agents. The fact of his deriving his information exclusively from this one source greatly diminishes the historical and critical value of the book; but though excessively prolix, this analysis is nevertheless most interesting. M. de Broglie's work on "*Frédéric II. et Marie Thérèse*," on the other hand, is remarkable from the literary and historical point of view. Never yet has M. de Broglie produced a work so well constructed, so full of vigorous thought and writing, as this is. Supported by a considerable mass of printed and unprinted documents, he contrives to rise above his subject, and gives a true and striking picture of European politics at the time of the war of the Austrian succession. M. de Broglie may be accused of a somewhat too ironical tone as regards Frederick, and too tender a one as regards Marie Thérèse; but his judgment of the two leading personages in this great struggle is true at the period from which M. de Broglie starts, and it was well to avenge public good sense and morality of the clumsy and impudent apologies put forward in Germany for the policy of Frederick II.

A few words in conclusion, on a philosophical work which has earned a brilliant and rapid success, owing to the interest of the subject and the sympathetic living talent of the author: "*Les Origines*," by M. de Pressensé. The distinguished Protestant orator has undertaken to review the great discussions which have arisen in our day as to the origin of the world, of man, and of morality; he studies the problems of creation, of evolution, and of free will,

from the standpoint of his spiritualistic and Christian beliefs, but with great sincerity and profound respect for his opponents; moreover, he aims not so much at the demonstration of this or that personal theory as at proving that the negative and anti-religious solutions are nothing less than established; and that the positive conquests of modern science are not in contradiction to Christian beliefs. Whatever views may be held as to the ground of the discussion, it would be difficult to find a better statement of the question than is contained in the book of M. de Pressensé.

The approach of the New Year is always heralded by the appearance of a number of costly books, illustrated with ever-growing taste and magnificence. It is deserving of notice that the intrinsic value of these publications likewise increases year by year, and that the gift-books of the season are becoming a real source of public instruction. On the one hand we have a series of books of history and geography, richly illustrated, such as M. Duruy's beautiful "*Histoire des Romains*" (Hachette), extending to the reign of Hadrian; the "*Géographie Universelle*," by Elisée Reclus (Hachette), the present volume of which, with its 700 pages devoted to India, ought to have a special interest for English readers; M. Gaffarel's book on "*L'Algérie*" (Didot). On the other hand, works on the history of art have made a great stride, and have attained exceptional importance. "*L'Histoire de l'Art Antique*," by MM. Perrot and Chipiez (Hachette), which already takes in Egypt and Assyria, is a positive history of civilization. M. E. Plon has produced a masterly work on "*Benvenuto Cellini*," profusely and exquisitely illustrated, in which all the works attributed to Benvenuto are submitted to the closest critical investigation. The publisher who has done most for the progress of art publications is M. Quantin. Under the title of "*Monuments de l'Art Antique*," he has published for M. Rayet a series of reproductions of the most characteristic works of ancient sculpture, to which excellent commentaries are attached. A collection entitled "*Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux Arts*" is to comprise a series of short studies by the most competent writers on the leading points of the history of art, noteworthy amongst which are M. Collignon's "*Manuel d'Archéologie Grecque*," and M. Müntz's work on "*La Tapisserie*." M. Müntz, who is a real authority on such matters, and at the same time a man of original research and an art historian of great taste and learning, has undertaken the editing of a very fine collection, "*La Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art*," now in course of publication by Rouam (Remington, London), in which M. Lalame has just brought out a beautiful series of unpublished drawings by Jean Cousin: "*Le Livre de Fortune*," which he had the good fortune to discover in the *Bibliothèque de l'Institut*.

These are the satisfactory aspects of contemporary intellectual life in

France, which must make up to us for much that is frivolous ; such, for instance, as the enthusiasm with which the gay world hailed the opening of the Eden Théâtre, the most colossal and luxurious place of amusement that has ever been seen, which will be to many, like the Eden of old, a place of perdition.

G. MONOD.

P.S.—Scarcely had the above been written, when a tragi-comic incident threw sudden disorder into French politics. Prince Napoleon, making an unfair use of the license of the Carnival, caused a solemn, but at the same time grotesque, manifesto to be posted on the walls of Paris, in which he declared himself dissatisfied with the Republic, and offered himself for the love and admiration of the French people. Instead of treating this insult with the contempt it deserves, the Government has committed the grievous mistake of arresting the Prince ; and the infatuated Chamber listened, without protest, to M. Floquet's proposal for the exile of all the members of the old reigning families. It is to be hoped that this agitation will subside, and that people will return to their better senses. To arrest Prince Napoleon when newspapers and club-orators are daily allowed to preach assassination, is the height of absurdity. Importance has thus been given to a challenge at which people should have merely shrugged their shoulders. This nervousness, this sudden panic at a ridiculous phantom, is the most disastrous symptom for the future of the Republic that has shown itself for the last twelve years. It evinces strange moral disorder in the Republican party.

GAMBETTA.

MUCH has been said about M. Gambetta, too much perhaps; for the absence of all sense of proportion and perspective, peculiar to our time, has seldom betrayed itself with less disguise than on the mournful occasion of his untimely death; seldom also, be it added, has an illusion of the kind been more natural. Here indeed we have no calm, deliberate comparison between the living and the dead, as when a young Frenchman—a friend of M. Gambetta's, by the way—thought fit not long ago to discern an Addison lined with a Sterne in a third-rate Parisian feuilletonist. A man who might not have seemed great by the side of a Pitt or a Canning, but who towered high above his puny contemporaries, the head of a numerous political party, which finds itself suddenly disorganized by his decease, the centre-point of a wide circle of personal friends who were wont to look upon him as the inspiring breath of their lives, disappears all at once. Is it much to be wondered at that friends, partisans, nay even a considerable portion of the public at large, should have yielded to the temptation of magnifying the relative importance of one who was all in all to them? The floods of retrospective admiration are beginning even now to subside; public, if not private, sympathy is already giving way to a soberer appreciation; nor did the pompous ceremony with which the French Government has honoured the "man of the people" exhibit any signs of that heartfelt grief which burst forth with irrepressible violence at the funeral of Mirabeau—for even Mirabeau has not been allowed to escape comparison with the tribune of the nineteenth century. May we be permitted to examine with the historian's eye the career and the individuality of him whose place has thus

unexpectedly become vacant, without incurring the historian's obligation to relate all the well-known events of M. Gambetta's public life?

I.

Of his public life; for the private life of a politician does not belong to the historian, or belongs to him only as far as it may have had any influence upon his public life. Of M. Gambetta it may be said, that his good nature, which won him so many personal friends, proved of no mean assistance to him in his public career: every one felt that his vehement attacks upon his political adversaries were not the expression of personal enmity, as every one felt how unable he was to say no to a partisan. His sympathetic disposition and powerful temperament attracted and subdued even many who did not come into closer contact with him, causing them to take a lenient view of much that, to English eyes, might have appeared a laxity of morals. So also his incontestable personal integrity served to extenuate his excessive indulgence with regard to much that was going on in his surroundings.

From the very outset M. Gambetta's career bore the impress of an indomitable, revolutionary temperament, which gave the tone to his intellect, to his eloquence, to his conduct. It never allowed him to study the questions he had to deal with calmly; it inspired him with that dislike to particulars, that partiality for generalities, by which not only his speeches, but also the small number of official despatches it fell to his lot to dictate, are characterized. His singularly open and quick intelligence recoiled from anything that required slow, patient effort, and led him to believe he had grasped an object as soon as he had understood its general bearing. Besides, words, high-sounding, happily cadenced words, often did him good service in lieu of ideas, nor did he, throughout the whole of his career, even feel the want of anything less shallow than the political creed of 1792. He was in truth well aware that words convey not only ideas but feelings likewise; so he was wont to inebriate himself no less than his listeners by means of passionate words. In the whole of that famous speech of November, 1868, in which he pleaded the cause of a public demonstration against the 2nd of December, we fail to discover a single argument or even an appeal to any positive law; it is a continuous storm of invective, occasionally marred by breaches of good taste, or pompous evocations of Cato and Thræas, but at times also rising to a truly Archilochian vigour, and admirably calculated to make the defenders of legality wince under the sting of its shafts. Nor ought it to be forgotten, when we incline to censure such violent and unjust attacks as these against existing law, that France has never ceased to be in a

chronic state of revolution for the last hundred years, even at times when a dynasty or a republic appeared most firmly rooted. The frequent use and abuse of the bar in France for political purposes, an "irreconcilable" opposition to the fundamental law of the country, nay, a revolution of the 4th of September, which overthrew the regular Government in presence of a conquering enemy, ought therefore hardly to be judged with the same severity with which it would be treated in England; and, in fact, M. Gambetta never incurred any blame from his countrymen for adopting so clamorous a mode of obtaining notoriety. He succeeded, moreover, completely, and five months later was elected Deputy in opposition to M. Thiers, who did not number half his young adversary's votes. Nevertheless, if such theatrical *débuts* have their advantages, among which we may rank foremost that of leading rapidly to success, they have also their disadvantages; they leave no time for quiet preparation. A year had scarcely gone by when M. Gambetta found himself a member of the Government; a little later he was even at its head. And what were the intellectual qualifications he brought to so responsible a position? An indifferent classical and legal education, scanty acquaintance with business either public or private, and consequently a very imperfect and altogether insufficient knowledge of men—a thing not to be acquired by social intercourse only. The tradition of 1792 was to stand in place of all this. The war of extermination, in fact, of which M. Gambetta became the soul, was nothing more than the performance of the programme of 1792. Perhaps, had he but perused Camille Rousset's book on the Volunteers of 1792, he might have thought twice before he drove the raw recruits from the provinces into a hopeless struggle; but it was so much less trouble to cling to illusive legend than to consult matter-of-fact history. In his opinion it was a general call to arms that saved France in 1792, and it was by a general call to arms that she was again to be saved in 1870. He had a far easier task before him than Carnot; for he found a well-organized country where no reforms were requisite either in the administration or in the army. He had only to pull the wires of official machinery, and in a few days, by means of prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors, the whole of France's carefully registered youth was on foot, bound for the various military dépôts, just as in an ordinary annual recruitment. The process was even an easier one in this case, inasmuch as no exceptions were made, and examination therefore became superfluous. His desire was likewise to "organize victory" after the pattern of his great predecessor; in this, however, he signally failed. The fact that not one of the Generals ventured to disobey the dictator's orders, though all murmured *sotto voce*, foreseeing that their poor young soldiers were doomed to certain defeat, shows how

firmly that French centralization is established, which Napoleon I. created. It moreover gives us a key to the persistency with which M. Gambetta, instinctively perhaps more than consciously, clung to the tradition of a strong centralized power during his whole career. And here is the point where error became culpable. Assuredly it was passionate love of his country, not personal ambition, which actuated Gambetta; yet this patriotism was combined with a degree of over-estimation of his own powers which went beyond all bounds. If, before we undertake a grave responsibility, each of us incurs the moral obligation of asking himself, *quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recuset?* how much more imperative is this necessity when an empire is at stake, when thousands of lives may be sacrificed? Gambetta never thought of putting so simple a question to himself. He was full of self-confidence. Of strategy or tactics he knew nothing, of administration and organization little or nothing; yet his self-confidence never abandoned him—his genius would suffice to supply the deficiency of knowledge of all kinds: and his genius failed him; his armies were defeated, thousands and thousands of young lives sacrificed, unutterable sufferings caused,—and France was not saved.

But her honour was, say some. Let us see how far this is true. Till now a nation has never been thought to have forfeited its honour by avowing that it was defeated after its regular army had been destroyed, or by being forced to relinquish, instead of conquering, a province. Neither Russia after Sebastopol, the loss of Bessarabia, and the mortification of being excluded from her own seas; nor Austria after Solferino and Sadowa, and the loss of Venetia and Lombardy, deemed themselves dishonoured, nor were they considered dishonoured by others, although—especially in the latter instances—the vanquished had not one victory to register on their side. Was France really dishonoured by Sedan and the loss of Alsace? None but Frenchmen have ever called in question the valour of the French troops; none certainly are less disposed to do so than the enemies of France, who have borne witness loudly to the staunch bravery of the French in every encounter. Neither individuals nor nations incur dishonour through misfortune, provided they do all they can to resist their adverse fate; and this France surely had done. The prevailing feeling throughout the country, if we except Paris, shut up and deluded by false reports, was to the same effect. The "*Sauveur de l'honneur*" legend was not concocted till three or four years later, partly as a weapon against the Government, partly as a soothing balm to wounded national pride, just as the legend of Napoleon, who was held up to execration in 1815, only sprung up towards 1820. In both cases the nation was actuated by a very natural feeling in accepting the legend and making it its own; but in both the origin of the

legend was artificial. It is astonishing to see how quickly contemporary history can be forgotten. By whom was the madness of the resistance after defeat in 1870 denounced and deprecated? Was it only by Bonapartists and Legitimists, by Moderates and prudent men such as Thiers and Jules Simon? Was not "the dictatorship of incapacity" loudly censured by Republicans of the purest water, like George Sand and Lanfrey? Did not the entire nation proclaim by the February elections its abhorrence of war, its contempt for what is now termed the country's honour, its fervent wish for peace?

In one sense, however, this fruitless, hopeless, nay, all but criminal, resistance has been of great benefit, not only to France herself but to the rest of the world; for it has contributed more than anything to postpone the probability of a new war. This may at first seem paradoxical; but I am persuaded that all who know France well, and are not led away by words and appearances, will side with me. One of the causes, the principal cause indeed, of the war of 1870 was the fact that France had entirely forgotten what war really means. It was fifty-five years since the last invasion had taken place, and but few survivors still remained who, having seen it at a mature age, were able to exercise any influence on the decisions of the Government. Undoubtedly the prevailing impression was, that French arms were invincible, and that the war would take place on the enemy's territory. Neither of these convictions can any longer be entertained, and the present generation of Frenchmen is awake to the possibility of defeat, and even of invasion, in case of a war of retaliation. On this account, too, they are cautious to avoid any step that may lead to war as long as they consider their chances of victory doubtful, whether it be as regards numbers or alliances. Whoever has once witnessed the horrors of an invasion is loth to advocate war; and the generation to whom that lot has fallen in France must have time to die out before war can again be seriously thought of; only the young generation born towards 1870 might again have *le cœur léger* enough to dream of it. Now, if peace had been concluded at Ferrières, only a relatively small portion of France, a few frontier departments alone, would have seen what war is, and had an idea of its mitigated horrors; for the campaign would have remained a strictly military one, and would hardly have affected the rest of the nation beyond wounding its pride. By prolonging resistance against all hope, two-thirds of the country became the scene of war. Amiens and Rouen, Orleans and Le Mans, underwent the humiliation of the conqueror's presence, and those departments even which were spared invasion had to send their sons to the seat of warfare to witness its cruelties, many to perish on the battlefield or to languish in the enemy's prisons, more still to bring home with them mortal wounds and incurable diseases.

Thus it was that Gambetta exhibited warfare in all its ghastly reality; not a glorious struggle fought by professional soldiers at a distance from home—before Sebastopol or at Solferino—but war in the heart of the country, waged by the youth of all classes almost under the very eyes of their parents, with its terrific *cortège* of burning villages and ransomed towns, its hardships and its atrocities—a thing not so easy to be forgotten by the generation who witnessed it. Neither will it be forgotten that Metz was still in the hands of a French army when the negotiations took place at Ferrières, and would in all probability have remained French; nor will they forget that the Commune would not have been possible without the protracted siege of Paris and the absence of the regular army. That both these circumstances would have greatly facilitated a war of *revanche*, no one can doubt; and indeed, had peace been concluded in September, 1870, Europe would most likely have seen a new war between France and Germany ere this. As fate would have it, Gambetta undoubtedly has largely contributed towards rendering hatred to Germany in France more popular; but it is no less certain that he succeeded in rendering war unpopular.

II.

The most effective and most beneficial part of M. Gambetta's career was the period from 1873 to 1877, when he fought for the Republic which M. Thiers had founded, and which the Conservatives were foolishly menacing. Both by his talents and by his temperament he was eminently qualified to attack and to destroy; his indomitable courage, his inexhaustible strength, his wonderful popular eloquence, placed him at the head of the resistance against the attacks which the Republic was called upon to sustain during those four years. His speeches at that time ought not to be read in the collection of them he was imprudent enough to publish: the argumentation in them is poor, the composition loose, the style careless, the repetitions so frequent as to become tautologies, the invective is often of doubtful taste; as for originality of ideas, we seek for it in vain. What rendered these now unreadable speeches so powerful at the time of their utterance, was the fire, the spontaneousness, the strength of conviction, the wonderfully striking antitheses which he hurled to the multitude, and which became their watchwords. Never was there a better example of demagogic oratory than his, never a worse one of statesman's eloquence. Moreover, as is usual in such cases, his individuality lent its support to his oratory. He had but to present himself before a numerous, not too cultivated audience, to take it by storm. I say "not too cultivated an audience;" for men of a refined mind were on their guard from first to last against

the fascination of the man as well as of the orator, from whom they had nothing to learn.

Be that as it may, this eloquence won over a large, still hesitating portion of the population to the side of the Republic. For we must not be led astray by the majorities who even at that time voted for the Republican candidates, and which have gone on increasing ever since. Many of these votes were given, as French electors are accustomed to give them, in favour of the established Government, whatever might be its form, or out of opposition to the Conservative attacks against it, which made them quite as uncomfortable as revolutionary attacks could have done. Besides, the already numerous abstentions, which have since augmented to the proportion of two-thirds, on an average, of the voters, added to the by no means despicable minorities, might really have induced the Conservatives to believe that the majority was on their side. Their mistake was, not in appealing to the country, but in appealing to it in behalf of a Monarchy which had yet to be defined, instead of a Republic which existed; for in the latter case they would have had the whole of that silent majority with them. Had they all been true Conservatives at heart, instead of the partisans they were, their policy would have led them to rally frankly to the Republic, as MM. Dufaure, Rémusat, Montalivet, C. Perier, and others did. They might then have hindered M. Thiers from leaning too strongly towards the Left; and by so doing they would have saved the Republic: as it was, they left it to Léon Gambetta to do; and he did save it, but, in doing so, perverted it.

The Government has continued to be in the hands of the same class in France from 1789 to 1877. Even before the great Revolution it was the higher *bourgeoisie* which held most of the civil offices, and many of the most eminent statesmen were financiers and members of the bar. This element became decisively predominant from 1789, and under the first Empire there already began a fusion of the ancient nobility with the old middle-class families which, till 1877, had been the ruling class in France. This ancient *bourgeoisie* was not distinguished by wealth alone; much oftener their claim to consideration consisted in family tradition, in a refined education, or the tenure of office through many successive generations. All this was to undergo a change after the victory of 1877. The reign of the new layers of society (*les nouvelles couches*) announced by Gambetta was to commence, and he it was who chiefly promoted their accession to power. Himself the son of a grocer, he lent a willing hand to procure Government posts and seats in Parliament for all half-educated grocers' sons, while their fathers became his electoral basis. Even he, with his almost unlimited influence, was of course unable to

do away with the entire staff of the admirably organized civil service, which has enabled France to indulge in the perilous luxury of six successive political revolutions and invasions during a period of eighty years without its foundations being shaken; still he introduced quite enough of the new element to neutralize the old one, and completely to alter the character of the French bureaucracy, let alone the Parliament, elected and then "purified" under his inspiration—nay, almost under his dictation. Thus one might assert that French democracy in reality dates only from 1877, and that it was Gambetta who led it to victory and power. For the words "French democracy" must not be understood to mean the reign of workmen and labourers, any more than Athenian or Roman democracy signified the sovereignty of slaves; their real meaning is the reign of the lower middle-class or tradespeople—the pork-butchers of Aristophanes, and the "tailors and glovemakers" of Goethe, and of their aspiring descendants. These naturally find their leaders in men who are just a degree above them in thought and education, sufficiently superior for them to feel a thrill of flattering satisfaction at being able to understand them, sufficiently near their own level to make them feel that they belong to the same class, which after all is still *peuple* enough to feel the power of demagogic eloquence, which an audience composed of more disciplined thinkers is less disposed to appreciate. Hence the envy and distrust of this lower middle-class towards those whose thoughts they feel themselves unable to enter into; they are ready to admit Pericles and Cæsar on condition that they descend to their own level, and not without constant suspicion of them on account of their aristocratic origin; but the real men for them are Cleon and Marius—the *neque litteras græcas didici* flatters them as much now as it did two thousand years ago, because it is a species of justification of the reign of utilitarian half-culture. And even with their idol they were exacting. When Gambetta once ventured to select a man of refined education and superior talent, if not of high birth, M. J. J. Weiss, to fill a post for which he was eminently qualified, he met with violent opposition, and was even forsaken in the hour of need by many of his adherents, to punish him for thus betraying their common interests. It is well known, on the other hand, how contemptuously they look down upon the labouring multitude from the height of their relative superiority and worldly prosperity, and do more in reality to excite their hatred and envy than an aristocratic Government could do. The last five years have shown this sufficiently; nor is it to be wondered at if none of the 300,000 Parisian workmen—the "drunken slaves" who had given him so rough a reception at Belleville—followed the tribune's hearse to the grave, while the political *parvenus* were indulging in the luxury of reasserting their

patriotic sentiments without incurring the obligation of acting up to them.

However, what gave so great an importance to the revolution of 1877 was not merely that a new class had acceded to government in place of the one which had been ruling France for three previous generations, but also that this revolution was the first one in eighty years which had succeeded in shaking the edifice which Napoleon I. constructed, and which till then had weathered all storms successfully. During the four years that Gambetta ruled France, absolutely though irresponsibly (1878-1881), there was not a single national institution but was either threatened or actually altered in substance. Even the new republican Constitution of 1875 was menaced with a revision, and the Senate which it had instituted with abolition. The independence of the judges—which the Restoration, the Government of July, the Second Republic, and the Second Empire had respected—was destined to destruction by the introduction of removability; public instruction was turned topsy-turvy by repeated reforms which entirely changed the traditional character of the national education; the army, whose strong organization neither its crushing defeats, brought about by superiority of numbers and skill, not by bravery, had impaired, nor the reforms introduced by M. Thiers' Government had essentially altered, began to regard its future with uncertainty and misgivings since Gambetta announced the intention of exacting the three years' military service in 1878. The finances, which, thanks to M. Thiers, had been set to rights in a wonderfully short time, are now again completely entangled, the annual budget overstepping three milliards, and the floating debt amounting to the same sum—a circumstance which might give rise to serious complications at a moment of general disturbance. Above all, uncalled for and gratuitously vexatious warfare has been waged against the Church, the whole gravity of the consequences of which has not yet appeared; for till now it is the regular clergy alone which has suffered, and on this point the majority of Frenchmen are indifferent; but the secular clergy also has been threatened by M. Paul Bert, and those who know France well—and I mean by France not Paris alone but the provinces likewise—cannot fail to apprehend that the question would be viewed in a different mood by the country, were bishops and curates to be molested.

The way in which Gambetta used his unlimited power was no less mischievous than the objects he pursued. For four years he remained an unchecked master, and he showed himself in peace the same man who during the war had made heroes or traitors of France's best generals at his pleasure, reviled the gallant troops who had done their duty so manfully, treated the enemy as a horde of barbarians,

the neutrals as cowards, magnified insignificant advantages into great victories, and in short only acknowledged the spasmodic inspiration of his caprices and passions. Now it was the enemy within that he attacked—first applying himself to purify the staff of officials from high to low, for no *garde-champêtre* was appointed, no *débit de tabac* granted without being first submitted to his approval; then turning to Parliament, and forcibly annulling nearly all the Conservative elections, even a minority being deemed troublesome. Even when President of the House he lost sight of the necessity of self-control, and he was unable to moderate his own language, neither could he refrain from interrupting Conservative orators from the Speaker's seat. For if Gambetta had but few of the intellectual qualifications of a statesman, he had still less of a statesman's temperament. The former is proved by his despatches when Prime Minister; the latter by his attitude in the Chamber of Deputies, and, more than all, by his fall from power. Had he really changed since then, as many assert? Men rarely change at the age of forty-four, either morally or intellectually, and we are unable to find out anything which he has either said or done that might lead us to infer a modification either in his views or in his feelings during the ten months which have elapsed since his dismissal. But if no change had taken place, has the Republic any great reason to regret his disappearance from the scene of action, however much his untimely end and the tragic mode in which it occurred may be deplored? Is it not rather to be looked upon as a benefit? There can be no doubt whatever that, had Gambetta lived, in spite of the diminution of his authority, which had been greatly impaired during the short term of his responsible official government, he would have come into office a second time; nor can we doubt that his second government would have infallibly led to a Communist outbreak, for to this party he was especially obnoxious. The consequences of this are clear: some general or other would have put down the revolt and seized the dictatorship; the Republic might have continued to live on nominally; in reality, a military despotism would have taken its place.

For Europe likewise,—we are sorry to have to say it,—Gambetta's disappearance cannot but be an advantage. Not that he would really have succeeded, even had he been at the helm again, in bringing about a fresh war, for this his own people would never have allowed him to do; but his very presence lent a welcome pretext to those periodical warnings from Varzin by which peace is so frequently and unpleasantly disturbed, without being really imperilled. That a war of retaliation will nevertheless occur sooner or later is more than probable; only it will not be until those who witnessed the great war of 1870 have withdrawn from public life; not until France grows weary of the

fireside policy she is now so intent upon, and of the mediocrity which is governing her; not until she once more confides her sovereignty to those classes which formerly ruled her, or the sons of the present *parvenus* have had time themselves to acquire a sort of tradition; not until what has been disorganized is again restored,—above all things the army, of which every Frenchman is well aware, albeit loth to own it, that it is far from ready at present. In other words, this century will not witness a new conflict on the banks of the Rhine; for, I repeat it, although hatred of the German is popular in France, war is unpopular, and no one has done more to make it so than M. Gambetta.

A GERMAN.

THE ART OF ROSSETTI.

THERE are some men of whom it is the sad fortune that throughout their lives the praise and blame that they experience are given in an equally exaggerated degree ; they are never free from the dust and confusion of the fierce battle which partisans raise around their work and their character, and when they die they may almost be said, in the words of that one of their number who forms the subject of this article, to—

“Die not,—never having lived,—but cease ;
And round their narrow lips the mould falls close.”

As to many such, the temper of their friends, the spirit of the age in which they live, the circumstances amongst which their lot is cast, are responsible for the separateness of their lives, for the dust of praise or blame which surrounds their achievements and their failures. But for others—and these perhaps are the nobler spirits—friendship, circumstance, and surroundings, are less responsible than some strange peculiarities of temper and intellect, sufficiently powerful to unite with themselves a portion of the practices and theories of everyday life, and to reject without hesitation all that is incompatible. Such as these last are of the old prophetic temper ; of this race have sprung those who in every generation have raised their voices in denunciation or warning of the creeds amongst which they lived. They may have no gospel to deliver ; their voices may carry no message that the world can profit by. Clear messages, as George Eliot tells us, are rare in this world of to-day, but if their discontent is sufficiently genuine to affect their lives, if their personality is sufficiently strong to affect the lives of others, and if their genius is sufficiently great to proclaim itself as a thing apart, having a special and inimitable character of its own,—then, whatever may be the

perversities and fantasies of such men, they are sure to become leaders of those who share their peculiarities without possessing their power. And the resistance of the world at large to the eccentricities of any such cult has the inevitable effect of intensifying the zeal with which its eccentricities are manifested—of causing the statement of the creed to be made in cruder and cruder terms. It sometimes happens that the leader of the school, wearied by the desertion or disgusted by the shallowness of his followers, breaks with them and his old theories, and becomes like other men; but more frequently he is bound by the acts of his *clientèle*, and what was at first a mere youthful enthusiasm, and a passionate revolt against convention, becomes the very “habit of his soul.”

It is impossible at the present time, so soon after Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti's death, and whilst so many of his associates and relations are still alive, to discuss the question how far the peculiarities of his paintings and poetry were due to inherent personal characteristics, and how far to the surroundings and circumstances of his life; but it is almost equally difficult to deal with the question of his art without making some mention of those circumstances, for, perhaps, in no painter of modern times was the personal and the artistic life so strangely intermingled. Some note, too, must be taken of that curious association, long since famous by the title of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which owed its chief impulse to the overmastering influence of this artist. Those, for instance, who criticize so severely the strangeness and the mournful tendency of Rossetti's pictures when taken as a whole, and who do not scruple to attribute to the painter deliberate affectation and assumed grief for the mere sake of eccentricity or effect, would do well to take into account the circumstances of his Italian descent, his father's exile from his native land, and his own great sorrow in losing, in the first years of his wedded life, the wife to whom he was so passionately attached. An alien in race and an alien in spirit, suffering from keen private grief, and met without by an opposition to his art, which made up in personal invective what it lacked in reasonable judgment, it is perhaps little wonderful that young Rossetti, conscious as he must have been of great and original powers, isolated himself from the general public, and found a bitter consolation in giving up to dreams of the past, those powers which had no longer any object in the future.

Every one knows by this time that well-worn story of the pre-Raphaelite Brethren, of the fury with which they were both attacked and defended, and I do not intend to dwell upon it here; but it is worth noting that practically Rossetti was the sole head and front of the movement. Mr. Holman Hunt was a man of supreme industry, undoubted keenness of observation, and technical skill; but, though an enthusiastic disciple, he had no great original pictorial ability. What

he has done—and much of it is very beautiful and very noble work—has been done with an infinity of labour, often prolonged over years, upon each single picture. Mr. Millais was, as an artist, gifted with every faculty except that of caring what he painted or drew; he was as impartial as the sunlight that falls upon the just and the unjust. The quickening influence that fell upon both these men, and aroused their intelligence and stirred their feelings, was the passionately emotional genius of Rossetti, and looking back to early Millais pictures, one can see as plainly as if it were written upon the canvas—"Here I was painting what Rossetti felt: here his influence had passed away."

If any of my readers happen to have the early quarto edition of Tennyson's poems with the illustrations, and will take the trouble to compare the drawings therein by Millais, Hunt, and Rossetti; and then, with these designs in their mind, go and examine the Rossettis which are now being displayed at the Royal Academy, they will see beyond doubt whose was the guiding influence amongst the so-called pre-Raphaelites, and why it was that traces of mediæval Italy kept cropping out in realistic pictures of English orchards, or illustrations of sacred history. Look, for instance, at the drawing by Mr. Holman Hunt in illustration of the *Lady of Shalott*. Why, it is a Rossetti in all its main points! Face and figure, and arrangement of drapery and pose, are all due to the influence of the last-mentioned painter. And any number of similar illustrations might be given. If the history of this strange artistic movement—strange alike in its inception, its fierce energy, and its brief, stormy life—ever comes to be told from the inside, as alone it can be adequately written, it will be found that in every sense of the word Rossetti was the head, the brain, of the Society, and that it was only his extraordinary personal influence which gave any coherence to the practices of the various members. It is easy enough to see now, though, perhaps, I may be blamed for saying it in so many words, that neither Mr. Millais nor Mr. Holman Hunt is of the reforming type of character. They were once, when they were square men in round holes; and, to this day, their art is better for the "Sturm und drang" period through which Rossetti hurled it. But the influence is gone,—had faded long before he died to whom it owed its origin; and many an admirer of "*The Awakened Conscience*" of Mr. Hunt, and the "*Mariana*" of Mr. Millais, must have found the want, in the same painters' later pictures, of the deep poetical feeling which has sprung from

"the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

In speaking, therefore, of Rossetti's art, and trying to estimate its worth, we must always bear in mind that, as a set-off against many eccentricities and deficiencies of treatment, and many limitations of thought and feeling, we have this fact—that it was powerful to trouble

the artistic Bethesda to the very depth of its sluggish waters, and to set artists upon new tracks of execution and new impulses of thought. It is no mean praise to a painter, that, under his awakening power, other painters did better and more vital work than they have done before or since; and that the forward impulse in art which he was mainly instrumental in creating bids fair to widen out into issues of which no one can at present predict the end.

But I am not concerned here to defend Mr. Rossetti as the leader of the pre-Raphaelites, nor to ask for fame for him on any secondary ground whatever. I am desirous to point out again what seem to me to be the actual achievements of this master in the two arts in which he laboured; and I am the more anxious to do this (if my readers will pardon me a single word of personal explanation), because I have been accused of late by several persons of a desire to depreciate the work of the pre-Raphaelites, and to attribute to it demoralizing influences which it does not possess. The sentence which so afflicted Mr. Ruskin that he left off writing criticisms of contemporary painters—"Damn the fellow, why doesn't he back his friends?"—has been hurled at me directly or indirectly many times, and it seems hopeless to attempt to make painters understand that it is possible to admire great qualities without shutting the eyes to weak ones, or that one can honestly enjoy a picture, and yet be forced to consider it neither a Titian nor a Michael Angelo. The result is that because a writer is not a partisan upon one side, it is straightway concluded that he must be a partisan on the other, and if he ventures to find fault with a single pre-Raphaelite failing, he is told that he is not entitled to admire a single pre-Raphaelite greatness. Of course such reasoning is absurd, but even absurdity becomes worth demolishing when it gains universal acceptance; and in the art-world of London at the present day, it is excessively difficult to gain a hearing for any view of the matter which is not, either professedly or actually, a partisan one. Are you for Belt or Verheyden? That is the form of question nowadays in other artistic matters than the great libel case; and the man who murmurs "*Arcades ambo*" in reply is looked upon with contempt, or more probably still as a spy in the camp.

In the first place, then, as regards Mr. Rossetti's work, I must say at once that I propose to consider it as a whole, not confining one portion of my remarks to the poetry, another to the painting, but treating both manifestations of his intellect together. And this for the simple reason that it does not appear to me to be possible to separate them without doing both the painter and the poet gross injustice. Of the technical perfection of workmanship in each, a few words will have to be said separately; but for the discussion of the more emotional, imaginative, and purely intellectual qualities, the two divisions of art must here be considered as one. Now, throughout the whole of our subject's painting, and throughout the whole of his

poetry, there runs one dominant idea, and only one—"Love baffled by Death." It is on this that he rings the changes—very beautiful changes they are, touching it deftly now on this side and now on that, dressing it up in all kinds of strange and fantastically beautiful garments, hinting at it subtly through images of pleasure and pain, shadowing it forth in various allegorical ways, proclaiming it fiercely as in the voice of one just bereaved. But always, if we look long enough at poem or picture, we find the trace of this idea; speaking broadly, this is the beginning and the end of his philosophy. We say the end, for with the victory of death the master seems to close his story, though now and then he hints to us that he has heard of a heaven and a hell where all will be set right. Still, these are not part of his saying or his painting; they may be true, but they are not the facts that impress him, they are too faint, too far off, for his pencil or his verse. Or if he tells us of them at all, he does so in such glowing sensuous images, with so resolute an adherence to natural facts, that we recognize only another earth in his "Paradise" or his "Inferno." Mark, for instance, how the "Blessed Damsel leans out from the gold bar of heaven."

"And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm."

It was said once by a writer anxious to make out a case against the pre-Raphaelite school of modern poetry, that one of the chief characteristics of Rossetti's verse was its sensuality, and certain quotations* were given to prove this. Time has effectually disposed of that charge, and the misrepresentations on which it was founded have been adequately confuted; but it has hardly been sufficiently noticed, that the real ground of the accusation is due to the fact of the poet-painter being unable to dis sever his pictorial from his poetic faculty. He habitually thought (if such an expression is allowable) in terms of painting. He could not dis sever his most purely intellectual ideas from colour and form, and it is the intrusion of these physical facts into his poetry in places where they are unexpected and unnecessary that gives to hasty readers and superficial critics such a wrong impression. And in the same way as he charges a poem with more colour and form than it can well bear with reference to its special subject, so does he charge his pictures with a weight of idea which their form and colour scarcely realize, and in both he calls upon the spectator to be at once the witness and the interpreter of his work. From this there results in his poetry the following effect—that he is

* The above verse was, if I remember right, one of the number.

at his finest when he has to tell some plain story, or exemplify some comparatively simple thought, the insertion into which of physical facts will heighten the meaning rather than jar upon it; or in verses which treat intellectual ideas from a purely sensuous basis, such for instance as in those sonnets which are concerned with the passion of love. When, however, he seeks to treat either a purely intellectual or a purely spiritual subject, he fails almost inevitably, and that apparently in painting as well as in poetry. Like Antæus, if he is held off the earth too long his strength fails him. It is this painter-like quality which makes his verse so puzzling, for in idea it is almost without exception of a singularly pure and intellectual character. Turn from his verse to his painting, and the same curious contradiction is forced upon our attention. We find continually in his pictures, where the painter's individuality is most manifest, that the reproduction of the sensuous part of his subject is, so to speak, interfered with by the strange half refining, half abstract, quality of his intellect. This is especially evident in his treatment of the form of the human body, in which he has two methods, both adapted to the same end, or rather, perhaps, both unconsciously tending to the same end. One is to leave out as much as possible all detailed drawing, to suffuse the whole body in a mist of colour, in which no modelling of flesh or structure of bone is clearly visible. The other method is to accentuate those portions of the body or the features which best help to express emotion, and so to use and arrange them as to produce a definite emotional idea. The long necks in which so many of his female figures rejoice, the slender hands with fingers turning round one another, the heavy curved lips, and all the other physical peculiarities to be traced in his works, are all due to the passionately sensuous, but equally passionately intellectual, nature of Rossetti; they are the record of a man whose sense of beauty was always being disturbed by his sense of feeling.

It is, when all is said and done, this sense of beauty upon which his great praise must be founded. It is the ultimate test by which a painter must be judged. Artists may tell us that this detail is impossible, and that that is absurd; the moralist may preach that there is here too morbid an insistence upon one idea; the general public may deplore the lack of their much loved catchpenny subjects; and the Philistine may laugh at the eccentric form in which Mr. Rossetti's ideas are produced. But if the net result is beautiful, if the one idea is truly and finely expressed, the chief aim of the painter has been achieved; and the world, which is only unjust for a brief space—too often, alas! the space of a lifetime—will not let the work die. This is the rock upon which so many artists, especially so many English and French artists, split; their pictures are frequently possessed of every merit save that one which alone would justify their existence. And in this respect the subject of my article is entitled to be considered

as a supreme artist. In some of his works, especially in his later ones, when the fatal influence of chloral was beginning to wither his powers, there are distortions and even uglinesses such as can scarcely be condoned, and it is impossible to help regretting that, throughout a great part of his life, the influence of one woman's face should have been so great as to appear in all his chief characters—now as Proserpine, now as the Virgin Mary, and so throughout the range of his poetical fancies and the old legends with which he occupied his pencil. But when all these deficiencies are subtracted or allowed for, there remains a series of pictures which have such marvellous glory of colouring, such intensely vivid feeling, and such beauty of detail, that I at least know not where to find their parallel. They are living, breathing poems, at once so delicate and so strong, so passionate and so pure, as to appear to be the last word possible upon their various subjects. Take as an example of this, the picture of the painter's wife, done after her death, and entitled "*Beata Beatrix*." The subject is simple enough—a three-quarter length figure of a woman, whose head has fallen slightly backward upon her shoulders in sleep, which we feel will soon be that of death. Fluttering in front of her is a crimson bird, bearing a poppy in its mouth; behind her a sun-dial; while in the distance of the Florentine streets stand Dante and the Angel of Love watching. "Descriptions of pictures," as some one says, "are stupid things at the best;" but here they seem to me even more than usually inadequate. No amount of description could convey any hint of the intense and beautiful peace which marks this painting. It is like that of summer woods at early dawn, before the first bird has begun to sing and the last star faded. Nor is it only that the face and its expression are perfect; the whole picture tells its story with an emphasis only the more clear because of its intense quietude. Like the whisper of a great actress, we hear and feel the weight of every syllable. And technically it is as fine as it is emotionally, for curiously enough in this, probably his finest picture, Rossetti shows little or none of that wilfulness which is so frequently present in his works. The drawing, if not very markedly good, is unobtrusive and unobjectionable; the disposition of the drapery (always a strong point with this artist) is simplicity and dignity itself, the position full both of grace and suggestion, and represented with the utmost ease; while of the colouring it is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise. The picture is suffused with a misty sunshine, and all the hues therein are somewhat low in tone; but into their transparent depths the eye looks down and down as through the still waters of a lake; and the effect of the whole is that of some very marvellous piece of quiet music played at a great distance. This picture, too, gives us a good opportunity of noticing the strange combination of realism and idealism in Rossetti's painting, a combi-

nation which is of course due to, and is, indeed, scarcely more than one manifestation of, that habit of mind of which we have spoken above. What may be called the furniture of his pictures, the caskets which his women hold in their hands, the censers and candlesticks and musical instruments which they use, or the flowers or foliage with which they are adorned or surrounded, is almost invariably drawn and painted with the greatest delicacy and skill from the objects themselves. And those who went to the sale of the painter's effects which took place last spring must have seen many of the strangely shaped instruments and brazen vessels which appear in these pictures. But with all this attention to natural or artificial fact, Rossetti is far from being a realistic painter; indeed it is only in these subsidiary facts that his realism shows. His manner of painting flesh and drapery is utterly opposed to that which obtains so greatly in the present day, which takes account of every variation of texture, which in fact aims at producing the actual impression on the eye which is produced by the real thing. In the sense that Alma-Tadema is a flesh painter, or M. Lefebvre, Rossetti is none—and would not be if he could. It seems strange that this man, who has been accused so strongly of sensualism, would have undoubtedly said that the modern practice of representing the nude model was degraded in feeling and inartistic in practice.

What he attempts to do in his painting of flesh is to combine its translucencies of colour with as much of the form as he can without making the details too prominent, but never to suggest the actual texture of the flesh itself—never to put a nude model on to his canvas. When he paints a woman who shows breast or arm, he does it as frankly as a Greek would have done, and with as absolute a reliance upon its being the right and natural thing. The coarseness which strikes so vividly one who enters the French Salon for the first time, and sees hanging on every side life-size studies of nude models, is entirely absent from his work, nor can any hint of such feeling be found therein. One reason for this lies probably in the fact, which is difficult to account for, but which the history of art proves to be certain, that really great colour can hardly give an impression of coarseness. It seems somehow as if colour were a furnace which burnt up in its fierce heat all mean and unworthy things. But a still stronger reason is probably that of the painter's own personality,—one which, as I have been trying to show, sought not to clothe physical fact with emotional and intellectual ideas, but to express these ideas in terms of fact. The difference may very likely appear to my readers to be slight and unimportant; to me, I confess, it is the reverse. The man was a poet by nature, he became an artist by education and owing to an intense desire to express himself in painting as well as in song. The last medium afforded his passionate, southern spirit the glory which he

needed; the first gave an outlet to the melody with which his nature was endowed. The action and reaction were very subtle, and one can see now that while the painting certainly prevented his poetry from being as fine as it might have been; the poetry invariably upheld and dignified his painting even in its wildest moments. Across both, the reflection of the man's own vivid Italian disposition often fell with startling effect, obtruding itself and its feelings into every variety of subject, and in all kinds of diverse manners; and one of the strangest qualities in this painter's strange art, is the continual conflict, both in his paintings and his poems, of the passionate egotism which was the natural bent of his mind, intensified by the circumstances of his life, and the sense of dramatic fitness which is, perhaps, his strongest intellectual characteristic.

I hardly know whether it is in poetry or in painting that this conflict shows most clearly; it is perfectly evident in both, and the finest work in either art is to be found, as we should naturally expect, in such subjects as those in which the dramatic presentment of the poem or painting is little more than an echo of some personal mood. It is this which gives their intense power to such poems as "*Jenny*" and "*The Last Confession*," and in a minor degree to the ballad and the paintings of "*The Blessed Damozel*;" it is this which gives point and meaning to the pictures of Beatrice and Dante; and again, it is this which interferes continually with his dramatic realization of many poetical ideas with which he deals, but from which he cannot expel his own personality, and which appear, in his presentment of them, so tinged with subjective influences as to be dramatically feeble. There is probably no record of a painter whose personality grew to be so submerged in the form and face of one woman as did that of him of whom we are writing. It is scarcely too much to say that for the last twenty-five years of his life everything he wrote and painted could be traced to her in one way or another.

But this is a personal matter upon which I have no right to dwell; it is only necessary to remember that the man being what he was,—being "out of suits with fortune," more or less, from the beginning of his life, having suffered the great loss of his wife almost as soon as he had been united to her, and being subsequently possessed by the strange beauty of the face which he has made so familiar to us, it is not wonderful that towards the close of his life his painting grew to be little more than a desponding echo of itself, an oft-repeated cry of grief or weariness.

If, however, we take his work in its best period, between the dates, that is to say, of 1850 and 1870, and look with especial care at the earlier drawings, we find that if the painter repeated himself in later years, it was from no lack of invention or imagination, and that his earlier works, indeed, show an inventiveness and a fancy which are

only too exuberant, and are apt to waste their power by being too lavishly displayed. In the Fine Arts Club at Savile Row there is at the present time a collection of Rossettis which is especially rich in his early water-colour works, and in these alone is to be found sufficient artistic material to supply an ordinary painter for his lifetime. We cannot stay to mention these separately, but must just call attention to the very lovely one which represents the first meeting of Dante and Beatrice, a drawing which, for bright beauty of colour, originality of treatment, and vivid grasp of its subject, is perhaps the finest Rossetti ever conceived. In this, as in many others of the same period, not a trace is to be found of the heavy despairing state of mind which shows in his later work. They are bright, almost blithe, in conception, and are painted with a simple purity of colour which is akin only to that used by the very early Italian painters. Looking at these, we understand the early work of Millais and Hunt, and see whence it derived its inspiration. And it is curious to notice that these works are infinitely more English in the style of face and personality they depict than those of later years.

A word must be said of the one scene of English modern life which the painter attempted—the picture known by the name of "Found" and drawn in illustration of a ballad by Mr. W. B. Scott, one of Rossetti's oldest friends. It represents a woman "found" in London by her quondam lover, after many a year of shameful life. He is holding her hands and looking down towards her; she has shrunk away from his touch and gaze, and is crouching against a low wall. In the background is a bridge over the river; by the side of the man stands, not without its added touch of terrible meaning, a cart with a netted calf bleating piteously. The time is early morning, and the bridge and distance are blue and misty; the whole picture is pale and cold in its effect of colour. This the Academy catalogue informs us, not quite correctly, was painted in 1882; as a matter of fact it was, I believe, painted in 1868, or thereabouts, and was only slightly altered, and, my informant assures me, considerably spoilt, in 1882. However this may be, there is some intrinsic evidence for it to be found in the small pen-and-ink drawing for the same subject, which is now being exhibited at the Fine Arts Club, wherein the face of the countryman is different and far finer in expression than in the finished picture. The chief interest centres in the face of the woman, and it is the extraordinary power which Mr. Rossetti has shown in this portion of the picture which renders it so supremely interesting. It is an idyll of London life such as few artists have cared to grapple with, painting the naked truth with no extenuating circumstances, and many of those who see it are no doubt excessively shocked at being brought face to face with such a scene. But it is a fitting corollary to its painter's poem of "Jenny"—it is

the last word which was needed to render that story complete. In very truth Mr. Rossetti has been able to imprint on a woman's face, seen in one supreme moment, traces of all the gay, reckless, shameful, shameless, horrible life she has led since first she lay amongst "the blown grass" in the meadows—

"And wondered where the city was."

It is all here—past innocence and present guilt, and almost forgotten love and honour, struggling to drown memory that will not die, and shame, and terror, and despair. Not a pleasant picture, but one which goes to the root of the matter with which it deals; one which is, as Ruskin once said of a somewhat similar painting by Mr. Holman Hunt, "powerful to meet full in the front the social evil of the age in which it is painted; to waken into mercy the cruel thoughtlessness of youth, and subdue the severities of judgment into the sanctity of compassion." Looking at this picture, at the poem of "Jenny" and "The Last Confession," and at the ballads of "Rose Mary" and "Twixt Holmscote and Hurstcote," we touch, I think, upon the real strength of Rossetti, a strength which underlay all his eccentricities and weaknesses. He never paltered with the facts of the case, no matter how terrible; but in the life of others, as well as in his own, cut down to the truth. No wonder he gave offence to the decorous, and was a stumblingblock to the shallow. What do either want with unpleasant fact, told in the barest and least conventional terms? And Rossetti's frankness reached almost to the verge of cynicism; he spared others no more than he did himself. But still, throughout it all, and despite the curious garb in which he disguised his meaning, it always was truth at which he aimed; the nature of the man was sincere throughout. In an age when painters have few beliefs, and hold those very lightly, this man scarcely stirred a step in art except in obedience to his own inspiration, and was strong enough, despite all his failings, to modify the practices, if he did not actually change the creeds, of half the artists of his time. To him, as we have said, Millais owed his poetical inspiration, and his most beautiful pictures were painted under that influence; to him Holman Hunt was even more indebted; from him, though soon able to strike out a line for himself, sprang Mr. Burne Jones, fully equipped for the fight, like a second Minerva, from the brain of a second Jove; to his early friendship with William Morris at Oxford, when he went there to paint the frescoes in the Union, we probably owe the determining impulse which set the author of the "Earthly Paradise" on the road to that decoration which has changed the look of half the houses in London, and substituted art for ugliness all over the kingdom; and to him probably, if we could trace it back, we owe, almost equally with Ruskin who defended him, the growth of the feeling that art was more than a mere trade, and that an artist has

duties to himself and his art, as well as to his pocket and his public. For his fame it is probably unfortunate that he did not confine himself to poetry, or that he did not begin painting earlier, study it more rigorously, and confine himself to it more entirely; but for the world at large I doubt whether he could have done, being what he was, better work. He was to all young artists and young writers a tower of strength, a light to encourage them to despise conventions, and to give up their lives to their art. He was, in fact, a standing protest against the idols of the market—an influence that “made,” as Arnold would say, “for” artistic “righteousness.” In the minds of hundreds of young men, who never even saw him, there lurked a dissatisfaction that down at Chelsea a man was living, painting, and writing, without caring a brass farthing what any one thought of his works, and though I do not wish to defend the morality or the wisdom of such indifference, I do mean to assert that it is the one temper that produces good artistic work. The difficulties under which a young artist, be he painter or poet, labours are so enormous, the circumstances of the age are so much against his profession, and the confusion of counsellors is so great, that unless he can shut his ears to it all, and possess his soul in patience, it is a thousand to one against his producing first-rate work. It was not the comparative isolation of Rossetti’s life which produced his shortcomings, though no doubt it narrowed his range of sympathies; it was his persistent dwelling upon one idea, and the unfortunate coincidence which gave him a model of a physical type which exactly fitted the artistic peculiarities of his temperament. The conjunction of these circumstances forced him into one groove of thought, and held him there like a vice; and there are few things more pathetically evident about a modern painter, than the way in which he struggled, and struggled in vain, to free himself from the chain of feeling and thought which his own hands had bound round him.

But his influence was scarcely the less for his personal shortcomings—they proved him human even to his simple enthusiastic disciples, and they were of the kind that bring pity rather than contempt, for they were as much the result of idiosyncrasy and misfortune, as of misconduct—from the first the man, with all his genius, could scarcely have been successful or happy from the ordinary point of view. What place in the history of art and literature his achievements will eventually hold it is difficult even to surmise, but one or two points may be confidently asserted. In the future, Rossetti will stand less as the painter-poet than as the leader of the great artistic movement of England in the nineteenth century; his work will be regarded and prized more for what it effected than for its intrinsic merit. As we get a little further removed in time from the controversies which have raged round the modern schools of poetry and painting

it will be seen that his was the central figure of the combat, his hand raised the standard round which the foemen rallied. Two or three only of the poems are likely to survive the taste of the present day, and of these "Jenny" is far the most important, and will always stand as a statement, in singularly strong and beautiful words, of that problem of womanhood, for which, as yet, no one has found a solution. "The Last Confession" is, perhaps, the most complete of all the poems, but it touches on no such universal chord as that with which "Jenny" is concerned, and is interesting chiefly as a study of morbid love and jealousy; and all the other poems, beautiful as they are, will we fear be neglected in future years, if only because of their dependence upon a special phase of feeling which is not one with which most readers have any sympathy. They are not too egoistic to last, but they are egoistic in too unusual a way, and the strangeness of their form, natural as it was to the man who wrote them, will probably seem in after years half affected and half incomprehensible. It is a crowning misfortune for a poet, when his chances of immortality are being considered, that men should read him less for what he says than for what may be called the atmosphere of his verse—when he pleases our senses without stirring our sympathies. This is to a certain extent the case with Rossetti. The young, the healthy, and the brave may delight in his writing for its music, and even find a half pleasure in its iteration of grief. But it is impossible that they should sympathize with the work as a whole; the cry of pain is too continuous, too long sustained, followed out into too many various directions. It comes across us as we read, that though the poet was sincere, his poetry is not; that these fancies which, whenever they begin, end only in the grave, are not the realities of life and action, and have no true bearing thereon. And the consequence is that one grows into a habit of listening to him much as one does to the prattle of a child—glad when he says anything wise, witty, or beautiful, but attaching little or no importance to the thread of his discourse. And the place of his painting is even harder to determine. Many artists would tell us that it is not painting at all, and from one point of view they would be right. But is this really the question? Another age may deny that the modern French school are painters, or that there is any painting save that of Germany and the Low Countries; or it may erect some new standard, or return to some old one which is now forgotten. Who shall decide what is and what is not painting, if we once leave the broad track of beautiful colour applied to a canvas so as to produce a beautiful result? And if the decision can be made so as to exclude the work of which we are talking, we should have to consider whether, if this be not painting, it is not something else than painting which we require. It is at all events—Art. There is no doubt

of that; and in the best examples it possesses three qualities, which it is excessively rare to find in combination. It is at once passionate, poetical, and refined, and defies the spectator to associate it with ideas of manufacture. Such as it is, the work has evidently grown from its author's character, like a flower from the earth, and bears scarcely a trace of another's influence. Its hope of immortality lies in this fact. Copies die, but for originals, however imperfect, there is always hope. It is, I imagine, as unlikely that future generations will understand its meaning as it is that they will care to follow out the curious life and character of its author; but the qualities of imagination and passion, and the technical perfection of the colouring, will probably secure it a place in the history of art. For as poems in colour, the world has seen nothing finer since the days of Titian.

I would apologize to the readers of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for the desultory character of these notes, did I not feel, and feel most strongly, that the time has not yet come in which it is possible to estimate in any complete degree the scope and character of Dante Rossetti's work. Any endeavour to do so would inevitably trench upon personal matters, and give pain to many people. I have tried, probably with unsuccess, to steer a middle course, and to suggest the truth so far as it could be done without offence. As far as I can sum up that truth in a sentence, it seems to be this—that Rossetti's was a true artistic genius, wedded to a nature which was almost equally passionate and intellectual, an Italian rather than an English character, and that though the circumstances of his life thwarted his powers to an unusual extent, they did not alter in any essential respect the character of his work. Under no conceivable circumstances, I think, would the man's genius have driven him straight and fast along any given road: the seeds of contradiction were in himself as well as in his surroundings. His intellect and his senses were like two mill-stones, and would have ground each other to pieces had there been no interposing seed. In judging him we must not forget that he was an alien in race and more than alien in character; both his virtues and his vices were not such as we display. We can at least thank him for this, that he broke with one fierce wrench the bonds of artistic convention, and taught English artists that they might dare to paint their thoughts and feelings without regard to Mrs. Grundy or the dogmas of the Schools.

HARRY QUILTER.

THE RELIGIOUS FUTURE OF THE WORLD.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

IN discussing the question of the religious future of the world in the last number of this Review, I observed that the issue before mankind really is between Christianity and a more or less highly sublimated form of Materialism which is aptly termed Naturalism; a system which rejects as antiquated the ideas of final causes, of Providence, of the soul and its immortality; which allows of no other realities than those of the physical order, and which makes of Nature man's highest ideal. And I contended that this issue is not in the least affected by decking out Naturalism in some borrowed garments of Spiritualism and calling it Natural Christianity, even although the travesty be made by hands so skilful as those of an admirable writer whose recently published work* I examined at some length. It is not indeed to the phrase itself, but to this use of it, that I take exception. Tertullian speaks of Natural Christianity—"testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ;" and we may safely agree with Theodore Parker: "So far as a man has real religion, so far has he Christianity." I say this without any wish to disparage the great non-Christian systems which have done, and are doing, so much to meet the religious wants of human nature. Far be it from me to speak slightingly of the Vedic or Brahminical religion, of the religion of Zoroaster, of Gotama, of Confucius, of Lâotze, of Mohammed. What Ozanam so well says of the creed of ancient Rome may fitly receive general application: "Il faut être juste, même envers le paganisme. Il ne faut pas croire que la société païenne eût duré tant de siècles, si elle n'avait pas contenu quelques-unes de ces vérités dont la conscience humaine ne se passe jamais." † Yes

* "Natural Religion," by the Author of "Ecce Homo."

† "La Civilisation au Cinquième Siècle," vol. i. p. 168.

indeed. It is not by reason of what is false, but by reason of what is true in them, that the lower forms of religion have lasted for so many ages, and are with us unto this day. But it seems not temerarious to affirm that their vitality is almost exhausted, their part well-nigh played. Their power of development is spent, and, as soon as an idea ceases to develop, it begins to die. Few, I take it, would gravely argue that Buddhism or Mohammedanism—the only two religions besides Christianity which so much as claim universality—is likely seriously to dispute the future of the world with Christianity. But, as in the inquiry which I have undertaken it is of the utmost importance that I should be quite accurate and quite frank, it will be better for me, in what I am immediately about to write, to deal specially with that form of the Christian religion which the Catholic Church presents. In the first place Catholicity is a precise and definite term, which Christianity is not. As Auguste Comte remarks: "Every one knows what a Catholic is, whilst the best intellect dares not flatter himself that he comprehends what a Christian is; for a Christian may belong indefinitely to any one of the thousand incoherent shades which separate primitive Lutheranism from actual Deism."* I may be able—I think I am able—to give a reason for the hope that is in me as a Catholic. I could not offer myself with the same confidence to speak for the Lutheran or the Deist, much as I have, and rejoice to have, in common with both. Secondly, the real question before the world is, whether the Supernatural exists or not; exists objectively as a fact, and subjectively for us. The Materialism, the Naturalism of the day, calling itself, in the intellectual order, Science, and in the political order, Revolution, denies flatly that behind the forces of Nature there is anything, or anything which we can know. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, is the system which most consistently, unflinchingly, and logically maintains the existence of an order of Grace, in a real, and not merely a notional sense. Of course, other forms of Christianity, in so far as they rest upon a supernatural foundation, and teach supernatural truth, are vitally interested in this great issue. But the Catholic Church is in the fore-front of the hottest battle. Nor need we ask, *Quare fremuerunt gentes?* The very pretensions she makes, as the Prophet of God, to supernatural power, to the "signs following," whereby she still claims to confirm her Divine infallible word, as she claimed two thousand years ago, when she first set out to teach all nations, earn for her a prophet's reward. It is her glory that among the multitudinous religions of men she is specially singled out by the anti-Christian movement as its irreconcilable foe. The fight between her and the Naturalism of the age, whether as expounded under the name of science by professors, or as carried out in the public order by the politicians of Jacobinism, is a fight unto death.

* "Cours de Philosophie Positive," vol. v. p. 299.

And now as to the case against Christianity, as presented to the world in the creed of the Catholic Church. I suppose, in the estimation of the vast majority of Englishmen, the impression prevails that this creed is too palpably absurd to be worth arguing against. Nor is such an impression confined to the ignorant, as the following story, which I have from a well-known Catholic ecclesiastic, may serve to show. Some years ago, the brother of a very distinguished luminary of the law embraced Catholicity, and went in fear and trembling to break the news to the great man. The only remark the tidings drew from him was: "Well, I daresay it's a good enough religion for such a damned fool as you." There are, of course, cases where this uncomplimentary view of those who hold the Catholic faith is obviously inadmissible. And, in such cases, the usual explanation—not a more flattering one indeed—is that of fear. Swift, in his brutal and blasphemous burlesque of one of the most august and heart-subduing of religious mysteries, represents an anathema as the only "thundering proof" offered by "Lord Peter" in support of the proposition that a slice from a twelve-penny loaf is excellent good mutton: "Look ye, gentlemen, cries Peter, in a rage, to convince you what a couple of blind, ignorant, positive wilful puppies you are, I shall use but this plain argument. By God, it is true, good, natural mutton, as any in Leadenhall Market, and, God confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise." Quite in accordance with this view is the statement so often made that Cardinal Newman confines his defence of his creed to "the threat and the consequent scare" that it is the only possible alternative to Atheism, a statement the utter erroneousness of which I took occasion, not very long ago, to point out.* Let me then say, once for all, that so far as I am concerned, I appeal in defence of my religious belief to reason, which, as Butler admirably observes, "is, indeed, the only faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, even religion itself." If Christianity, if Catholicity, be irrational, if it can be received only upon condition of our shutting the eyes of the understanding, its doom is sealed. The question, therefore, whether in any intellectual province any fact has been established incompatible with the unique, the supreme claims of Jesus Christ as a teacher come from God, or of His Church as the divinely appointed oracle of religious truth, is most pertinent to the inquiry upon which I have entered. And upon that question I intend to express myself with entire candour. "It is fit things be stated and considered as they really are." "Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be: why, then, should we desire to be deceived?"

Now what is the way in which the objections to the Christian

* In a letter to the *St. James's Gazette*, dated the 18th Nov. 1880, which Cardinal Newman has done me the honour to adopt and to reprint in the new edition (the fifth) of his "Grammar of Assent" (p. 500):

religion in general, and to the Catholic faith in particular, present themselves, in fact, to the nineteenth-century mind? Suppose a man, who has enjoyed and profited by the best advantages offered by one of our great English universities: suppose that he has further received the intellectual discipline conferred by the study of the law—perhaps the best of all disciplines for accuracy of thought and appreciation of evidence; that the opportunities of his life have enabled him to observe “the manners and cities of many men;” that his mind, in maturer age, has not been so entirely engrossed by professional duties, or by public affairs—invaluable as the training ground where the student or the scholar passes from the abstract to the concrete, from images to facts, from theory to practice—as to withdraw him from historical and philosophical research: suppose, I say, such a man, after the best consideration he could give to the matter, and in spite of strong contrary prepossessions and interests, to have decided that so good a case exists for Christianity and for the Catholic form of it, as to make it a matter of conscience and duty with him to submit himself to the Church of Rome; and then imagine him meeting a friend whose voice and face, little changed by twenty years of the world’s wear and tear, bring back with strange vividness memories of childhood and youth—

“Actæ non alio rege puertis
Mutatæque simul togæ.”

Nature herself in such a case seems to suggest a quiet dinner together. It is arranged. The next evening finds Damon and Pythias (I know I ought to say Phintias, but habit is too strong) at table in a quiet corner of the Apollo Club. In half-an-hour the two friends are talking with as little restraint as they used to talk two decades ago at St. Mungo’s College. I proceed to set down a fragment of their conversation.

II.

PYTHIAS. Well, my dear Damon, times are changed indeed since I picked you off the College railings and delivered you from danger of impalement. I wonder whether anybody now gets in that way, in the small hours of the night. I should not like to try it. “Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.” And so you have become a holy Roman. That is a change indeed. You used, I remember, to be the most thoroughgoing sceptic of the whole lot of us.

DAMON. I am not disposed to say anything against that same scepticism. There is a fruitful doubt as there is a fruitful grief. I am a little inclined now as I was twenty years ago to make my judgment blind. If, after the best consideration I could give to the matter, I had thought the Catholic creed irrational, if I had discovered it to be

in conflict with any truth, I could not have accepted it. To have found it teaching, as of faith, any demonstrated error, would have been, as Mr. Leslie Stephen would say, to have found it out; for that would have been fatal to its claims as the oracle of the God of Truth.

PYTHIAS. 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange: and I am curious to know—we are too old friends for you to attribute to me the impertinence of an idle curiosity—I am curious to know how you got over difficulties which, as I remember, we both felt strongly twenty years ago, and which I feel as strongly still.

DAMON. I will gladly tell you anything I can, and although I do not profess, like the clown in the play, to have an answer that will fit all questions, still I say, with the clown, "Spare me not." But let us know what we start from. Here, too, it is true "*c'est le premier pas qui coûte*." May I take it that you believe in God—in the old acceptation I mean: not as a mere *anima mundi*, nor as the totality of the forces of the Universe, nor as an abstraction of the mind, like Humanity with a big H, but as a Person in the most transcendent sense of the term, and as the Person who put personality into us?

PYTHIAS. You remember the verse of Goethe:—

"Mein Liebchen, wer darf sagen,
Ich glaub' an Gott?
Magst Priester oder Weise fragen,
Und ihre Antwort scheint nur Spott
Ueber den Frager zu sein."

It seems to me the last word on the question.

DAMON. Yes, indeed. I know the lines well, too well: "So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to men." I remember that they long rang in my ears as the knell of Theism, until I rose up against their authority and fought my doubts for myself. Then I am to begin with the beginning, and to tell you how I got over the difficulties of the Theistic hypothesis? Well, perhaps I may say that I feel them now as strongly as I ever did. Only they have sunk into another place in my mind. A difficulty is one thing. A doubt is quite another. What inexplicable difficulties attend every biological theory that has ever been put forward! Yet who doubts the fact of life? Then again the difficulties of the Atheistic or the Agnostic hypothesis seem to me to be far greater than those of the Theistic: far harder to reconcile with facts. So far as I know, Butler's pregnant question has never received an affirmative answer:—"Will any man in his senses say that it is less difficult to conceive how the world came to be, and to continue as it is, without, than with, an intelligent Author and Governor of it?" I was reading in a book of Schweizer's* only this morning

* The passage will be found in his "*Die Zukunft der Religion*," p. 94. It is mentioned that this writer, perhaps the first of living Protestant theologians—I k

"It is indubitable that the human mind has from the earliest times worshipped as the higher truth the reality which is hidden behind phenomena but consciously felt in the heart, and has ascribed to it greater analogy with ideas than with the primary elements of the phenomenal world, such as matter and force." Now this unquestionable fact seems to me a very momentous fact, not in the least robbed of its significance because a certain school of scientists decline to recognize anything beyond the physical phenomena to which the methods of their science necessarily restrict them. Their assumption that their way of investigation is the sole instrument of discovering truth, seems to me obviously false. As we used to read in Plato: "Being is not perceived by sense, nor is goodness, beauty, resemblance, difference, number." And St. Augustine says: "God is nearer, more related to us, and therefore more easily known by us, than any sensible, corporeal thing." I hold that the senses are but one, and by no means the surest, of the ways of finding truth; that there are in the moral order, as in the mathematical, certain necessary truths, not known experimentally but intuitively, recognized instinctively as true by the cognitive faculty, truths which are their own sufficient vouchers and justifications; in other words that there is an *à priori* element in our knowledge, and that our instinctive faculties are rather to be trusted than any conclusions derived by the phenomenist, through "inductive processes" from his narrow and arbitrarily restricted range of "experienced facts." Hence it is that the argument of the Divine existence drawn from conscience, from Kant's categorical imperative of duty, comes home to me with such irresistible force that I do not hesitate to say with Julius Müller: "Conscience is the consciousness of God." Subsidiary (as I account of them) to this supreme proof there are of course others: the argument from design, the argument from first causes, the ontological argument urged by St. Anselm and Descartes from the necessary existence of an archetype corresponding to our idea of an infinite and immense Being, which Kant seems to me to have misapprehended and not to have refuted.* It must be owned that to many minds of which it would be impertinent to speak otherwise than with deep respect, none of these arguments, nor all of them together, bring conviction. I cannot help that. I can answer only for myself. But I suppose that what Mill says in his Autobiography about the fundamental difference between the two schools of philosophy, that of intuition, and that of association and experience, is profoundly true.

* who else among them combines such profound philosophical culture, such deep religious feeling, and such delicate critical acumen—is so little read in England.

* On Kant's well-known criticism of this argument see "The Philosophy of Kant," by Edw. Caird, c. xviii.; and "An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion," by John Caird, D.D., c. 5.

PYTHIAS. I suppose so. But conscience—you know that the late Professor Clifford has recorded his opinion that it is of human invention: that it is “the voice of Man, ingrained in our hearts, commanding us to work for Man;” that it “springs out of the habit of judging things from the point of view of all, and not of one.”

DAMON. I remember the passage, and have always prized it as a curious specimen of dogmatic Materialism, enforced as it is by a sort of *ex cathedra* “I say.”* It seems to me, however, that this view of conscience is out of harmony with “experienced facts.” Let any one consider what the monitions of his individual conscience are, and he certainly will not find that they are mandates “to work for man.”

“Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa,”

says the ancient poet, and he speaks more wisely than the modern professor. The voice of conscience is mainly an accusing voice. Self-disapproval, guilt, remorse—these are its most notable phenomena; it speaks of a law broken and of a Lawgiver outraged; and thus it is the creative principle of natural religion.

PYTHIAS. Well, then, you know there are the Darwinian and the Spencerian theories as to the origin of conscience. And there is the spectre of Evolution, feared by the religious world.

DAMON. Religion is one thing: “the religious world”—the phrase is significant—and its fears are quite another.

PYTHIAS. I hope so, for the sake of religion. But you have considered the bearing of the doctrine of Evolution upon the Theistic controversy generally, and the Christian theory in particular?

DAMON. Yes. “The doctrine of Evolution” is, of course, a somewhat ambiguous term. There are several doctrines of Evolution in the world. But if I may take you to mean by it the development of species in time from less complicated organisms, it seems to me to be almost proved: or, to speak more accurately, I think that a very strong presumption has been established that animals generally are modified descendants of more simple types, and that it is not improbable that every form of life on the earth may have originally sprung from some monad germ. To me, the analogy presented by the development of intellectual ideas and the formation of religious dogma is a weighty argument in favour of this doctrine of Evolution; for law reigns everywhere and is everywhere the same in its main features. But the accounts given by Messrs. Darwin and Spencer of the *modus operandi* are, *pace* these illustrious men, mere nude hypotheses. I confess that “natural selection” and “the survival of the fittest” seem to me big words covering extremely poor conceptions.

* The passage referred to will be found in the late Professor Clifford’s “Lectures and Essays,” vol. ii. p. 238-9:—“Such as we are—moral and rational beings— . . . I say Man has made us,” &c.

PYTHIAS. Well, but as to the bearing of the doctrine of Evolution upon Theism?

DAMON. Evolution does not go beyond phenomena. Of causation, in the proper sense of the word, it tells us nothing whatever. It merely removes the First Cause indefinitely farther off, and, as a very able Jewish writer has remarked, "instead of obscuring our ideas of the Divine Omnipotence, only increases a thousandfold our reverence for the Being who could endow an amorphous cell of protoplasm with such infinite potentialities."

PYTHIAS. You find no difficulty, apparently, in admitting that man is, or rather very probably may be, the last term in a long series of biological expansion. But does not that make an end of his proud prerogative, as essentially different from the other animals?

DAMON. By no means, as I judge. The notion of the evolution of a rational soul in a mere brute seems to me absurd. Between man in his lowest estate and any animal in its highest, there is—I use the word advisedly—an infinite difference. Somewhere in the ascending scale from Protogenes to the human race there is a chasm, and that, I think, nothing but the Divine creative act, the breathing into man a living soul, fills up.

PYTHIAS. Let us go back to the question of conscience. Mr. Herbert Spencer, while admitting the existence in the human mind of certain fundamental moral intuitions, quite independent of conscious experience, accounts for them by a process of psychical or cerebral laws and developments which the nervous modifications of past generations have undergone. And the late Mr. Darwin thought it probable in a high degree that any animal whatever, endowed with well-marked social instincts, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience, as soon as its intellectual powers had become as well developed, or nearly as well developed, as man's.

DAMON. I have the greatest respect for all facts, and consider that we owe much, both to Mr. Darwin and to Mr. Spencer, for what they have done to collect and classify facts. But when they proceed to deductions, when they talk of what is probable, I often find myself unable to accompany them. I suppose our criteria of probability differ. Still, I do not deny that there may be an element of truth in these speculations. By the way, do you happen to know Mr. St. George Mivart's writings?

PYTHIAS. I am ashamed to say I do not; ashamed, because I understand he is on all hands allowed to be one of the first of living Naturalists. I dimly recollect a controversy between him and Professor Huxley, some years ago, in which he was generally considered to have held his ground. But I forget the precise point upon which it turned.

DAMON. It was a point of much importance, and certainly

Mivart's arguments were unanswered. Let me recommend you to get his writings—particularly his "Genesis of Species," his "Lessons from Nature," his masterly monograph on the Cat, and, above all, the admirable work which he has recently published—"Nature and Thought." I am pretty confident that his method of ratiocination will approve itself to you as safer, as more truly scientific, than that which has been followed by the authors of the brilliant but loosely-knit speculations, so popular for the moment.

PYTHIAS. Thanks; I will get the books. But as to the question—the burning question—of conscience. It is certain that we see something very like what we call conscience in the animals which we call lower. Take my wife's dog Spider, for example; a strictly conscientious dog ruled more habitually than I am, I fear, by his moral sense—his notions of right and wrong.

DAMON. By his notions of right and wrong you mean his sense of what is approved and forbidden by his mistress.

PYTHIAS. Yes. I take it that his ethical standard is supplied by her approval and disapproval.

DAMON. Well, as Lord Bacon says, a man is as a god to his dog. I confess it seems to me as unquestionable that in some of the lower animals we may trace a moral sense, as it is that they possess most of the faculties which in man we call mind. But how little do we really know about them, their state, their interests, and their destiny; whether they can sin or not; whether they are under punishment; whether they are to live after this life!* It seems, I own, to me that the weight of evidence (such as it is) is in favour of an affirmative answer to these questions.

PYTHIAS. Then you don't deny to them a soul, for, if I rightly understand you, you regard a moral sense as a faculty of the soul?

DAMON. In a sense it may certainly be said that they have a soul. Of course, they have not what theologians call a rational soul; that *divine particula auræ*, which is man's supreme and distinctive excellence. They have a sense of the finite, we of the infinite. Their likeness to us is very startling; but their unlikeness is more startling still. We have all that they have; but we have something more, and that something is what I have called a rational soul, and its most distinctive manifestation, articulate speech: *rationale quia orationale*. The moral sense of the dog is to the moral sense of the man what the language of the dog is to the language of the man. I believe that the faculty which we call conscience in man is a form of the soul itself, is innate in us, although the causes which the Associationists and Evolutionists dwell upon, may have done much to develop it; and I am far from denying that something

* See the most suggestive passage in Cardinal Newman's sermon on the "Invisible World," Oxford Sermons, vol. iv. p. 206; and the very striking remarks in his "Essay on Miracles," p. 148, Third Edition.

very like it may be innate, whether developed little, or not at all, in all sentient creatures. But if it could be proved that conscience is not primary but derivative, I should reverence it just as much, for it would be equally from God; His gift to man, to be the perpetual witness for Himself, the organ whereby He is known.

PYTHIAS. At all events your Theism is thorough: "Dieu se retrouve à la fin de tout." And what do you say to spontaneous generation?

DAMON. I would say, first, that I hardly see how it touches the Theistic, or the Catholic position. As a matter of fact, Catholics, generally, believed it until the other day. St. Thomas Aquinas and Suarez seem to have taken it for granted. Secondly, for myself, I ask permission not to be called upon to believe it until it is proved, of which I see no immediate probability. Professor Allman told the British Association at Sheffield three years ago, "No one has ever yet built up one particle of living matter out of lifeless elements;" and his words are just as true now. Depend upon it we shall never see the building up of that one particle.

PYTHIAS. There is no knowing what we may see. Swift tells us of certain Nurembergers who undertook to construct a man of wood and leather that should reason as well as most country parsons. The science of the nineteenth century may actually produce that man. But let us go on. The argument from conscience, and the various other arguments, *à posteriori* and *à priori*, you hold sufficient to warrant our believing in the existence of God. But what God? I suppose we may say an Infinite and Absolutely Perfect Being; and so Omnipotent, Omniscient, All-Loving. But how does the God of Christianity correspond with this idea? Consider the account which your Sacred Books put forward. I do not press the manifest anthropomorphism of the ancient Hebrew narratives; I will suppose, for the present, that no one now accepts them literally as history: *nec pueri credunt*. Let us take it, if you like, that the first chapter of the Bible is "a sublime Psalm of creation:" that the story of Eve and the apple is "the allegory of a moral fact"—as an episcopal champion of orthodoxy has expressed it—and so of the rest of those venerable myths, of many of which, by the way, we possess what seem to be far older versions, in the legends deciphered by the late Mr. George Smith, and published in his "Chaldean Account of Genesis:" legends which well-nigh all Assyrian scholars consider to have been current before the Semitic tribes entered Mesopotamia. My difficulty is as to the general picture of the Divine character and government which Christianity presents. Omnipotence calling into existence the human race and the various tribes of sentient animals, while Omniscience knew the sufferings of countless ages which lay before them—how is this to be reconciled with Infinite Love? Consider human ex-

istence—the life even of the healthiest of us, what Pope called his, a “long disease,” or as Schopenhauer said, “a struggle against death with the certainty of being conquered;” consider what you call—and I too, in perhaps another sense—moral evil. It was a bishop, as I remember, who asked, “What does civil history acquaint us with, but the incorrigible rogueries of mankind, or ecclesiastical history more than their follies?” Consider—

“What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter, and love, and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurled in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing, and then they die—
Perish! and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swelled,
Foam’d for a moment, and gone.”

Then, again, think of the suffering of the lower animals—a more terrible thought still, to me—the victims of man’s cruelty and of their own. It is a thought I never dare allow myself to dwell upon. I would rather see a dozen men hanged—isn’t it Shakespeare who tells us that many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage?—than look upon the vivisection of the sorriest cur that ever howled. Consider all this, and tell me, if you can, how it is reconcilable with the conception of a Creator of whom you say that He is God, because He is the highest Good. I agree with Coupeau in *L’Assommoir*: “S’il y a un Dieu, il arrange drôlement les choses.” I frankly confess that I think the Buddhist synthesis a far better one than the Christian. That a perfect Creator can have made so imperfect a world is surely, to use Pontifical language, a *deliramentum*.

DAMON. I suppose it is this great mystery which more than anything else at the present day drives men into the falsehood of extremes: into Positivism on the one hand, which is the negation of evil, into Pessimism on the other, which is the negation of good. I do not wonder at it. What question is there which presses upon any one, who really tries to face it, with such overwhelming severity as the question of the Moral Government of the world? Yes, as Descartes said, “God must transcend in excellence my highest idea of excellence.” The perfection of the moral law—those unwritten and unchanging and eternal laws of the noblest passage in Greek tragedy—which is to me a self-evident, axiomatic, intuitive truth, witnesses for the perfection of the Divine Lawgiver. “*Bonum nullo indigens bono*,” as St. Augustine says, is the very sum of our conception of God. How reconcile with that absolute goodness the suffering of a

moment's pain by any living creature? How reconcile with it the existence of the "purblind race of miserable men?" I can no more reconcile it than you. It is one of the overwhelming, heart-piercing mysteries that encompass human life. One out of many. Our ignorance here is the measure of our knowledge of all the profounder problems of existence. "Thy judgments are like the great deep."

"Però nella giustizia sempiterna
La vista che riceve il vostro mondo,
Com'occhio per lo mare, entro s'interna;
Che, benchè dalla proda veggia il fondo,
In pelago nol vede, e nondimeno
Egli è, ma cela lui l'esser profondo."

Let us accept any "beam in darkness" which penetrates to us. And is not the Christian explanation, upon the face of it, more reasonable than any other? "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin," sin being, as St. Augustine tells us, anything done, said, or designed against the Eternal Law. And does not the teaching of all religions echo back the Apostolic dictum? From the rudest fetichism to the more elaborate theologies, all speak of the sense of sin deep-rooted in the human conscience. Here, of course, we are thrown back upon another of those unsolved and insoluble mysteries that surround man on all sides, the mystery of free will, as to which I do not see how we can get further than St. Augustine's teaching, that a world in which a moral order or period of probation was established wherein rational creatures should work out their own eternal destiny by their own merit, is more excellent than one containing no such order; and that the existence of this moral order implies liberty to sin, as a concomitant of liberty to do right. A created being is a finite being, and a finite being is an imperfect being, and, as Leibnitz tells us, the limitation of the finite makes evil possible. For the rest, the condition of the world should surely predispose us to welcome the revelation of the goodness and loving-kindness of the Great Father which Christianity professes to bring.

PYTHIAS. Well here we are, after twenty years of separation, reasoning high, like Milton's devils—

"Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, and knowledge absolute,"

but happily amid pleasanter surroundings. But seriously, my dear fellow, does it appear to you that the Christian revelation is a very successful correction of the aboriginal calamity—so terrible in its results, whatever it may have been—in which mankind is involved? A system introduced so late in the world's history, and now, after two thousand years have passed away, professed, as statisticians reckon, in all its multifarious and jarring varieties, by only some thirty per

cent. of the human race—such Christians, too, as most of the adherents they assign to it are—seems to be a worse failure even than the creation. That the Infinite and Eternal God should have descended to this planet of ours—mere speck as it is in the illimitable Universe—and should have made the oblation of His life and the sacrifice of His death for a race of beings of whom the vast proportion have never heard of Him, while, of those who have heard, so very few are much the better for it, is more inconceivable than that a perfect Being should have called into existence such a world. At least you thought so once. I think so now.

DAMON. Here again I recognize an unfathomable mystery. You shake the head. You do not like that term. But surely Pascal speaks the words of truth and soberness when he says: “La dernière démarche de la raison est de savoir qu’il y a une infinité de choses qui la surpassent.” It is a commonplace of Catholic theology, “Totum desinit in mysterium,” and many of our great writers have been led to connect the Incarnation with some vast divine purpose of which we are ignorant. Consider the immensity of our ignorance.

“Or tu chi se’, che vuoi sedere a scranna
Per giudicar da lungi mille miglia
Con la veduta corta d’una spanna?”

The objection taken to Christianity on account of its late introduction into the world, its partial reception by men and its incomplete triumph even among those who have received it amounts merely to this: that it does not correspond with our *à priori* notions; that it is unlike what we should have expected; not a very formidable objection, as I now think, except on what Butler calls “the infinitely absurd supposition that we know the whole of the case.” The issue may very probably be confused for many minds by some figment of the rights of man borrowed from the political theories of the day. But it must be absolutely clear to any one who will look at the matter in the light of reason that man has in strictness no rights against God. The Divine Ruler and Judge of men makes us to differ from one another in gifts of grace as of nature or of fortune; to one He gives ten talents, to another five, to another one. Why not? Is it not lawful for Him to do what He will with His own? The Apostolic question is unanswerable: “Who art thou that repliest against God?” The philosophy of the “Essay on Man” is not very profound; but Pope seems to me to make “a very palpable hit” when he says:—

“Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy’st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.”

If Christianity is what Christianity professes to be, “good tidings

of great joy," transfiguring this brief and troubled life by the infinite value given to it as the school of spiritual discipline, the training place for eternity, why should the fact that this religion is offered to me and not to others, be any kind of reason for my declining it?

PyTHIAS. You talk of an immortal hope. But surely the outlook which the theologians exhibit to the vast majority of mankind is rather an immortal dread. I was reading the other day in one of the profoundest and most eloquent of your writers: "It is one opinion entertained among divines and holy men, that the number of Catholics that are to be saved will on the whole be small;" and I suppose Catholics would be held by their divines and holy men to have a better chance than the rest of the world. But what a vision does this opinion raise in the mind; the vision of a Being who could deliberately and of His own free will call into existence myriads of creatures with infinite capacities for suffering, foreknowing, or rather knowing,—“in Him is no before,”—that an eternity of ineffable misery lay before them. People are better than their creed, or the servants of such a Being would be absolutely inhuman. They may thank themselves, however, if such a representation of God drives men into negation of Him. But what makes the matter worse, is that, as I am firmly persuaded, the good men—I know they are sometimes very good men—who put it forward do not in their heart of hearts believe it. How could they eat or drink, or sleep, if they did? The horror of the thought would haunt them day and night, and in no long time drive them mad. Indeed, I think it may be safely affirmed that the only real believers in this Stygian gospel are those who lose their reason by it, for that is its natural and logical result.

DAMON. Very little is of faith with Catholics upon this tremendous subject. This is of faith, that human life is a time of probation; that the choice which every creature endowed with free will has to make, while in this world, is “brief, and yet endless,” and that those who deliberately reject God, by their own act shut themselves out from the Beatific Vision. What do the researches of the physicists bring out more startlingly than the inexorableness of the “laws of Nature,” as they speak? All things are double one against another: the things that are seen against the things that are not seen. Law reigns everywhere. It is as irreversible in the spiritual order as in the phenomenal world. Thus Gotama, whose doctrine, that a man’s doing is his true self, embodies a great truth, teaches in the Pāli Dhammapada that “evil deeds *must* bear bitter fruits,”—there is no help for it: that though “an evil deed, like newly-drawn milk, does not all at once turn sour, yet, smouldering like fire covered by ashes, it follows the fool” into the unseen world: that if “a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the

ox that draws the carriage," a most significant comparison. As you will remember, we used to read in Hegel, punishment is not something arbitrary; it is "the other half of crime." It is not primarily nor necessarily remedial, but vindictive—a stern truth, which the jargon of so-called philanthropists has done much to obscure for the present age. Every great religion, every profound thinker, has realized as vividly as Christianity itself the tremendous, the far-reaching nature of sin. You remember the passage in Plato—it is in the "Phædo"—where he says that the wicked would be too well off if their evil deeds came to an end with death, and that other passage at the end of the "Republic," where one spirit asks another, "Where is 'Ardæus the Great?'"—the tyrant who a thousand years before had desolated one of the cities of Pamphylia—and is answered, "He has not come forth from hell; he is not likely to come forth." It is a most striking thing that the two founders of religions who, as you will allow, have been most full of pity for men, Jesus the Messiah, and Gotama the Buddha, have presented the most terrible pictures of the consequences, in another existence, of moral evil in this. Think of Dives, the heartless glutton, asking in vain for a drop of water to cool his tongue in the unquenchable flame. Think of the monk Kokâliya, of whom we read in the "Sutta Nipâta," condemned, for speaking evil of the brethren, to the Paduma hell, where the wicked are beaten with iron hammers, and boiled in iron pots in a mixture of blood and matter, and fed on food resembling red-hot balls of iron, and plunged into the accursed river Vetaranî, difficult to cross, and flowing with streams of sharp-edged razors, and where their torments last 512,000,000,000 times as long as it would take to clear away a large load of tiny sesamum seed, at the rate of one seed in a hundred years. If, as Catholics believe, God is the final end of man—to love Him above all things, our friend in Him, our enemy for Him, our great good—and if this life is a time of probation, what can we reasonably conjecture as to the destiny which any one shapes for himself who deliberately turns away from that final end, and rejects that great good, who takes side with His enemies, and says, "Evil, be thou my good?" "L'enfer," says Bossuet, "c'est le péché même, l'enfer c'est d'être éloigné de Dieu." He whose lips were full of grace, speaks of eternal sin—"reus æterni delicti,"*—a pregnant expression, indeed. There is a fine passage in the Qu'ran, depicting with much boldness the "Dies Iræ," as the Moslem prophet conceived of it, "when the heavens shall be rent asunder, and the stars shall be dispersed, and the seas shall be mingled, and the sepulchres shall be overthrown, and every soul shall know what it hath done and left undone." On that great and exceeding bitter day, in each man's

* *ἀμαρτήματος*, not *κρίσεως*, is unquestionably the true reading of the passage, St. Mark v. iii. v. 29.

hand shall be put the book of his deeds; his account exactly stated; himself called to witness that "the Lord will not deal unjustly with any one." The vision which you have conjured up, I, of course, put aside as the mere phantasm of a distorted imagination. God is infinitely loving, as well as infinitely just. And of this we may be confident—it seems to me blasphemous to doubt it—that the eventual condition of every soul will be such as is best for that soul; the best that is possible for it, as being what it is, what it has made itself to be. This is the "larger hope," which we not only may faintly trust, but should assuredly believe: the one ray of celestial light in this great darkness. "Thou lovest all the things that are, and abhorrest nothing that Thou hast made. Thou sparest all, for they are Thine, O Lord, Thou Lover of Souls!"

PYTHIAS. Well, it is satisfactory to learn "*que le bon Dieu n'est pas si noir qu'on le croit.*" But I have a train to Richmond to catch, and time is going on. Let me go on too, and touch upon another point, I mean the difficulties which history presents to the claims of Christianity, and especially of Catholicism. Thus we can trace the development of the Theistic idea among the Hebrews, as an historical fact, from the anthropomorphic national or tribal Deity, Yahveh, to the Eternal God proclaimed by Jeremiah and the later prophets. We can trace the growth of the Trinitarian idea from the dim semi-Platonic notion in which it first appears, until it receives its full embodiment at Nicæa. We know when a belief in purgatory came in: we can follow step by step the growth of the cultus of the Virgin. But even when apparently fixed, stereotyped, so to speak, in symbols and formulas, religious ideas really change. Modern Catholicism would be, to no small extent, strange to a mediæval Catholic. Nineteenth-century Protestantism would certainly considerably astonish Luther or Calvin. It is not difficult to imagine what effect either would produce on St. Peter or St. Paul. *πάντα ῥεῖ.*

DAMON. And why not? To live is to change. I am not in the least concerned to deny that the earliest Hebrew conceptions of Deity were anthropomorphic. It was natural that they should be so. The Lord God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day, or speaking to Moses face to face, as a man is wont to speak to his friend, these and the like notions belong to a primitive state of religious belief, here as elsewhere—

"the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns." Ideas are like seeds; they germinate in the human mind, they assimilate nutriment from all sides, they grow and are transformed in the sowing; and all this takes place by a divinely ordained law, analogous to that which rules in the vegetable world, as might indeed have been expected, since both are the expression of the same Supreme Mind. It is perfectly true that the word Trinity did not come into

use until the second century; it is equally true that the conception which that word expresses may be traced back to Apostolic times and long before. The doctrine of purgatory, as we find it in Pope St. Gregory's day, was, in some sort, new. But the notion of a place of purification where the imperfect, "saved, yet as by fire," abide—

"In prison for the debt unpaid,
Of sins committed here,"

until its uttermost farthing is discharged, and the Divine Law is satisfied, is as old as Christianity, and far older. And so of other doctrines of the faith. There is really nothing more to be said on this subject than has been said by Cardinal Newman in his "Essay on Development."

PYTHIAS. So that when—

"John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they didn't know everything down in Judee,"

he speaks wiser than he is aware of.

DAMON. Yes. The theological statement of Mr. Robinson's proposition, if you care to have it in the words of Cardinal Laurence Brancata, is "Multæ veritates, initio ecclesiæ, aut obscuræ erant, aut penitus ignotæ." I have no objection to take the American humorist and even the author of "Nana," whom you quoted just now, as exponents, in some sort, of their age. But after all, we must remember that, as M. Renan admirably says, "seriousness is the first essential of morality and religion."

PYTHIAS. "Ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat?" But M. Renan: by all means let us go on to him, the more especially as, like the rest of the world, I have been reading lately his article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*:* the new instalment of what we may call his "Apologia pro Vita Sua." How singularly beautiful and interesting it is!

DAMON. Yes, indeed. I confess that I was immensely taken with the article. I have read it twice, and that with much care; but upon both occasions I was in doubt whether kindly feeling for the writer, or astonishment at the grounds upon which he gave up his religion, was the predominant thought in my mind.

PYTHIAS. I am glad to hear a good word from you for Renan. It is not often that I hear one from a Catholic.

DAMON. It is not my business to judge him. "Unusquisque nostrum pro se rationem reddet Deo." "If he seek Truth, is he not our brother, and to be pitied? If he do not seek Truth, is he not still our brother, and to be pitied still more?" But I do not envy the man who can read untouched that chapter in his life which he has recently given to the world.

* Of Nov. 1, 1882.

PYTHIAS. Well, but I should like to hear what you have to say about the grounds on which Renan gave up Catholicism and Christianity.

DAMON. The rocks upon which he made shipwreck of faith, were, as it would seem, the supernatural and the Sacred Scriptures of Christianity. As regards the first, he quotes, I remember, Littré's well known dictum, "*Quelque recherche qu'on ait faite, jamais un miracle ne c'est pas produit là où il pouvait être observé et constaté,*" a text upon which, by the way, he has enlarged in his "*Vie de Jésus.*" Now it is perfectly true that no case is upon record of a Saint offering to work a miracle for a wager, or to satisfy a jury of professors of physics. In the law of the Divine Government of the world, neither curiosity nor disbelief is the condition of these phenomena of the order of Grace. You remember the plea urged in the Gospel on behalf of the Centurion, whose son Christ was besought to heal; that he was worthy for whom He should do this. Such conformity must ordinarily precede the exercise of miraculous power. Can it be said to exist in the case of our prophets of materialism? Are they not rather like those who sought of Him a sign tempting Him? The only sign which was to be given to those Galilean unbelievers is given to their representatives in the nineteenth century. The successors of the Apostles, like the Apostles themselves, are witnesses of Christ's Resurrection. That is the miracle upon which Christianity rests;—its fundamental basis, so that, as St. Paul says, "If Christ be not risen, your faith is vain, and our preaching also is vain." For eighteen centuries a belief in the Resurrection has been in this world, a belief for which its earliest propagators in the old Roman Empire and its latest votaries in the Corea have gladly laid down their lives; a belief that has exerted a moral influence in the world, which is one of the clearest facts of history. How are we to account for the origin of that belief? Every effect must have an adequate cause. The hypothesis of the truth of the Resurrection sufficiently explains the fact of belief in it. Is any other hypothesis sufficient?

PYTHIAS. Well, you know there is the resuscitation hypothesis—that the supposed death was not real but apparent, a death-like swoon, from which, after the descent from the cross, Jesus recovered in the cool cavern, covered as He was with healing unguents and aromatic herbs: or if that theory does not commend itself to you—and to be sure Strauss has himself pretty completely demolished it in his "*New Life of Jesus*"—there is the visionary hypothesis, a brand new speculation of his own.

DAMON. Well, but this visionary hypothesis—"that the faith in Jesus as the Messiah, which by His violent death had received an apparently fatal shock, was restored subjectively by the instru-

mentality of the mind, the power of imagination, and men's own excitement"—is it worth arguing? You are a lawyer, nay, more, a Judge, and I put it to your judicial intellect, is it possible to imagine a more idle attempt to account for the intense unwavering conviction which animated the early preachers of Christianity? It appears to me that the fact of the Resurrection of Christ alone accounts adequately for the belief in it by which those who had forsaken Him and fled in the hour of His Passion, were out of weakness made so strong,—that belief upon which the vast fabric of Christianity has ever since rested, and still rests.

PYTHIAS. Your point, then, is, that those to whom this argument is not convincing, would not be persuaded although one rose from the dead in their own presence.

DAMON. I am sure they would not, they would have a resuscitation hypothesis, or a visionary hypothesis, ready for the occasion. For, consciously or not, they are under the influence of a first principle which blocks belief; a first principle which is not a scientific truth at all, but merely a figment of the imagination disguised as a universal intellectual proposition. You remember how, in the Gospel, the Divine Master upbraided the eleven with their hardness of heart because they believed not those who had seen Him after He was risen. No doubt they thought it hardness of head. For the rest it seems to me that all history—not merely the history of Judaism and Christianity—teems with the supernatural. I mean that we have on record in the annals of the world a vast multitude of occurrences, as well attested as any facts can be, which are not referable to that sequence of phenomena called the laws of Nature: nay, I go further than that: I agree with Schopenhauer, that we are all constantly crossing the line between Nature and the Supernatural.* So I think: and if I at all know myself I do not believe that I am in the least under the influence of what M. Renan calls "a taste for the irrational."

PYTHIAS. It appears to you, then, that M. Renan's proposition about the supernatural rests upon an assumption opposed to facts. Well, you have the courage of your opinions, at all events. But what about his critical difficulties? You have considered them?

DAMON. Who that is even moderately well acquainted with modern literature can have helped considering them? But I see you have a paper in your hand.

PYTHIAS. It is an extract that I made from Renan's article. Listen. Let us send upstairs for the *Revue*. Meanwhile I will give to you this passage in English:—

"It is no longer possible to maintain that the second part of Isaias was

* See his exceedingly curious essay, "Versuch über das Geisterschen und was damit Zusammenhängt," in the first volume of "Parerga und Paralipomena." Schopenhauer's conception of the Supernatural, as it is hardly necessary to add, differs very widely from the Christian conception.

written by Isaias. The Book of Daniel, which all orthodoxy attributes to the time of the captivity, is an apocryphal writing, composed a hundred and sixty-nine or a hundred and seventy years before Jesus Christ. The Book of Judith is an historical impossibility. The ascription of the Pentateuch to Moses is unsustainable, and to deny that many parts of Genesis have a mythical character, is to oblige oneself to explain as real such stories as those of the earthly Paradise, the apple, and the ark of Noah. But one is no Catholic if one deviates upon any one of these points from the traditional thesis. Orthodoxy obliges one to believe that the books are the work of those to whom the titles attribute them. The most mitigated Catholic doctrines upon inspiration do not allow of the admission, in the sacred books, of any marked error, any contradiction, even in things that concern neither faith nor morals."

What do you make of that?

DAMON. I remember the passage. I am well aware that the Biblical exegesis taught by Catholic professors has been extremely little, if at all, affected by modern criticism. But that "traditional thesis," as M. Renan well calls it, rests upon no decree of Pope or Council; nor is it true that orthodoxy obliges you or me to believe, as a condition of Catholic communion, that all our Sacred Books were written by those whose names they bear, or at the dates commonly attributed to them, or that their human authors possessed, in all cases, accurate conceptions of the matters, whether of physical science or of secular history, upon which they had to touch. For myself, I confess that such questions possess little interest for me. I regard the Bible as the creation of the Church, and whatever the antiquity or the origin of the various documents which it contains, I receive them on her word, just as St. Augustine did; and like him I say that I should not receive them at all, unless her authority moved me to do so. Of course, the formal doctrine of the Church is one thing; the current teaching at the Sorbonne, at Louvain, or even at Rome, is another.

PYTHIAS. Those worthy professors at St. Sulpice, as described by M. Renan, seem to me to resemble their friends the Bourbons: they had learnt nothing and they had forgotten nothing, where there was so much to learn and to forget. Their method of dealing with the higher criticism of Germany reminds me of Mrs. Partington's encountering the Atlantic Ocean with her broom.

DAMON. I suppose they followed the old Gallican traditions so potent in France in the last century. Bayle, as I remember, tells us that one of the charges of the Jansenists against the Society of Jesus was, "*Vouloir de reconnoître dans l'Écriture quelque chose de foiblesse et de l'esprit naturel de l'homme.*" As a matter of fact, there is nothing in the formal teaching of the Church to prevent any Catholic from holding that in matters not affecting faith or morals the writers of our Sacred Books had no exceptional lights, no special immunity from error; nor is there a single definition from Pope or Council, so far as I can learn, as to the date or authorship of any of the writings in-

cluded in the canon of Scripture. But that "higher criticism," which was such a bugbear to M. Renan, what is its real outcome? A great genius—lost, as Heine thought, to Catholicity mainly by the fault of Catholics—turning his piercing gaze upon it forty years ago, judged it to be little more than a mass of nebulosity and contradiction, and certainly it has not become more clear or consistent since. "At first sight," says Edgar Quinet—for it is he whom I am citing—"everything seems to be changed by its discoveries: but when you recover from the shock and really look into it"—as he had done most thoroughly—"you find such a medley of visionary conjecture and reckless theorizing that you despair of founding anything thereupon."* God forbid that I should say one word in disparagement of the laborious erudition of Germany; but really the average Teutonic Biblical critic, floundering heavily amid the most difficult and delicate problems of style and authorship and ethos, seems to me like a bull in a china shop, good only for indiscriminate destruction. I should deeply resent such irreverent treatment of the Dhammapada or the Qu'ran as the most august documents of Christianity experience at his hands. I am no Hebrew scholar myself, but I happen to have had quite recently a letter from a learned friend well skilled in that language, which contains some observations very much to my present point. "I recognize," he writes, "the different shades in Isaias and other Hebrew writers, when Gesenius or Ewald guides me to them; and enjoy them, as I do the contrast of Rafael's earlier and later manners; but I cannot draw the inferences of these critics. What I mean is not that they perceive variety where there is none; but that they are too stiff, too pedantic, to remember that one man uses many styles according to his mood and subject-matter. Could we suppose that 'King Lear' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' were by the same hand, did we not know it? I take an instance at random; but compare again Schiller's 'Räuber' with his 'Don Carlos,' or Browning's 'Paracelsus' with his 'Hohenstiel Schwangau.' Moreover, I think our knowledge of Hebrew far too scanty (and it must ever remain so) to allow of our judging which is the pure dialect at a given era, which the provincial. I do not myself undertake to say whether Solomon was or was not the author of Ecclesiastes. What I do say is that it is not critical soundness, but an eccentric liking for the novel and unexpected, that leads men to deny his authorship upon the strength of a few Aramaic words. What do we know of Aramaic or its condition in Solomon's time?"

PYTHIAS. Now let us come to the point, which I am sure you do not wish to shirk. Suppose any Catholic priest should teach his

* See the very striking passage at the beginning of the fifth Book of "La Génie des Religions."

people, what, as I suppose, few competent critics doubt, that the Book of Judith is unhistorical, that the same must be said of the account of Alexander's death in Maccabees, that the book bearing the name of Daniel was written by some one else in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, and that the Pentateuch is largely the work of Ezra,—what would probably happen to that bold ecclesiastic?

DAMON. It would be little short of a miracle if he escaped suspension *a sacris*, and, in my judgment, apart from all question as to the truth of his opinions, he would richly deserve to be suspended. His business is to watch for men's souls, not to unsettle their faith. Men have no need of masters to doubt, and if they had, it is not to the priesthood that they should go for them. The Catholic Church, while in a true sense, nay, the truest, Liberal—for she is the source of the liberties of the modern world, just as Jacobinism is the source of its most odious tyranny—is in another and as true a sense Conservative. What has a good plain Christian—and such is the average unit to whom our clergy have to minister—to do with the “higher criticism” of Germany and its speculations? He is absolutely incapable of appreciating even the first elements of the questions with which the Teutonic savants deal. And the best counsel his spiritual adviser can give him is that of Dogberry: “For such kind of men the less you meddle or make with them, why the more for your honesty.” It is one of the most grievous misfortunes of the age that the cobbler will not stick to his last, but will imagine himself able to judge of all things in heaven and earth, by the aid of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Bradlaugh's “philosophy.” As regards the Catholic Church, it would be monstrously out of keeping with her august character that she should be tossed about with every wind of doctrine which may chance to blow from that cave of Æolus which we call the “higher criticism” of Germany. She will wait until that “higher criticism” has really established something certain, and then will consider how far the “traditional thesis” taught in her schools should be modified in consequence. And here surely she acts but in accordance with that larger spirit, that *mens divini* which is in her. As Butler truly says, “We are impatient and for hastening things.” She can wait, as the oracle of Him who is “*Patens quia Æternus*,” and in whose eternity she shares.

PYTHIAS. Well, but you admit that the Church might impose upon you the obligation of accepting literally the Hebrew story of the Six Days' Creation, of Eve and the Apple and the Serpent, of the Tower of Babel, and of Noah and his Ark.

DAMON. No Catholic doubts that she might. But the Church might do ten thousand things which she has never done and never will do. I submit, in advance, with entire submission of the will and of the intellect, to her dogmatic teaching. But in proportion to the strength of my belief that any proposition is true—for example,

that the first chapter of Genesis is an economical representation of something beyond us—is the strength of my conviction that she will never call upon me to believe otherwise.

PYTHIAS. Ah, here is the *Revue*. M. Renan, I observe, complains of those who represent Christianity as imposing hardly any sacrifice on reason, and who attract to it by the aid of that artifice people who do not know to what, *au fond*, they commit themselves. And, again, he attributes “disloyalty” and “intellectual dishonesty of the worst kind” to those who do not admit the correctness of his representation of Catholic doctrine. “C’est l’illusion des Catholiques laïques qui se disent libéraux,” he adds.

DAMON. Men like Montalembert and Ozanam, Biot and François Lenormant, require no vindication from the charges of disloyalty and intellectual dishonesty. Their names are a sufficient vindication. To speak frankly, I think much allowance must be made for M. Renan. What George Sand said of Sainte-Beuve, may, with even more reason, be said of him: “Il a été toujours tourmenté des choses divines:” hence he labours under a perpetual need to justify himself. Most pathetic to me are his references in the very paper of which we have been talking to the Christian portion of his life. Of his “all but adoring love” for the person and character of Jesus Christ, I cannot doubt. How different is his spirit from that of those obscene blasphemers, those fraudulent traders in the most bestial passions of the populace, calling themselves *Libres Penseurs*—what a prostitution of the sacred names of liberty and thought!—with whom he is generally associated, and whose insults he has occasionally to undergo—as at M. Littré’s funeral—because he is not altogether such an one as themselves. To follow truth wherever it might lead, I can well believe, was the high thought which led M. Renan, in entering upon life, to renounce the ecclesiastical career, and to devote himself to “free research.” But how terrible the haunting suspicion that, after all, he may have been following error!

“How can we guard our unbelief?
Just when we’re surest there’s a sunset touch.”

One way to guard it is to picture the religion we have abandoned as irrational, as dogmatically propounding demonstrated error, or doctrines plainly hostile to the rights and liberties of mankind. This is an “artifice,” if I must use M. Renan’s own word, which he has largely practised. Thus, in 1848, in a famous essay entitled “Du Libéralisme Clerical,” he endeavoured to fasten upon the Catholic Church the absolutist political theories of Bossuet, theories which are so far from having received her sanction that they are quite irreconcilable with the teaching of her most authoritative theologians—St. Thomas Aquinas and Suarez, for example—and which would, I

venture to say, be as promptly repudiated by Leo XIII. as by M. Renan himself. Identify the Catholic Church with absolutism in politics, with obscurantism in criticism, and with falsehood in history, and, no doubt, you may make out an excellent case for abandoning her. There is a curious passage in M. Renan's article where he tells us that his mother, although very intelligent, was not instructed enough to understand his throwing off his religion, because he was of opinion that certain Messianic explanations of the Psalms are untenable, and that Gesenius, in his commentary upon Isaiah, "is right in almost all points against the orthodox." We may safely say that M. Renan's mother was a better-instructed Catholic than M. Renan. For the rest it is absolutely certain that the Church, in her formal teaching, makes no claims for the Sacred Scriptures which are, or ever can be, at variance with the ascertained facts, whether of physical science or of exegetical criticism or of history. I say the "ascertained facts," for most of our physicists, critics, and historians—but especially the physicists—seem to me lamentably deficient in the faculty which can distinguish a hypothesis, plausible, or even improbable, from proved conclusions. It would be a great benefit to the world, if these gentlemen were compelled to pass an examination in the laws of evidence before they were allowed to write.

PYTHIAS. I remember Virchow protesting, not long ago, against "the arbitrariness of personal speculation which is now rampant in the several branches of physical science." So you are not afraid of—

"Cosmogony,
Geology, Ethnology, what not?
Greek endings, with the little passing bell
That signifies some faith about to die."

DAMON. Any faith—viewed objectively—to which the facts of any science can be fatal, must die, that is certain; the best we can hope for it is that it may continue to do good service until something better is provided to take its place. I say "viewed objectively," for, of course, in individual minds the purest faith is found side by side with a vast amount of intellectual error. Hence superstitions, which attach mainly in Protestant countries to texts, in Catholic to images and relics. The mischief is when it is sought to erect the devout follies of the ignorant into a rule of faith for the more enlightened.

PYTHIAS. But false miracles, false relics—what do you make of them?

DAMON. The false attends the true as the shadow the substance, Has there been no charlatanry in physiology, in physics? Why, then, be astonished if you find it in the far wider sphere of the supernatural?

PYTHIAS. I met at dinner, the other day, an excellent and very accomplished dignitary of your Communion, who told me a story

which greatly took my fancy. Not long ago, in Dublin, an old Irishwoman went to her confessor in much excitement, averring that she had seen St. Peter. "Had you had anything to drink, Biddy?" asked the priest, who knew his penitent. Biddy owned to a little drop of whisky. "Well, Biddy," said the prudent divine, "to-morrow, take two little drops, and sure you'll see St. Paul as well."

DAMON. Good. That ecclesiastic evidently possessed the gift of discerning of spirits.

PYTHIAS. At all events, a promising "apparition" was nipped in the bud. But you will hardly deny that in many Catholic countries the popular worship is often nothing but coarse idolatry.

DAMON. I most certainly do deny it. I am sure that when most corrupt, it is always more than coarse idolatry; nay, that in the proper sense of the word, there is no idolatry at all in it. No Catholic, however ill-instructed, would dream of offering the supreme worship of the altar to any object but God.

PYTHIAS. But the superstitions of Catholic countries, my dear friend, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable!"

DAMON. Barth, in his admirable book on the "Religions of India," speaking of the impure beliefs of certain Hindoo sects, says: "It would be to display great ignorance of the immense resources of the religious sentiment to presume that the effect of them must have been necessarily and universally demoralising;" and he adds very justly: "The common people have a certain safeguard in the very grossness of their superstition, and among the higher ranks there are many souls that are at once mystically inclined and pure-hearted, who know how to extract the honey of pure love from a strange mixture of obscenities." This applies more strongly to the superstitions found in Catholic countries, superstitions which, at the worst, are only childish or grotesque, the ideal cast by the popular fancy into the form in which the simple can receive it. We must always remember that a thing may be literally false and ideally true. A legend may be doubtful: the faith and devotion which it excites in religious but uncritical minds are very real, and, as St. Augustine says—he is speaking of textmongers, but the same principle applies—"isto humillimo genere verborum, tanquam materno sinu, eorum gestatur infirmitas, salubriter ædificatur fides."

PYTHIAS. Of course you do not defend pious frauds?

DAMON. By no means. I am talking of popular beliefs about the supernatural which we find existing, which we do not know to be true, and may shrewdly suspect to be false, and which you call superstition. Well, I say, with Cardinal Newman, that "taking human nature as it is,"—I do not deal in *individua vaga*,—"superstition is the sure companion of faith, when vivid and earnest," and

that "we may surely concede a little superstition, as not the worst of evils, if it be the price of making sure of faith."

PYTHIAS. So that, in fact, you have two religions in the Catholic Church: philosophy, science, transcendentalism for the educated; winking Virgins and mythology for the ignorant.

DAMON. No. The message of the Church is one and the same to all, but naturally it is differently apprehended by different minds. And it is the office of the Church, like that of the Apostle, to become all things to all men that she may save all. There are in the Catholic Church, as St. Augustine speaks, *spirituales* and *carnales*, those who possess what he calls the serene intelligence of truth, and those—the vast majority—who are illuminated by the simple faith of little ones. But the most feeble and confused intellectual intelligence is consistent with the highest sanctity. Things hidden from the wise and prudent are often revealed unto babes. It was a fine saying of one of the early lights of the Franciscan order: "A poor ignorant old woman who loves Jesus may be greater than Brother Bonaventura." The substance of the message of the Catholic Church is the supremacy of goodness. Not what a man knows but what he loves is the test, according to the great maxim of St. Augustine: "*Boni aut mali mores sunt boni aut mali amores.*" Pardon my quoting St. Augustine so much. But he, more than any one else, has been my teacher for years past, completing and perfecting what Plato began.

PYTHIAS. "*Quidquid dicitur in Platone vivit in Augustino*"—is not that the dictum? I confess St. Augustine is but a name to me. What you say will lead me to make him something more. But let us return to our point. You maintain that the Catholic Church does not proscribe, condemn, or reject any truth of any kind which the modern mind has brought to light?

DAMON. To do so would be to stultify herself as the representative of the God of Truth. "Truth of what kind soever is by no kind of truth gainsaid." I do not know who has spoken upon this matter better, or more loyally and honestly (*pace* M. Renan), than that illustrious savant and devout Catholic, François Lenormant, in words which I am glad to retain in my memory:—"Je suis un Chrétien et maintenant que ma croyance peut être un titre à l'outrage, je tiens plus que jamais à la proclamer hautement. En même temps je suis un savant, et comme tel je ne connais pas une science Chrétienne et une science libre-penseuse: je n'admet qu'une seule science qui n'a pas besoin d'autre épithète que son nom même, qui laisse de côté, comme étrangères à son domaine les questions théologiques et dont tous chercheurs de bonne foi sont au même titre les serviteurs quelques soient leurs convictions religieuses."*

PYTHIAS. There is a ring of honesty about that which presents

* "*Les Origines de l'Histoire d'après la Bible.* Par François Lenormant," pref. p. 9.

a curious contrast to what we read in many of your Catholic journals. I remember Sainte-Beuve complaining, and as I thought with reason, of M. Louis Veuillot's complete disregard of truth in respect of him: "son absence complète de vérité à mon égard." It seems to me that whether a thing is true, is not by any means the first consideration with your controversialists. They would do well to learn and inwardly digest the Hindu proverb: "A fact is not altered by a hundred texts."

DAMON. I admit that there are many Catholic writers in France and elsewhere, earnest and forcible writers, who display a lamentable unwillingness to look facts in the face; who seem to be penetrated with the conviction that Catholicity is a tottering structure which a too bold word will overthrow. The violence of these singular defenders of the faith is only equalled by their pusillanimity. But remember that Catholicity has come into this nineteenth century out of the unspeakable degradation of the eighteenth, the most melancholy century, to me, in the annals of the Church. What a picture it offers! Religion sunk into formalism; the devout few scandalized at liberty and afraid of philosophy; the political and metaphysical speculations of the Middle Ages, so frank and so hardy, cast aside. And no wonder: for the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas, whether on the authority of reason or on popular rights, was entirely out of harmony with the spirit which then prevailed, and which has not, as yet, by any means died out. There are few more cheering signs of the times than the revival of the Thomistic philosophy which we have seen of late years and which the great Pontiff who now rules the Church has done so much to encourage. Singularly strong are his words on this subject in his well-known Encyclical "*Æterni Patris*." He speaks of his "eager desire to reinstate and to propagate far and wide the golden wisdom of Aquinas, for the safety and glory of the Catholic faith, the advantage of society, and the advancement of all the sciences." He exhorts all the bishops with the greatest earnestness (*quam enixe*) to labour for this end; and vehemently (*vehementer*) praises those who have anticipated his wish.

PYTHIAS. Well, I suppose (but you won't let me say so) that the infallible Church, like everything else, is moving with the times. We have travelled far since the days when the Inquisition, the *santissimo tribunale* of Pius V., was a real power. The other day I was at a public *déjeuner*, where there were two or three Wesleyan and Baptist ministers, a Unitarian divine, an Anglican dean, and a Quaker. And then—wonder of wonders!—to them entered a Catholic bishop, prepared

"To breakfast with them, ere they went below."

The good man spoke very excellent things of liberty of conscience, much to the delight of his brethren of various denominations: and

I thought, how are the mighty fallen! Here is a prelate of the unchanging Church eating the muffin of peace with heretics, whom his predecessors three centuries ago would unhesitatingly have burnt alive.

DAMON. The old-world legislation for preserving religious uniformity strikes us as a monstrous phenomenon. We marvel at a man like Sir Thomas More sentencing a heretic to death, or at Calvin employing against Servetus the unanswerable argument of the stake. We forget that the political theory of those days, with which public opinion was wholly in harmony, set a supreme value upon religious unity, and unhesitatingly employed the severest forms of coercion in order to preserve it. You will find this old-world view clearly stated in Jeremy Taylor's "Life of Christ." "God," he says, "reigns over Christendom just as he did over the Jews. When it happens that a kingdom is converted to Christianity, the religion of the nation is termed Christian, and the law of the nation made a part of the religion. There is no change of government but that Christ is made king and the temporal power is His substitute. But if we reject Christ from reigning over us, and say like the people in the Gospel, 'Nolumus hunc regnare,' then God has armed the temporal power with a sword to cut us off." This theory—whatever we may think of it—accepted in an age of religious unity is quite inapplicable to an age of religious disunity.

PYTHIAS. It is curious that Jeremy Taylor should have said that. Hallam talks of him as the writer who sapped the foundations of dogmatism, and prepared for "the public toleration of differences in religion," by freeing men's minds from bigotry. But possibly his more liberal views were expressed when the Cromwellian sword was threatening to cut him off. Your doctrine of exclusive salvation, however! Surely you must have found that difficult of digestion? Not, indeed, that all your brethren in the faith do. A friend of mine, the other day, was riding home from hunting with a Catholic squire, a very good sort, better than his creed, my friend thought. They fell to talking of religious matters, and my friend said, frankly: "What I can't stand about your Church is its intolerance. I suppose I am right in thinking that it gives a fellow like myself no chance at all, but teaches that I must be damned." The squire remained for a few minutes in pensive silence, and then said: "I am not much of a scholar, and don't exactly know whether the Church teaches that; but if you ask me my own private opinion, I should say there could not be a doubt of it." My friend changed the topic of conversation.

DAMON. A straight answer, at all events, to your friend's question. But, as to your own. "Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus" is, of course, a theological maxim; but theologians draw a distinction

between the body of the Church and the soul of the Church. Those who recognize the Catholic Church for what she is, a Divine, authoritative fact, are naturally bound to submit to her. It is at their peril if they do not. But if, being in good faith, and desiring truth, through default of birth or education, or through prejudices which render her fatally odious, they fail thus to see her, they certainly cannot in conscience join themselves to her until, if ever, they have clearer light. The soul of the Church is the invisible fellowship of all who have faith, at least implicit faith. There are many who share in her profession, in her worship, in the action of her government, and who belong only to her body. Thus, the Catholic doctrine on this matter of exclusive salvation comes substantially to Bishop Wilson's maxim: Never go against the best light you have, and take care that your light be not darkness; which is surely reasonable enough.

PYTHIAS. You know of Voltaire's objection—and it has always struck me as a very forcible one—that it is incredible that God should, for so many ages, have abandoned and proscribed all the rest of the world to make Himself King of "the miserable and disgusting little tribe of the Jews."

DAMON. Voltaire had, as we know, excellent reasons of his own for hating the people of the Hebrews, whose wonderful history and sublime literature, by the way, he, with all his *esprit*, was quite incapable of appreciating; but he had no reason at all for alleging that Catholics suppose the Great Father in Heaven ever to have abandoned any of His children upon earth. Nowhere, and at no time, has He left Himself without witness in the dispensations of Providence, in the monitions of conscience, in the ethical notions which we may trace even in the most degraded varieties of our race, and which, independent of the philosophical systems or the religious disciplines in vogue, are among the prime facts of human nature; a true "independent morality," and the only one. Christianity and Catholicity are in one sense exclusive, but, in another, and in an equally true sense, they are inclusive. All truth is from Him who is the Truth, in whatever religious system it is embodied, and with whatever error it is intermingled. Clement of Alexandria speaks of a dispensation of Paganism, and the greatest Catholic writers have delighted in regarding imperfect forms of religion as anticipations or shadows of Christianity. There is a fine saying of Sainte-Beuve, in his earlier and better days: "Le Christianisme n'est que la rectitude de toutes les croyances universelles, l'axe central qui fixe le sens de toutes les déviations."

PYTHIAS. I must go, or I shall lose my train. Your arguments have interested me very much, and of this I am sure, that they

would prove convincing to any one who was previously of your opinion.

DAMON. Nay, but we have not been arguing. I have simply been telling you how the ordinary objections to Christianity, and especially to that form of Christianity which I have embraced, lost their cogency when I really came to look into them. Arguments, by themselves, are not very operative in religious inquiry. Who ever embraced a creed as the conclusion of a syllogism?

PYTHIAS. I suppose there is a good deal of truth in Squire Ralpho's account of logic—

"This pagan, heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but contention."

DAMON. Fichte says, "We do not will according to our reason; we reason according to our will;" and there is much truth in that saying, at all events. There are arguments which admit of no reply, and which bring no conviction. There are arguments, not by themselves conclusive, which produce so firm a certitude that men would gladly die for it. But no. This firm certitude is not merely the result of an intellectual process. Something else comes in.

PYTHIAS. And that something else is——

DAMON. The principle of faith.

PYTHIAS. O my prophetic soul! I was just then thinking of Montaigne's saying: "Il n'est rien creu si fermement que ce qu'on sçait le moins, ny gens si assurez que ceux qui nous content des fables."

DAMON. There are two sides to everything, and that is the reverse side of a great verity. The truths you hold most firmly are precisely "the truths that never can be proved." Plato said: "I know nothing more clear and certain than this—that I must be as good and noble as it is possible for me to be." This clearness and certainty were not the result of ratiocination. I cannot prove to you the beauty of a sunset, or the sacredness of sorrow, or the nobleness of "Regulus and of the Scauri, and of Paulus, prodigal of his great soul when the Punic enemy triumphed." Still you do not doubt these things. There is nothing you believe more firmly. But you cannot demonstrate them.

PYTHIAS. No.

DAMON. No. Go on from Montaigne to Pascal. "Le cœur a des raisons, que la raison ne connaît pas." Surely that is true. "Est-ce par raison que vous aimez?" It is, as he elsewhere says, from the heart that Divine verities enter into the mind; not from the mind that they enter the heart. Christianity is not proved like a mathematical problem. Its truth is not evident—does not compel our assent—but, as the theologians express it, is *credibile et credendum*. We may believe it or not, as we choose. And in the choice is our trial—which opens a great question.

PYTHIAS. Yes, indeed. But to me the question of questions just now is, shall I catch my train! Good night.

III.

So much must suffice to explain why it seems to me that Christianity, and in particular that form of Christianity which teaches the supernatural most dogmatically and most uncompromisingly, requires of men nothing which is contrary to reason; requires of them no assent to anything which has been or can be shown to be false, or incredible, or even improbable. Fully to treat of this grave matter would demand a volume, or rather an encyclopædia. All I have pretended to do is to indicate, in the roughest outline, how difficulties, which to many seem fatal to the claims of Christianity, ceased to seem so to one mind, which considered them long and patiently, and certainly with no desire to be deceived; which, most certainly, was not in the condition described by the author of "Natural Religion," of wishing "to preserve a justly cherished ideal by denying and repudiating reality." And this has the closest, the most momentous bearing upon the great question which I am discussing in the present article. If Christianity were unreasonable, its claims to the world's future might at once be dismissed. But if, as I very strongly hold, the achievements of the modern mind, whether in the physical sciences, in psychology, in history, in exegetical criticism, have not in the least discredited Christianity, as rightly understood, here is a fact which is a most important factor in determining our judgment as to the religious prospect of mankind.

We may take it, as I have said before, that two rival systems are before the world, Christianity and Naturalism: the one offering a solution of the enigma of human life, a revelation of the great Cause which is behind phenomena, incomplete and undemonstrated,* but irrefutable; the other denying that we can know anything beyond phenomena, if, indeed, anything is to be known, and shutting us up in physical necessity. Which of the two systems is the world likely to accept? It does not seem rash to answer, the one which most nearly corresponds with the facts of human nature and of human life. Which, then, of the two best corresponds with those facts?

The two great facts of human nature, as it appears to me, are the sense of the Absolute and the sense of sin, both depending upon that faculty which we call conscience: the sense of "a Being to whom we owe our life, and in whom all that deserves the name of life must find its nourishment," and of "something wicked and inexplicable" which separates us from that Being.† The experience of our race from

* I mean, of which the evidence, properly so called, if taken by itself, is not formally complete, and so falls short of demonstration in the sense in which the word is ordinarily used.

† I need hardly say that I am quoting from Goethe's "Confession of a Fair Saint."

the earliest dawn of history seems to warrant this assertion. The individual instances which may be adduced where these spiritual senses are apparently wanting, no more disprove their existence in man, than isolated cases of cecity or surdity disprove his possession of the physical senses of sight and hearing. It may be safely asserted that those who are—

"Unfettered by the sense of crime,
In whom a conscience never wakes,"

are not so numerous as the blind and the deaf. In the inner ears of men ever resounds that categorical imperative of duty, that stern "Thou oughtest," which speaks at once of a perfect law and a perfect Lawgiver, and of a law broken and a Lawgiver outraged. What does Naturalism make of the sense of the Absolute, of the sense of sin? The best explanation it has to offer is that the one is a gigantic shadow thrown by humanity; that the other is a mere superstition, for that men are naturally good. Will such an explanation suffice as a response to our two deepest instincts? Does it harmonize with the facts? Is it not rather in palpable contradiction to them? But Christianity recognizes the facts. When St. Paul speaks of the higher law, to which he consents that it is good, and of that other law warring in his members, and enslaving him, he tells us what the individual experience of almost every man confirms. It is upon these two facts that every religion rests; the feeling that we are born under two laws, the law of virtue and the law of sin, the sentiment of the Infinite and of our need of help from it. "Infelix ego homo, quis me liberabit?"—"Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" It is the very voice of human nature which breathes in this cry of the Apostle. And the supreme warrant of Christianity is, that, of all religions, it gives the best, the fullest, the most perfect answer. "Gratia Dei per Jesum Christum"—"The grace of God by Jesus Christ." Hence it is that Goethe's clear eyes recognized in this religion "a height to which mankind was fitted to attain;" "a goal from which, once attained, mankind can never retrograde:"*—a striking testimony, given, as it is, in spite of himself, by the Great Pagan of the century, as Heine has called him.

And as Christianity possesses the great advantage of corresponding with those aspirations of human nature which Naturalism is quite unable to satisfy, so assuredly does it correspond better than Naturalism with the facts of life. Brought into the world, as we are, without our consent—the accident of an accident—hurried from it by irresistible force into the great darkness, subject throughout it to the law of mutability and suffering, consider what human existence is, even for the handful for whom, as the familiar dictum says with terrible truth, ever becoming more true, the race of man

* "Wilhelm Meister's Travels," c. x.

lives.* And then consider it, as it is, for the masses. I need not dwell upon a theme worn so threadbare. This is certain, that "none would live past years again," would retrace his career just as it has been. Certain it is that all men fear death more than they desire life; and that apart from supernatural motives, with which I am not, for the moment, concerned, it is only the illusion of hope—we know too well that it is an illusion, when we accurately survey it—that reconciles us to drag out the remainder of our appointed time. The last word of the highest philosophy of ancient Greece and Rome was Resignation; to trample under foot all dreads and inexorable fate and the din of greedy Acheron. The cardinal doctrine of the noblest of non-Christian religions is to know the utter vanity and illusiveness of human existence, and to root out desire. Christianity recognizes the facts of life as frankly and as fully as Stoicism or even Buddhism,—"*mundus totus in maligno positus est*," is its stern account,—but it transmutes them by a divine alchemy of which neither Stoicism nor Buddhism knew. In proposing the Cross of Jesus Christ as the measure of the world it offers the highest and noblest solution of the great enigma which the world has ever received. If any one wants to realize fully what I mean, let him read the chapter in the "Imitation" on "the Royal Way of the Holy Cross;" or, if that is too great a task, let him turn to the Sermon on the Mount, with its blessings on those who mourn, and are poor, and hunger, and thirst, and are persecuted. To love suffering, to rejoice in it as the means most safely conducting to the supreme end of man, as the divinely appointed instrument of his perfection, to make of the ills of life links that bind the soul to God—this is the distinctive lesson of Christianity. When Adolphe Monod lay for months in the agonies amid which his beautiful life was to find its earthly close, he would say to the friends who surrounded his bed, from time to time, with an accent in which the interior peace and joy of his soul breathed forth, "*Cette vie crucifiée est la vie bienheureuse*." Suffering is the law of the world, and Christianity is the religion of suffering, the "worship of sorrow." Its fundamental precept, the very condition of the discipleship of Christ—is to deny oneself, and to take up the Cross. Its highest counsels,—given not to the multitude, but to elect souls who would be perfect—are the voluntary surrender of all that flesh and blood holds dearest; wealth, the love of women, one's own will. To those who cannot receive these severe and lofty lessons, it comes with a doctrine as to the ills of life and as to death itself—the inevitable tragedy with which life closes—that supplies the most potent motive for reconciling us with the conditions of human existence. It comes to man in all

* "*Paucis humanum vivit genus*."

his meanness and littleness, and reveals to him his true greatness. It comes to him—

“oppressed by sense
Of instability, revolt, decay,
And change, and emptiness”—

in a world of which the fashion passeth away, and sets before him the true life of his life, an immortal hope. It comes to him as he realizes the great truth that “human life is insufficient to satisfy human aspirations,”* and proposes to him a perfect ideal, in the Word made Flesh, supplying an indefectible standard of right action, and an adequate motive to it, drawing the hearts of men “in funiculis Adam, in vinculis charitatis,” “with cords of a man, with bands of love,” calling forth in them those “strange yearnings” which no abstraction, no didactic moralizing will ever arouse.

Surely I do not exaggerate. The experience of eighteen centuries, the experience of millions in this age of ours, of all nations, kindreds, and tongues, of all sorts and conditions, is my warrant for what I have said, and for far more which the time would fail me to speak of. The religion of Jesus Christ has done, and is doing, all this and much more to make men accept the conditions of human life and to find their blessedness in so doing. Can Naturalism do as much? Can the work of the world be done, the burden of life sustained upon it? Is not Pascal’s saying abundantly verified, that “Nature offers nothing but matter of doubt and disquietude?” Can physical science—claiming to be the only science—supply ethical sanctions? If matter be the sole reality, and physical and mathematical laws rule everything, and men are mere automata, the only power left in the world is brute force. The sense of obligation is of the very essence of morality: good and bad, in the last resort, mean not conformity or nonconformity with our own petty interests, personal or social, but conformity or nonconformity with a law above us and divine. Efface from man’s mind the belief in that law, shut off from him the ideas of God, eternity, free will, of “justice, chastity, and judgment to come,” and what remains of him is a mere animal, “more subtle than any beast of the field, but likewise cursed above any beast of the field,” and as incapable of political liberty. Christianity is a unique pledge of civil freedom because it is an incomparable instrument of morality. But at the touch of Materialism, as Luthardt has said with equal pungency and truth, “morality ceases to exist; ethics are converted into a bill of fare.” Alas for the masses, born to toil and suffer, if they are to live and die on this Gospel, the last word of which, in practice, is wealth, physical comfort, self; a Gospel sad enough in any age of the world, saddest in this when the most notable result of our much vaunted progress is to make

* Mill’s “Three Essays on Religion,” p. 104.

life softer for the few but ever harder for the many, to reduce the workman to a mere machine—there is a world of meaning in the term “hand,” so often applied to designate him—wearing out his life to produce luxuries which he may not share, in those grim temples of industrialism,

“where is offered up
To Gain, the master idol of this realm,
Perpetual sacrifice.”

An accomplished contemporary writer has spoken, with reason, of the “complacent religiosity of the prosperous” as an “execrable emotion.” More execrable still is the full-fed optimism of the materialist—

“An eye well practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor”—

discoursing to the pale mechanic of the glories of “a scientific creed” which takes from him every motive for contentment in life or hope in death; which kills for him the one ideal that can sweeten and redeem his existence of dull monotonous toil. Rough the outer world will always be for him. What matter, if, by one effectual fervent prayer, he may pass from the beggarly elements of physical phenomena to the great First Cause—*Causa Causarum*; if by one act of faith, hope, or charity he may in a moment transport himself beyond the veil, where the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus, the Mediator of the new Covenant, are his companions; a true Garden of Eden, where, after his dreary day is done, he may walk with God in the cool of the evening. Naturalism drives him out from that Paradise, and shuts against him the ὁδὸς ἀνω, as Plato calls it, that upward path which leads to God. And the one thing which remains for him to render life endurable is to drown in his Sunday’s drunkenness the remembrance of his week of travail and sorrow. As I write, the rollicking tunes of the Salvationists fall upon my ears—happily from a distance. I do not greatly admire or willingly encounter those shrill religionists. The clown’s valediction to the two pages, “God be with you, and God mend your voices,” substantially represents my personal feelings about them, although, indeed, I could well desire that their religious conceptions should be mended too. But when I think of what life actually is to those whom “General” Booth and his “Army” go forth to seek and to save, I am forced to own that these ignorant and discordant fanatics are doing a better, a nobler, and a more practically useful work than all the professors of physics in the world put together.

I believe, then, that the future of the world is with Christianity, and I believe this, for the reasons which I have sought to present in the way in which they appear to my own mind: that is to say, because Christianity teaches nothing unworthy of the character which it claims as the highest and most perfect revelation of God ever given to man, and because it supremely corresponds with the facts of

human nature and the facts of human life. Therefore it is that, apart from the certitude resting upon the pledge of Him whose words shall not pass away, I have no thought of fear for His religion, or for His Church. Hence my deep conviction that the issue, the eventual issue, however long deferred, of the religious crisis through which the world is passing, will be that man will "find a stronger faith his own." It was well said, thirty years ago, by the most eloquent of living lips—and I the more gladly use these words of Victor Hugo, spoken in the maturity of his incomparable genius, to conclude this article, because of the decadence, intellectual as well as moral, which seems to me to be stamped upon his later writings—

"Il y a un malheur dans notre temps, je dirais presque il n'y a qu'un malheur, c'est une certaine tendance à tout mettre dans cette vie. En donnant à l'homme pour fin et pour but la vie terrestre et matérielle, on aggrave toutes les misères par la négation qui est au bout, on ajoute à l'accablement des malheureux le poids insupportable du néant; et de ce qui n'était que la souffrance, c'est-à-dire la loi de Dieu, on fait le désespoir, c'est-à-dire la loi de l'enfer. De là de profondes convulsions sociales. Certes, je suis de ceux qui veulent, et personne n'en doute dans cette enceinte, je suis de ceux qui veulent je ne dis pas avec sincérité, le mot est trop faible, je veux avec une inexprimable ardeur, et par tous les moyens possibles, améliorer dans cette vie le sort matériel de ceux qui souffrent; mais la première des améliorations, c'est de leur donner l'espérance. Combien s'amoindrisent nos misères finies quand il s'y mêle une espérance infinie! Notre devoir à tous, qui que nous soyons, les législateurs comme les écrivains, c'est de répandre, c'est de dépenser, c'est de prodiguer, sous toutes les formes, toute l'énergie sociale pour combattre et détruire la misère, et en même temps de faire lever toutes les têtes vers le ciel, de diriger toutes les âmes, de tourner toutes les attentes vers une vie ultérieure, où justice sera faite et où justice sera rendue. Disons-le bien haut, personne n'aura injustement ni inutilement souffert. La mort est une restitution. La loi du monde matériel, c'est l'équilibre; la loi du monde moral, c'est l'équité. Dieu se retrouve à la fin de tout. Ne l'oublions pas, et enseignons-le à tous; il n'y aurait aucune dignité à vivre, et cela n'en vaudrait pas la peine, si nous devions mourir tout entiers. Ce qui allège le labeur, ce qui sanctifie le travail, ce qui rend l'homme fort, bon, sage, patient, bienveillant, juste, à la fois humble et grand, digne de l'intelligence, digne de la liberté, c'est d'avoir devant soi la perpétuelle vision d'un monde meilleur rayonnant à travers les ténèbres de cette vie."*

W. S. LILLY.

* Speech in the debate on the Falloux Law (1850).

THE "SILVER STREAK" AND THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

THE popular ideas that Britain was always an island, and that the "Silver Streak" has ever been where it is now, are, like many other popular ideas, wholly without foundation. The British isles in remote times formed part of the mainland, and owe their present configuration to a series of changes the history of which falls strictly within the field of geological inquiry. In the present essay I propose to deal with continental Britain, and to trace the gradual development of the "Silver Streak" and its effect on the national character. Then I shall review the various schemes for connecting Britain with the Continent, ending with the Channel tunnel enterprise and the present position of affairs. In dealing with my subject I shall have to discuss several points which have not as yet been placed before the public by any of the writers who have rushed into the burning controversy of the Channel tunnel.

Britain formed part of the Continent in the remote age known by the geologists as pleistocene or quaternary, and the ancestors of our present wild animals, such as foxes, wild cats, martins, stags, and roe-deer, passed freely into it from the adjacent regions of France and Germany, along with others which have been exterminated here within the historic period, but which still live on the mainland, such as the bear, wolf, and beaver. The land then stood six hundred feet above its present level, and the seaboard now marked by the sunken cliffs at the hundred-fathom line reached some two hundred miles to the west of Ireland, passing northwards so as to include the Hebrides and Shetlands, hugging closely the shores of the Scandinavian peninsula, and forming a narrow fiord to the north of Denmark. Southwards it swept across the mouth of the present English Channel, past the mouth of the Loire and the Garonne, till it came close to the precipitous shores of the Bay of Biscay. To the west

was the Atlantic, and to the east and south the land extended as far as the Mediterranean and the steppes of Asiatic Russia. The North Sea was a broad open valley studded with a few fresh-water lakes, like the meres of East Anglia, traversed by the Thames and other eastern rivers, as well as by the Rhine and the Elbe, all of which discharged their waters northwards into the Scandinavian Gulf, as it may be termed. A long line of chalk downs, reaching from Folkestone and Margate across to St. Pot and Sangatte, formed the watershed separating the valley of the North Sea from that of the Channel, through which the rivers of the southern counties and of northern France poured their waters into the Atlantic. A broad valley, too, stretched between Ireland and our western coast, with a deep and narrow loch, some hundred and fifty fathoms deep, severing it from Scotland. The wild animals of the Continent, tempted by the woodlands and pastures of these fertile valleys, freely passed into Britain, and have left their remains in the river beds of gravel and loam, not merely on the land, but under the sea, from which they have been dredged in vast numbers.* Besides the familiar animals above-mentioned, there were lions, panthers, hyænas, hippopotami, and others now only met with in warm countries; reindeer, musk-sheep, and wolverenes, now only found in the far north; horses, bisons, and elks, now living in temperate regions, as well as strange extinct animals, such as the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and the cave bear. These animals migrated north and south, according to the season, across the valleys of the North Sea and of the Channel; and, just as the migratory herds in America are followed by the Red Indian, and those of northern Asia by the Siberian hunters, so were they followed by the River-drift hunter, whose implements lie scattered over the whole of Europe south of the latitude of Yorkshire. In the course of time, too, the more highly equipped Cave-man crossed over to this country, and used the caverns for habitations. While southern and eastern Britain was the home of man and the animals he hunted, the higher parts of Wales, Cambria, and of Scotland, and the greater portion of Ireland, were covered by glaciers, which crept down into the lower grounds, offering an impenetrable barrier to migration, and leaving behind the transported blocks and grooved rock-surfaces which enable us to map their ancient extent.

We come now to the time when the western coast-land of Europe became almost, but not quite, what it is now. At the close of the pleistocene age the area of the British isles gradually sank, and the Atlantic slowly crept up the lower portions of the valley of the English Channel and swept round Ireland, and beat against the rocky shores of Scotland, very nearly as at the present day. The Scandinavian Gulf, too gradually encroached on the bottom of the valley of

* In the North Sea.

the North Sea, and ultimately united with the English Channel, over the chalk-downs now forming the bottom of the Straits of Dover. By this gentle downward movement Britain was severed from the Continent, and the "Silver Streak" occupied the lower grounds and flowed over the watershed between the submerged valleys of the North Sea and the Channel.

This great change in the geography produced a corresponding change in the animal life. The seasonal migrations could no longer be carried on, the southern animals disappeared, and the northern were only represented by the reindeer, which lingered in Caithness till the middle of the twelfth century, A.D., and the blue or varying hare of Ireland and the Scotch Highlands. The Paleolithic, River-drift and Cave men, too, disappeared, and some animals became extinct, such as the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros. The climate also became warmer and the glaciers melted away.

These profound changes in climate and geography in North-Western Europe were accompanied by similar changes in the middle and south of the continent. Africa was separated from Spain and Italy by the sinking of the land some 400 fathoms below the Mediterranean, and the mountains of the Eastern Mediterranean became islands. The glaciers, too, shrank to their present size in the Alps and Pyrenees, and the peculiar group of animals characteristic of the pleistocene age disappeared from Europe. The northern and southern animals were for the most part weeded out, leaving the fauna as we know it in the pages of history.

On the new Europe thus formed a new race of men appears from Central Asia—the Neolithic grazier and farmer, with his horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs, bringing along with him wheat, barley, and flax, and the arts of pottery making, mining, weaving, and of hollowing out trees into canoes. He gradually spread over the Continent, crossed the "Silver Streak," and took possession of the British Isles with his flocks and herds. He belonged to the non-Aryan section of the human race, and is represented among the present European populations not merely by the small, dark Basques, but by the small, dark population of the Scotch Highlands, of Wales, of the west of Ireland, of Brittany, and of south-western France and Spain. The domestic animals which he introduced ran wild, and the occurrence of their remains in the forests, now submerged to an extent of about ten fathoms below low water off most of our shelving coasts, point to the important fact that those forests then offered shelter and food at a time when the Isles of Wight and Anglesey were parts of Britain, and a belt of woodland, composed of oaks, Scotch firs, yews, and birches, sloped from the present shores to the ten-fathom line. The depression of the land went on after the arrival of the Neolithic herdsman, until this low-lying tract became covered with sea, and

the contour of Britain became what it is now. The sea, however, has since gashed the sides of the valley with cliffs, and the swinging of the tides has deepened the shallower parts, while in others it has accumulated mud, sand, and shingle banks. The submerged chalk downs, however, in the Straits of Dover are as free from superficial accumulations as those portions which still remain above water in France and Britain.

We have next to record the crossing of the "Silver Streak" by another race of invaders. The Celts, the vanguard of the Aryans, had fought their way through Germany into Gaul and Spain in the Neolithic age, and had driven the non-Aryan, Iberic peoples, to the west. They held the districts nearest to Britain, but they did not risk the chances of an invasion until they were masters of all the advantages which arose from the introduction of the knowledge of bronze. Then they crossed over the Channel with bronze weapons in their hands, and repeated the conquest of Gaul and Spain in Britain and in Ireland. And long ages afterwards, just as the Celts had displaced the Iberic peoples in Gaul, and followed them over into Britain, so did the Belgæ drive out the Celts on the side of the Rhine, and cross over into Britain during the Iron age, before the dawn of our history. At the time of Cæsar's invasion they were pushing their conquests to the north and west. Thus in the long pre-historic interval, separating the written history of Britain from the remote Pleistocene age, the "Silver Streak" has been crossed by three sets of invaders, Iberic, Celtic, and Belgic. It certainly retarded the Celtic, but it appears not to have retarded the Belgic invasion, since both Gaul and Britain were in the same stage of conquest when further invasion was arrested by the Roman arms. Nor has the "Silver Streak" protected this country from invasion when the Roman eagles reached the shores of the Channel. Still less was it a protection in later times against the Angle, Saxon, Jute, Dane, or the Norman, but quite the reverse. The masters of the sea have always been the masters of Britain, and the masters of Britain must for their own security be masters of the sea. The sea is either an element of weakness offering avenues of attack to our enemies on every side, or it becomes for us a most powerful means of aggression, as has been the case in our history since the English have been in these islands.

What then, it may well be asked, has our isolation from the Continent done for us? (The influence of the "Silver Streak" on the national character appears to me to have been greatly overrated. It is asserted that we are what we are, mainly because we have been kept from our enemies by our position. "It is the insular character of Britain," writes Mr. Freeman,* "which has, beyond anything else,

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June, 1882, p. 1042.

made the inhabitants of Britain what they are." It seems to me that in taking this view, we are ascribing to our surroundings a large share of the credit which is due to our race. What qualities are there which flourish in our islands, and which we can claim to be peculiarly our own? I know of no English qualities which have not been imported by our ancestors from the Continent, and which have not been conspicuously shown by our race in other lands, from the days when Arminius destroyed Varus and his legions in the Teutoburg forest, down to the time when the descendants of the Dutch showed what is called "true English grit" at Majuba Hill. The Dutch in their own country, whether it be in fighting for liberty against the Spaniard, or in wrestling with the waves of the sea with their wonderful dykes, have proved themselves to possess qualities equal, to say the least, to our own. The main difference between us and our continental kinsmen appears to me not to be due to our being protected from our enemies by our position, but to the fact that there are more of us here than on the Continent. We are what we are because of our glorious inheritance of valour, self-reliance, and of liberty brought by our ancestors from over sea. And those who stayed behind in the old homes have a like share in the common patrimony. The "Silver Streak" has obviously done us incalculable service in rendering large standing armies unnecessary, but it has compelled us to have a large navy. It has marked off our literature from that of our kinsmen on the Continent. It has done something, too, to develop in our characters the quality which Mr. Matthew Arnold terms "Philistinism," and to give us the Pharisaic affectation of superiority which makes our neighbours say of us that "every Englishman is an island to himself." To inquire what would have happened had the "Silver Streak" not been is an idle speculation. It is quite as likely that we should have conquered our neighbours as that they would have conquered us.)

The obstacle to trade and free intercourse with the Continent presented by the "Silver Streak" has long been felt, and many plans have been proposed for reducing it to a minimum. At the end of the last century M. Mathieu proposed to make two galleries beneath the sea, the upper for traffic, and the lower for drainage, and he estimated that the passage could be made with relays of horses in the short space of one hour. Following him, suggestions were made from time to time of a colossal bridge, of a ferry, and of huge ships. In 1834 an eminent French engineer, M. Thomé de Gamond, suggested an iron tube, and in 1858, Mr. James Young, of Glasgow, independently suggested the same means of connecting the two countries. Some years before, however, De Gamond definitely adopted the idea of a tunnel, and persistently devoted all his energies to putting it into a practicable shape. His idea was taken up in

England, and in 1866-7 Sir John Hawkshaw and others tested the geological structure of the sides of the Channel by a boring at St. Margaret's to the east of Dover, and at Calais, and collected sufficient information about the sea-bottom to make it probable that the rocks were continuous. Mr. Lowe, also, an English engineer at Wrexham, laid before the French Emperor his plans for a double tunnel. By this time public opinion both in France and England was strongly in favour of a tunnel, and the scheme was so popular in this country that in 1868 a petition was presented to the Emperor of the French in its favour, on the grounds that it would facilitate the social intercourse and develop the trade and commerce between the two countries. The numerous signatures attached to it represent all shades of political opinion, and belong to men for the most part versed in practical affairs. They include the present Archbishop of York, the Dukes of Sutherland and Argyll, the Earl of Denbigh, twelve Lords, eight Baronets, two Major-Generals, one Admiral, and fifty-three Members of Parliament, besides the Chairmen of Chambers of Commerce, Stock Exchanges, and Bank Directors. There was then no sign of dissent on the part of those who now oppose the tunnel on the score of patriotism. On comparing this strongly worded petition for, with the recent equally strong petition of Mr. Knowles in the *Nineteenth Century* against, a tunnel, it is interesting to remark that the name of the Archbishop of York stands at the head of both. The latter also contrasts with the former in the signatures being in the main those belonging to the professional as distinguished from the commercial classes.

The project was seriously taken up in France and in England, and in 1870 an application was made by the French to the English Government to ask the views of the latter, and whether they would regulate by a diplomatic agreement the construction of a tunnel and the working of a railway between the two countries. The negotiations, broken by the Franco-German war, were carried on up to 1875, and resulted in the English Government informing the French that they saw "no objection in principle to the proposed tunnel," "and that the advantages which would attend its completion leave room for little doubt."* On the strength of these negotiations two companies were formed, the French company receiving their concessions, and the English Channel Tunnel Company obtaining their Bill for preliminary works at St. Margaret's east of Dover. A joint commission also was appointed by which details were settled as to the working of the tunnel and the French and English jurisdiction, which was to cease in the centre of the tunnel halfway between the low-water mark in each country, as well as to the rights which each country had to block it in its own interests. The conclusions were accepted

* Blue Book, C. 3,358 (1882), pp. 18, 19.

by the Government "as a basis for a treaty" to be laid before Parliament, which, however, was never brought forward, owing to the fact that the English Channel Tunnel Company was unable to obtain the necessary capital, and that their Bill consequently lapsed.

The French company having obtained their concession, at once began costly preliminary works. They obtained leave from our Government to take soundings in British waters, and constructed a geological map of the bottom of the sea, which proved the continuity of the chalk downs between England and France. They have expended large sums of money in machinery and in making the preliminary driftway, which is now being pushed from the little village of Sangatte towards Dover at the rate of 18 yards per week. This they have done on the basis of the agreement between the two Governments, formally and deliberately entered into by both. It is necessary to draw attention to this point, because the Channel Tunnel is generally represented in the public press as if it were a new project of the year 1882, instead of being the result of a long series of negotiations which have been in progress since the year 1870.

It is very difficult with the Blue Books before us (C. 1,206, 1875, and C. 3,358, 1882), containing the details of these negotiations, to understand the grounds on which Lord Wolseley writes in his memorandum that the tunnel scheme was then looked upon as fanciful and unreasonable. "It was not then regarded as having entered within the zone or scope of practical undertakings. No one believed that it would ever be made, and if mentioned it always raised a smile, as does now any reference to flying-machines as substitutes for railways." We may well "smile" at the idea of two nations formally negotiating about an undertaking of the order of "flying-machines," and of two companies being formed to carry it out, and lastly at the idea of a practical joke of this nature begun by a Liberal Government being carried out by their Conservative successors.

We must now review the present situation. On one side, the Channel Tunnel Company's Bill of 1875 had lapsed. In 1874 the South-Eastern Railway Company obtained power to sink experimental shafts in the neighbourhood of Dover, and in 1881 to carry on experimental works in connection with the construction of a Channel tunnel. These resulted in an application to Parliament in 1882, on behalf of the Submarine Continental Railway Company, for power to construct a tunnel starting from the west of Dover. Simultaneously, too, the Channel Tunnel Company was resuscitated, and applied for like powers to start a rival tunnel to the north-east of Dover, near St. Margaret's. Both were referred to a Scientific Commission, and both have now been modified in accordance with its report in the Bills now before Parliament. In the meanwhile the Submarine Continental Railway Company have proved, by a driftway

seven feet in diameter carried upwards of 2,000 yards from the western side of Shakespeare Cliff under the sea, that a tunnel can easily and cheaply be made in the lower chalk, and that the amount of water to be looked for in that part of the chalk under the sea is altogether unimportant. They have been working in the same impervious stratum as the French at Sangatte, and they propose to continue in that stratum until the French and English tunnels meet in the centre of the Channel, if the agreement between the French and British Governments in 1875 be carried out, and their enterprise be sanctioned by Parliament. Their rivals propose to begin in the water-bearing chalk, and to work downwards until they arrive at the same point; but up to the present time have done nothing to show the practicability of their scheme.

What proof, it may well be asked, is there that an enterprise of this magnitude can be carried out? The geological conditions are most singularly favourable. The chalk on both sides dips gently in an easterly direction, and the impervious stratum is of the same character and thickness on both sides, and has been shown to be continuous at the bottom of the Channel at the base of the submerged chalk downs. There is no trace of large water-bearing fissures at that horizon in the rocks in the French and English downs, and therefore there is no reason to suspect their presence in the line of the tunnel under the Channel. The rock is soft and easily cut by the boring machine which has done the work on the English side, and is now pushing on the French driftway at the rate of eighteen yards per week. This machine is driven by compressed air, and needs only the services of three men, two at the working face and one to control the engine. The material cut away is delivered by buckets, working on an endless chain, after the fashion of a dredge, into trucks at the back and carried away. The compressed air having done its work causes a most perfect ventilation. A special form, too, of air locomotive has been devised for use in the tunnel, which is capable of taking a heavy train from England to France without stoppage. The use of compressed air indeed puts an end to all those difficulties as to ventilation which are so serious in the short tunnels of the metropolitan railways, and as the air pipes will be carried through, the ventilation can be regulated with the greatest nicety. The question of length—some twenty-four miles—thus becomes comparatively unimportant, and resolves itself practically into the question of time and of cost.

The cost is assumed by the opponents of the tunnel to be so great as to render it impossible for it to be a commercial success. Judging from the present expenditure, and taking into consideration the soft impervious nature of the rock, and the wonderfully well adapted boring machine, there is no reason to suppose that it will be much over $3\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds, which is a very small sum for an undertaking

of such magnitude. The question, however, of cost is one which does not concern the general public, because the French and English railway companies are prepared to find the money. They are perfectly able to look after their own interests. If the "canny Scots" find that it answers their purpose to build over again the Tay Bridge, at an expense of between one and two millions, that they may bring the small population to the north of the Tay into more rapid communication with that on the south, and to contemplate a bridge over the Forth, there can be no doubt that the tunnel connecting the English and French railway systems would confer corresponding benefits on the promoters and on the public, and not merely the "immunity from sea sickness" which Lord Wolseley thinks the only gain. The advantages of a more rapid and easier communication are so fully recognized by men engaged in commerce that it is unnecessary to dwell on the results of a closer intercourse between the two countries. We may, however, note among the statesmen in favour of this closer intercourse the name of Mr. Cobden, as well as that of Mr. Gladstone.

The next question to be considered is the probable effect of a tunnel on our national security. In the opinion of Lord Wolseley, it would expose the country to the perils of invasion. He argues that it would be possible to surprise Dover, to prevent the tunnel being destroyed, and then to pour troops through it too quickly to allow of our small army blocking a march on London. The Duke of Cambridge also holds the same views. On the other hand, equally high authorities on the question of defence hold that it would not be a danger, in a military sense, to the country. Sir John Adye, the Surveyor-General of Ordnance, writes that the defence of the tunnel exit is a simple operation, and he justly points out "that the invention of steam as a motive power for ships, and the creation of large harbours on the French coast, are more serious matters for us, in a military point of view, than any amount of tunnels are likely to be." Sir Andrew Clarke, Head of the School of Military Engineering, holds that there would be no difficulty in destroying the tunnel at any time, and that the military objections against the tunnel are not capable of being maintained. The report of the Scientific Committee obviously is the result of a divided opinion. Their answer to the question, How far will these proposals (the means of guarding the tunnel), "beyond all reasonable doubt, secure the use of the tunnel, in every imaginable contingency, being denied to an enemy?" is "that the application of the principles and measures adopted by them should, with that amount of intelligence, fidelity, and vigilance which the State has a right to expect from its servants, effect this; but it must always be borne in mind that in dealing with physical agencies an amount of uncertainty exists which can never be wholly

eliminated, and that it is equally impossible to eliminate human fallibility." They further add that "it would be presumptuous to place absolute reliance upon even the most comprehensive and complete arrangements which can be devised, with a view of rendering the tunnel absolutely useless to an enemy, 'in every imaginable contingency.'" Of course we cannot do away with the element of uncertainty in any human affairs.

Nelson's famous motto, that "England expects every man to do his duty," recommends itself to our common sense, rather than that latent in this singular rider of the Scientific Committee, and which appears also to lurk in Lord Wolseley's memorandum, "that England expects every man *not* to do his duty" in guarding a hole in the neighbourhood of Dover. If the garrison are so stupid and careless as they are assumed to be, it may well be asked whether our great military expenditure is satisfactorily administered. To an ordinary layman it appears little less than ridiculous to suppose that a large army of invasion, with its enormous stores, could be collected together in Northern France, and that Dover could be taken by a *coup de main* without any warning, in these days of telegraphs and of rapid communication. It is no compliment, either to our military or engineering skill, to be told that we cannot calculate on holding or blocking our end of a tunnel. Were, however, Dover taken by the enemy the tunnel could easily be blocked from the sea. Before the plans of the Submarine Continental Railway were altered, in consequence of the report of the Scientific Committee, arrangements were made for having the English end of the tunnel commanded from the sea, which, for military purposes, would put it on the same kind of footing as a large steamer, to be easily destroyed by our navy. If we have lost our supremacy of the sea, the question of tunnel or no tunnel is of comparatively little importance. In a word, there are no objections urged against the scheme which might not equally be used against any other means of swift locomotion. England has become great, as an eminent American has observed on this question, by taking greater risks than that of a tunnel under the Channel. This country did not become great through fear. If we shut ourselves up and place a bar to free intercourse with our neighbours, we shall act in contradiction to all our liberal traditions, and revert to a policy like that of China, and, till lately, of Japan. The "Silver Streak" is not endangered, as some writers fancy by the tunnel, but will ward off invasion in the future as it has done in the past, so long as, but no longer than, we are masters of the sea.

W. BOYD DAWKINS.

THE PROSPECT OF REFORM.

THE speeches of the recess have proclaimed the strength of the Government and the effacement of the Opposition. At the beginning of the fourth Session of its power the second Administration of Mr. Gladstone holds greater authority than at any previous time. The Prime Minister's ascendancy has absorbed and assimilated Liberalism of every kind. He has boundless influence in the constituencies, and is regarded with loyalty by his colleagues of the Cabinet and by the party of which he is supreme chief. The procedure of the House of Commons has been reformed according to his design, except in one point—the amendment of Rule 2—upon which unwisely and unwillingly, he surrendered his judgment to that of some of his followers. One of the troubles of this coming Session will be the forty-member power of determining the order of the day. Never had a Government, to all superficial appearance, a fairer and a larger opportunity for the business of domestic reform. If the Government could accomplish all that the Prime Minister desires, they should need only to examine Mr. Gladstone's speeches, and to follow the fulfilment of his promises. But the reality is far different. The prospect of reform in this Parliament is as yet very uncertain. The really great measure of reform has distinguished its career. The Irish Land Bill was of greater complexity and difficulty than the Bill dealing with the Irish Church, but in the page of history its mark will be slight compared with that of the Act of 1869. The harvest of reform in this Parliament must needs be late; it will therefore be precarious. In an unusual degree it will be dependent upon political weather outside the Cabinet; within, there may be storms; but, so long as Mr. Gladstone holds his place, such internal tempests will serve only to exhibit, as lightning does at night, the towering elevation.

tion of the conductor by which all danger is carried harmlessly away.

It is because I believe the prospect of reform to be somewhat delusive; because I am convinced that inert confidence in a Government weakens the power of the administration to effect reform; because I feel that at no time were greater efforts and a closer vigilance needful on the part of those who desire to secure this harvest, that I propose to submit some considerations such as Ministers are, by their responsibility, disabled from suggesting. The most patent fact is the disorder of the Opposition. It seems to me, after three years' constant attendance in Parliament, that one of the greatest advantages which a politician derives from being in the House of Commons, is that he gains esteem and respect for his adversaries. There is a saying in Ireland that "the devil you know is better than the devil you don't know." I confess that my short experience has produced a desire to moderate expressions of political hostility, a clearer appreciation of the views represented by various sections of the House, and much personal regard for those to whom I am opposed. In all sincerity I wish the Opposition displayed more cohesion and greater power. It would better the prospect of reform. The responsibilities of a disciplined force are successfully evaded by lawless bands. If Mr. Gladstone were encountered from the other side of the table with a greater equality of power, he would be less tormented by the mosquitoes of Opposition. The tactics of the Opposition this year must be dilatory, and it seems likely that circumstances will give them a great opportunity. The President of the Local Government Board told his constituents that the Government programme would open with the Corrupt Practices Bill, a necessary and urgent measure, bristling with points for discussion and amendment. An Opposition desiring to bring a Government to face the penultimate Session of their triumphant Parliament with a heap of unredeemed pledges, could hardly desire a better chance. The Bill will pass; but so it would if it were brought in on the first of June, with the intention of prolonging the Session, if necessary, until it was disposed of. The aim of the Conservative party will be to prevent the passing of the County Boards Bill, and the Government will be indirectly aiding them if they defer its introduction till after Easter. A difference between a Ministerial programme and a *menu* is that in the former it is well to serve the *pièce de résistance* early. Mr. Chaplin would prefer a County Government Bill of Mr. Sclater Booth's manufacture to one of Sir Charles Dilke's, and if Ministers begin the Session with an understanding that the Committee on the County Bill will not open till after Whitsuntide, he and his friends will naturally feel jubilant.

The second Bill is to be for the reform of London government.

That is a great and good work, which will add to Sir William Harcourt's high reputation. It is evident that his opponents will not carry weapons of precision. No dangerous combatant has appeared on the side of "unreform." Mr. Mill's Bill, providing separate municipalities, was altered to the supposed form of the Government scheme mainly on consideration of the excellent results which a similar system has produced in Manchester—to which I refer as the best example of local government in England. It might be said that this opinion was coloured by my connection with an adjacent borough, if I did not add that I expressed the same view to Mr. Mill and those who acted with him. The federation of four large townships with that of Manchester, each having a Town Hall, each being governed by a Committee of its own representatives in the General Council, and each having a separate but subordinate staff for the execution of local works, is a model upon which the reform of London government may safely proceed. We have now thirty-nine governments in London. The weak spot in Sir William Harcourt's Bill will probably appear in an effort to conciliate these obscure bodies. He may draw a powerful argument from the fact that, by avoiding the levy and collection of separate rates in five townships, the Corporation of Manchester saves £3,000 a year. Although perhaps there are few Members of Parliament in whom turtle has not been transmuted into tissue, the unreformed Corporation will find few defenders. The Bill will pass, and the great exception to the Act of 1835 will be expunged.

Sir Charles Dilke said the County Bill was ready for introduction. If that be so, must we understand that neither Lord Derby nor the President of the Local Government Board has any opinion on the subject; for the Bill has not been considered by the Cabinet since their accession? These distinguished Ministers have, however, contributed a definite suggestion upon two points, either of which may be vital to the Government Bill. Last year, when Sir Wilfrid Lawson pressed his claim, founded on the double acceptance of his motion concerning "local option," Mr. Gladstone pledged the Government to the introduction of licensing provisions in the County Bill. I suppose that the Bill contains provisions transferring the licensing authority from the justices to County Boards, such as those which, in Clause 62 of the Municipal Corporations Bill of 1835, Lords Russell and Palmerston, with the assent of the House of Commons, proposed as to Town Councils, and which the House of Lords rejected against the speeches of Lords Melbourne, Brougham, and Lansdowne. But Lord Derby—in that which in a less sedate person might be called his last shriek of freedom as an unofficial statesman—declared that in his opinion the licensing question should not be dealt with until the agricultural population was directly represented in Parliament. Lord Derby may well reconsider this opinion, if it should appear upon

examination that the Bill is drawn upon lines manifestly in the mind of Sir Charles Dilke, when he said he had no reason to suppose that the views of the Government tended to any separate representation of owners upon the County Boards. Reformers would probably agree that an extension of the municipal franchise should form the basis for all elections direct or indirect to the County Boards. If that be the view of the Government—and if it be not, they will give serious displeasure to a large section of their supporters—Lord Derby would probably see that his plea for delay may be withdrawn. If the electorate of the County Boards, or of the bodies which are to nominate the County Boards, is co-extensive with, or even larger, as in the case of municipal voters, than the extension of the Parliamentary franchise, which Lord Derby frankly supports, then the argument for delay, which otherwise would be one of great power, falls to the ground. It cannot escape observation that such a plea, if good on one point, is valid throughout. The Tory party, whose direst misfortune it is that landowning in this country is the business of an oligarchy, and not, as it should be, that of the most powerful class in the country, could hardly adopt that line of argument; and if the Government take the widest franchise in their Bill, this argument will be disarmed. I hope—I do not feel great confidence—that the harvest of reform in 1883 will include County Government. The chief legislative battle of the Session will probably be to defeat, by delay, the passing of this Bill. If, by weakness in its provisions, the Government make any considerable number of their supporters careless, the Bill will surely be found among the failures of the Session.

But let us pass to even greater matters. The special mission of this Parliament was to reform the laws relating to Land and to the Representation of the People. Its past career, its future promise, are alike disappointing as to Land Law Reform. The Irish Bill, justified in its peculiar provisions by the Reports of the Devon and Bessborough Commissions, is a great award of arbitration in a case of widely disputed rights of property; it can be no settlement of the land question for Ireland. Cobden declared thirty-five years ago that, if he had absolute power, he would instantly issue an edict, applying the law of succession as it exists in France to the land of Ireland. That is one way, and I think not the best, of "multiplying men of property."* Towards that end, which throughout the whole of the United Kingdom we are commanded to approach by every economic and political inducement, this Parliament has made, and I fear will make, no substantial progress. The opportunity was great, and it has been lost.

Mr. Gladstone's utterances were encouraging. "As to the law of entail and settlement," he said at Dalkeith, "I am in favour of the

* Morley's "Life of Cobden," vol. ii. p. 28.

abolition of that law. I disapprove it on economical grounds, and I disapprove it on social and moral grounds." Yet the legislation of this Parliament has been such as to extend and to rivet this law and practice. Mr. Gladstone has always steered clear of the erroneous conception that land and personal property demanded identical treatment. I rejoice that Lord Derby has joined the Administration, because I have implicit confidence in his respect for economic truth. When, therefore, Lord Derby said at the Manchester Reform Club, that "land monopoly is a phrase rather than a reality," so accomplished an economist must have been aware that in scientific language the truth is directly opposed to his statement. The question of Land Law Reform centres on this point. If the ownership of land be not a monopoly, the statesman can make no just claim that it should be dealt with otherwise than as personalty. Mr. Gladstone is as clear as Lord Sherbrooke on this essential matter. He said at West Calder in 1879 :—"Those persons who possess large portions of the space of the earth, are not altogether in the same position as possessors of mere personalty; for personalty does not impose the same limitations on the action and industry and the well-being of the community in the same ratio as does the possession of land." "Land," wrote Mr. Lowe in the *Fortnightly Review*, in 1877, "is a kind of property in which the public must from its very nature have a kind of dormant joint interest with the proprietor." It is only because the ownership of land is always, under any actual or conceivable conditions of law, a monopoly, that the claim for the abolition of the existing system is well founded. The course of this Parliament might have been different had a Bill been prepared in anticipation of the failure of the Royal Commission on Agriculture to deal with the subject, and of the passing of the Settled Land Bill. As it is, we see Mr. Gladstone expressing his dislike for that Bill in 1881, and the Attorney-General urging it forward in 1882 as a magnificent reform. The Lord Chancellor—who earned the gratitude of reformers last Session by promoting the Married Women's Property Bill—would neither subscribe to the opinion of Mr. Gladstone, nor admit the sufficiency of Lord Cairns' Bill, of which he said, "The provisions must be materially modified if any comprehensive measure dealing with the subject of land transfer and the modification of the law of settlement were to be brought under the notice of Parliament." Lord Cairns' Act is framed, like all British land laws, from the point of view of the tenant for life, not from that of the people at large. The area of settled land will increase because the arguments for settlement are strengthened. Lord Derby says, "We must wait and see what the Act will produce." I quite agree that further legislation cannot come in the present Parliament. When the time does arrive, the splendid energy, the reforming zeal

of the Prime Minister will have sought repose. I do not expect that when the legislation of this Parliament is complete, the Government will be able to take credit for more than the Scotch Entail Bill—a short step in the direction of reform, which owes much of its small force to an amendment pressed by Mr. Arthur Elliot, member for Roxburghshire.

I think the old and ill-informed theory, that land "is a luxury," is dying fast. Competition, and the danger of their isolation, are carrying into the minds of landowners that which economic teaching failed to inculcate. Land is now begging for tenants and for purchasers. The words of the greatest conveyancer of our time must be rung in the ears of embarrassed landlords:—"I do not think that the registration of titles will succeed unless you please to abolish settlement altogether." The landowners, if they were wise, would give enthusiastic support to such ideas as those of Mr. Gladstone, as their deliverance not only from the ruin impending over so many from the declining price of land, but also as standing between the menacing demand of tenants and schemes of confiscation. Some of them are suffering severely, but they are forcing still greater losses on the country. Agriculture is declining. In ten years, since 1872, in this island alone 2,000,000 acres have passed out of cultivation. This implies a large diminution in the production of food. But what is the landowner to do? There is the labour difficulty upon large farms, the insufficiency of capital, and the impossibility of sale at adequate price. Against the interest of the people he turns unsuitable land into miserable pasture. How otherwise can he meet the charges on his property? The encumbrances on agricultural land in England are certainly not less than £250,000,000.

It is by their own fault that landlords are losing power and place in the State. Had they encouraged the policy of free land when it was urged by Mr. Cobden, they would by this time have raised up an army of small proprietors throughout the country. Perhaps it would not be possible, at present, to form a Cabinet which would agree to a sufficient measure of reform. It is strange that we should have to make this confession with regard to a policy of which the first consequence would probably be to add £300,000,000 to the value of the landowners' interest in the soil. Mr. Gladstone has hinted that opposition might be overcome by adding to a peerage the peculiar distinction of an entail and power of settlement. That means releasing three-fifths of the country, and retaining one-fifth under disabilities as an act of homage to the House of Lords. If I could purchase reform at that price to-day, I would gladly do so, and would trust to the attraction of free land. Such a mode of "greasing the wheels" would be quite in accordance with British traditions. But I would insist that their Lordships should accept the establish-

ment of a Landed Estates Court for the compulsory disposal of encumbered settled property, and that insolvency should imply the loss of rights of peerage. To-day will not, however, always be to-day. The people of England, like all islanders, have a deep-seated regard for ancient institutions. I believe that the House of Lords will occupy the most illustrious place in the history of non-elected Legislative Chambers. But all the odium which it has ever incurred would be but as a ripple of a pool compared to a storm-wave of the ocean, if it should appear when the enfranchised people demand reform that four-fifths of the land must remain in bondage to make a basis for the House of Lords.

Land, therefore, gives place to Parliamentary Reform, which will probably be the death-song of this Parliament. What is the prospect of Parliamentary Reform? It will brighten the more it is worn by the tongue of the people. Who would have thought that Sir Henry James—whom professional and parliamentary circumstances have rendered backward in Land Law Reform—would be the first member of the Government to advocate abolition of the property franchise, and of the privilege of certain Universities? That is one of the fruits of discussion which should be pressed in every possible direction. It is the habit of the people of this country to think that when they have made a Minister, they have secured the adoption of his policy. That will more often be the case when our Parliament is representative of the people. I will not discuss the introduction of a Franchise Bill by the Government in the ensuing Session. There has never appeared any probability of such an intention. I hope Sir Charles Dilke will obtain returns, giving the best official estimate of the various classes of electors, and of the number which uniformity of franchise over the whole of the United Kingdom, upon the principle adopted in English and Scotch boroughs where there are no freemen electors, will add to the register. I believe that the increase would be 2,000,000. There are now in the counties, cities, and boroughs of England and Wales 2,524,311 electors; about one in ten of the population. In the 198 Parliamentary boroughs of England and Wales there are 2,098,892 inhabited houses, but of electors there are only 1,591,451, showing an excess of more than 25 per cent. of inhabited houses above the number of voters. Fifteen per cent. of that excess is represented by women householders. In the counties, excluding Parliamentary cities and boroughs, there are 2,724,952 inhabited houses, and 932,860 electors. Allowing the same proportion as in boroughs, it would seem that in England and Wales uniformity of franchise would add 1,344,069 electors. In Ireland, if the proportion were the same, the number of electors would be raised from 229,461 to 730,714. In Scotland, about 150,000 would be added; making in all about 2,000,000—a far larger addition than was made by the Act of 1867. In the

above figures I set off the decrease resulting from abolition of the freehold franchise with the increase from the lodger franchise. At present every freeholder of the value of 40s.; every copyholder or leaseholder, either for the life of one person or for a period of years not less than sixty, of the annual value of £5, is entitled to vote in counties. There are some boroughs which have freemen voters, and there are eleven boroughs which are counties corporate, in which non-resident freeholders exercise the borough franchise. Mr. Brand, one of the fairest and most acute critics of measures affecting property in land, proposes that when the owner is liable for half the rates, he should when non-resident be entitled to vote. Not only would this defeat uniformity by conferring plurality of votes, but Mr. Brand's scheme would give no fair representation of property; the absentee owner of ten perches and the owner of 10,000 acres in the same district would obtain identity of voting power. The most equitable reform is to make the residential franchise the only and the universal suffrage.

Equality of franchise is not a proposal unknown to the Conservative party. In 1859, Mr. Disraeli proposed equalization of the county occupiers' qualification with that of occupiers in boroughs. Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley then resigned their places in Lord Derby's Cabinet, because, as the former said, "the reduction of the county franchise to a level with that which exists in boroughs is utterly contrary to every principle which the Conservatives as a party have always maintained." The Conservative party will now probably advance to equality of franchise; it is upon the question of uniformity that division will arise. Efforts will be made to retain the property qualification, and even in the Liberal ranks a certain amount of what Mr. Disraeli termed "education" will be needed. Mr. Disraeli proposed to cut out the owners of property in boroughs from the county register, alleging that we ought to take out of the counties all those who do not follow agriculture. Mr. Disraeli sought to diminish the urban element in county constituencies. It is useful to note his tactics, because they will form the lines of coming conflict. He had three ideas in combination applicable to the prospect we have in view. The first was one of assent to the principle of equality; the second was the separation of the property qualification in boroughs from that in counties. He would have provided that in all boroughs the property qualification should be exercised, as it is now in those eleven boroughs which are counties corporate. Thirdly, it was his policy to eliminate all congregated populations from the county constituencies. The fight will be upon these lines. It will be urged that the owner has an irrefragable claim to a separate vote, especially when the incidence of all rates is divided, as in Ireland and Scotland, and it will be proposed that the property votes in boroughs shall be for the boroughs and no longer for the counties. The objection to this is

simple. The purpose of the franchise is the representation of the people; there is no more equitable mode of representing property than by a uniform residential franchise. The property franchise is the most inequitable representation of property that could be devised; for it gives to a rent-charger of 40s. upon a cottage in a town a vote equivalent to that of the owner, it may be, of the whole remainder of that Parliamentary district. The Liberal party, with those of any party who desire a settlement giving hope of equity and permanence, will have to contend for simple uniformity by the extension of the residential house and lodger franchise. This will disfranchise those who are qualified only as absentee proprietors, as freemen, and as graduates of six of the Universities. Those who champion the claim of the Universities against uniformity of franchise must answer the claim of the newer Universities and of those which are to come.

Mr. Gladstone is committed by his declaration in 1866 to the policy of dealing with the franchise in a separate measure, and the balance of argument appears largely in favour of that course. Some of his colleagues have held a different opinion. But Lord Derby, whose views on this matter of franchise in 1866 will be recalled, did no more than express a desire for some guarantee that the Parliament which granted the franchise should also deal with the redistribution of political power. The extension of the franchise into uniformity would be just and beneficial upon any distribution. Symmetry in legislation demands separate treatment of the two subjects. Party jealousy declares that they should be tied together. "Party," said Burke, "is a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavours, the national interest, upon some particular principle upon which they are all agreed." That definition excludes the hope of working for the national interest in such matters with more than such unanimity. I trust Mr. Gladstone will introduce a Franchise Bill in 1884, acknowledging, as he did in 1866, that "it is convenient, advantageous, and desirable that the two questions should be dealt with by the same Parliament." No Minister can, however, insure that, except by a simultaneous treatment of the two subjects in one Bill, and a measure so composed must needs receive less thorough treatment. The prospect is that if Mr. Gladstone introduced a Franchise Bill in 1884, it would be met by a demand, as in 1866, for "the whole scheme of the Government." The Ministerial majority against that proposition would be seriously reduced, if some twenty of their own supporters and the Irish members voted against the Government. The consequent fortune of such a measure in the House of Lords it is not difficult to forecast. Longer experience and larger responsibility than mine would in that case have to determine whether, before the Franchise Bill left the House of Commons, the Redistribution of Seats Bill should be presented; whether, if the Franchise Bill were rejected in the House of Lords,

an immediate appeal should be made to the country; or thirdly, whether following upon that failure, the two subjects, in separate Bills, or in a single measure, should be introduced immediately upon the commencement of the Session of 1885. It is easy to talk of waste of time. But if the next Reform Bill were passed after being the chief matter of two Sessions, there would, indeed, be much reason for congratulation. It is my earnest hope that the Government will not appeal to the country until they have at least exhibited their scheme as a whole. If the people are to fight for Parliamentary Reform in 1885, I hope they will be in full possession of the programme of the Liberal party, and that it may be worthy of their courage and their confidence. Then I should have no fear of the result, or of the passing of the Bills, whether divided or united. Upon one point all parties are agreed—they want no peddling measures. I have found much concurrence, not in one party exclusively, upon the subject of uniformity of franchise. With regard to redistribution, I have both in North and South, found much support for proposals which I will briefly restate. My proposal is that no constituency should contain fewer than 50,000 population, and that constituencies above that number should not be subdivided, but should return members in some-thing like the proportion of one for every 50,000 population.

The first act of redistribution must be to do justice to the counties. In England and Wales there are 299 borough seats, and 185 county seats. But the population of the counties is nearly 14,000,000, while that of the enfranchised towns is under 12,500,000. The smaller boroughs are, however, for the most part purely agricultural, and really belong to the counties, from which it is a great social error to cut them off. There are 139 Parliamentary boroughs each containing fewer than 50,000 people. I suggest that these boroughs should be enlarged into county districts, which, in many cases, would bear their names, so that hereafter we should have a member for the Canterbury division of Kent, another for the Salisbury division of Wiltshire, another for the Guildford division of Surrey, and so on. In this way, the work of redistribution would not be very difficult, and provision might be made for readjustment of boundary, if any constituency was shown, upon the publication of a new Census, to have fallen considerably below 50,000. This plan promises the advantage of preserving variety in the constituencies, for some would include six or seven times the population of others. In place of the unmeaning division of counties by the points of the compass, historic continuity would be preserved by the names of rural towns; and I should hope this arrangement would get rid for ever of the question of suspending a writ, or of disfranchising a constituency. The punishment for bribery and corruption would then be individual not territorial, which would be a gain both in justice and purity.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

ANCIENT INTERNATIONAL LAW.

IT has been remarked by some of the later writers on International Law that many of their predecessors have committed the grave mistake of asserting that the ancient world had no conception of a valid and binding International Law. This accusation is one to which English and American writers, as compared with Continental jurists, are particularly liable; but those who make the charge, being wholly concerned with modern international relations, do not find it within their scope to do more than adduce a few passages from the ancient historians and moralists, containing but the scantiest refutation of the theory to which they object.*

One or two illustrations will be sufficient. Chancellor Kent writes:—

“The Law of Nations, as understood by the European world and by us, is the offspring of modern times. The most refined States among the ancients seem to have had no conception of the moral obligations of justice and humanity between nations, and there was no such thing in existence as the science of International Law. They regarded strangers and enemies as nearly synonymous, and considered foreign persons and property as lawful prize. Their laws of war and peace were barbarous and deplorable. So little were mankind accustomed to regard the rights of persons or property, or to perceive the value and beauty of public order, that in the most enlightened ages of the Grecian republics piracy was regarded as an honourable employment. There were powerful Grecian States that avowed the practice of piracy; and the fleets of Athens, the best disciplined and most respectable naval force in all antiquity, were exceedingly addicted to piratical excursions. It was the received opinion that Greeks, even as between their own cities and States, were bound to no duties, nor to any moral law, without compact; and that prisoners taken in war had no rights, and might lawfully be put to death, or sold into perpetual slavery, with their wives and children.”

* The publication of Mr. John Hosack's work on the “Rise and Growth of the Law of Nations,” which contains a very interesting chapter on Ancient International Law, has rendered the above statement less accurate than it was at the time at which the article was written.

Even the French publicists, belonging to a nation justly distinguished for its cultivation of this branch of knowledge, have not escaped this error. M. Laurent, in his "*Histoire du droit des Gens*," states his view thus:—

"Les Grecs ne se croyaient liés ni par le droit ni par l'humanité; ils ne se connaissaient d'obligations réciproques que lorsqu'un traité les avait stipulées. La notion de devoirs découlant de la nature de l'homme reconnue par les philosophes n'entra pas dans le domaine des relations internationales."

It is only fair to add that the writers of this class generally modify to some extent the severity of their criticisms, by noticing the existence of some usages which tended in the direction of justice and humanity, and that they credit the Romans with some efforts in the cultivation of the Law of Nations as a science; but they severely condemn the latter people, too, for "their cunning interpretation of treaties, their continual violation of justice, and their cruel rules of war."

The causes of this error are not far to seek. The modern development of International Law may be said to date from the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, its foundations having been laid in the works of Suarez, Albericus Gentilis, and Grotius. It was an easy, but an illogical, inference that no such system had ever existed before; and the error was perpetuated by a too careless facility in adopting the opinions of men whose authority as jurists was universally recognized.

Those who have any definite idea of the successes achieved by the ancient civilizations may well be surprised at the severity of the criticisms quoted above. The various arts and sciences, which belong to and form part of the civilization of a nation, keep fairly even pace with one another in their gradual development. Foremost amongst these in point of time and importance, as being absolutely necessary to the continuous existence of an independent political community, is the science of Law. Thus at Athens in particular, and to a greater or less extent in other Greek States, concurrently with a successful cultivation of the arts, a sound system of municipal law and a satisfactory administration of justice were established. The several States which formed the Hellenic family were bound together by closer ties than can well be imagined possible under any modern system. They acknowledged a common ancestry and spoke a common language: the constant recurrence of religious and other festivals, in which solemnities in honour of the gods were combined with international athletic competitions, formed also a strong bond of union; while the smallness of the territory belonging to each State, and the consequent proximity of their capitals, tended, by promoting mutual intercourse, to draw closer the relations already recognized.

Under such circumstances, it would indeed be marvellous, if,

among States whose political and social organizations had been so extensively developed, no valid and binding code for the regulation of international relations should have been adopted. The fact is, that among the ancient Greeks and Romans such a code did exist, though no doubt in a very imperfect form; that it was composed of the same ingredients and drawn from the same sources as that which now regulates the intercourse of the civilized world; that its guiding principles, though laid perhaps on less solid foundations, and prematurely arrested in their progress, were not unlike those upon which International Law now rests; and finally, that the development of its rules and institutions was analogous, in many respects, to that of the present system.

It would, of course, be impossible, within the prescribed limits, to do justice to so wide a subject. The development of the treaty system and of diplomacy, the rights of ambassadors, the usages of war, the system of arbitration, and that of consular agency, piracy, rights of asylum and extradition, offer ample subject-matter for as many essays of considerable length. Here I propose merely to show the existence of such a law, and of an international spirit recognizing it and giving it effect, and to sketch briefly a few of the institutions which were created and fostered by this sentiment.

With the view of showing that the relationship of the Greek States to one another is properly denoted by the word "international," it will be well to start with one or two definitions. International Law may be briefly defined as "the system of principles and rules which regulates the mutual intercourse of States;" and a State may be defined as "an Independent Political Community." A community, to be recognized as a State, must have its own organized government, but the form of such government is wholly immaterial.

The States—many of them insignificant in size—which composed the Hellenic world, clearly fall within this definition. Some of them combined from time to time, generally for defensive purposes, in which case the hegemony was assigned to one by express consent or silent recognition; but the system of a central government, though indications of such a tendency appear in the development of Athenian empire, had not then been worked out; and the individual independence of the several States was never so far infringed upon as to render inaccurate the application of the word "international" to their relations with one another.

It is further laid down by various writers of authority, with some variations of form, that International Law comprises International Moral Law and International Positive Law. The question need not here be raised whether this is a correct terminology; the meaning is clear. The latter consists partly of actual agreements embodied in treaties, but mainly of rules which, dependent originally upon the comity of nations, and coming under the head of imperfect obliga-

tions, have gradually been sanctioned by custom, and passed into the region of positive law. The former includes those obligations which are still imperfect, and, forming a portion of the *jus naturale*, is founded upon those moral principles which are now held, in theory at any rate, to be as binding upon States as upon individuals.

It will be useful to cite here, for the purpose of comparing the sentiments which lie at the root of the ancient and modern systems, the celebrated State Paper of 1753, addressed by the British to the Prussian Government, the occasion being an attempt on the part of Prussia to confiscate an English loan charged upon the then lately ceded province of Silesia. The law of nations is therein declared to be "founded upon justice, equity, and convenience, and the reason of the thing, and confirmed by long usage." This statement of the principles which ought to regulate the mutual intercourse of nations finds many an echo in ancient times. The identity of the *honestum* with the true *utile*, asserted more than once by Cicero in so many words, was frequently appealed to in international discussions before the public assemblies of the Greek cities. The speeches reported by Thucydides, now recognized, in accordance with his own straightforward statement, as representing substantially the sentiments uttered on the several occasions, fully warrant the assertion that such arguments were constantly advanced, and the inference that they would have been less prominent had there not existed an enlightened public opinion capable of appreciating their force. One or two instances will suffice. The Corinthian envoys (Thuc. i. 42), addressing the Athenian Ecclesia, declare that "the material advantage generally accrues to him whose conduct is least open to the imputation of moral obliquity." The same idea recurs, from time to time, in the speech of Diodotus on behalf of the Mitylenæans and in the Platean defence.

The argument most frequently used to buttress the theory which is the subject of this criticism is one which Language suggests. The Greeks, it is said, had no phrase to denote this idea; the Romans, no doubt, used the phrase *jus gentium*, but this is an ambiguous expression, and was used in a sense other than that represented by the words "International Law." A few remarks will be made subsequently upon the meaning of this much discussed phrase. For the present I am rather concerned with the indications of the existence of a Greek Law of Nations.

It is again to the political historian of Greece that an appeal must be made in support of this position. The pages of Thucydides contain frequent and definite allusions to a law recognized in Greece—an International Positive Law—composed partly of treaties, which are referred to as binding documents, and partly of conventional usages, sanctioned by time and general acceptance. The quarrel between Corinth and Corcyra, from this point of view, presents many notice-

able features. The Epidamnians, a Corcyraean colony, whose request for aid against the Illyrians had been refused by Corcyra, had recourse for assistance to Corinth, the metropolis of Corcyra, from which city, in accordance with the recognized law of colonization, they had received their *Æcist*. That this step was a violation of conventional usage, is shown by the hesitation of the Epidamnians to make the application. Though it seems to have been a matter of life or death, they thought it necessary first to obtain the sanction of the Delphic Oracle, the Corcyraeans meanwhile protesting indignantly against the infringement of their rights by any interference on the part of the Corinthians. The Corcyraeans having declared war against Epidamnus and laid siege to the town, issued a humane and liberal proclamation—viz., that any one—citizen or otherwise—might depart in safety if he chose, but that those who remained would be treated as enemies. The Corinthians having despatched an expedition to the relief of the place, the Corcyraeans offered to refer the matter in dispute either to such cities as might be agreed upon, or to the Delphic Oracle. The Corinthians, however, being probably aware that they were wrong in point of law, attempted to impose a condition on their opponents, and refused either to submit to a similar condition themselves, or to proceed upon the basis of the *status quo*. The negotiation, accordingly, produced no result.

In the celebrated debate before the Athenian Assembly, to which these proceedings gave rise, and which lasted for two days, the rules of International Law were more than once summoned to the speakers' aid. The respect in which treaty obligations were held is shown by the pains which the Corcyraean envoys took to remove Athenian scruples as to the violation of the Thirty Years' Truce, which the granting of their request might involve. Furthermore, they commented upon the injustice caused by the absence of a Foreign Enlistment Act at Athens, and criticized severely that benevolent neutrality which has failed to find a footing in modern International Law. Their strongest argument, however, was one founded to some extent on the doctrine of the Balance of Power, and this it was which undoubtedly had most influence with the audience. The Corinthian reply is well summarized by Mr. Wilkins:—

"They appealed warmly to the sentiments of honour and of moral obligation, resting their claim on the impregnable grounds of International Law (*κατὰ τοὺς Ἑλλήνων νόμους*), and a just construction of the clause their opponents had perverted: on the natural instincts of gratitude for their repeated support of the Athenian cause, and on the harmony of true policy with right."

Their defence of the refusal to submit to the proffered arbitration was undeniably weak; but the rest of their address was vigorous, and had for the moment a considerable effect upon the Athenians.

Finally, however, the political necessity of the latter got the better of their finer feelings, and they concluded a Corcyraean alliance, in such terms as, in the opinion of Thucydides, did not lay them open to the imputation of having violated the treaty.

The next debate reported by Thucydides, which was carried on in the presence of the Spartan citizens and the delegates of their confederacy, together with the negotiations which ensued, clearly shows the anxiety of intending belligerents to set themselves right in public opinion. The tenor of the address of the Corinthian delegates upon this occasion, and their vigorous efforts to raise feelings of hatred and alarm against Athens, are described with much force by Mr. Grote. Some Athenian envoys, being present on other business, obtained leave to reply to the Corinthian attack, and offered to submit to a reference upon the whole question; while King Archidamus, who followed them, pressed strongly upon his audience the expediency of adopting such a course. He even goes so far as to say (Thuc. i. 85) that it is not lawful (*νόμιμον*) to proceed before trial against one who offers such satisfaction, as against a notorious offender. But a large majority of the Spartan citizens having declared for war, on the ground that Athens had violated the 'Thirty Years' Truce, that decision, in accordance with the practice of the confederacy, was shortly afterwards submitted to a general congress and confirmed.

Though war had thus been decided on in the most formal manner possible, the Spartans evidently had some doubts as to the soundness of their position. In order, therefore, to establish a better *casus belli*, they addressed to the Athenians a series of requisitions, one of which was to the effect that the latter should repeal the decree which excluded the Megarians from their ports and commerce. This was refused on the ground that the Megarians had been guilty of two distinct violations of public law—one in harbouring fugitive Athenian slaves, and the other in annexing a portion of certain consecrated ground.

Slavery, being a long established and universal institution in Greece, had of course its special regulations, which, by degrees, acquired the force of positive law. It seems to have been the rule that those to whom slaves had fled were bound to restore them to their masters on payment of a prescribed sum. A fragment of a decree inscribed upon a tablet found in the Acropolis recounts the honours conferred by the Athenians upon a Chian who had, at his own expense, sent back to them some runaway slaves (Rangabè, *Antiq. Hellen.* No. 472). This practice may have suggested to Antimenēs, Governor of Babylon under Alexander, the idea of establishing an insurance office, for the purpose of securing masters against losses occasioned by the attempts of their slaves to escape.

The second charge brought against the Megarians involved the

crime of sacrilege, an offence generally resented as touching the whole Hellenic community. The Spartan demand in this case was unjust in the extreme; the Megarian decree was in accordance even with the rules of modern International Law, and, as hinted by Pericles in the speech in which he urged the expediency of making no concession, was no more than a particular form of the *Xenelasia*—a practice which Spartan jealousy had incorporated in their political system. He also dwelt strongly upon the refusal to submit to arbitration, and speaking from a different point of view intimated an opinion coinciding with that of Archidamus mentioned above—viz., that States of equal rank, before appealing to arms, should endeavour to find in this way a peaceful solution of the question at issue.

It cannot well be doubted that Pericles was honest in the expression of his anxiety to avoid war by a reference to arbitration; and his readiness to adopt this course, showing that he thought it possible to obtain a fair tribunal, is therefore a valuable testimony in favour of the public morality of the time. The position of Athens at this period with regard to the other States, in respect of the smallness of her territory, and the extent of her colonial empire and her commerce, is remarkably analogous to that of England in the civilized world now. She was thus regarded with a jealousy similar to that which the naval ascendancy of England has always provoked among the Continental States. One might readily imagine Pericles addressing the assembly in the words of Lord Palmerston, used in the House of Commons in 1849, when, opposing a proposition that England should pledge herself to submit to the arbitrament of a third party, he said:—"I confess that I consider that it would be a very dangerous course for this country to take, because there is no country which, from its political and commercial circumstances, from its maritime interests, and from its colonial possessions, excites more anxious and jealous feelings in different quarters than England does; and there is no country that would find it more difficult to obtain really disinterested and impartial arbitrators." It is needless to remark upon the manner in which this prediction has been verified.

An analysis of all the passages in Thucydides in which allusion is made to public law, and to the principles upon which it is founded, would occupy more space than is desirable. I shall, therefore, add a few passages only, which contain a direct and positive recognition of an International system. The Mitylenæan episode, from this point of view, is in many ways suggestive. The Mitylenæans, having revolted from Athens, and been blockaded by an Athenian fleet, sent envoys to Sparta to solicit assistance. The envoys were invited to attend at the Olympic festival, and state their case to the assembled members of the Peloponnesian Confederacy. They commenced their speech with a reference to "the established law of the Greeks"—*τὸ μὲν καθ' ἑστώ*

τοῖς Ἕλλησι νόμιμον. The law thus alluded to was that which, recognizing the duty of loyal adherence to allies, suggests a distrust of the State which secedes from a confederacy without justifiable excuse. They therefore thus early addressed themselves to the task of removing the unfavourable impression which their proceeding might suggest. Had they been dealing with the Spartans only, they need hardly have taken this line; Mitylene had doubtless some cause for apprehension from Athens; but hitherto she had been treated as an independent ally, and had had no intimation of any change of sentiment on the part of that State. The envoys, therefore, feeling the inherent weakness of their case, and being apprehensive, probably, that other members of the Confederacy might not take so lenient a view of their secession, adopted a tone which marks the prevalence of the feeling and of the rule founded thereon, out of which they attempted to argue themselves. Mr. Grote's criticism upon this speech is well worth quoting:—

"Pronounced as it was by men who had just revolted from Athens, having the strongest interest to raise indignation against her, as well as sympathy for themselves, and before an audience exclusively composed of the enemies of Athens, all willing to hear and none present to refute the bitterest calumnies against her, we should have expected a confident and well-grounded, though perilous effort, on the part of the Mitylenæans, and a plausible collection of wrongs and oppressions alleged against the common enemy. Instead of which, the speech is apologetic and embarrassed."

The argument, such as it was, was persuasive, and a fleet of forty triremes, under the command of Alcidas, was sent to the relief of Mitylene. This incompetent commander, who seems to have been as cruel as he was weak and irresolute, having arrived too late to save the city, determined to return at once. On his way back he touched at Myonnesus, and being possibly embarrassed by the number of his prisoners taken from merchant-men which had crossed his path, he there, in violation of the rule that the lives of those to whom quarter had once been given should be spared, put the majority of them to death. This proceeding excited great indignation on the Ionian coast; and shortly after the arrival of Alcidas at Ephesus, he was interviewed by a Samian embassy, who remonstrated with vigour against his gross violation of the usages of war, in slaughtering persons who were "neither actively engaged against him, nor hostile to him, and who were allies of Athens only of necessity." This expostulation had such an effect on Alcidas, that he set the rest of his prisoners free.

Nor does the final scene of the Mitylenæan drama fail to support the position here assumed. Historians have no more difficult task than that of appraising the actions of men who are separated from them by such an interval of time, and by differences so wide of manners and morality. In such an investigation it is necessary to bear in mind, as remarked by Mr. Lecky, not only the type and

standard of morality—as inculcated by the teachers—but also the realized morals of the people. The realized morals of a people find an expression in their usages and laws; and when individuals or States relax a portion of their strict rights, or exact a less severe retribution than the prevailing usages of the time would have authorized, they ought to be credited with the motives which induce a similar proceeding now, even though the punishment thus inflicted may seem unduly severe when judged by the standard of our more civilized humanity. In the vote carried by Cleon, on the first day of the debate, there was nothing contrary to the strict usages of war, especially in the case of a revolted ally or dependency which had been reconquered. Nor was this revolt attended by any circumstances which could be called extenuating; on the contrary, it was in every respect an aggravated case, and meant much more than the secession of a single city, as having been planned and executed at a most untoward time, and in a manner best calculated to shake the very foundations of Athenian empire. Therefore, had the original decree been carried out, it would have been open to the modern critic only to say that the measure was harsh in the extreme and impolitic, but not unjust. As a matter of principle, the proceedings of the Spartans in regard to the defenders of Plataea was far less justifiable.

The feelings of humanity which began to actuate the Athenians when they proceeded to reflect individually upon what they had done collectively, were evidently so real that Diodotus refrained from attempting to stimulate them further; but he pressed strongly the injustice of their previous decision, pointing out that to exterminate the community—which was no party to the revolt, and had surrendered when it found itself supplied with arms—would be a violation of all just principle.

Some further allusions to this recognized public law are made in the address of the Plataean deputies in defence of the capitulated garrison, and in the Theban reply. The Plataeans reminded their Lacedæmonian judges, to quote Mr. Wilkins's translation, "When we were at war, you neither suffered nor were likely to suffer anything foreign to the usages of war at our hands." They declared that the Thebans had been guilty of a double violation of law in attempting to seize the city during a truce, and on a solemn festival; and, in excuse of their own conduct, they maintained that they had but taken a righteous vengeance, "in accordance with the universally established law that it is right to avenge oneself upon the hostile aggressor" (*κατὰ τὸν πᾶσι νόμον καθεστῶτα τὸν ἐπίοντα πολέμιον ὅσιον εἶναι ἀμύνεσθαι*). They called upon their judges to prove themselves conscientious judges of right, and not time-servers of expediency; and appealed to the sacred character of suppliants which they thought well to assume, insisting that the law of the Greeks forbade

the slaying of such (ὁ δὲ νόμος τοῖς Ἕλλησι μὴ κτείνειν τούτους). Again (iii. c. 59), they declared that the execution of the prisoners would be inconsistent with Spartan fame, and a violation of τὰ κοινὰ τῶν Ἑλλήνων νόμιμα, as well as a wrong done to the memory of their ancestors. The Thebans in their turn dwelt upon the violation of the convention by the Plateans, and their iniquity in slaying in cold blood those to whom quarter had been given. Finally, they called upon the Lacedæmonians to stand by τῷ τῶν Ἑλλήνων νόμῳ, which their prisoners had transgressed.

Nor are such expressions, indicating the existence of a universal Hellenic Law, to be found only in the pages of the political historian. A remarkable instance occurs in a fragment of Euripides, quoted in the *Florilegium* of Stobæus, where the phrase used, κοινὸι τῆς Ἑλλάδος νόμοι, is more definite than any employed by Thucydides. The expression τὰ νομιζόμενα Ἕλλησι is used by Pausanias.

These instances, to which many others might be added, are sufficient to show that there did exist among the ancient Greeks a valid International Law. It was, no doubt, often and grossly violated, at times even by the most civilized of those communities; but the marked disapproval on the part of other States, which generally attended such offences, and which provided the only sanction, apart from war, that such a law can have, is cumulative proof of its reality. The position of the Hellenic communities was, in fact, very similar to that of the European and other nations which have actually or impliedly given in their adherence to the principles of the modern code. It is a recognized rule now, that due regard being had to the precepts of humanity, those who have not so conformed are not entitled to the milder treatment and greater courtesy extended to those within the pale. We have not sufficient knowledge of the intercourse of the Greeks with foreign States to enable us to estimate the difference between the rules which guided such relations and those which existed among themselves; but so much may be said, that to pronounce them insensible to any moral laws, or to any reciprocal obligations except such as were enjoined by treaties, is to do them a grievous wrong.

In proceeding to examine the indications of the existence of International Law among the Romans, the meaning of the phrase *jus gentium* must first be noticed. The mischievous ambiguity of this expression has been discussed by many writers. It may mean either the law which regulates the intercourse of States as such, or those general rules of justice which are almost universally adopted by civilized nations. The confusion is much increased by the circumstance that these two meanings run into one another. A passage in the Geneva judgment of Sir A. Cockburn serves to show how at the present day International Law and the Common Law of a nation are similarly intertwined.

"As Great Britain forms part of the great fraternity of nations, the English

common law adopts the fundamental principles of international law and the obligations and duties they impose; so that it becomes, by force of the municipal law, the duty of every man, so far as in him lies, to observe them, by reason of which any act done in contravention of such obligations becomes an offence against the common law of his own country."

This recalls forcibly the "De Officiis," in which (iii. 17) the following passage occurs:—"Itaque majores aliud *jus gentium*, aliud *jus civile* esse voluerunt. Quod civile, non idem continuo *gentium*; quod autem *gentium*, idem civile esse debet."

Sir H. Maine, who has discussed at some length the meaning of the phrase, is of opinion that "the confusion between *jus gentium* or law common to all nations and International Law is entirely modern, and that the classical expression for International Law is *jus feciale*, or the law of negotiation and diplomacy." This opinion must be received with the respect due to so high an authority; but I cannot persuade myself that in either particular it is correct. Sir R. Phillimore, in a valuable note upon this subject, points out that Livy and Sallust use the words *jus gentium* in the sense of "International Law," while the Roman jurists of a later date generally assigned to them the other meaning, or regarded them as equivalent to *jus naturale*. He quotes some passages from the Institutes and the Digest, in which the phrase might seem to retain its earlier meaning; and it is not open to question that in the republican times it was used as equivalent to *jus commune gentibus*. The *jus feciale*, on the other hand, was a mere department of International Law. The *Collegium Feciale*, an institution said to have been founded by Numa, and to have derived its origin from Egypt through the Greek colonies, was the authority which regulated the practice and procedure connected with international questions. From its members ambassadors were generally chosen, and they were doubtless authorities of much weight upon the principles of the law, with the ceremonial of which they were entrusted; but the final decision of all such questions was in the hands of the Senate. A sentence in the address of the Samnite Pontius to Postumius and the Roman ambassadors (Livy, ix. 11) contains a simultaneous refutation of the double error mentioned above:—"Hoc vos, Feciales, *juris gentibus* dicitis?" The words *juris gentibus* can hardly mean anything else here than "the existing law for the direction of international relations;" while, had Sir H. Maine's dictum as to the proper classical expression for International Law been correct, the historian would probably have used the proper classical expression, and at the same time pointed the question addressed to the Fecials, by substituting for *gentibus* the word *Fecialis*.

The spirit of legal ritualism, which developed among the Romans a number of intricate ceremonies, and attached an excessive importance to their accurate observance, necessitated the existence of such an

institution. The principal portion of its functions consisted in the regulation of the solemnities with which war was proclaimed and concluded, treaties and alliances entered into, and general negotiations conducted. Not the least remarkable circumstance connected with it, nor the least characteristic of that law-abiding spirit which afterwards gave a jurisprudence to the world, is the fact that its establishment followed at so short an interval the foundation of the Roman city.

It would appear, then, that in the earlier times the expression *jus gentium* had a double meaning, and that under the Empire it lost its sense of "International Law." The explanation of this is simple; when International Law ceased to exist, the words expressive of the idea had no longer any reason for surviving. The decadence of International Law was not caused, as sometimes alleged, by the corruption and demoralization which attended the fall of the Republic, but was the result of the extension of Roman dominion over the known world. When it came to pass that a decree went out from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed, it was hardly possible that the *jus gentium* in its earlier sense should maintain an independent existence.

In examining the views of the Roman writers upon this subject, it must be remembered that they were not, like Thucydides, contemporary historians; the evidence, therefore, supplied by their remarks must so far be discounted. Even as early as the times of the first king of Rome, according to Livy (i. 14), some respect for the *jus gentium* had been developed. Some Laurentine envoys had been maltreated by the relatives of King Tatius, who being asked for satisfaction "*jure gentium*," yielded to the prayers of the offenders and refused it. He was consequently assassinated at Lavinium whither he had gone to celebrate a sacrifice. It was said that Romulus was less concerned about this proceeding than its gravity demanded; either because he distrusted Tatius, or thought that in this instance he had got what he deserved.

Descending to somewhat more historical times we find a remarkable incident narrated by Livy (v. 36), which shows that, in his opinion, the rules of International Law were even at that time regarded with respect by nations whom the Romans despised as barbarians. The Senones, a Gallic tribe, having laid siege to Clusium, that city sent an embassy to Rome, with a request for assistance. Three of the Fabii, represented as high-spirited youths, were sent as envoys to the Gauls, with a somewhat imperious message. Having delivered this in a tone by no means conciliatory, they received a similar reply. This they resented so hotly that they laid aside their diplomatic functions, and "*jam urgentibus Romanam urbem fatis, legati contra jus gentium arma capiunt.*" One of them was recognized in the battle, and forthwith a retreat was sounded along the whole Gallic line. Some were for

marching straight upon Rome; but the advice of the elders was accepted, that an embassy should be sent to complain of the wrong done, and to demand "ut pro jure gentium violato Fabii dederentur." To the Roman Senate the barbarians seemed to demand no more than their right; but hesitating to decide against men of such position, they for the first time in their history referred to the people a question of this nature. The multitude endorsed the action of the Fabii by electing them military tribunes for the ensuing year.

The remorse for this proceeding, by which the historian supposes his countrymen to have been actuated, finds its expression in the words of Camillus, when the proposal to migrate to Veii was discussed in the public assembly:—"Quid hæc tandem urbis nostræ clades nova? Num ante exorta est quam spreta vox cælo emissa de adventu Gallorum, quam gentium jus a legatis nostris violatum, quam a nobis, quum vindicari deberet, eadem negligentia deorum prætermisum?"

The following is a pointed instance of the use by the same writer of a phrase which indicates clearly his recognition of International Law. Some Roman colonists of Circeii and Velitræ had joined the Volscians in a war against Rome, and certain of this number had been taken prisoners. At the conclusion of the war (Livy, vi. 17), these two towns sent envoys to Rome to excuse their conduct, and to ask for the prisoners, that they might be dealt with according to municipal law. The envoys were severely rebuked, as representing men who had made war upon their metropolis; their request was refused, and they were ordered instantly to depart out of the sight of the Roman people, "ne nihil eos legationis jus, *externo, non civi comparatum*, tegeret."

Other Roman historians and writers use the expression in the same sense. Sallust informs us (Bell. Jug. c. xxii.) that Jugurtha, on being remonstrated with by Roman envoys for his violence to Adherbal, declared that the latter had taken the initiative by plotting against his life: "Populum Romanum neque recte neque pro bono facturam, si ab jure gentium se prohibuerit." Tacitus varies somewhat the form of the expression. Germanicus, in his reproachful address to his soldiers on their return to allegiance, is represented as saying: "Hostium quoque jus, et sacra legationis et fas gentium rupistis" (Ann. i. 42). Again we find in Seneca (De Irâ, iii. 2), "violavit legationes, rupto jure gentium, rabiesque infanda civitatem tulit." And finally, the historian Quintus Curtius, whose date, later than that of any of the writers already quoted, has not yet been accurately fixed, writes, "Caduceatores interfecti, jura gentium violata" (iv. ii. 17).

These instances are of sufficiently wide selection to show what was the meaning attached to the phrase in question during the Republican period and the earlier times of the Empire. They will also serve to refute more clearly the erroneous views mentioned above. In not

one of these quotations could *jus feciale* be substituted for the expression used. The scholar who attempts to make this alteration will readily perceive the limited meaning of the latter term.

It has now been shown that both the Greeks and Romans possessed a certain amount of international phraseology. The extent of the language of Greek diplomacy, which, considering the ground that it covers, is much fuller than that of modern times, requires a special study for its appreciation. There were eight or ten technical terms to express the different sorts of treaties into which nations might enter, and nearly as many names for ambassadors, according to the nature and object of their mission. The language of Roman diplomacy was probably much less extensive; but owing to the scanty information furnished by their historians, and the unfortunate disappearance of almost all their diplomatic records, it is difficult to speak with certainty upon this subject.

It is hardly possible that special treatises upon matters of so great interest, and held in such respect, did not exist among the Greeks and Romans. The *Mānava Dharmāsāstras*—a work more generally but less correctly known as the *Institutes of Manu*—contained a code of diplomatic regulations, and it is probable that a similar code was in existence among the ancient Egyptians. But by a strange fatality hardly any trace has survived of Greek or Roman disquisitions upon International Law or diplomatic practice. Aristotle is known to have written a work entitled *Δικαιώματα πόλεων*. This title, however, is ambiguous, and the scanty fragments of the work which have survived, would seem to indicate that it dealt with municipal rather than international questions. Demetrius the Phalerean—who, escaping from Athens on the approach of Demetrius Poliorcetes, took refuge with Ptolemy Lagus, and to whose influence the foundation of the Alexandrian Library has been ascribed—was the author of three books, entitled *Δίκαια*, *Πρεσβευτικός*, and *περὶ Ἐιρήνης*: but no more is known of the contents of these volumes than what their titles suggest. The "*Antiquitates Rerum humanarum*" of Varro contained a book, "*de Bello et Pace*," of which a few fragments remain. The same author is said to have written on "*Legationes*," but the evidence of this is insufficient. The loss of these works is the more to be regretted, as "the most learned of the Romans," who had held high commands in the wars against the pirates and Mithridates, and had subsequently served as Pompey's lieutenant in Spain, would, from his practical knowledge, have been a most valuable authority upon such questions. The celebrated collection of decrees and treaties made by Craterus of Macedonia in the fourth century B.C. has also entirely disappeared. Among the treaties contained in this collection was one supposed to have been made between the Greeks and Persians after the battle of the Eurymedon, which however the historian

Theopompus, judging from the dialect used, ascribed to a later date. Of the three thousand tables of bronze collected by Vespasian when he rebuilt the Capitol, not a single original remains. This collection, styled by Suetonius "*instrumentum imperii pulcherrimum*," was a record of the public life of the Roman State from the year 390 B.C., and must have contained documents which would have thrown much light upon questions of diplomacy and International Law.

Failing such means of knowledge, we are relegated for information on these subjects to incidental statements and allusions of the historians and orators—many of them, especially in the case of the Romans, not to be trusted implicitly. Our knowledge of the language of Roman diplomacy is particularly scanty. Not one treaty made by the Romans with a foreign State has been preserved in Latin; all that remain are known through Greek translations. Of the *fecial* diction but a few formulæ and fragmentary sentences have survived, preserved by Livy, Aulus Gellius, Varro, and—where one might least expect it—in the "*Satyricon*" of Petronius Arbiter. It is, however, some compensation for these losses, that the discovery of the Greek inscriptions has shed a flood of light upon such matters, and that the treasury of knowledge thus opened is, in all probability, still far from being exhausted. I hope to examine in a further paper a few of the more striking of these inscriptions.

H. BROUGHAM LEECH.

A RUSSIAN PRISON.

WHEN passing last summer through St. Petersburg on my way to Central Asia, there was accorded to me a permission, very rarely given, to visit the Fortress Prison. After doing so, I found my experience so contradictory to current opinion on the subject, that with a view to publication I wrote a short paper, and read it to several Russians, including a judge who had officially visited the fortress, and to two other persons, both of whom had been there immured on political charges. It was then my intention to offer to the public such information as I had acquired respecting this special political prison, as complementary to what I have published regarding Russian prisons in general. My attention however has been called to an article on this subject in the *Nineteenth Century* for January last—signed “P. Krapotkine”—in which it is said that my book, “Through Siberia,” in so far as it is concerned with gaols and convicts, “can only convey false ideas.” It may therefore be of interest to those who have honoured me by reading the work, if I examine some of the statements in the *Nineteenth Century* which seem to throw doubt upon my credibility, before proceeding to state what I saw in the fortress.

Three charges are brought against me as an author to justify the statements respecting my work. The first is, that I travelled through Siberia rapidly; which is most true, though I am greatly shocked at the speed given to my horses: thus—

“In the space of fourteen hours indeed (*sic*) he breakfasted, he dined, he travelled over forty miles, and he visited the three chief gaols of Siberia—at Tobolsk, at Alexandrovsky Zavod, and at Kara.”

Now Tobolsk is more than 2,000 miles from Kara, and I beg

solemnly to deny that I was ever guilty of such "furious driving" as to cover this distance in fourteen hours! What can the author mean?

Another charge is, that "if I had taken note of existing Russian literature on the subject," my book might have been a useful one. Yet there is a fair sprinkling on my list of 120 "works consulted or referred to," of Russian authors, and of those whom I have called the "vindictive class of writers (some of them escaped or released convicts), who, trading upon the credulity and ignorance of the public, have retailed and garnished accounts of horrible severities, which they neither profess to have witnessed, nor attempt to support by adequate testimony." One of these was Alexander Hertzen, who wrote "My Exile in Siberia," though he never went there, but only as far as Perm, where one of the prisons is situated of which Prince Krapotkine complains so bitterly. He says: "It is a pity that Mr. Lansdell, when arrested in August last under suspicion of Nihilism, in the neighbourhood of Perm, did not make acquaintance with this prison!" But I did not; for, although through the telegram of an officious gendarme, I was brought back some few stations to the terminus whence I had started, yet, upon showing my credentials, I was at once released, without being kept for my accuser to appear, and an apology was twice offered that I had been detained. I cannot therefore measure swords with my critic respecting the prison at Perm, where he so kindly wished me a lodging; but there are other statements in his article which I venture to call in question. He says for instance: "In single gaols, built for the detention of 200 to 250 persons, the number of prisoners is commonly 700 and 800 at a time," and he has just before stated, as the report of a committee of inquiry into the state of the prisons in Russia and Siberia, that "the number of prisoners in each was commonly twice and thrice in excess of the maximum allowed by law." I wonder what are the localities of these *thrice* crowded gaols. Out of the 600 Russian gaols enumerated by the critic can he mention six—one in a hundred—thus over-crammed? During six different years I have gone to Russia and Siberia, largely with the object of visiting the prisons and hospitals, travelling to a different part each time, yet I cannot call to mind a single instance of a prison crowded with thrice its proper number of inmates. That they have often been overcrowded I candidly allow; but this does not imply that nothing is done to accommodate the overplus. The prison at Tashkend, for instance, is built for 200 persons, and I found there, last summer, 379. The authorities, however, had erected in the spacious yard, under numerous poplar trees, a number of *yourts* or tents; and since nine-tenths of the prisoners were Asiatics, they were only too thankful to be lodged in the *yourts* in preference to the rooms, which, however airy, would, to their nomad

ideas, be stuffy and close. I am not defending, of course, the overcrowding of prisoners; I am merely showing that the article in the *Nineteenth Century* is exaggerated.

Again, our author finds a good deal of fault, and perhaps justly, with the chief prison in St. Petersburg, called the "Litovsky Zamok." Here I can follow him with interest, because this prison was, I think, the first I visited in the Northern capital. He says, "This old-fashioned, damp and dark building should simply be levelled to the ground;" against which proceeding I would not utter a word of protest, though I am unwilling to set my seal to the verdict of the writer's prisoner friends—"heroes," he calls them—who "describe it as one of the worst they know. The cells are very small, very dark, and very damp." It is now nine years since I was there, and on looking through four pages of notes, written on the spot, I find nothing as to the measurement of the cells, but my impression is that they were certainly larger than in English houses of detention. But it was another remark in the article that recalled my visit to this particular prison. Thus:—

"It is everywhere the same. To devote oneself to any educational work, or to the convict population, is inevitably to incur dismissal and disgrace."

Yet it was in this very "Litovsky Zamok" that my efforts, such as they have been, on behalf of Russian prisoners had their birth. In this prison I met a lady interesting herself in the educational and temporal welfare of the inmates. She said they would gladly accept some books, and it was for this prison I sent to the authorities my first bundle of books and tracts. Once more. The writer says:—

"Unless the Government is prepared to meet extraordinary expenses, our prisons must remain what they are. But honest and capable men are far more needed than money. They exist in Russia, and they exist in great numbers; but their services are not required. Mr. Lansdell knew one, and has described him—Colonel Kononovitch, chief of the penal settlement at Kara. . . . He has told us how, &c. . . . and all he has told is true. But Mr. Lansdell's praise, together with like praise contained in a letter intercepted on its way from Siberia" (whatever this may mean) "were sufficient reasons for rendering M. Kononovitch suspicious to our Government. He immediately was dismissed, and his successor received the order to reintroduce the iron rule of years past. . . . Another gentleman, of whom Mr. Lansdell speaks, and justly, in high terms—General Pedashenko—has been dismissed too. . . ."

Now this paragraph concerning Colonel Kononovitch and General, or, as I knew him, Colonel, Pedashenko, struck me as the most outrageous of the many questionable statements in the *Nineteenth Century*. When proceeding last summer to Siberia again, I happened to fall in with an officer who was on his way to Kara, to whom I

spoke, of course, of Colonel Kononovitch, and was told he had been removed to Irkutsk to be on the staff of the new Governor-General. This I suppose he would like, for I remember that in 1879 Madame Kononovitch was pining to return to Irkutsk, and such a change I should think would be highly acceptable on account of the education of their children; whilst as for the Colonel, who had served under a former Governor-General, he would be returning from one of the most savage parts of Eastern Siberia, where he regretted the lack of congenial society, to his old haunts, and to former friends in the capital. As for Colonel Pedashenko, I also inquired for him, and was told that he had been removed from the Governorship of one of the most outlandish provinces—that of the Trans-Baikal—to be Chief of Yeneseisk—that is, one of the most important Governments of Siberia. In both these cases I regarded the removal as promotion; yet Prince Krapotkine calls it “dismissal,” and traces it to my “praise.” A curious kind of dismissal truly, and one that, could I be sure that my praise would bring about like consequences, should be repeated in several places to-morrow!

The readers of the *Nineteenth Century* are to be congratulated that their writer did not introduce what has so long been for escaped exiles a storehouse of prison horrors—I mean the mythical “quicksilver” mines of Siberia. He mentions another place, however, the supposed horrors and tortures of which have been again and again dressed up for the sympathies of a pitiful public—I mean the political prisons in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul. I think it was during my first visit to St. Petersburg in 1874 that I was told how in that dreadful place the prisoners were fed with salt herrings, and given no water to drink, so that they became half mad with thirst; and at this day one of my friends, who moves in high circles in St. Petersburg, for whose intelligence and probity I have the greatest possible respect, firmly believes that this salt-herring business was only stopped by Count Schouvaloff, when he was head of the secret police; and my friend still thinks that drugs are sometimes given to the prisoners to make them frantic, in the hope that during their excitement they may be led to confess. Again, a lady living in St. Petersburg asked me, the day after I came from the fortress, whether I had seen the torture chamber, and she seemed quite disappointed that I had no horrors to relate. When persons have told me of these things lately, I have put to them the simple question: “Out of the hundreds of prisoners who have passed through the fortress, do you know of one who has asserted that he was put to torture?” and an affirmative answer has not yet been forthcoming. The case now brought forward in the *Nineteenth Century* will hardly carry conviction to a critical mind. For what is it we are asked to believe? That two revolutionists were submitted to torture by electricity, the

only proof offered being that one of the culprits, before being hanged, was heard by a group of sympathizers, and that above the roll of the drums, to say so! Surely we have a right to ask some stronger proof before believing in such a monstrosity, and that upon the mere *ipse dixit* of a witness, the tone of whose article clearly shows him to be not unbiassed. If torture in the fortress is common, can no one be found to tell us with some closeness of detail *when, where, and how* he was made to suffer?

But let me hasten to describe what I saw in the fortress. I asked to see the prison there or at Schlüsselburg (I forget which), in 1878, but my request was refused. When, however, I arrived last summer at the Northern capital, and found the authorities willing to grant me all I desired with regard to Central Asia, I made bold to ask of Count Tolstoy, the Minister of the Interior, whether I might not also be allowed to visit the State prison in the fortress. His Excellency had most kindly assured me that he would do everything for me that he could; but, on receiving this request, I fancied he winced a little, as if I had asked the half of his kingdom; and at first he said "No." I urged, however, that the enemies of Russia, and those who would rather not hear any good of her, had said that in my inspection of Siberian prisons the worst had not been shown me; also that in the fortress prison abominations were commonly affirmed to exist, and that I could not contradict these affirmations so long as I had not personally inspected the building. This seemed to fetch the Count, who told me I might come on the following Saturday for a "Yes" or "No;" the reason for the delay being, I afterwards heard, that on the Friday the Minister intended to ask the special permission of the Emperor. I went on the Saturday morning, and was told that *I might see everything*, and choose my own time to do so. I elected to go within a very few hours—on the afternoon of the same day—and, as a Russian gentleman who had accompanied me in the city to interpret fought shy of going with me to the prison, lest it should in any way bring him under suspicion, the police master spared me his secretary so to act. Thus prepared, I went to the fortress, was introduced to the Commandant, General Ganetzky, the hero of Plevna, and then, accompanied by the secretary of the fortress and the governor of the prison, proceeded to my inspection.

Two buildings within the fortress walls now serve as prisons—the "Troubetskoy Bastion," and the "Courtine of Catherine the Second." The Troubetskoy prison consists of seventy-two cells, in two storeys, built or arranged in their present form about twelve years ago. The windows of the cells look on to the outer fortress wall, from which the building is separated by a court about twenty feet wide. The doors of the cells open in one wall of a wide passage, down the centre of which lies a piece of matting, deadening the footsteps of passers-by. As

we entered the passage, a hush was called (I suppose in order that the nearest prisoner might not be aware of our presence), and the cover of an inspection hole was gently raised that I might look within. The name, too, of the occupant was given me, it being none other than that of the man who took a shop, and made a mine under one of the streets of St. Petersburg with the diabolical design of blowing up the late Emperor. Of course I peeped breathlessly in, and duly prepared my nerves to see how this arch offender was being treated, how he bore the weight of his irons, and what likelihood there seemed of his losing his health, or reason, or of sinking into the ghastly condition of political prisoners as described in the *Nineteenth Century*. But the man appeared to be bearing his fate better than was to be expected. He was not in irons, he appeared to be in good health, and showed not the least tendency to insanity. In fact, he was lying at full length on his bed, with his toes in the air, reading a book, and smoking a cigar!

I was not invited, and I did not ask, to enter the compartment, but passed on to an adjoining and similar cell, to examine it minutely. It measured (roughly) 23 feet long by 11 broad and 10 high. The window glass was not ground or corrugated, but was too high to allow of the prisoner looking out. It was large enough to admit a sufficiency of light by day, and all through the winter nights there was kept burning, not a miserable rushlight, but a good oil lamp, such as I have never seen in a prison before or since. There was a supply of water, with a drinking cup, and a salt-cellar; and the sanitary arrangements, though not quite up to the present standard, would have passed muster at the time the cells were constructed. The floor was of asphalte, and the room was warmed by a *petchka* or stove, ventilated, and fitted with an air bell, and had in it an iron table and bedstead. On the latter was placed first a mattress of straw, then one of flock, with two *feather* pillows, such as I do not remember to have seen provided in any other prison in the world.

The diet was represented to be as follows: dinner at one o'clock, consisting of two courses, the first, *stchee*, or soup, in which by law one pound of meat for each prisoner must have been boiled; the second, a plate of roast meat with potatoes, and fresh vegetables when plentiful. For supper, soup only is provided, and there is given to each prisoner daily a pound and a half of rye bread. This allowance of bread struck me as small compared with that of other Russian prisons, and I said so; but the secretary replied that most of the fortress prisoners had either money with which they bought white bread, or friends who brought it, with other kinds of food; and further, that if the allowance were not enough, the prisoners had only to ask for more, and they received it. Also they might purchase extras, and I noticed in almost every cell I looked into, whether that

of man or woman, a box of cigarettes. Smoking they said was forbidden by law, but the Commandant might allow it.

Prisoners awaiting their trial could receive visits from friends for half an hour once a fortnight, or oftener if the friends coming from a distance remained only a short time at the capital; but, when condemned, a man could receive no more visits from friends until he had left the fortress and arrived at his place of destination. For those who needed it, there was provided a suit of coarse linen and a loose coat, but most of those detained in the fortress wore their own clothes. There was a bath-house which the prisoners visit once a month, or oftener if they wish, and there were shown me certain ordinary cells that could be darkened for punishment.

Behind the building was a garden used for exercise, of which, however, each prisoner, in July last, had only a scanty allowance—sometimes not more than twenty minutes a day. I thought this bad, and said so; when it was explained that only one prisoner at a time was allowed to be in the garden, and as there were then from thirty to forty to exercise daily, it followed that the share of each must be short.

In the lower story women were detained. I looked through an inspection hole at one of forbidding countenance, who was reading. She had been captured only a few days previously among a gang of Nihilists, whose plotting had been discovered not far distant on the Vassili Ostroff. As I went along the passages I looked into whatever cells I pleased, and if I asked for the names of the occupants they were given me. In one cell was a man who was tried on the 22nd of February last, and who was just about to leave for Siberia.

Thus after walking through the Troubetzkoy Bastion, and seeing as much as I wished, we proceeded to the Courtine of Catherine the Second close by. I suppose this to be the *proper* name of this part of the building, but it has occurred to me that its cells or rooms are what several writers have called the "Underground casemates" of the fortress. At least I saw no other parts of the building that agreed with this expression. Webster describes a casemate as "a bomb-proof chamber, usually of masonry, in which cannon may be placed, to be fired through embrasures; or capable of being used as a magazine, or for quartering troops," and the French dictionary describes a "courtine" as "a wall between two bastions." Both these descriptions agree with the Courtine of Catherine the Second, and the casemates are in a sense "underground," in that earth is put on the roofs to make them bomb-proof, or again as the London high-level railway arches with ballast on the top might be called "underground," though lifting the line above the roofs of the houses. In fact, the interior of one of the cells with rounded roof reminded me exactly of a London railway arch turned into a store-room, with the floor a few feet below the

springers. The embrasures had no cannons, but were glazed, and the windows, with several feet of scarp wall below, looked out on a garden and over the Neva. I did not measure the rooms, but they looked to me larger than those in the Troubetzkoy Bastion, and I observed no damp on the walls—nothing, in fact, to correspond to “all dark and dripping,” or to “a true grave, where the prisoner for two, three, five, or ten years hears no human voice and sees no human being.”

We entered first the place in which prisoners see their friends, behind wire grating as in other prisons, but with square apertures larger than usual, through which prisoner and friend could see each other clearly, and pass commodities in the presence of an officer. A couch and cane-bottomed chairs were provided for friends and prisoner alike, and the place looked somewhat less gloomy than in many prisons. Further on, however, was a chamber that called up ideas anything but pleasant. It was a large room, with low vaulted roof, in which commissioners formerly sat to conduct trials, commencing to do so in 1861. Some celebrated trials in 1866, I was informed, were conducted here; but the chamber, after serving this purpose for twelve years, has ceased to be used, though it is still to some extent furnished. As at Newgate, the accused could be brought from their cells to the place of judgment without going outside the prison gates. Beyond this hall of judgment was the library, which I could not enter, as the librarian was away. It was said to contain from six to seven hundred volumes in Russian, French, German, and English. The prisoners, I was told, read a great deal. A copy of the Gospels or the New Testament is placed in every room, and the library books may be had for asking. Periodicals and newspapers are also provided, but not less than a year old, the authorities not thinking it desirable that persons awaiting their trial should see themselves figuring in print. Should new books, however, be required, of a scientific or technical character for instance, they are allowed.

The prisoners' rooms in the Courtine were not numerous, though there were other unused chambers *en suite*. The men confined in this part were chiefly, I believe, military officers, the Russian code prescribing that certain military offences (not necessarily political) should be expiated by imprisonment in a *fortress*, for a period not exceeding three years and three months. There were six chambers for ordinary prisoners, and also three very large rooms for those condemned to death, with whom are placed two warders (as in England) from the day on which sentence is passed to the hour of execution. There was on one in the fortress condemned to death at the time of my visit, but I entered one of the rooms, and then proceeded to the cell (if such it could be called) of an officer sentenced to four months' confinement. The room was furnished with Vienna chairs, had a bouquet of flowers on the table-cloth, and contained, among other things that attracted my

attention, a neat carpenter's bench, and an amateur's box of tools. None of the fortress prisoners are obliged to work, but this officer chose to employ his time in making fancy and fretwork, and sundry other little articles, specimens of which were seen about the room.

The prisoners in the Courtine had a much easier time than their comrades in the Troubetzkoy Bastion as regarded exercise, for they could, if they chose, spend the greater part of the summer day (from noon to eight) in the garden, and that in company of one another. I walked round the enclosure, which commands a splendid view of the Neva, and was fairly taken aback by what I saw. There was no lack of flowers (tended, I believe, by the prisoners), and an abundance of shady trees, between two of which a hammock was swung, whilst not far off were a pair of gymnastic bars, a summer-house, and a tent. The animal world was represented by a goat cropping the grass, and two playful puppies belonging to some officers, who, in a knot of four, were lounging about under no *visible* surveillance, and one of whom came up to us, and shook hands in a friendly way with the governor, calling him by his Christian name. In one place in the garden, which was damp, there was an offensive smell, but I detected nothing of the kind elsewhere. Nor, I need hardly add, did I see any torture-chamber, or other such abomination.

What, then, have become of the "*cachots*," "*oubliettes*," and dismal chambers which have been connected with the "Peter and Paul" by so many, and by some, too, whose testimony is worthy of respectful consideration? I do not allude to the exaggerated and vindictive expressions of released prisoners, who overreach their aim when they vilify the land of their punishment; nor to the stories of the Great Peter's days that have descended from father to son, and been questioned by neither but garnished by both. I am thinking rather of the testimony of such men as the Decembrists, one of whom told me, that not he, but one of his comrades, was confined for many years in the fortress in a *cachot*; and another, writing an account of his exile, which still exists in manuscript, for his wife and children, describes his cell at the fortress at St. Petersburg as "very small, dirty, and dark." I can reconcile these statements with what I saw only by one of two suggestions. It will be remembered that the insurrection of the Decembrists took place in 1825, in December (whence their name), and that not a mere handful of assassins, but whole regiments of soldiery, led by their officers, attempted to deprive the Emperor Nicholas of his throne. The number of persons arrested must therefore have been very great, and the fortress may well have been overfilled, so that every place possible would have to be made available; and if one remembers what our own prisons in England were half a century ago, it need not seem surprising if some at least of the places of detention in the fortress could be described as "dark, dirty, and small."

The occasion and the number of the prisoners was abnormal and temporary, and the then exceptional condition of things ought not, without additional proof, to be brought forward as representing the condition of things now.

The other suggestion is that a part of the fortress now altered or taken down may have contained these gloomy places. More than one of those whom I told of my visit asked if I had seen the "Alexei Ravelin," and upon my replying in the negative, they said that a third prison of the fortress had not been shown me. But an official, high in the prison administration, and whom I have known for some time, told me a day or two before I went, that the part of the fortress in the thick wall of which cells were long ago formed, is no longer used as a prison, and that the cells are abolished. I expressly asked, when going over the buildings, if there were any subterranean chambers or cells, and was told "No."

Thus far, then, my own experience, and had I left Russia immediately after my visit this is all I could have said; but, as I continued my journey, I met here and there persons who knew the fortress, and with whom I could compare notes. Thus I met a legal gentleman who had held a prominent position in the "third section," and who on one occasion, summoned by telegram, went to the fortress to receive from a noted offender some statement he wished to make. The man, however, changed his mind, and when the lawyer arrived, said he had nothing to tell. My informant told me that he went to the Alexei Ravelin, and that he descended to cells underground, which were large and airy, but lighted from the corridor above, hardly enough, he said, to read, though the prisoner might call for a lamp. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon, but whether winter or summer I know not; if the former, then the deficiency of light at that time of day in St. Petersburg would easily be accounted for, and it also leaves room for doubt whether the lawyer may not have been mistaken as to the cells being underground. This was the only time he visited the prison, and I suggest the possibility of his being mistaken, because the position of the cells does not agree with what was told me further on, by a chief of gendarmerie, whom I met at dinner, who knew the fortress, and said there used to be a part of the building, of three stories, called the Alexei Ravelin, but he knew nothing of cells underground. The "*oubliettes*," he thought, had not been used since the days of the Emperor Paul, and he did not believe in the torture of prisoners in the fortress at the present day.

But beside the testimony of these two gentlemen, I met other two, who had been confined in the fortress. Both of them are now filling important positions, are highly respected, and no one, or almost no one, about them has any idea of their having been in prison. Of course, therefore, I cannot give their names; but I shall call them

Messrs. Jones and Robinson. Mr. Jones, who is a British subject, had the misfortune to fall under the suspicion of the authorities, through being found in the same lodgings with a political miscreant. Accordingly, one night about fifteen years ago, he was taken from a restaurant by the police, placed on a droshky, hurried off, and lodged in the fortress. The next morning a clerk came and asked him sundry questions, and among others whether he knew where he was. The clerk, however, declined to answer, in turn, any questions put by the prisoner, who asked in vain for books, though he was allowed to have pens, ink, and paper. His food, he told me, was good, but he had no white bread or tea. He was not allowed to smoke, or send out for cigars. When necessity required him to leave his cell, he was taken out and brought back by gendarmes, but during the few days he was in prison he was not let out for exercise. I asked him about "torture," but he said that no violence was used upon him, though a friend of his, confined in 1866, had told him that during his examination he was switched with a rod as punishment, but not with a view to extort confession. On the fifth day my informant was taken to the arched chamber for examination, and when waiting in the ante-room, heard another prisoner swearing inside and stamping with rage. His own examination lasted about a quarter of an hour, and on the seventh day he was whisked out of prison, much in the fashion he had been brought in, at one o'clock in the morning. Mr. Jones could not tell me whether or not he was placed in the Alexei Ravelin, so that I am unable to say what light his testimony throws upon that which is alleged concerning it by the writer in the *Nineteenth Century*. Thus:—

"We know what commutation means. Instead of being sent to Siberia or to a Central Prison according to law, they were immured in the fortress of Peter and Paul at St. Petersburg, in cells contained in what has been the Ravelin. These are so dark that candles are burnt in them for twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. The walls are literally dripping with damp, and 'there are pools of water on the floor.' Not only books are disallowed, but everything that might help to occupy the attention. Zoubkofsky made geometrical figures with his bread to practise geometry; they were immediately taken away, the gaoler saying that hard-labour convicts were not permitted to amuse themselves. . . . All who were subjected to this *régime* fell ill in no time. . . . By a mere 'commutation of sentence' the three were brought to death's door in a single year."

I pass now to the testimony of Mr. Robinson, a Russian, in whose presence I had been speaking of my visit to the fortress, when he called me aside and said, "You will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that I know the fortress. No one in this town is aware of it, but twenty years ago I was imprisoned there, on political charges, for three years." Accordingly I made an appointment to see him in private, and on my not arriving quite so early as he expected, he busied himself in making a pen-and-ink sketch of

his cell in the Alexeiefsky Ravelin, which is now before me. It was furnished with table, chair, commode (taken away immediately after use and cleaned by a soldier), and a bed, with two feather pillows, a pair of sheets, blanket, and woollen coverlet. The cell measured 18 feet 8 inches long, by 16 feet 4 inches broad, and 9 feet 4 inches high. The window was nearly 7 feet high, and doubled in winter; the two lower sashes being whitewashed, but not so the top, out of which the prisoner could look by standing up. The room was yellow-washed and painted once a year, during which operation its occupant was removed at various times to four or five other cells like his own. The painted floor was washed once a week, but not by the prisoner. He said he had no trouble about his room, for at half-past seven A.M. four soldiers entered his cell. One poured water in Russian fashion on Mr. Robinson's hands, and another held his comb, whilst the remaining two cleared the room. This sort of attendance was continued at the bath, visited once a fortnight, where the soldiers waited on him, even to putting on his socks. He wore the prison clothes, including a grey flannel dressing-gown (or *khalat*), and had clean linen for his bed and back once a week. At eight o'clock there was brought a glass of tea, sugar, and white bread. Dinner followed at one, consisting ordinarily of three dishes, but in Easter week of four, preceded, if he chose, by a glass of vodka, or spirits. The first dish was of soup, with the beef, veal, or chicken of which it had been made; the second was of roast beef, fowl, or game, but so varied that the same second dish did not appear twice in any week during the whole three years he was there. The third dish was of rice pudding, buckwheat, jam pancakes, &c. &c., the portions, always well cooked, being so large that he could not eat the whole. At six o'clock came again tea, sugar, and white bread, black bread being served only for dinner. After making notes of this, and that he might if he chose purchase extras, I was fully prepared to hear Mr. Robinson say that at the end of three years he left the fortress heavier by thirty Russian pounds than he entered, his former weight being 4 poods or 144 English pounds. He said that he was in solitary confinement, but that a captain came almost daily to ask if he had complaints to make, which complaints when set forth were duly attended to. The Commandant of the fortress came once a month; and once a year came a special messenger (chief of the gendarmerie) from the Emperor. Mr. Robinson spoke of the prison officers as even "polite," and said that the chief (when not drunk!) used often to come and talk for an hour. Also, that on one occasion, Maisentseff (chief of the secret police, who was shot in August, 1879) asked him if he would like to smoke, in which case he should be supplied with a quarter of a pound of tobacco for cigarettes every other day. He also asked if he would like to paint or write; and books from the library and drawing materials

were brought to him. It was in this fortress prison, he said, that he read "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

This testimony is in striking contrast to the article to which I have called attention, which says that in the Ravelin was disallowed "everything that might help to occupy the attention." Does Prince Krapotkine know where was written the Russian novel, *Tchto Dyealit?* ("What's to be Done?") which was published in 1863 in the *Sovremennik* (or *Contemporary*)? Mr. Robinson told me that Tchernichevsky, the author, was with him in the Ravelin, and wrote it there. So that Tchernichevsky's mind did not die for want of occupation. Nor do I think "he fell ill in no time." I am acquainted with a former exile who was with him at the mines of Nertschinsk. He describes Tchernichevsky, indeed, as feeble and of a naturally delicate constitution; but a third quondam exile told me, less than two years ago, that notwithstanding prison, mines, and exile, this author was still living in Siberia, at Viluisk. Mr. Robinson said that he never heard or saw anything corroborative of the story of salt fish being given to the prisoners, nor of their being flogged, in the fortress. Such things, if done, could not well have been hid, for the prisoners communicate with each other by knocks, notwithstanding that the walls are two feet thick. Also, Robinson had a friend who had been four times in the fortress, and many other friends likely to know the truth, but none of these had ever spoken to him of cruelties enacted there. During his three years' confinement two prisoners died, but not from bad treatment, and two went mad—the latter by their own fault.

I have no further information respecting sickness and death in the fortress, nor have I any means of testing the accuracy of the number of deaths recorded in the article in the *Nineteenth Century* as occurring—two hundred out of five hundred inmates in four months—at the Kharkoff prison, or the deaths by hundreds in a month at Kieff. But it is at least comforting to know that in other parts of Russia the prisoners enjoy better health. Thus, quoting from tables at the end of "Siberia as a Colony," published last year by one who knows the prison system well, and has written thereon before, Mr. Yadrintseff, I learn that, out of 17,191 prisoners who passed through the prison at Tiumen in 1878, there died only 220 children, 80 men, and 21 women; and when I was at Tiumen last August, I was informed by the chief officer who superintends the removal of the exiles, that out of 6,000 prisoners taken from Tiumen to Tomsk, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, on eight barges (that is, 750 on each), only two persons, a child and an adult, had died in transit.

Mr. Robinson, I ought to mention, corroborated one thing mentioned in the article, which, to be candid, I thought at first to be a mistake—namely, that a gendarme and a soldier were stationed within the cells. Robinson at first had one placed in his room, but upon

petitioning the Empress that the soldier might remain outside the request was granted.

I have no recollection of seeing any chapel in the prison, though of course there is the well-known church close at hand within the fortress wall. Mr. Robinson did not go to church during his imprisonment, but a priest came thrice a year, and administered the sacrament once. On these occasions the prisoners learned from him something of what was going on in the outer world. Otherwise my informant said that for the first nine months he was not allowed to see any of his relations, and, even then, only his father, mother and sister, in the cabinet of the Commandant.

The reader will have perceived, of course, that the above statements respecting the visits of friends, and the rich table of diet in the case of Mr. Robinson, do not agree with what came under my notice in the prison itself. I do not think it necessary to attempt to reconcile the two accounts, but content myself with having given a faithful record of what I saw and heard, having extenuated nothing, nor set down aught in malice. Whether or not what I have said in my work on Siberian convicts and gaols "can only convey false ideas" I must leave to those best qualified to judge. It may interest some to know that Count Tolstoy, the Minister of the Interior, in writing me an official letter of thanks for the contents of the book, has been pleased to say that he hopes to make certain improvements at one of the penal colonies—that of Kara—of which I spoke so gloomily. May the Count speedily begin his efforts and prosper in them!

I have never maintained that the Russian prisons are what they ought to be; I do not believe they are what they might be, and I am sure they are not what those highest in authority would like them to be; but all this does not justify the representation of them to be what they are not.

HENRY LANSDELL.

CANONICAL OBEDIENCE.

THE modern relation of a parish priest to the bishop of his diocese contains elements which can be traced to many different periods of history ; but the most important of those elements belong to the earlier part of the Middle Ages. At the beginning of the eighth century the ecclesiastical discipline of the Western Church had almost entirely broken down. The original theory of Church government had long before passed away, and with it had gone the original conception, both of the place of the sacraments in the Christian economy, and of the relation of Church officers to their administration. The idea had taken possession of the majority of Christians that the ministry was a priesthood, and also that the powers of that priesthood were transmitted by the laying on of a bishop's hands. But there was, to use the language of the canonists, no distinction drawn between the *potestas ordinis* and the *potestas jurisdictionis*. In a large part of the West it was believed that a bishop had everywhere, not only the power, but also the right of exercising the power, of ordaining ; and that a presbyter had everywhere, not only the power, but also the right of exercising the power, of ministering. Neither bishops nor presbyters were regarded as necessarily having a superior : for the former there need not be a metropolitan, nor for the latter a diocesan. The majority of the churches were held by unattached clerks (*clerici vagantes*), appointed by the lay owners without check, and liable to be dismissed by them without appeal. Many of these clerks held Arian or other heretical opinions ; some of them were evil livers, who brought religion into disrepute. But whether they were unsound in faith or loose in morals they were subject to no special discipline. The system of annual or semi-annual councils had ceased. The very principle of

cohesion was wanting. There was no central authority. There was no sense of corporate union. There was, consequently, a risk that Western Christendom would become disintegrated: and in the anarchy of the Christian Churches, Paganism began to revive again.*

The State intervened to save the Western Church from the threatened ruin of its organization. In the last years of the decaying Merovingian monarchy, Carlman, the pious son of Charles Martel, summoned Boniface, the "Apostle of the Germans," to help him in the work of ecclesiastical reform. A council or parliament was held in 742, by whose advice Carlman made a series of enactments which have formed the basis of the ecclesiastical organization of the West from that day until now.† Not least important among them was the enactment that every presbyter in a diocese should be subject to the bishop of that diocese. This enactment, like the others of the same series, was professedly based on earlier ecclesiastical canons. But it went considerably beyond them. In the East, the canons of Laodicea and Antioch had enjoined presbyters not to act without the sanction of their bishop, and had punished with deposition a presbyter who attempted against his bishop's wish to form a separate congregation.‡ In Africa the code had merely dealt with the special case of clerks who refused promotion.§ In Gaul the strongest exhortation to obedience had also been narrowed to the special requirement that clerks should at least celebrate festivals with their bishops.|| And in Spain, on the other hand, the canon of Toledo, which became the basis of the later canon law, did not make particular mention of the relation of a presbyter to a bishop, but required a general promise of submission to superior authority.¶ It was this capitulary of Carlman which first gave a definite legal sanction to the fundamental principle of the later diocesan system, that clerks cannot properly minister within a certain district without the permission of the bishop to whose charge the district is entrusted, and that they are responsible to him for the mode in which they minister. The comparative novelty of the

* The materials of the picture which is here put together have been drawn from several sources: the most important of these are the letters of Pope Zachary to Boniface, and of Boniface to Pope Zachary. S. Bonifat., *Epist.* 60 and 42, printed, *e.g.*, in Jaffé's "Monumenta Moguntina," pp. 187, 112.

† These enactments have sometimes been represented as the canons of a purely ecclesiastical council, and consequently as being a reform of the Church, not by the State, but by itself; but the enacting clause puts their true character beyond question:—"Ego Karlmannus, dux et princeps Francorum, . . . cum consilio servorum Dei et optimatum meorum episcopos qui in regno meo sunt cum presbiteris et concilium et synodum pro timore Christi congregavi. . . . Et per consilium sacerdotum et optimatum meorum ordinavimus per civitates episcopos," &c. The enactments have been frequently printed—*e.g.*, Mansi, "Concilia," xii. 365; Pertz, "Legum," i. 16; Boretius, "Capit. Reg. Franc." i. 24.

‡ Conc. Laod., c. 57 (in effect = Can. Apost., 38 [40]); Conc. Antioch, c. 5.

§ Cod. Eccles. Afric., c. 31.

|| 1 Conc. Matiscon, A.D. 581, c. 10.

¶ 11 Conc. Toletan., A.D. 675, c. 10.

enactment, and the fact that it was not at once universally obeyed, are shown by the necessity which arose several times in the ensuing century for repeating it. It reappears in successive capitularies of Pippin, of Charles the Great, and of Lothair, and it is restated four times in the additions which the author of the pseudo-Isidorian decretals makes to the letters of Clement of Rome.* Even after that period it sometimes sat lightly on the consciences of presbyters; for in 874 the Bishop of Barcelona complained of a presbyter who openly ignored him, not only by celebrating masses and baptisms without his licence, but also by claiming tithes; and it is remarkable that when so flagrant a breach of discipline came before the king's council the recusant priest received only an implied censure in the form of a quotation from the canons of Antioch and Nicæa.†

But in course of time, and no doubt in some cases also at an earlier period, the subordination of a presbyter to the diocesan bishop came to rest, not upon legislation, but upon contract. The promise to obey was made a condition of ordination. Such a condition is first found, in the general terms which have been already mentioned, in the eleventh Council of Toledo. It appears in a more definite form in Italy, in a document of 772, which may probably be taken as a single surviving instance of a general practice; in it one Usipertus, on being ordained as presbyter of a church in the diocese of Lucca, promises that he will not "sing mass" in the said church without the licence of the bishop, or of the bishop's [arch]-presbyter; undertaking, if he violates the promise, to pay a fine of fifty pounds of gold.‡ The promise was sometimes strengthened by an oath; but both the ecclesiastical Council of Chalons, in 813, and the Imperial Council of Aachen, in 817, inhibited bishops from taking such an oath.§ The hypothesis that the exaction of even a promise was a universal or necessary condition of ordination, is negatived by the fact that no form of promise appears in any of the early ordinals; the earliest ordinals in which it is found are those of Soissons and Salzburg, which are assigned by Martene to the twelfth century. It is not in the early English ordinals which are printed by Maskell; and the reason of its introduction into the existing ordinal of the Church of England must probably be sought in the special circumstances of the Reformation, which made it advisable that clerks should explicitly undertake to acquiesce in the new *régime*. It was probably for the

* Pippin. Capit. Suession. A.D. 744, c. 4; Conc. Vern. A.D. 755, cc. 3, 8; Karoli M. Capit. primum, A.D. 769, c. 8; Capit. Langobard, A.D. 803, c. 8; Capit. Olonn., A.D. 825, c. 2; Hlothar. Capit. Eccles., A.D. 830, c. 4: (all of which will be found in Pertz, "Legum," vol. i.) Decretales pseudo-Isidorianæ (ed. Hinschius), Epist. Clem. i. cc. 36, 42; Epist. Clem. iii. cc. 57, 70.

† Karoli II. Conventus Attiniacensis, ap. Pertz, "Legum," i. 522.

‡ Muratori, "Antiq. Ital. med. ævi." tom. vi. 412.

§ Conc. Cabill., A.D. 813, c. 13, ap. Mansi, xiv. 96: Capit. Aquisgran, A.D. 817 c. 16, ap. Pertz, "Legum" i. 208.

same reason that the promise was required, not only, as in the Roman Pontifical, from priests, but from deacons also.

The more specific promise which is exacted from a parish priest had a different origin. For a parish priest usually had another superior besides his bishop. As a rule, churches had been built upon private property, and endowed with a portion of a private estate. Neither churches nor the lands which formed their endowment were necessarily alienated from their original owner. Like other property, they might be sold or transferred; the only limitation which the law imposed was that in any such sale or transfer the church must not be destroyed.* When granted as *beneficia*, they might be granted to laymen or women: a reservation being only made in the first instance that "baptismal" churches must be administered by none but presbyters.† Accordingly, when a presbyter held a parish church, he ordinarily held it as a *beneficium*—i.e., not as a freehold, but as a conditional, and, in the first instance, revocable grant from its owner. It constituted a particular kind of benefice—namely, a *beneficium*, or *feudum, ecclesiasticum*. The grantor was the presbyter's feudal lord—"senior" or "patronus," terms of identical meaning, which have survived to modern times, the one chiefly in municipal, the other in ecclesiastical law, the "seigneur" of France, the "padrone" of Italy, the "patron" of both France and England.‡ The entry on an ecclesiastical benefice, like the entry on an ordinary fief, was in the form known as "institutio," or "investitura;" and the holder of such a benefice, like the owner of an ordinary fief, was sometimes under the obligation of paying an annual rent to his lord.§ It was natural that, under these circumstances, the lay owners of ecclesiastical benefices should make no distinction between them and the rest of their property, and that they should grant the one, as they granted the other, for money. The scandals which arose out of this practice formed the subject of a long struggle, which resulted in the establishment of the principle formulated in the Roman synods of 1059 and 1063: "Ut per laicos nullo modo quilibet clericus aut presbyter obtineat ecclesiam nec gratis nec pretio."* The feudal character

* Of many proofs the briefest is the Frankfort Capitulary of A.D. 794, c. 54: "ecclesiis quæ ab ingenuis hominibus construuntur licet eas tradere, vendere, tantummodo ut ecclesia non destruat." Pertz, "Legum," i. 75; Boretius, i. 78. The policy of the Popes, however, ran from early times in an opposite direction.

† Capit. Generale, A.D. 783, c. 2.

‡ "Senior," e.g., in Einhart, Epist. 34, ap. Jaffé, "Monumenta Carolina," p. 464; Capit. Aquisgran, A.D. 817, c. 10, ap. Pertz, "Legum," i. 207. "Patronus," in e.g., Hincmar, Cap. Presbyteris data, c. 5, ap. Mansi, "Concilia," xv. 497. The equivalence of the two words is expressly mentioned by, e.g., Raterius of Verona, "Præloquia," lib. i. tit. 10, ap. Migne, "Patrol. Lat." cxxxvi. 165.

§ The amount of rent to be so paid was sometimes determined by the bishop—Capit. de Presbyteris, A.D. 809, c. 3, ap. Pertz, i. 161. Sometimes it was specified in the grant of the benefice—e.g., in an Italian grant of A.D. 776, where ten silver shillings are mentioned: ap. Muratori, "Antiq. Ital.," ii. 776.

of a benefice remained, but the feudal lord was not the "patron" but the bishop. The presentation of a clerk to the bishop, which was at first only an incident of the grant—an assertion of the rights of the Church, wrung from the owners of benefices by dint of successive struggles, became the only remnant of the ancient rights of ownership. The bishop stood, and still stands, in the owner's place. The "institution" and "induction" to a benefice are survivals of the recognition of feudal lordship, and the oath of canonical obedience, which is required before institution, is the oath of a feudal vassal.†

It will appear from this historical sketch, which admits of more proof in detail than can conveniently be given here, that the duty of obedience to a bishop does not flow from anything inherent in the bishop's office. The obligation is that of a contract. On the one hand, all clerks have entered into a certain contract at their ordination; but that contract is defined and limited by its terms; it is a promise of submission, not to a bishop as such, nor to any purely spiritual authority, but to the "ordinary"—that is, the *judex ordinarius*, whoever he may be, whether chancellor or vicar-general, bishop or king. On the other hand, all beneficed clerks (except in the few cases in which "institution" is not requisite) have entered into a second contract, by which they have given to their bishop the same promise of obedience which they would in feudal times have given to any other feudal lord; but this obedience is limited by the adjective "canonical," and by the phrase, "in all things lawful and honest." The conception of a bishop as being entitled to obedience, and that an almost unlimited obedience, on the part of his clergy, by virtue of the spiritual character which his consecration has conferred upon him, is as much at variance with ecclesiastical history and present fact as it is with the great currents of Christian opinion which are already shaping the policy of the Churches of the future.

EDWIN HATCH.

* This became the maxim of the Canon Law: "Per laicos" 20, caus. xvi. qu. 7. But the struggle between patrons and bishops for the right of instituting clerks to benefices long outlasted the formulating of this principle; it was part of the general contest about investitures in the twelfth century; and the claims of patrons required to be repressed by special enactments so late as the fourteenth century; see, e.g., Paschal, II. Epist. 38, ap. Jaffé, "Mon. Mogunt.," p. 385; Alexander III. Epist. 28, ad omnes Episc. Angl., ap. Harduin, "Concil." VI. 1398; Conc. Vienn., A.D. 1267, c. 11; Conc. Salmant., A.D. 1335, c. 4.

† The legal form of the oath in the Church of England is—"I, A. B., do swear that I will perform true and canonical obedience to the Bishop of C., and his successors, in all things lawful and honest." A mediæval form of the oath may be gathered from, e.g., the charter of Odo, Bishop of Paris, A.D. 1202, given in Guérard, "Cartulaire de l'église Notre Dame de Paris," No. lxxxiii. vol. i. p. 84. The identity of the homage which was given to a bishop for a secular fief and for a cure of souls is clear from *ibid.* pp. 144, 171.

DEMOCRATIC TORYISM.

THE *London Standard* of the 9th December last, the day after the late Liverpool election, contained a leading article commenting upon that event, from which the following is an extract:—

"Either the Conservatives believed themselves so sure of winning that they did not think it worth while to record their votes, or they deliberately judged the 'Democratic Tory' candidate to be unworthy of their confidence. For our own part we believe that the latter hypothesis offers the real solution of the problem.

"Candidates of Mr. Forwood's type are happily rare on Conservative platforms. He announced himself as a Tory Democrat. . . . He was prepared to support household suffrage in the counties, the redistribution of Church endowments, universal and compulsory Sunday closing, abolition of grocers' licences, extension of the 'Employers Liability Act,' and a number of measures professedly conceived in the interest of the working classes. . . . If such opinions were adopted, we should soon have a fifth party in the House of Commons—a party of Tory Democrats hardly distinguishable from the Radical section of the opposite benches. . . . We cannot say we regard the programme with satisfaction. We are not for any rigid uniformity; but we like to know what a man means when he calls himself a Conservative, and if Mr. Forwood's example were ever extensively followed, we certainly should not be able to do so. . . . He was an unpopular candidate with an unpopular, and, we may add, unprincipled programme. For these reasons and no others he was beaten by Mr. Smith."

These bold criticisms, based in a large measure upon most incorrect premises, have found an echo in the country. They have afforded a text for the provincial press, and for a certain class of speakers, to comment upon the election, and its so-called lessons. Misquoting my remarks, ignorant of the local matters involved in the contest, the *Standard* makes an unjust and ungenerous personal attack. What, however, is of more consequence, it misleads the country in reference to what was no doubt considered an important contest from a national point of view. I therefore propose to place

before the readers of this Review a few observations upon the local aspects of the election, and also upon the views I enunciated during the contest, and to consider whether the latter were, in the words of the *Standard*, "an unprincipled programme," and whether that newspaper correctly gauges the Conservative opinion of the day by its implied advocacy of a policy of blind resistance.

The traditions of Liverpool are eminently Conservative. Prior to the Municipal Reform Act, the chief men who directed the growing mercantile and commercial enterprise of Liverpool were Tories. Freemen themselves, their sons and apprentices acquired the same electoral qualifications. That sound public policy which founded the Liverpool Docks, constructing them under a public trust, exempt from any private claim or interest, was directed by Tory freemen. It was under the same auspices that the Corporation became possessed, by purchase, of a real estate that to-day produces to the ratepayers a rent roll of £130,000 per annum, and redeemed from a private family the town dues, which to-day give an annual income of about a quarter of a million to the Dock Estate.

The first act of the electors newly enfranchised by the Municipal Reform Bill of 1835 was to overthrow the Conservative control in the borough. The reformers pushed their newly-acquired powers to an extreme: old officials were superannuated to make room for political supporters, and a monopoly was claimed of place and power. In the public elementary schools, supported by the Corporation, the reformers, always eager advocates of secular education, stopped the reading of the Bible. This was a turn of the political screw which aroused the clergy; and a crusade, headed by the late Dean McNeile, resulted in 1842 in the return of the Conservatives to power in the Town Council, a position which they have practically maintained ever since.

Another element affecting the political complexion of the city was the enormous Irish immigration immediately following the potato famine. In one year alone some 70,000 hunger-stricken people found a refuge in Liverpool. No proper house accommodation existed for such an influx, and unsuitable abodes were hastily erected. To this cause is due much of the distress and misery that has at times been so marked in Liverpool. This inroad of strangers introduced a severe competition into the home labour market, and a race prejudice sprang up, which time has not obliterated. The new body of inhabitants ranged themselves on the Liberal side. It happened that about the time of their arrival the Maynooth grant and the appointment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in this country had aroused very earnest opposition in the Conservative ranks, which in Liverpool number a large body of thoroughly loyal and pronounced Protestant North of Ireland men. Free trade and the Navigation Laws

disturbed for a time the Parliamentary representation of the town. In 1867, however, the Conservatives regained their control, and held it until the recent election.

Questions have arisen as to whether the result of the recent election indicates a change of political opinion in Liverpool, or whether, as the *Standard* suggests, the views I expressed in the course of the campaign were unacceptable. There is no ground for either inference. The result is distinctly traceable to totally different causes.

Both candidates were local men. It was the good fortune of Mr. Smith, the Liberal candidate, to have taken no prominent part in public affairs, either municipal or political. He had excited no sectional prejudices, and provoked no selfish hostilities. On the contrary, by an unobtrusive liberality in works of philanthropy and public benevolence, he had gained very general esteem and good-will. My lot, however, had been somewhat dissimilar, for I had been prominently engaged for many years in public affairs, and had taken a very active share as a member of the Municipal Council in promoting various undertakings, to the present and future advantage, as I believe, of the city. These, in many cases, were not carried without exciting keen local prejudice. It was also my fortune to be called to a prominent place in the Conservative party. For upwards of fourteen years I have been the honorary secretary or chairman of the association. During that period many a severe battle has been fought, and many a noble victory won, but not without hard knocks being given and received.

At the outset of the campaign my opponent's strength was underestimated, and the Conservatives were not only most sanguine of their success, but the Liberals openly acknowledged the probability of their defeat. They explained that the contest was entered into in deference to the wishes of an extreme section of their party, and to prevent the latter bringing out upon its own responsibility a candidate of advanced views.

It was, distinctly and emphatically, this feeling of over-confidence that was at the root of the loss sustained by the Conservatives—a result they never conceived to be within the range of possibility, or the poll would have shown different figures. The anticipation of a close fight generates enthusiasm, whilst a certainty, or a so-called "walk over," induces lethargy, and affords no spur to individual exertion. So strong was the sense of security, that voters refused to vote where doing so involved personal inconvenience. Another important factor in the contest was the anomalous position a third Conservative member would occupy in the event of a general election. Only Conservatives could then be returned, and the question raised was—Who should then retire? The danger to which this question would give rise I foresaw, and endeavoured to forestal it by avowing myself

as the candidate for the junior position with all its incidents. The Liberals however, appreciating the well-earned popularity of our senior member (Mr. Whitley), deftly worked upon this feeling, suggesting that his seat would be in danger if I were elected, especially if the majority were considerable. All that the loyal support of Mr. Whitley and his colleague, Lord Claud J. Hamilton, could do, did not remove this misconception, so completely, yet so craftily, was it fostered by the Liberal managers. In the large ward of Everton, comprising upwards of 18,000 electors, which Mr. Whitley has represented in the City Council for sixteen years, and where he obtained a majority of 2,800 votes in the last municipal contest, over 5,000 fewer persons polled in the last contest than in the Whitley-Ramsay contest of 1880. The Liberals thus won by Tory abstentions, and not by the force of their own numbers. Such is the local aspect of the late contest, and, ignorant of its phases, the *Standard* has written the article I have quoted. Under a similar misapprehension it has challenged my Conservatism, accusing me of advocating an "unprincipled programme." I will now endeavour to set out what the programme was that is thus denounced by this curious representative of Conservative journalism.

At the outset, let me remark that Liverpool, by her maritime position and the close relations her citizens enjoy with all parts of the globe, is naturally more active-minded than a community of farmers immured in the wolds or fens of the agricultural counties. The Liverpool electorate is also a body remarkably well informed politically, and our municipal contests are fought on party lines; in recent years we have had numerous Parliamentary contests; political demonstrations are an everyday occurrence; and party associations permeate the city in every direction. My official duties have brought me into constant and close connection with Conservatives of every class and position in life, and I have no hesitation in stating that if, as a party, Conservatism is simply to be the brake on the wheel of legislation, having no enlightened or progressive policy of its own, it will soon cease, and deservedly so, to exercise any political power in the city of Liverpool. Birmingham has taken the lead in the country of the party aiming at revolutionary changes; in like manner the Conservatives of Liverpool aspire to head that phalanx of men who, whilst sound upon Constitutional principles, are yet alive to the necessity for such national progress as the growing intelligence of the age demands. I will venture to give a summary of the political opinions I expressed during the election, and of those reasonable reforms which might be undertaken by an active and enlightened Conservatism.

I defined Conservatism to mean a firm determination to uphold the principles of a Constitutional Monarchy, with the Houses of Lords and Commons as independent branches of the legislature; the m

nance of the connection between Church and State; and I urged that every effort should be exerted to foster and strengthen the bonds of union between the mother country and her colonies and dependencies. We see arrayed against us, sitting on the Liberal side of the House of Commons, and even occupying prominent places on the Ministerial benches, some men who have sneered at the Monarchy, others who are pledged to the disestablishment of the Church, and some who, whenever the House of Lords acts independently, call aloud for its abolition. Others, again, forgetful of the ties that bind England to her colonies, look upon this connection as one not worth a sacrifice to maintain. The leopard cannot change his spots, and I cannot believe that Radical politicians who, having attained to positions of influence by the notoriety derived by their advocacy of extreme views, are so lost to a sense of political morality and consistency as to push aside the ladder by which they made their ascent. It is true they are numbered to-day amongst the Liberals, and hold positions of authority; but this is only a step on the road to their goal. Their influence is being increased; they are opportunists, awaiting only the favourable moment to give effect, aided by this extension of influence, to the political aims with which they set out in public life. Whilst Conservatism means a firm resistance to all movements subversive of our cherished institutions, it is far from asserting that changes and modifications may not be required from time to time. The existence of an abuse in any system is a weapon in the hands of its opponents, of which they should be disarmed at the earliest moment. The men to apply the remedies are not those who oppose on principle the Constitution, but those by whom it is held in the highest honour. The Liberals taunt the Conservatives as having opposed legislation that has benefited the country. Such taunts are easily made on either side. But our reply should be that we legislate for the present and the future; and that the action of what was called the Conservative party in years long past, whether good or bad as judged by later lights, is not the question before the country to-day. The real point at issue is, To which party can the welfare of the State to-day be most safely intrusted? To that question, *me judice*, there is but one answer. To the Conservative party belongs the firmly constructive and safely progressive policy of the future.

A local Radical newspaper described me as "a democratic Tory." In reply to that statement, I said: "If this term means that I have a firm reliance upon and belief in the Conservative instincts of the people, then I am a democratic Tory." This is the statement that has so exercised the mind of the writer in the *Standard*, and is the sole foundation of his assertion that I declared myself a democratic Tory. I must leave the public to judge between us; I have not a word to retract. My conviction is that the working classes must, from the

necessity of their position, have a leaning to Conservatism. In the event of social disorder or disturbance they are the first to feel any ill effects; capital quickly shuts its portals, and employment soon diminishes. As political intelligence spreads amongst the people, so must Conservatism extend. The worst policy the Conservative party can adopt is to exhibit a want of confidence in the people. Trust them, and they will reciprocate the sentiment.* My experience of the feelings of the working classes is that they are far from sympathizing with the Radical shibboleth for abolishing class distinctions, nor are they advocates of the doctrine of equality and fraternity in a Republican sense. The same spirit of jealousy which permeates more or less all ranks of society, when one man rises to a position of prominence amongst his compeers, no doubt influences the artisan class. They are, however, alive to the necessity of Government being conducted by the better-educated people and those who have leisure to devote to the work. The complaint constantly made to me is that "our leaders do not come amongst us sufficiently often," thus indicating their good feeling towards those placed in a better position in society. My conviction is that the latter will only have themselves to blame, if Revolutionary or Socialistic ideas extend. A little self-sacrifice on the part of the leading citizens of our large towns especially, will soon find its reward. Here is the marked distinction between the characteristics of English and American political life. In the former, happily, the man of leisure imbued with a laudable ambition seeks to lead, whilst in America the motive comes from those seeking to retain office, and those who desire to attain positions of profit as the reward of political activity. This distinction will not long exist, if those who ought to come to the front in politics, abnegate their rightful position. To the credit of the leading men in Liverpool be it said, that they have to a fair extent met this desire of the working men for common political association, and it has much aided that Conservative influence which pervades the city. Whilst we in the abstract evince a sympathy with the labouring classes, we must not let our sentiments stop at this point, but let them take a concrete form. No selfish class legislation must mark our policy; we must pay as much regard to measures "conceived in the interests of the working classes" as we do to the wants of any other body of the community. In past years the Conservatives have shown their sympathy with the people by

* An M.P. has furnished me with the following statement, as showing Lord Beaconsfield's opinions upon this point:—"At the meeting of the Conservative Members of the present and past Parliament, held in Bridgewater House immediately after the last general election, Lord Beaconsfield, replying to some observations made upon the Household Suffrage Bill of 1867, said he had faith in the 'Demos,' that he trusted the people of England, and had confidence in their common sense, and that he favoured the household suffrage franchise rather than Mr. Bright's limited rating qualification, which was designed for the enfranchisement of aggressive political Nonconformity."

supporting such measures as the Factory Acts and the Reform Act of 1867. Let a similar policy actuate us to-day. I view therefore with favour the Employers Liability Act, as a good measure, so far as it goes, though it fails to reach a number of cases which deserve and demand consideration. Thus whilst the largest railway company of the kingdom has made a most liberal arrangement with its workpeople since the Act came into force, I could name other influential railway companies that have placed their *employés* at arm's length, leaving them to rely only upon the limited scope of the Act for assistance in case of accident. In effect workmen under such conditions are worse off than before. Railway employment is certainly one of a special exposure to risk, and whilst I would not advocate legislation that should unduly add to the employer's risk, yet I consider there are means of assisting the *employé* without injury to the employer.

Another topic of a somewhat kindred character, but no doubt of more importance, is the extension of the county franchise. It is so large a question, and must involve such prolonged discussion, that I think the time of Parliament might for the present be occupied by legislation of a more pressing character; yet at the same time, as it is before the country, we cannot remain silent. In the abstract it is impossible to argue that a man occupying a £10 house upon one side of a street is entitled to a vote whilst his opposite neighbour is debarred. A considerable number of our most intelligent citizens in this class of life seek the suburbs for their residence. They thus disfranchise themselves, leaving the voting power largely in the hands of a lower stratum both in sobriety and intelligence, who are contented to live in some miserable room in a squalid court. For example, the Chairman of the Liverpool Workingmen's Conservative Association, himself in receipt of weekly wages, is without a vote because he seeks for himself and family a healthier home in the suburbs. Conservative Members of Parliament admit that household suffrage must ultimately become the law in the counties. Why, then, appear as its opponents on principle? We certainly ought to oppose its introduction by all means in our power, unless accompanied by a rearrangement of the Parliamentary boundaries of large towns, and the grouping into boroughs of populous and manufacturing centres. We should thus insure a representation of county interests uninfluenced by urban votes, and secure that diversity of constituencies which is so essential to just administration. I do not ask for an arithmetical division of the electorates, but large constituencies are essential to purity of election. A redistribution of seats is also indispensable, as well as a readjustment in the number of members allotted to each of the three parts of the United Kingdom. In any Reform Bill, we should seek to abrogate the facilities for illiterate voters; insist upon the principle of strict payment of rates as a qualification, with

a sufficient length of residence; and see that property and intelligence obtain a due share of influence. I am not averse to an extension of the polling hours, where local authorities deem it desirable. Our present limited hours practically disfranchise many of the best artisans, who live so far from the scene of their daily labour, that they cannot, without sacrifice of wages, find time to vote. Polling late would no doubt increase that facility for personation which is too great already; therefore, as some additional check, the declaration of identity should be made in writing, and not, as now, *visd voce*.

Ecclesiastical questions occupy, and deservedly so, a very important place in the public mind. A Conservative policy must maintain with unwavering resolution the union of Church and State, not indeed for the exaltation of the Church, but for the well-being of the State. This union is, moreover, of great importance in the true interests of the Church, preserving it from the undue growth of clericalism, and maintaining the proper subordination of the spiritual to the temporal power. Remove such control, and you leave the richest and most powerful corporation in the land to its own devices, to become possibly an *imperium in imperio*. An Established Church is the national recognition of the claims and obligations of religion. By its parochial system it places a Christian ministry in every district of the country, and brings the ministrations of the Church within the reach of all classes of the people. An Established Church promotes public respect for religion, it maintains a fixed standard of doctrine, it encourages the spirit of Christian toleration, it stimulates Christian learning, and it secures the Protestantism of the Crown. As a national establishment, the Church of England should be broad and comprehensive, allowing within well-defined limits free scope for different schools of theological thought, and for reasonable diversities in its services. The clergy, however, should be an example of obedience to the law and rubrics of the Church, and to constituted authority. The scandal of imprisoning clergymen for contumacy should be removed, and a short and inexpensive mode provided for determining ecclesiastical questions, as well as for promoting order and obedience in the Church.

The National Church is the common spiritual home of clergy and laity, and the rights of both should be properly guarded. Whilst not permitting the laity to dominate over the clergy, I would strenuously oppose those who desire to place the Church under "the sole control of Convocation." This would be the creation of a corporate pope-dom, that might define doctrine and determine practices by a vote, possibly depending upon the presence or absence of some influential member of Convocation. I prefer decisions arrived at after judicial inquiry to those promoted by heated polemical discussion and party debate. The Church has a great career before her, if she only uses her

opportunities aright; never has she been more powerful, never more needed. If, however, she is to perform her great work, she must with her constitutional elasticity adapt herself to the changing aspects of the times. Abuses in respect of patronage and endowment need reform. This may be effected, not by disestablishment or injuring private rights, but by rearranging the overgrown endowments of individual churches or parishes, and spreading their benefits.

As an illustration of my meaning, I may cite the case of a church in this neighbourhood, which has two ministers of co-ordinate jurisdiction dividing between them an income approaching £8,000 per annum. The endowment is in land, worth originally possibly £300 per annum. The growth of the district in population, and the demand for land, has thus increased its value; but instead of the increment benefiting the parish at large, now containing some 50,000 inhabitants, it is confined to the clergy of its smallest ecclesiastical division. In fact, it has become instead of a Church Fund, practically a layman's property, as £28,000 has to be paid to extinguish one of the offices at the next vacancy. I am not in favour of a dull uniformity, or levelling down, but I do think that when, as in the case of this parish, circumstances have so changed, the wishes of the founder of the endowment, and the justice of the case, would be better met by dividing the overgrown income of the one church, so as to form endowments for other churches much wanted in the locality, assigning the patronage, if needs be, to the one owner.

The temperance question has for long exercised the minds of the people in Liverpool. Sunday closing has for years past had large support. So long as it was opposed by a substantial minority I objected to its introduction, on the principle that it is unwise to allow a majority tyrannically to interfere with the everyday habits of the minority. The question is one, however, solely affecting the working classes, and I feel bound to recognize their wishes. My inquiries have convinced me that the public mind in Liverpool has been so educated on the point that Sunday closing may be carried out with the warm approval of a large majority, and the tacit consent of the minority, our members all support it, and it is to the credit of the large public-house owners that they raise no objections to the proposal. No district legislation will, however, be acceptable. Any measure proposed should embrace the whole country, except possibly London. If public opinion is not ripe throughout the country for the measure, a further restriction of the present hours would be accepted as a boon. In other respects also the licensing laws require amendment. This is especially the case with the question of removals of licenses from old parts of a town, to other and newer districts, to make way for improvements. The friction is constant between the people of the

district, the magistrates, and the licensees. To the indefinite Local Option proposals I am opposed, but I want to see some one system of granting new licenses adopted.

The Conservatives must maintain firmly the principle of combined secular and religious education, and the encouragement of voluntary as distinguished from Board schools. An effort should be made to reintroduce the plan of the State meeting private benefactions by public grants, for the erection of public schools. A Board or State school savours more of a machine, and secures less personal interest in its scholars than is the case with denominational schools.

As regards Ireland, I strongly condemn the Liberal policy of alternately coaxing and coercing, bribing and bullying. By firmness alone can order be restored. The principle of the Arrears Act I believe to be vicious, and the Land Act demolished the sound economic principle of freedom of contract. It is worthy of note, as characteristic of Liberal legislation, that when the Land Act took away a portion of the landlords' property they were offered no compensation; but when under the Arrears Act it was desired to assist the tenants to secure rights, conferred by the Land Act, from their landlords, they were helped by grants of public money! No concession of local self-government that savours of Home Rule should be accorded to Ireland which we are not prepared to grant in England, Wales, and Scotland. As a principle, we should strive to place the two islands under one system of Government, without invidious distinction, and to this end it is a question whether the Lord-Lieutenancy is a necessity. Some urge that Ireland is not ripe for such concessions; but I doubt if, under any system, she could be worse represented in Parliament than she is at present. I believe the labourers will soon see that they have been deluded, and used as a cat's-paw by their employers, the tenant-farmers. Emigration should be encouraged from the unproductive and over-peopled districts to places offering a better chance for the sustenance and enjoyment of a civilized life.

The great preventive of a healthy political life in recent years has been the one-man worship of both political parties. It is dangerous in the highest degree, and I hope the Conservative party will recur to the sound maxim of "measures not men."

As Conservatives we should, as a party, set our face against such an interference with our land laws as will prejudice proper freedom of contract, but we should encourage such legal reforms as will make the sale of land as simple and inexpensive as other property. The laws of political economy will adjust most other difficulties in this direction. Lord Cairns' Land Acts are examples of real Conservative progress.

Our Colonists justly regard the Conservative party as their best friends; they feel that the modern Radical theory of non-aggression is

being pushed to a perilous extreme. They have emigrated to far-off lands there to live as Englishmen, not to found separate nationalities. If England had not possessed a spirit of enterprise in the past, misnamed to-day, for political purposes, "aggression," where would have been our power or our commerce? English Colonists are also the best customers of the mother country. Compare France and Australia for example: the one imports of British manufactures the equivalent of 10s. per head of her population, whilst Australians require goods from our looms and factories to the value of £6 10s. per head.

Such generally are the opinions that, as a Conservative, I hold and defend, and such in the main were the political sentiments that I submitted to the electors of Liverpool in the recent contest. The *Standard*, with its curious Conservatism—an undetermined and incalculable quantity—amongst other courteous observations, charges me with having an "unprincipled programme." It is not my ambition to represent the Conservatism of the *Standard*. I am, however, quite willing to stand at the bar of public opinion, and to be judged by that great Constitutional party which it has been my privilege to serve earnestly for many years past, and in whose ranks I shall continue to use my best energies, confident that that party ere long will take its proper place in the Councils of the Empire as the party of national security and rational progress.

ARTHUR B. FORWOOD.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

ACCORDING to the Annual Local Taxation Returns presented to the House of Commons, August 9, 1882, the balance-sheet of the County Treasurers of England and Wales, exclusive of the metropolis, for the year ending Lady-day, 1881, may be thus stated:—

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£		£
County Rate	1,188,514	Police	1,070,985
Police Rate	556,723	Prosecution, &c., of Prisoners	116,906
Treasury Subventions:—		Reformatories	48,955
Police	£412,974	Lunatic Asylums:—	
Lunatics }	18,894	Maintenance	£48,653
Paupers }		Building Re- }	321,986
Criminal Prosecutions, Main- }	116,875	tairs and Es- }	
tenance of }		tablishment }	
Prisoners, &c. }			370,639
	548,743	Shire Halls and Judges' }	
Lunatic Asylums	7,220	Lodgings	55,781
Loans effected during the year	307,628	Militia Store-Houses	9,696
Fines and Penalties	36,567	County Bridges	96,274
Other receipts	356,665	Contributions for Maintenance	
		of Main Roads	288,430
		Register of Electors	12,482
		Salaries of County Officers	308,033
		Loans, Principal and Interest	
		paid during the year	386,624
		Other charges	218,846
		Balance excess of Receipts	
		over Expenditure	18,409
	<u>£3,002,060</u>		<u>£3,002,060</u>

The cost and management of the gaols had been transferred to the Prison Commissioners before the date of this return by the Act of 1877. The Loans outstanding at Lady-day, 1881, are given as £2,995,311. The average of the county rate, on an assessment of £119,056,839, is 2½d. The average of the police rate, on an assessment of £75,755,858, is 1½d. This sum of £3,002,060 is somewhat

less than half the amount expended in England and Wales, exclusive of the metropolis, for the same period for relief to the poor and purposes connected therewith,—the exact amount being £6,220,164.

The above statement will show at a glance the nature of the work which the magistrates in Quarter Sessions assembled in England and Wales have had to perform beyond their duties connected with the administration of criminal law and their appellate jurisdiction, and the expense at which it has been carried out. These several duties have been at various times imposed upon the Quarter Sessions by statute, and it is admitted upon all hands that the magistrates have, as a rule, paid the greatest attention to the duties thus laid upon them; and in those counties where the accounts have always been audited and regularly published, and where financial matters have been thoroughly sifted by a carefully selected finance committee, as has very often been the case, it is hardly possible to hope that any more economical arrangement can be effected. The whole question was thoroughly examined by a Committee of the House of Commons in 1868, over which Col. Wilson-Patten, now Lord Winmarleigh, presided. It is evident, not only from the report of, but also from the evidence given before, that Committee, that the dissatisfaction that existed did not arise from want of confidence in, or distrust of, the magistrates and Courts of Quarter Sessions, but from the fact that the levying and expending of funds received for county purposes was the only instance in the fiscal system of England and Wales of the taxpayer having no control through his elected representatives of the moneys raised and expended for public requirements, and that no good system existed by law for a proper audit of the county expenditure. Such were practically the suggestions of Mr. Wylde, in consequence of whose Bill the Committee was appointed, but it is only due to the magistrates to place upon record the terms of the report finally, and on this point unanimously, agreed upon by the Committee.

1. That the administration of the financial business of counties has been hitherto conducted by the magistrates with a general regard to economy.

2. That nevertheless a desire prevails on the part of county rate-payers in favour of placing the county finance more directly under their own control by means of County Financial Boards.

3. That this desire appears to arise from considerations of public policy, and in some instances from a want of sufficiently detailed information as to county expenditure, rather than from dissatisfaction with the magistracy.

It will be seen from the above balance-sheet that in many, at all events, of the heads of expenditure—as, for example, in the case of criminal prosecutions, &c.—there is little or no discretion left with the local authority. Or, if we take another case, in which some

discretion is clearly left—as, for instance, the case in which the expenditure is the largest, *i.e.*, the police force—every one with any knowledge of the subject is aware how difficult it was, so long as the establishment of the rural police was left optional, to constitute the force at all, and how difficult it was afterwards, when the establishment of the force was made compulsory by statute, to raise it up to the requisite strength. One policeman to every thousand inhabitants was the kind of scale laid down by Sir George Grey; but the annual reports of the inspectors of police show how difficult it was in most, how impossible in many, cases to reach this standard. It has often been stated that the increase of the Treasury subvention has largely increased the cost of the police to the ratepayers. A fairer way of stating the case would be, that it has done away with much of the resistance by local authorities to come up to the proper scale. No doubt, in some cases, pressure has been put upon the Home Office since the increase of the Treasury subvention to sanction considerable increase of expenditure; but in the vast majority of such cases the increase has originated, not in the local authority itself, but has sprung from, and is owing to, the strong pressure brought to bear on the local authority by the ratepayers themselves who have claimed the right to further protection at the hands of the police. Such pressure, however, has already been brought under effectual control through the action of the Home Office in the time of Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson, by insisting on a regular annual estimate being presented for the whole of the ensuing year to the Home Office, by the October Quarter Sessions, so that any proposition for increased expenditure might be fully investigated before the Civil Service Estimates were prepared for presentation to Parliament.

There is now happily no difficulty about procuring a regular and public audit of the county treasurer's accounts, and the only question remaining is, how best to meet the demand that taxation and representation should go together, and at the same time to improve the administration of county affairs, and to secure the continued services of the best of those who have hitherto devoted so much time and attention to the subject. The Committee of 1868 came to the conclusion that a system of financial control would be satisfactory to the ratepayers under which the boards of guardians in counties should elect representatives who should be admitted to take part in, and vote at, all meetings of magistrates held for the consideration of questions of county expenditure. There are however, no doubt, many objections to such propositions. It would involve the principle of double election, which has not been found to work well in other cases where it has been tried; and there is much force in the opinion recently expressed by Mr. Goschen, in his speech at Ripon, "that the county government should be built up in a manner which should

steer clear altogether of poor-law administration." The late Government prepared two different schemes for the consideration of Parliament. By their Bill of 1878 the Court of Quarter Sessions, when transacting administrative business and constituted as a county board, was to consist of two justices of the county, to be chosen by the Quarter Sessions, due regard being had to the petty sessional divisions of the county, and, as far as practicable, to the representations of such divisions by justices resident or actually acting therein, and two elective members to be elected for each petty sessional division by the elective guardians of the rural parishes situated in such petty sessional divisions, and provision was also made for the representation of certain boroughs on the board. By the Bill of 1879, the Quarter Sessions were to combine the parishes within the county into wards, for the election of so many members of the County Board as would secure two-thirds of the number of members of the County Board allotted to such county by the schedule to the Bill to be elected members, and such members were to be elected by the elective guardians of the several parishes in the ward. The remaining third of the board was to be appointed by the Quarter Sessions out of members of their own body. Of these three plans, probably the principle contained in the Bill of 1878 has found most favour, although, of course, there exists great difference of opinion as to the question of double election—that is, of the election by the elective guardians instead of by direct election of the ratepayers, and also as to the proportion of the members to be chosen by Quarter Sessions and the members to be elected. In any such scheme, however, effect would be given to the principle of taxation and representation going together, and the county would have the advantage of the continuance of the services of many of its most able and experienced men, many of whom would not care to go through the turmoil of a popular election, but who would gladly continue those services which they have hitherto so cheerfully rendered. Such a mixed board is by no means without precedent, and has been found to work well in practice, as is amply proved by the management of the great estate of the river Weaver, in Cheshire, for the benefit of the county; by the example of boards of guardians, of cattle plague committees, and of highway boards.

It is of course impossible to foreshadow what the view of the Government may be upon this question. If they propose a measure which will provide for the fair representation of ratepayers on the governing body with the object of improving its efficiency and of satisfying all reasonable demands, they may feel assured that it will receive the most careful and impartial consideration. From what has fallen, however, from several members of the present Cabinet in the course of the recess, it would seem that the Government are

it likely to be content with any such plain practical proposals, but bent upon a much more ambitious and sensational scheme, and that they would make the supposed existing abuse the excuse, not for mending, but for destroying, what exists, and building up some other body on radically different principles, not having chiefly in view the best practical administrative results, but the carrying out of some new-fangled theory of local parliaments. Even Mr. Goschen seems to have been fascinated by some such proposal. "I trust," he says, "that the Government will act with courage and determination. I believe that they will have a much greater chance of passing a strong and a broad Bill than they would a small Bill which would not appeal to the *imagination* of the people. I wish the effect to be political as well as administrative." Plain practical folk, however, may possibly think that the real question is much more one of pockets than of politics, and that the end in view should be much more one of securing the best and most economical administration rather than of creating or of satisfying a lively *imagination*. Even Cabinet Ministers who have spoken do not seem very enthusiastic or hopeful as to the result of such a measure. Lord Derby, in his speech at Manchester, expresses himself plainly enough that the chief trouble, in his view, would be to give to this new body enough to do. And Lord Hartington, in his speech to his constituents in North-East Lancashire, was not more encouraging or precise.

"This question of county boards," he said, "may be a subject which does not appear pressing or immediate, or of very great importance or interest, and I acknowledge that at first sight these county boards, however they may be elected or composed, will not have any great amount of exciting or important work intrusted to them. . . . But I think hereafter, if not immediately, we must intrust many of the powers which are now, and not without some inconvenience, exercised by the central bodies in London to them; and I believe that once we have established these county boards, we shall find every day new duties, new powers, and new responsibilities intrusted to them to exercise."

This is certainly all vague enough and crude enough. If the full scheme has really been thought out, it should have been fully and clearly explained; if it has not been so thought out, it should not, for the present at all events, be attempted. It would surely be a more statesmanlike way of proceeding first to find out and define as clearly as may be what duties will have to be performed before constituting the new body to perform them; otherwise, you may perchance find after all that the new machinery is ill adapted for the proper performance of its functions. I agree with Mr. Goschen that it is always well to stimulate throughout the country a large interest in local self-government, but this already largely exists. The more populous parts of the country are full of local boards, and the rate-payers take the keenest interest in their proceedings, and are very jealous of any interference from without. And even where such local

boards do not exist, the same remark applies equally to the proceedings of boards of guardians, highway boards, school boards, burial boards, &c. &c. If I understand one part of Lord Hartington's remarks aright, I should be inclined to agree with him that the functions of the Local Government Board and of the Central Authorities have in some instances been pressed too far, and that more license and liberty of action may fairly be left to the several local authorities, especially in smaller matters. If that be so, by all means let these functions be brought within proper limits and be more strictly defined. There is also much to be said in favour of simplifying areas and against multiplication of boards, but the area of a county is too large for the actual administration of such matters as those with which these several local boards have had to deal, and it is much to be feared that, though many of the best men of business engaged in active commercial life and of the best tenant farmers are ready and willing to give their time and attention to managing their own local affairs in their own locality, and though many would no doubt be willing to make further sacrifices, and would attend the Quarter Sessions for the administration of county affairs, still comparatively few would be able or willing to give attendance at the county town for any lengthened sittings, such as would be necessary were these county boards to be charged with such duties as are vaguely shadowed forth as the functions of a local parliament; and in such case one of the great objects of local government would be defeated, and matters would fall into the hands of inferior, though it may be ambitious, men.

We wait with much anxiety for the production of the Government measure. It would seem from Her Majesty's gracious speech that we may probably have to wait for some time before it appears. There is at all events one advantage in this. It will give the Government full time for further consideration before they commit themselves finally to a measure which might involve multiplication of offices and officers, multiplication of elections, increase of expenditure, loss of the services of many very valuable public servants,—to a measure by means of which, so far as careful and wise administration is concerned, they might very easily lose the substance by grasping at the shadow.

RICHARD ASSHETON CROSS.

LEON GAMBETTA.

A POSITIVIST DISCOURSE.*

A TRULY comprehensive religion should teach not only a spirit of heart to cultivate, but a set of principles to act on in the world; and as life is concerned with actions quite as much as it is with feelings, public life is just as much the sphere of rational religion as our personal life. So, the churches, if they only knew it, have quite as much to do with the social duty of statesmen and the political habits of the people, as they have with purity of heart and spiritual earnestness. There will be no complete religion until religious men have just as keen an interest in the progress of the commonwealth as they now profess in the welfare of the soul. And there will be no high and stable policy until politics, together with morals and science, are recognized to be the sphere of the only religious earnestness that is worth having—true unselfishness of heart.

Thus it is that the religion of *Humanity* is a thoroughly political religion, or rather public life is an essential part of its aim; not, as with the Romans, to the exclusion of creed and devoutness of spirit, but quite as truly as either of these. Whilst the Romans knew no religion except such as concerned their social life, and whilst Christianity in its decay looks at all things in the light of the personal soul, the religion of Humanity avoids the narrowness of both, and seeks to regenerate social life on the basis of a scientific education, and of high purpose, not only in the heart within, but in the social body without us.

Positivism is no mere historical scheme, a movement for the bare commemoration of the worthies of the Past. The calendar which gathers up so vast an array of our great fathers, who are the true

* The following discourse was given at Newton Hall on Sunday, Feb. 4, 1883.

creators, if not of the human race, at least of human civilization, this calendar is not there as a dry tabular synopsis for the use of classes in history. Nor is it there, as the Catholic calendar is, as an external object of reverence and ceremonial obligation. It is there to teach us types of human duty, and facts of social philosophy, as we find them, as they fashion our life, inspire our own efforts, and supply us with examples to follow. These are no saints, these men, nor are they to be revered in the way that the Catholic worships saints. They are simply men who have done good work in their time, some more, some less well; none of them perfect, many of them most faulty; but all able to teach us by their faults no less than by their virtues. At any rate, they are men like ourselves, and with powers that we can recall with profit at any hour of our working lives. That vague and unreal vision, the Christ, or perfect man, whom the good Christian professes to take as the embodiment of all human excellence—that transcendental figment we replace with the collective Host of the real men who exhibit every trait of human greatness, and never cease to be as frankly human as any one of us. There is no superstitious line that severs the past from the present, the Living from the Dead, or the most revered servant of Humanity from the street sweeper, who is serving it to-day. They have not passed into another world, nor have they any other life but ours. The gates of Death open and close each day, encircling new multitudes within, as new multitudes each day press on into the vacant place. But the unbroken human stream is all one, within and without those adamantine doors. We hear their voices and the vast murmur of their lives as we hasten on ourselves to join them, and Living and Dead form one Humanity for ever.

I invite you to think of this, in order that, in forming our judgment of public duty, we may remember that the honour of the dead is no bit of antiquarianism, but that the men of to-day, and yesterday, like the men of to-morrow, are all employed on the same work, and furnish similar types, for our practical understanding of duty. Yesterday it was Gambetta, to-morrow it may be Gladstone, whose personality absorbs us and forces us to judge; but we are all making history day by day, and the leaders of men whom we see no more, and those who are amongst us, and who are growing into power, are all in one plane, as much and as little saints as the rest, as much the makers of humanity.

Last Sunday we met here to reflect on the work of Mahomet and the foundation and history of Islam. To-day—how vast a sense of humanity does it imply, to note the interval and contrast!—we turn to judge Gambetta and the Republic in France. The few weeks have passed that Comte judged expedient as an interval for the fair judgment of the dead; the flowers in the wreaths upon his grave are

hardly withered, and how much has happened since his death! Within a month we see (as we could not see in the hour of his disappearance) all that his death involved.

It would only be strangers to us who could wonder what especial concern of ours is the career of a French politician, or what the religion of humanity has to do with Léon Gambetta. Those who know us at all are well aware that to us the social movement in Europe as a whole is of far deeper moment than any local matter of national politics; they know that to us the foundation of the Republic in France is the condition of all healthy political progress in the world. They know how we recognize the social initiative which the great Revolution gave to France, and of which no errors and no disasters can at present deprive her. The Republic is to us the sole guarantee of any stable progress or order. The Republic in France is the turning-point in the second half of the nineteenth century; it is that whereby, for good or for evil, the century will stand in history. And every one can see that, for good or for evil, Léon Gambetta was bound up with the Republic as no other contemporary life was bound up. Nor can we forget that he was the first statesman of European importance formally to offer his public homage to Comte as the greatest mind of the nineteenth century; and formally to adopt, as his leading idea in politics, Comte's great aphorism: "Progress can only arise out of the development of Order." But it is not for this that Gambetta holds a place of prime importance in our eyes. The doings of a statesman are what concern us, and not his protestations. And it is in the region of action that we see how distinctly Gambetta foreshadows the type of the Republican statesman—rudely and incompletely, no doubt—but with all the essential elements. He is the first European statesman of this century who is heart and soul Republican; the only one whose fibre is entirely popular; who saw that the Republic implied a real social reconstruction; he is the only European statesman who is equally zealous for progress and for order, and most assuredly he is the only statesman of this century who has formally thrown away every kind of theological crutch.

This is no panegyric of a public man. Of such we have had enough. It is no critical analysis of a striking personality. We are met here neither to bury Caesar, nor to praise him. Brutus and Cassius and the rest have told us that he was ambitious, and had many grievous faults. I am not about to dispute it. There are many things in his public career, especially in its later years, which we wholly fail to reconcile, not only with the best type of the statesman, but with any reasonable version of his own principles. As to his private life, there are things, perhaps, gross and unworthy, and a public man has no private life. But unworthy if they be, they were not of the kind which seriously disable a public career. He was not

a corrupting pedantocrat like Guizot, nor a corrupted cynic like Thiers; he was not a king of gamblers like Napoleon, nor a king of jobbers like Louis Philippe. He was a jovial, unabashed son of Paris; without special refinement of life, or sensitive delicacy of conscience. We have yet no means of proving the truth of the stories that we hear of the kind of men who from time to time shared his intimacy, and of the enterprises or adventures to which he allowed himself to be made a more or less blinded accomplice. Let us leave these tales for time to reveal. However they turn out, the essential man in the main is known to us now. If he allowed himself familiarity with unworthy adventurers, certain it is, that in all parts of France he retained till his death the devoted attachment of the most honourable spirits of his country. If his name was used at times to back up a financial job, it is yet most clear that with portentous opportunities for serving himself, he neither made nor spent a fortune. If his policy was not always consistent with a high sense of honour, it was never dictated by vulgar ambition. Coarseness of nature, both in private and in public life, is no final bar to greatness in a statesman. The greatest names in political history have often been soiled with unedifying weakness and unscrupulous expedients. The statesmen of history are as little the types of moral purity as the saints are types of practical sagacity. A statesman in an era like this is a man by necessity of compromise and expedients. His agents he takes as he finds them; and he takes them with good and bad together. And when all this is said, we must judge them in the rough as they are. Energy and sagacity, and the genius to give the true lead to forty millions of men, are qualities of such transcendent value to mankind, that we must hail them at all costs wherever we find them. And these qualities were assuredly in Léon Gambetta.

What we propose is neither a history of Gambetta's life, nor a critical estimate of his nature and career. Take two or three points in his career which need no proving and no refining, and in these we may find enough to convince us that with him France and the cause of progress have lost a great force, one that ranks amongst the very few great personalities in modern politics.

I will take but four cardinal facts about his career, and consider him, firstly, as the true creator of the Republic; secondly, as a type of the statesman of the people; thirdly, as the representative of the union of order and progress; and fourthly, as representative of the secular movement in politics.

In every one of these, and in all of them in combination, Gambetta is the only French statesman of the first order whom this century has produced.

Of the first order? it is asked. Yes! Whatever judgment we may pass on his work there can be no real dispute about his power. He

was hardly laid in his grave, when the very existence of the Republic was suddenly challenged, and through all ranks of Republicans a sudden panic arose, men's hearts failing them for fear. A week before his death, in spite of disquiet and confusion, the Constitution in France seemed as much a thing of course as the Constitution in England. A week after his burial everything seemed an open question again, as on the eve of Sedan. He is the one Frenchman whom the keen statesmen of Germany took to be of paramount importance to Germany; he is the one Frenchman who represented something definite to every man throughout the civilized world possessing the simplest notion of politics; and he was the one Frenchman whose name and character were known to every elector in France. The death of Gambetta was to France what the death of Cavour was to Italy; what the death of Bismarck will be to Germany. At the day of his death he filled the minds of French politicians more than Guizot ever did, or Thiers, or any of the nameless Ministers of empire and monarchy—more than Peel ever filled men's thoughts amongst us, more even than Gladstone does now. His brief hour of office was a mere interlude. He is almost the one Frenchman of our times who could fall from office without disappearing from public life. Office made no difference to his personal power, except that it hampered it by arousing a storm of jealousies. Death, as usual, is the true measure of greatness, and death has revealed to us with startling force what is the Republic with Gambetta and what it is without him. Right or wrong, this is power; this is one of those pre-eminent personalities which occur but now and then in a century. Here is the great man (it is one of those facts which we must take as facts, whether we like it or not), and it is with justice that his followers say, "Here is the man who is not of the order of the Jules Favres and the Jules Simons, or the Jules Ferrys, or even of the Thiers and the Guizots—here is a born leader of the order of the Dantons and the Hoches."

I. Take him as the creator of the Republic. There were three successive epochs in which Gambetta was the true author of the Republic: in 1868-9, in 1870-1, in 1876-8. For sixteen years the Empire had lain like a nightmare upon France; corrupting it from above, crushing it within, weakening it without, degrading and stifling the entire French nation. All the better elements of the people revolted; all were ready for a resurrection—but who gave the word? Always and everywhere Gambetta. His energy, his courage, his faith in the Republic, his scorn of the Empire, rang like an electric shock through France. In November, 1868, the date of his famous speech, he was a briefless, unknown barrister. In the early spring of 1869, he was the rival, the terror, and the judge of the Empire. The Empire in these last two years shook and cowered before a young lawyer.

It is easy to say that hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen felt this, that Paris was seething with insurrection, and the whole thinking class, and the entire working class, was in defiance. True; but both wanted the tongue, the soul, the heart, and they found those in Gambetta. The Jules Simons, the Rocheforts, and Prévost Paradols, might write smart articles; Delescluze and Blanqui could conspire; but neither epigrams nor conspiracies could shake the Empire. It needed an agitator who was also a statesman. Gambetta was both; and he struck the Empire as neither fifty Jules Simons nor a hundred Blanquis could strike it.

The Empire ended, as we know, in an utter wreck; and again, on the morrow of Sedan, the Republic was the work of Gambetta. He planned it, he organized it, he established it. In that shameful overthrow of France, in the winter of 1870, the one redeeming effort stood out clear; and again, one man alone struck the imagination of Europe, of Germany, of France. Such a negation of all that is sound and manly as the Empire was, cannot afflict a people for a generation without leaving a heritage of blight and corruption; and with all my love for the French name and people, I cannot deny that in 1870 it had sunk as low as a nation can sink without death. From that torpor France was saved by the energy of Gambetta. That one man, a young, unknown, penniless lawyer of thirty-two, roused France from her slumber, upheld her banner against hopeless odds, made the French people feel again they were a people, and planted in their hearts the image of Republic instead of Empire. Then it was that the Republic was formed: Gambetta's name was made a household word in France. Into every village, from Ushant to Nice, from Dunkirk to St. Sebastian, the conscript of 1870 carried back the tale of a leader who had kept alive the French name. Since the days of the First Napoleon, no name had ever penetrated into every heart in France as did Gambetta's. He was the one man known to all living Frenchmen—man, woman, and child—and known as the inspirer of a new sense—love of the country. He was the moral inspirer of the nation; for he recalled the spirit of the men who fought at Valmy and Jemappes; nay, it is no profanation to say it, he recalled Jeanne Darc herself. He restored the French nation to itself, giving France back to Europe as one of her great forces. This is the imperishable work of the Republic of 1870; and for this the Republic of 1870 will be remembered when Bismarck and Moltke and the German Empire are names for historical research.

It failed. Yes! it failed, because the miserable monarchies and empires, which have succeeded each other in France since the Revolution, had crushed out of Frenchmen the national spirit; and no energy or genius can make a nation in an hour. But I say it advisedly—

now that twelve years have passed, and all the facts are known—that but for the intrigues and fears of men like Bazaine, and Trochu, and Thiers, and the wild intestine hatred that a generation of civil war had bred, and the feebleness and the selfishness that a generation of Empire had bred, the defence would have succeeded.

The Germans knew it, and feared it. It was impossible for Germany to conquer France had Frenchmen been true to themselves. The grandsons of the men who had repelled Europe at five sides at once were conquered by a nation no bigger, and far less powerful in material resources than themselves. I can never forget how Gambetta himself spoke of this to me. In a long conversation on the war, I asked him years after all was over: "Could then the defence have been continued in 1871?" "Certainly!" he groaned out bitterly, crunching his clasped hands. "Of course it could!" "Then why did they give in?" said I. "C'était le cœur qui leur manquait," he roared out, bounding off his seat, and his face purple with shame and rage. "Because they were out of heart," said he. And I felt what Danton had been in '93.

It is said this is not very much to have done. Gambetta was an eloquent talker, and did nothing but put into eloquent words the thoughts of thousands. In one sense that is true. The statesman *ex hypothesi* is not the original thinker; he is never the lonely discoverer of a peculiar truth. Nor is he the mere mouthpiece of other men's schemes. The man who touches the brains and hearts of his time with that sympathetic and guiding note which brings them to one act at the given time—the man who makes the current idea and the dominant feeling burn in thirty millions of spirits at once, who utters the true word at the right time—this is the statesman; and the man of this sort is rare, and appears but once in a generation or two.

The work of Gambetta in 1868, or in 1870, was in the main the work of a single idea. His work in 1877 was far more complex, and far more truly of the political sort. The great struggle in 1877 between Despotism and Republic—for that was the true issue then, as we now see—was in a marvellous sense the work of Gambetta. The long six months' struggle of France with the Government of Combat, the consummate skill with which all the Republican parties were restrained, sustained, and concentrated, the order, self-restraint, and discipline of the country under a series of reckless provocations, the grasp over an intricate network of electoral movements from one end of France to another, the marvellous success in face of desperate pressure, the ease, order, and completeness of the triumph, its liberal and noble spirit, and the rejection of all vindictive retaliation—this was the work of Gambetta alone. I was myself at that time in all parts of France, and I was in constant intercourse with leaders of the

movement in Paris and in the country. One and all would say, "We do not know the data ourselves, but Gambetta has the whole machinery of the party in his hands. He knows the facts in every constituency in France. He has them all in his head; he assures us of success; and *we trust him*." France *did* trust him in 1877; and the Republic was made.

Thus three times the Republic was due to Gambetta: to his audacity in 1868, to his resolution in 1870, to his sagacity in 1877. And to be the foremost bold man, the foremost resolute man, the foremost sagacious man of your generation, is to be the great man. To be the great man who founds the Republic is to be the man of the century. I take of this century in Europe, Canning, Peel, Cobden, Gladstone, in England; Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, in Italy; Stein and Bismarck, in Germany; Deak and Kossuth, in Hungary; Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield, in America; and I say that the foundation of the Republic in France is a work far greater and more difficult than any which they undertook.

The Republic in France is the condition of all progress. The old Europe of feudalism cannot disappear, the new Europe of the people cannot begin, till the Republic is founded. It means the definitive extinction of hereditary claims of every kind, the final admission of capacity and merit to every function in the State. The Republic is the issue of all modern history since the sixteenth century; it is the condition of all future progress since the eighteenth century ended. It is the great political problem of modern Europe; ripe for solution only in France; already attained in a modified form by England; still hovering in the balance elsewhere. But the problem of the nineteenth century is the establishment of the Republic in France; and the man who as yet has done most to establish it is assuredly Léon Gambetta.

II. I take him next as the statesman of the new social strata; and here again it is certain that no single politician in Europe within this century has been at once a foremost power in Europe, and a man of the people in origin, habit, interest, and sympathy. The type of Lincoln and Garfield is common enough in the United States. But in Europe, in this century, there has been no other example. Men like Cavour and Bismarck are great forces; but they belong by race and training to the old feudal classes. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli did not belong to them by birth; but their training and the habits were as much those of the governing classes as Lord Derby or Lord Salisbury's. Mr. Gladstone has the popular fibre and the popular sympathy; but he has never abandoned nor defied the old aristocratic orders. I do not say it would be wise for an English politician to do so; but in France it is the condition of true Republican force. Neither Thiers, nor Grévy, nor any of the elder states-

men have ever stood forth as direct representatives of the people. Gambetta alone, of the men of European position, has done so. His memorable words, that the Government of France must pass to new social strata, was no idle phrase but a reality. Gambetta, even if for a moment he indulged in luxury, lived, and died, and was buried the son of the grocer of Cahors. He not only felt sympathy with the populace, but he never could cease to be of the populace himself. I have seen him within recent years myself living like any young beginner in literature or science, as completely a son of the people as when he talked and laughed in the Café Procope. I am far from saying that this is necessary or even desirable in every country in Europe; but in France it is. The only possible Republican ruler in France is the man of the people. And it is of prime importance to Europe to show that the son of a country shopman can reach the first place in his country before he is forty, and without ceasing to be the son of the shopman. And here again I say that it is a thing of great moment in the world that the death of the son of a provincial tradesman should be an event of European importance, and that he should have the burial of a chief of the State.

III. I take him next as the first modern Frenchman who combined Revolutionary ends with Conservative methods—that is to say, who was resolved to carry out the principles of the Revolution, both those of 1789, 1791, and 1848, by means of popular conviction, and not of *coups-de-main* and terror. He was, as no other Frenchman in this century has been, trusted at once by the masses of the cities, and by the masses of the peasants. The workmen of the great cities of France are at present in a state of revolutionary excitement; the peasants and farmers of the country are the most purely Conservative class in Europe. I mean by Conservative, averse to all doubtful experiments, whether backwards or forwards. It is quite true that Gambetta was so Conservative that he had lost a large part of his influence with the workmen of Paris and Lyons. He would probably, had he lived, have lost even more. But he died, by free vote, Member for Belleville, the most insurgent quarter of Paris. He who did this at the same time possessed the confidence of the mass of the rural voters. This was to unite Order and Progress, as no other foremost politician of France has ever done in our time. They have to choose the one or the other—the changes desired by the mass of the workmen, or the permanence loved by the mass of the peasants. They are avowed Revolutionists or avowed Conservatives; men who, like Thiers and Grévy, influence the middle class without influencing workmen at all; or men like Clémenceau, who lead the workmen, but have no influence with the rich and the peasantry. Gambetta was the one Frenchman of modern times who could induce the Revolutionists to follow constitutional means to their ends, whilst inducing

the Conservatives to face and accept a new order of government. He had founded, and, had he lived, he would possibly have secured, what M. Lafitte has called an organic, progressive, Republican party.

He had hardly succeeded, when cut short in death. Nor can we be at all sure that in any case he would have succeeded in his task. The situation of France is extraordinarily difficult; one that makes government for the moment almost impossible. The democratic mania (and by that I mean the passion of groups and of individuals to reject every centre of power but that which promotes their own particular nostrums), this democratic frenzy has gone so far that we may well doubt if any government by opinion is now possible. Free government means government by consent of the governed and by rational guidance of their convictions. But when a society has got into that state that the majority of energetic natures hold it as the first duty of a man not to be governed at all; when opinion is in that state that in place of rational convictions society is saturated with prejudices incompatible with each other, and agreeing only in being impervious to reason at all—then government (by conviction at least) is nearly a hopeless task. I am not saying that France has reached this hopeless state; but the democratic poison has gone nearly as far as is compatible with rational existence. We, to whom the Republic is the normal condition of the most advanced civilization, who call for a social and not a mere plutocratic Republic, are as far as ever from the democratic system. Let us explain these terms which are used so loosely in England. By Republican Government we mean that government which represents the mass of the people without privileged families of any kind, or any governing class, or any hereditary office. It is government in the name of the people, in the interests of all equally, in sympathy with the people; where, so far as the State is concerned, neither birth, nor wealth, nor class, give any prerogative whatever. We mean, in fact, by Republican what is on the lips of all English Liberals, but is so little to be found in the facts of English politics. By Democracy we mean the direct control of the machinery of government by all citizens equally, or rather, by such of them as can succeed in making themselves heard, and for the time paralyzing the rest. This government by everybody in turn is the negation of the true Republican Government; for in place of being the government by conviction and consent of the people in the interest of all, it is the arbitrary enforcement of a set of narrow interests by small groups in endless succession.

The virus of democracy (which, in the sense in which I use it, is so little republican or popular government, that it is rather a series of impotent tyrannies by petty groups), the virus of democracy may have gone so far in France, that Gambetta would have attempted to organize it in vain. Certain it is, that with all his democratic

training, and all his democratic habits, his very existence was an antidote to democracy. Every great personality, every national reputation, every creative political force, is in itself the negation of democracy. Democracy, or everybody ruling for his day in turn, and in the meantime, till his turn comes, furiously assailing every one whose turn is come, is hushed into silence by the very existence of a great man. A great statesman is *ipso facto* as fatal to democracy as a great general is incompatible with mutiny. I am not speaking of England nor of the English Parliament, where different circumstances make different conditions. I am speaking of France to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that her one chance of good government lies in the hope that her government will assume a personal and not a democratic form. By personal I do not mean despotic; certainly not military, nothing imperial, not a rule of bayonets, and prisons, and exile, and the state of siege; but the government of a capable man or men, freely accepted and followed by the will of an intelligent people. In a way we have something of the kind here; in a way they have something of the kind in America. The great chance of their having it in France lay in the future of Gambetta. I am far from saying that in such a situation even he would have succeeded; but his life offered chances of such a thing that we look for in vain in France.

Far be it from me to imply that we should approve of all his schemes, or even condone his later policy. I am free to acknowledge that of late I have earnestly repudiated many leading features of his policy. His attack upon the Catholic fraternities, his idea of a State Church, of a State education, of State public works, are contrary, I hold it, to any just and radical principles; whilst the miserable aggression in Tunis, and the criminal spoliation of Egypt, fill us with the warmest indignation. For the most part, in the last two years, I have found myself more often on the side of Clémenceau, and heartily desirous of seeing the policy of Clémenceau succeed.

But in the one great necessity of France, the formation of a governing party or power, perfectly Republican, at once progressive and Conservative, I ask myself if Clémenceau has the prospect of succeeding where Gambetta failed. By all means let us support him if prospect there be. But I am not sanguine. Clémenceau is so far unable to deal with Democracy, in that he is himself a fanatical adherent of the Democratic creed. To him the defeating of any personal power is the first duty of a citizen; whereas the formation of a personal power is the first necessity of the Republic. To him Opportunism is the worst of political crimes; whereas Opportunism is simply the basis of all true statesmanship. To him, the beginning and end of politics is the logical fulfilment of the Revolution; whereas the condition of fulfilling the Revolution is to make it the

gradual development of Order. On all these grounds, although on so many a recent question I hold Clémenceau right and Gambetta wrong, we would have held to the party of Gambetta and not to that of Clémenceau. If we must choose between the Irreconcilables and the Opportunists, then Opportunism means practical government, and Irreconcilability means a pedantic doctrine. To have thrown over Gambetta for Clémenceau, is the very type of the Democratic frenzy.

The one hope for France is the rise of a great Republican chief. And circumstances had so worked that for the moment Gambetta was the only possible Republican chief. Power in France rests in the hands of some seven or eight millions of electors; and these seven or eight millions know it, and mean to keep the power. Since the death of Louis Napoléon and Thiers, Gambetta's name was the one name of living Frenchmen which was known to every one of these millions. Grévy's is unknown to one-third of them, perhaps; the name of Clémenceau is unknown to two-thirds of them. The extraordinary events of 1870 had carried the name and the fame of Gambetta into every cottage and garret in France. Nothing that Clémenceau, or Grévy, or Jules Simon, or Rochefort, or any one of these could do, could bring their names or their characters before the mass of the electors. The good sense of Grévy, the political logic of Clémenceau, are admirable forces; but they cannot reach the men who hold the power. They cannot speak in the tones which are heard through France; they cannot rouse the ideas of the distant sluggish millions. Grévy may issue a hundred messages, and Clémenceau may deliver a hundred speeches, but not one word of these will reach the dull ear of the herdsmen in the Morbihan, and the vine-dressers of the Gironde, and the woodcutters of the Jura, and the ploughmen of the Beauce. But when Gambetta spoke, France heard it and knew it, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. The stout farmers and the shepherds and the peasants, from the Pas de Calais to the Pyrenées, and the workmen of Belleville, and of Perrache, and of the Cannebière, of Lille, and Bordeaux, and Rouen, and Havre—every Frenchman knew it and understood it, and, more or less, was moved or influenced by it. France is politically a bilingual nation. One-half speaks a political language, and lives in a political world, which is wholly unknown to the other. They who address one-half of the nation are incomprehensible to the other. Gambetta alone of modern Frenchmen was bilingual too. He found a language that both understood, and he alone could address France. He combined Order and Progress—that is, Revolutionary ends and a Conservative spirit. Here, then, was the political force. France is a Democratic Republic, whose only possible government is a popular chief, Revolutionary by his genius and Conservative by his instincts. Such an one was Gambetta, and for my part, I see no other.

IV. I pass to the last of the points which remain to notice, and my words on this great man, or this great torso of a great man, are ended. He is the one European statesman of this century who systematically and formally repudiated any kind of acceptance of theology. His Opportunist theory of a State Church was no doubt as wrong in principle as his persecution of the Catholic Orders. But about his formal rejection of all theology there can be no doubt; his life, his death, his burial, all alike bear witness to it. It is common enough with minor politicians of all types in France. But when we see the way in which the responsible rulers of France have entered into partnership with theology, when we remember all that in that line was done by the Bourbons, Napoléons, and Orleans, by men like Guizot and Thiers, Macmahon and de Broglie, we see here a new thing—a statesman of the first rank in Europe who formally repudiates theology in any shape, the first ruler of France in this century who has chosen to rule on purely human sanctions. Had his rejection of theology been simply negative, had he been a mere sceptic like Thiers, or an empty scoffer like Rochefort, it is little that we should find to honour and respect in his secular belief. But the soul of Gambetta was not the soul of scoffer or sceptic. He had a religion in his soul, though he had neither God nor saint, though he never bowed the knee in the temple of Rimmon. His religion was France, an imperfect and but narrow image indeed of that Humanity which we meet here to acknowledge and to serve, but a part of that Humanity and an organ and an emblem of it. His religious life, like his political life, remained but a fragment and a hope. Both have closed at the age of forty-four. What a future might have lain beyond had he lived to the age of Thiers or Guizot!

It is a thing which the world will remember one day—that vast ceremony in Paris on the 6th of January last—such a funeral as no emperor ever had, a day that recalled the gathering of the dawn of the Revolution in 1789; when all France helped to bury the one Frenchman who stood before Europe as Bismarck and Gladstone alone of living men stand before Europe to-day, and from first to last in that throng where Paris did honour to the son of the dealer of Cahors, no Catholic emblem or priest was seen; not a thought but for the great human loss and human sorrow, not a word but of human and earthly hopes. For the first time in this century Europe looked on and saw one of its foremost men laid in his rest by a nation in grief without priest or church, prayer or hymn.

The nation laid him in his rest with an honour that no service of theology could equal. For death is peculiarly the sphere of the power and resources of the religion of man. It will find for the last offices of its great sons noble words and affecting ceremonies, before which the requiems and the canticles of the Prayer-book will sound

hollow and puerile enough. It will clothe the memory of the great man with all the memories of the servants of Humanity, whose work he has helped, and whose great company he has joined at last. On this day, in our calendar, we recall the hero-poet of Athens, the glorious Æschylus, who sang the song of the great battle with the Persian host, in which he bore so valiant a part. Methinks we hear again in his drama the chant of the warriors of the Republic, as the ships of the Athenians bore down on the invader: "Sons of the Greeks, come on, to free your country and your wives, your children and your homes!" And in the spirit of this immortal tradition of patriotic defence, let us remember with honour the great citizen who has been borne to the premature grave, wherein were laid the unrevealed future of Danton, and Hoche, and Condorcet, and Carrel.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

DISCHARGED PRISONERS: HOW TO AID THEM.

THERE are few persons in misfortune who command more general sympathy than discharged prisoners. Occasionally the commiseration is bestowed upon unworthy subjects—those who have no desire to retrieve their characters or to live by the fruits of honest industry, who are radically vicious or idle, irreconcilable enemies to society. For such persons sentences of imprisonment cannot be too long, nor the punishment too severe. When they are at liberty they must be placed under stringent supervision, not indeed of a character to prevent their living honestly, but so strict as to confine their power for evil within the smallest possible compass.

But a very large proportion of those who are daily discharged from her Majesty's convict establishments and local prisons do not come under this category. Many of them have infringed the criminal law under circumstances not in themselves excusable, but not evincing that moral cancer which pervades the whole nature of an habitual criminal. It is hard to say how we ourselves should have acted under like temptation, or what we should have done to find means to meet the distress which drives so many to crime. It is for this class of offenders that societies formed for the assistance of discharged prisoners principally exist. The aid they are able to extend to deserving cases is not only of advantage to the individual, but of great service to the State.

The difficulties with which a person once convicted has to contend are enormous. It is impossible for the general public, or, indeed, for his immediate kindred, to take cognizance of the peculiar facts of the case. He has been in prison, and that is enough. His employment, his friends, have disappeared; his home is broken up; none will associate with him; he undergoes his punishment over and over again

in the fear of his antecedents being discovered. True, this is part of the unwritten sentence of the law, and it is well that it is so. I would not for one moment diminish the consequences of crime. On the contrary, I would increase them if it were possible. The certainty and severity of punishment are alone capable of exercising a deterrent influence, not only upon the criminal mind, but upon the mind assailed with passing temptations. What the public might sacrifice, in money, by the increase and improvement of the police, and in the curtailment of a pernicious liberty to purchase stolen goods, would be amply compensated for by the diminution of crime and the increased security of property.

It is upon this principle, which has been recognized by every judge who has administered the laws of England—namely that the prevention of crime is far more desirable than its detection or punishment—that assistance to well-disposed discharged prisoners is a matter of national concern. I have drawn no exaggerated picture of the life of one who bears the prison taint. Unaided he cannot find work, he cannot get a fresh start. Opportunity to retrieve his character he has none. He must eat to live, and, cut off from all ordinary sources of livelihood, in order to eat he steals. Once re-embarked on a criminal career, the voyage is for life; and he who, with timely help, might have become a useful citizen, is left a permanent burden upon the country. It is, therefore, on this ground mainly that I claim for Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies a public utility second to none.

Let me briefly consider the position of the associations in the Metropolitan Police District. There are eleven different societies devoting their resources exclusively to the assistance of discharged prisoners. The Tables on the opposite page give a rough summary of their work and resources.

In point of the number of societies assisting discharged prisoners, London has every reason to be satisfied. But, without in any way disparaging the excellent character of the work done by each association, it may be open to some question whether the maximum amount of benefit is derived from the resources available. The balance-sheets are not in all cases so clear as might be desired, and it is not quite satisfactory to find that the establishment expenses absorb a sum so nearly equivalent to the amount expended in relief, although in several cases it would appear to cover the cost of keeping the discharged prisoners in refuges or other houses. Taking the cases assisted at 4,310, according to Table I., we find that each case costs on an average about £4 6s. 9d. This, in itself, would not perhaps be excessive, supposing some real good to have been accomplished in a fair proportion of instances. But the number of 4,310 cases is of itself unreliable, because many of the societies work

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TABLE I.

Return of the Income and Expenditure during the Years indicated of Metropolitan Societies, &c., established for the Assistance of Discharged Prisoners.

Name of Society.	Income for 1881.			Establishment Expenses.			Expended in Relief.			Number of cases dealt with.	Remarks.
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		
1. The Royal Society for the Assistance of Discharged Prisoners	4,652	3	1	802	3	4	3,523	3	4	592	{ 1882. Assists male convicts only. 1882. The Branch of the Royal Society for Assisting Female Convicts.
2. Westminster Memorial Refuge	2,372	7	3	1,266	0	0	1,097	0	0	103	
3. Metropolitan Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society	708	19	8	201	7	1	439	3	1	730	
4. St. Giles's Christian Mission	1,503	14	2	443	14	0	1,015	1	11	526	{ 1881. Assists discharged prisoners of both sexes. 1881.
5. Sheriffs' Fund	1,020	3	7	17	12	8	594	8	1	1,169	
6. Surrey Society for the Employment and Reformation of Discharged Prisoners	691	2	7	121	13	10	356	16	3	595	1881.
7. Elizabeth Fry Refuge for the Reception of Female Prisoners	1,045	4	4	311	6	6	565	4	4	119	1881.
8. British Ladies' Society for Promoting the Reformation of Female Prisoners	213	8	10	30	17	6	96	13	9	89	1874.
9. Prison Mission (Females)	2,869	0	9	2,803	19	11	—	—	—	200	{ 1881. This society gives employment to women in a laundry. 1881. 1881.
10. Dalton Refuge	2,423	6	4	1,465	9	9	963	1	6	105	
11. Royal Female Philanthropic Society	1,195	1	6	548	0	10	633	10	8	82	
Totals	18,694	12	1	8,012	5	5	9,284	2	11	4,310	

TABLE II.

Return showing in what manner Aid was rendered to Discharged Prisoners by the undermentioned Societies in the above years.

Name of Society.	How aid rendered and number so aided.						Remarks.
	Gratuities alone.	Work obtained.	Assisted to emigrate.	Assisted to leave the district.	Sent to sea.	Miscellaneous.	
1. Royal Society for the Assistance of Discharged Prisoners	—	165	30	263	40	59	{ This society assists convicts to lay out gratuity to best advantage. Do. do. do. 55 remained in Refuge. 10 attempted suicide cases also assisted out of Special Fund. 5,383 provided with breakfast on leaving prison.
2. Westminster Refuge	160	9	—	—	—	—	
3. Metropolitan Aid Society	607	107	—	—	107	45	
4. St. Giles's Mission	523	*	*	*	*	*	{ 177 "fell through." Several left in Refuge. 84 referred to "Elizabeth Fry Refuge," of which this Society appears to be only the Prison Visiting Branch. Employed in laundry. 52 appear to have remained in Refuge.
5. Sheriffs' Fund	1,048	—	—	—	—	121	
6. Surrey Society	—	130	5	—	38	241	
7. Elizabeth Fry Refuge	—	42	2	10	—	30	
8. British Ladies' Society	5	—	—	—	—	—	
9. Prison Female Mission	—	200	—	—	—	—	
10. Dalton Refuge	—	40	—	—	—	9	
11. Female Philanthropic Society	—	34	2	5	—	5	
Totals	2,346	727	39	283	183	540	

NOTE.—These returns are compiled from statistics of a very varied and apparently unreliable character, especially with reference to the female refuges. Those about which there is no doubt are the Royal Society, the St. Giles's Mission, and the Sheriffs' Fund.

* Either obtained work, were sent to sea, or assisted to emigrate.

together, and the same beneficiary is recorded in the books of the two societies. Indeed, instances have occurred of plausible men making a complete round of the societies for males, obtaining temporary assistance from each, and then endeavouring to obtain alms from the chaplains of prisons, and lastly from the poor-box of one or more police courts.

The St. Giles's Christian Mission, frequently assisted by the Sheriffs' Fund, takes, perhaps, the greatest pains to avoid being imposed upon, while it is always ready to assist in a deserving case. The prisoners are invited to breakfast upon leaving Coldbath Fields, and then all who are anxious to have the assistance of the Mission in obtaining work can at once lay their cases before Mr. Wheatley, the secretary, whose success in dealing with them is extraordinary. Those who wish can, until they obtain employment, find board and lodging in the mission-houses, where they are removed from the evil influences of old companions. Then when a situation is found, frequent inquiry is made to ascertain whether the individual's conduct is satisfactory. His career is subsequently followed up as far as possible.

A large number of male discharged prisoners are returned by several of the societies as "sent to sea." This is the least satisfactory method of accounting for them, as in reality it rarely means more than a temporary berth upon a coasting vessel, which is very likely abandoned at the first port. It is a favourite employment with many who have learnt in prison that it is the easiest way of obtaining pecuniary aid and a good outfit, and, best of all, offers the greatest opportunity for evading the provisions of the Prevention of Crimes Acts, which require those subject to them to report themselves periodically to the police. The latter remark also applies to those who are "assisted to leave the district."

Although it is more difficult to obtain private employment for women than for men, inasmuch as they can rarely fill other than domestic situations, into which there is a natural hesitation to admit them, female discharged prisoners find long continued shelter in the several refuges, where they are profitably engaged in laundry work. The cost of this accounts for the apparent excessive proportion of establishment expenses in the Prison Mission and other institutions for females.

I think that much benefit might be derived by some consolidation of these establishments; and my opinion is even stronger as regards the societies assisting convicts on license and male discharged prisoners. I do not pretend to say upon what basis such concentration of resources and action might be carried into effect; but if a conference could be brought together to discuss the matter in a friendly spirit, I feel sure that very great good might be done. If,

in the result, one or two societies could be formed out of the eleven now urging rival claims upon public charity, it would have the effect of creating a strong organization to meet a great want, and by the establishment of a proper system, would prevent any waste of money upon the vultures of benevolence.

Besides the large number of London societies, there are few counties without one or more associations for assisting discharged prisoners, and in many boroughs they exist also. I am frequently asked what are the best lines for such a society to act upon, and my first answer invariably is to take every care that the seed is sown upon good ground. The present system of ascertaining the antecedents of persons arrested is not by any means what I hope it will one day become; and how much further removed from perfection is the intercommunication between the numerous societies in question! It cannot be materially improved so long as matters are left as they are; but if there were a parent society in London, with branches in the provinces, as is the case with the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, then I submit there would be the surest guarantee for the profitable employment of the funds easily obtainable, vast diminution in working expenses, increased facility for obtaining situations beyond the baneful influence of companions in crime, and no diminution in the scope for local activity. Such an organization would be of great advantage to the State, and would provide a most valuable agency in the prevention of crime by the best means.

There can be little doubt that the thing most to be aimed at in dealing with a liberated prisoner is to prevent a relapse into that companionship which led him into crime. This may be secured in two ways: first, by getting employment for him, immediately on liberation, in a fresh locality; and, secondly, by housing him for a time under such careful restrictions as may be devised for preventing a promising case being injured by communication with other inmates of less hopeful prospects. It is essential, even after a situation has been found, that the society should retain its influence upon the individual for two or three years at least, for if this is omitted there is great probability of a falling backwards when the first difficulty arises. The benefit must not be limited to obtaining employment: it must be extended to enabling the employment to be retained. It is for this reason, in addition to those above enumerated, that I venture to take exception to the mere dispatch of discharged prisoners to another district or to sea. The change of locality is very beneficial; but in the new place there must be a helping hand. Above all things, however, a person taking part in work among discharged prisoners must throw all the sympathy in his nature into his intercourse with them. He must listen to their several histories—strongly infused though

many of them may be with falsehood—and must be a man to whom they will open their hearts, and who will study the peculiarities of each case.

It is of comparatively little avail to address masters in order to obtain labour. I have appealed to them in every way; and although many wish the work well, and are willing to help it with their purses, they cannot give employment. Offices of trust are out of the question until an individual has proved himself worthy of confidence; and if an employer sends for the persons responsible for the work to be done, and says he wishes employment given to this or that man who has just come out of prison, he is met with the answer that the wish can only be complied with on the responsibility of the master. This responsibility cannot be accepted, for it would open the door to both negligence and speculation. There is also the great risk of the workmen refusing to admit a known discharged prisoner among them. I do not for a moment say that charitable societies should endeavour to obtain work for men under any false pretence; but I think that they have a far greater chance of success if they turn their attention first only to manual labour, or to routine work not offering temptation, and leave matters to be quietly arranged between zealous agents and foremen of works.

The provisions of the Prevention of Crime Acts are, I believe, of great service in enforcing the honesty of those coming under the Acts, viz. :—

“(a.) Convicts liberated upon license (ticket of leave) before the completion of their sentence of penal servitude.

“(b.) Those who in due course of law are sentenced to a period of imprisonment in addition to the term of imprisonment inflicted.”

The requirements of the Prevention of Crime Acts are :—

“(a.) That every license holder and supervisee shall notify his or her place of residence to the chief officer of police of the district into which he or she is liberated or removes, within forty-eight hours.

“(b.) That any subsequent change of address shall be also notified on or before removal.

“(c.) That he or she shall notify to the chief police officer of the district his or her intention to leave the said district, as well as the chief police officer of the district into which he or she removes.

“(d.) That being a male he shall report himself once in every month to such time and place, and to such person, as shall be prescribed by the chief police officer of the district. This report to be made personally, unless the privilege of reporting by letter has been specially allowed.”

There is nothing in these conditions of liberty which interferes with honest employment in the majority of instances; but if the monthly report does entail any hardship, a chief officer of police is empowered by the statute to allow it to be made by letter.

The penalty for neglecting to comply with these provisions en-

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feiture of the license, in the case of a convict, and twelve months imprisonment with hard labour, in that of a supervisee.

It is the knowledge that this power exists which makes the sobering man careful in his conduct in districts where the Act is strictly enforced. Unfortunately, this is the exception rather than the rule; and the result is that the worst characters leave a district where the law is closely applied, and remove to one where negligence prevails.

In the Metropolitan District a branch of the police was established in 1880 for the exclusive purpose of carrying out the Preventive Acts. It consists of eight officers who are entirely employed in ascertaining and recording the movements of the licensees and supervisees in the metropolis. These number from a thousand to fifteen hundred. Deserving persons, besides being frequently in communication with the several societies, under special circumstances receive pecuniary assistance from the Convict Office, and great care is taken to inform the men where they are most likely to find work. The results of this system are satisfactory in the increased facility it affords for tracing the antecedents of those in custody both in London and the country; but its direct effect is diminished by the comparative ease with which the dangerous character can remove beyond the district and return to it without hindrance. This would be obviated by the adoption of a uniform method of administering the Acts by the 290 different police forces of Great Britain. I hope that in time this may be established; and if, simultaneously therewith, a national lay organization were called into existence for assisting discharged prisoners, I have no doubt that the effect upon the criminal returns would soon be very apparent.

Meanwhile it is gratifying to be able to record that every individual has failed to establish the truth of any complaint made in the years of discharged prisoners being "hunted" by the Metropolitan Police, or prevented by police action from gaining an honest livelihood. On the contrary, many discharged prisoners have expressed gratitude for the consideration shown them. It is habitual crime alone by whom complaints are made, and this is done in order to enlist the sympathy of the Court before which they are standing answer for fresh offences.

C. E. HOWARD VINCE

MISS BURNEY'S OWN STORY.*

Memoirs of Dr. Burney. By his Daughter, Madame D'ARLAY. Three volumes. London: Moxon.
Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arday. Edited by her Niece. New edition, four volumes. London: Chatto and Windus.

AFTER reading "Camilla," and liking it less than he cared to say, Horace Walpole wrote: "This author knew the world and penetrated character before she had stepped over the threshold, and now she has seen so much of it she has little or no insight at all: perhaps she apprehended having seen too much, and kept the bags of foul air that she brought from the Cave of Tempests too closely tied." The criticism was just, however it may have been with the explanation. Time added nothing to Miss Burney's talent; as she felt more, her style only became more and more involved; as the interests of her life thickened, the interest of her books evaporated. During the four years that elapsed between the publication of "Cecilia" and her appointment at Court, she wrote nothing; and, when asked the reason of her silence, she could only answer that she supposed she was exhausted. So it was. She had invested her whole stock of original fancy in "Evelina" and "Cecilia," and by the time she had gained experience of real life, she had nothing left to work it up with.

It is tempting to go a little in detail into the story of this rapid spending of such unusually rich and promising gifts, and to consider whether it might have been avoided by a different course of circumstances. It might, perhaps, have been better for Miss Burney's later work if her first book had received more moderate admiration; if it had been read with indifference at Streatham, and Fanny had remained unknown to Johnson save as the second daughter of Dr. Burney, who rarely said more than "Yes" and "No" when there was company in St. Martin's Street. She might then have written a second novel in the same desultory way in which she wrote "Evelina," and, feeling less bound to produce something marvellous, she would perhaps have

* See "Miss Burney's Novels:" CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December, 1832.

been content with a simpler construction and fewer characters, and material would thus have been saved for the next venture. Or, again, had she written nothing for several years after "Evelina," but contented herself with seeing the world and reading, then perhaps, when the marriage of Mrs. Thrale and the death of Johnson brought the Streatham episode to a natural conclusion; when society was beginning to pall upon her, and the importance of providing for future independence to make itself felt, she might (instead of going to Court) have settled down quietly in her father's house, and made herself an income by writing one good novel after another out of her mingled intuition and experience. But such speculations are necessarily vain, and it is more profitable to seek the explanation of what puzzled her contemporaries quite as much as the inferiority of her later works—the extraordinary knowledge of life shown in the early ones. Her own fear, when she heard that Mrs. Thrale was reading "Evelina," was lest that lady should think she had kept very queer company. And, though nobody put the point quite in that way, the general wonder was how a modest and carefully brought up girl could have written "so boisterous a book." The explanation is found in her Memoirs of her father: she knew the world by inheritance. For at least three generations before Fanny, the Burney family had been making itself at home in a variety of social grades. Her great-grandfather, James MacBurney, managed, nobody knows how, to get rid of a considerable patrimony, and to sink from the position of a country gentleman of property to that of land-steward to the Earl of Ashburnham. His son (Fanny's grandfather) married an actress, and was punished for his indiscretion by being disinherited of whatever remained of the family fortune. He dropped the Mac, and called himself James Burney. By-and-by the father married a maid-servant, and had a son, who became a dancing-master. James Burney's first wife dying, he, too, married again, and this time made an entirely discreet choice. Mistress Anne Cooper was virtuous, clever, beautiful, and rich; she enjoyed, moreover, the fame of having been courted by Wycherley in the last years of his life. Several children, of whom the youngest was Charles (afterwards Dr. Burney), were born of this marriage; and James Burney settled down to the profession of portrait-painting in the town of Chester. Madame D'Arblay mentions with astonishment that when the family removed to Chester, they left Charles behind them at Condover, a village near Shrewsbury, where he spent all his childhood and boyhood under the care of an ignorant but kindly nurse. She declares herself unable to account for this singular arrangement, which, however, seems sufficiently accounted for by the fact that Charles received his first musical instruction from a half-brother, who was organist of St. Margaret's Church, Shrewsbury. Charles's taste for music showed itself early, and there can be

little doubt that his father left him at Condover with a view to its cultivation : it ran in the Burney blood to look to the arts rather than to trade or business for the means of living. Except the music he got from his brother, the boy had no regular teaching till he went, at sixteen or seventeen, to the Chester Free School. But he saw a great deal of life and character, and stored his memory with odd anecdotes and adventures, which he delighted in after years to relate to his children. From the terms in which Fanny speaks of these often-told tales of her father's childhood, it is clear that to them she owed much of her power of painting circumstances of which she could have no personal experience. And here is a beginning of an autobiography, never completed, which, had it appeared as a preface to "*Evelina*," would have answered to everybody's conception of the anonymous author :—

"Perhaps few have been better enabled to describe, from an actual survey, the manners and customs of the age in which he lived than myself; ascending from those of the most humble cottagers, and lowest mechanics, to the first nobility, and most elevated personages, with whom circumstances, situation, and accident, at different periods of my life, have rendered me familiar. Oppressed and laborious husbandmen; insolent and illiberal yeomanry; overgrown farmers; generous and hospitable merchants; men of business and men of pleasure; men of letters; men of science; artists; sportsmen and country squires; dissipated and extravagant voluptuaries; gamesters; ambassadors; statesmen; and even sovereign princes, I have had opportunities of examining in almost every point of view: all these it is my intention to display in their respective situations; and to delineate their virtues, vices, and apparent degrees of happiness and misery."

This fragment, it need hardly be said, is not by Fanny Burney, but by Fanny's father. Miss Ellis, in her preface to "*Cecilia*," hazards an opinion, in opposition to the authorities, that it was not from Johnson but from Dr. Burney that the elaborate pomposities of Madame D'Arblay's later style came. To me it seems that she got them from Dr. Johnson through her father. Charles Burney was an enthusiastic admirer of the *Rambler* papers, which were appearing at the time of Fanny's birth. "*Evelina*," written at a time when she was constantly in requisition as her father's amanuensis, has its share of Johnsonianisms; and that its share is not larger is simply due to the epistolary form in which the book is cast. At the time "*Cecilia*" was written, when Fanny was under Johnson's direct influence, he had left the Johnsonian style behind, and was writing the "*Lives of the Poets*," and reading the proof-sheets aloud at Mrs. Thrale's breakfast table. But if, as I think, it was to her father that Fanny owed the material of her best novels (and assuredly there was no source to which she would more gladly have confessed herself indebted for everything), we may the more readily forgive Dr. Burney for having given a false direction to her efforts to

improve her style. She certainly inherited from him the extraordinary personal charm that made Johnson say, "It is natural to love Burney." His friendships descended to her. She adopted his political convictions and his code of social proprieties. It is difficult to lay one's finger on anything in her whole composition that did not come from him, except, perhaps, the excessive sensitiveness that made the identification of herself and her work a constant puzzle to her friends, and the self-consciousness that resulted from her own sense of the contradiction they involved.

While Charles Burney was attending the free school at Chester, Dr. Arne, the popular composer of the day, paid a visit to the town, and, struck by the boy's musical talent, persuaded his father to let him accompany him to London on the footing of an apprentice. Dr. Arne was brother to Mrs. Cibber, the actress; and at her house young Burney found himself "in a constellation of wits, poets, actors, authors, and men of letters." It was there that some of the friendships began of which we read in the Diary of Madame D'Arblay—the brotherly relation with Garrick, the less affectionate, but hardly less close, intimacy with Christopher Smart, the acquaintance with William Mason. Burney was kindly noticed by the poet Thomson, then within a few years of death, and he attached himself admiringly to Dr. Hawkesworth, editor, a little later, of the *Adventurer*, who had just published a didactic poem on the "Art of Preserving Health," of which Burney approved both the verse and the sense. At the same time, that magnificent fine gentleman and *dilettante*, Fulke Greville, was inquiring of his harpsichord-maker whether there was to be found in London a young musician capable of giving instruction in his art, and fit to associate with a gentleman. The harpsichord-maker replied that he knew many who answered to the description, and one in particular, Charles Burney, who was as fit company for a prince as for an orchestra. An introduction was arranged, and Greville invited Burney to live with him. Burney hesitated on the ground that the term of his apprenticeship to Arne was not expired; and Greville cancelled the articles by paying down a sum of £300; but Charles Burney began a new life, with Greville for his mentor. It is plain that Greville cared more for Burney's company than for his music. He associated him with all his pleasures, and introduced him to every haunt of fashionable amusement—White's, Brooks's, Newmarket, Bath. But through all Burney preserved a remarkable independence; he kept clear of gambling, and continued to cultivate music with professional devotion. At Wilbury, Greville's house in Wiltshire, he first met Samuel Crisp, and began the most sacred friendship of his life, and that in which his daughter most completely shared.

When Mr. Greville made a runaway marriage with the beautiful Miss Fanny Macartney, Charles Burney gave away the bride, and a

year later he stood proxy for the Duke of Beaufort at the baptism of their first child—a daughter, who afterwards, as Mrs. Crewe, was one of the most active friends of Madame D'Arblay's middle life. The Grevilles next planned a tour on the Continent, and wanted Charles to accompany them. But he had fallen in love with Miss Esther Sleepé, a young lady he had met at the house of his half-brother in Hatton Garden, and could not bear the thought of leaving her. There was a time of uncomfortable constraint and uncertainty. Miss Sleepé insisted that her lover should not break with his patrons on her account, and Burney resigned himself to the separation. But his reluctance was too evident to escape notice and inquiry on the part of the Grevilles; and on their pressing him to explain it, he confessed his attachment, and showed them a miniature of Miss Sleepé. Greville, seeing the portrait of an exceedingly pretty girl, exclaimed, "But why don't you marry her?" Burney cried "May I?" and all difficulty vanished. The Grevilles went abroad, and Burney married Esther Sleepé, and began housekeeping somewhere in the City.

Madame D'Arblay describes her mother as small and delicate, though not diminutive in figure, with a face of fine oval outline, light blue eyes, and a "rosy hue." Charles Burney met her in a ball-room, and fell in love with her at first sight. But she had other qualities besides those which shine in ball-rooms:—

"With no advantage save the simple one of early learning, or rather imbibing, the French language, from her maternal grandfather who was a native of France, but had been forced from his country by the Edict of Nantes, this gifted young creature was one of the most pleasing, well-mannered, well-read, elegant, and even cultivated of her sex."

Madame D'Arblay does not tell us what was the calling of her mother's father, but she mentions that the "lovely Esther was born in the city," and "not in those dwellings of the hospitable English merchants of early days who rivalled the nobles in the accomplishments of their progeny, till by mingling in acquirements they mingled in blood." In plain English, Esther's parents were plebeian and poor; and, moreover, her father was a bad character. Her mother, on the other hand, was a good woman, for whom Fanny, when her time came, had a peculiar affection and reverence.

About a year after his marriage, Charles Burney's health broke down, and he was ordered by his physician to remove into the country. By the interest of friends, the post of organist to the Royal Borough of Lynn was obtained for him on flattering and advantageous terms. And at Lynn, on the 13th of June, 1752, his second daughter, Frances, was born.

Madame D'Arblay's account of the society of Lynn reminds us that everything does not change in a hundred and twenty years. After speaking of the dulness of the place and her father's sense of

its uncongeniality, she tells how by degrees some interesting and pleasant people sought him out. And then she adds:—

“But while amongst the male inhabitants of the town Mr. Burney associated with many whose understandings, and some few whose tastes, met his own; his wife, amongst the females, was less happy, though not more fastidious. She found them occupied almost exclusively in seeking who should be earliest in importing from London what was newest and most fashionable in attire, or in vying with each other in giving and receiving splendid repasts, and in struggling to make their every rotation become more and more luxurious. . . . Such almost universally is the inheritance bequeathed from mother to daughter in small towns at a distance from the metropolis, where there are few susceptible (*sic*) subjects or pursuits of interest, ambition, or literature, that can enlist either imagination or instruction into conversation.”

There were, however, two ladies who made agreeable exceptions to the rule of dulness—Mrs. Stephen Allen and Miss Dorothy Young.

“Mrs. Stephen Allen was the wife of a wine merchant of considerable fortune, and of very worthy character. She was the most celebrated beauty of Lynn, and might have been so of a much larger district, for her beauty was high, commanding, and truly uncommon; and her understanding bore the same description. She had wit at will; spirits the most vivacious and entertaining; and from a passionate fondness for reading she had collected stores of knowledge which she was always able and ‘nothing loath’ to display.”

Miss Young was no less virtuous and cultivated, but she was plain and deformed. The closest friendship subsisted between these two ladies, and Esther Burney soon made a third in the alliance. Mrs. Allen used to say that it was upon her pattern that she endeavoured to form her own character, and Dorothy Young devoted herself to Esther's children, acting the part of volunteer nurse whenever there was occasion. Madame D'Arblay dwells with grateful tenderness on the recollection of her rare unselfishness, and mentions that when her mother came to die, she named Dolly Young to her husband as the best second mother he could give their children. Dr. Burney, however, preferred a pretty wife, and after waiting six years, during which time Mrs. Allen became a widow, he married her instead. But Dolly remained a loved and valued friend.

After a residence of nine or ten years in Lynn, during which Mr. Burney's health re-established itself, it became the opinion of his friends that he should return to London. The new start was made in Poland Street. Madame D'Arblay dwells with especial pride and tenderness on the details of the work, and the pleasures and the friendships of the first year after the return to London. Her father's reputation as a teacher of music was now at its height, and his time was crowded with profitable engagements. In the second year her mother died of inflammation of the lungs, and Mr. Burney was left with a family of four girls and two boys. He made up his mind to send his girls, two at a time, to a school at Paris, and, for various reasons, Hester, the

eldest, and Susannah, the third daughter, were chosen to go first. Fanny was kept at home, partly on account of a delicate chest, which made her father always fearful that she should be carried off, like her mother, by consumption. It was intended that she should go later. But circumstances changed, and she remained at home altogether, and got, it has always been said, less regular education than any of the sisters.

The Garricks were the most intimate friends of the Burneys at this time. Their villa at Hampton was the father's frequent resort from Saturday to Monday; Mrs. Garrick's box at Drury Lane was constantly occupied by the Burney children, who watched every new performance of their friend with a sense of personal responsibility; and every part of the house in Poland Street was familiar with the presence of Garrick himself, who was as glad to romp with the children as to talk with the father, and always ready to act for the entertainment of all or any of the household. During the years spent at Lynn, Burney had lost sight of Mr. Crisp, but a chance meeting now brought them together again. Mr. Crisp had passed in the interval through the changes of fortune and temper that Macaulay has described in the essay on Madame D'Arblay. After the failure of his play in 1754, he had left London, and fitted himself up a villa at Hampton, where he purposed to spend the remainder of his life. But finding his income overtaxed by the constant demands his friends made upon his hospitality, he sold the villa, and buried himself in a corner of an old house called Chesington Hall, of which the master, Christopher Hamilton, was impoverished like himself. He carefully concealed his hiding-place from all the world, and determined to be a recluse for the rest of his days. The secret was, however, told to Burney, and as there was still one thing—music—for which Mr. Crisp thought it worth while to stay in London during several weeks of every year, the friends were in no danger of losing one another again. Whenever Mr. Crisp was in town, he almost lived at the Burneys' house, where the children called him "Daddy," and loved him almost as much as their real father. Later on, Mr. Hamilton died, and his sister turned Chesington into a boarding-house, of which Mr. Crisp was a constant inmate. His sister, Mrs. Gast, also came to live there; and a certain Miss Kitty Cooke, who was niece to Miss Hamilton, took a practical part in the house-keeping. A closet in Mr. Crisp's apartment was set aside for Dr. Burney, who used it as a country retreat, and Fanny, who was always Mr. Crisp's favourite, was a frequent guest at the house. Miss Kitty Cooke was the kindest of hostesses to her. She was a lady of much homelier type than most of Fanny's friends, and when "Evelina" was astonishing the literary world, her simple criticisms amused the author considerably, and sometimes proved more helpful than those

of the learned. When Burney married Mrs. Allen, which he did secretly in order to avoid gossip, Mr. Crisp found a snug farm-house on Chesington Common, within a mile-and-a-half of the Hall, for the pair to pass their honeymoon in. It is pleasant to be explicitly told by Madame D'Arblay that this marriage was entirely agreeable to "the younger members of both families," and to find Burney's old friends gathering in unbroken circle round the new mistress of his house.

Burney's second marriage took place in 1767. In 1769 he took his degree as Doctor of Music at Oxford. A little later he began to think seriously of writing a History of Music; and, in order to collect material, he started in June, 1770, for a tour through France and Italy. "From the month of June, 1770, to that of January, 1771," says his daughter, "the life of Dr. Burney is narrated by himself in his 'Tour to France and Italy.'" It was during these months of her father's absence that Fanny began to put into shape the story of "Evelina." She had long indulged a habit of desultory and secret writing, and, as everybody knows, a cherished MS., called the "History of Caroline Evelyn," was burnt in her fifteenth year, when a resolution was taken to write no more. But the writing impulse was strong, and, by-and-by, she could not refrain from jotting down the adventures of Caroline Evelyn's daughter. While her father was abroad, she wrote much of this new history in a scrappy and disconnected way. But on his return she had to put away her own work and help in his. For several months she was almost continually engaged in writing, from his dictation and notes, the record of his tour. This done, Dr. Burney started on a second tour through Germany and the Netherlands, and Fanny was once more mistress of her time and pen. Some changes of residence were taking place at this time. First the house in Poland Street was given up for a larger and pleasanter one in Queen Square. But there were difficulties about the titles of the new house, and a second move became necessary. It was then that the house in St. Martin's Street was purchased. The situation, judging by Madame D'Arblay's account, was not pleasanter then than it is now. But it had its compensations. It was delightful to Dr. Burney to know that it had been lived in by Sir Isaac Newton, and it was a recommendation to all the family that it was near to Sir Joshua Reynolds' house in Leicester Square. The change from Queen Square to St. Martin's Street was made while Dr. Burney was in Germany, and there was an interval during which Mrs. Burney and the daughters lived at Lynn and at Chesington. At Chesington, Fanny finished the rough writing of "Evelina." Dr. Burney's second return from the Continent was followed by a severe rheumatic illness, which made him more than ever dependent on his daughters. And until the end of the year 1774, when the first volume of the History of Music was completed,

Fanny had no time to herself. But while she worked for her father and saw her handwriting turning into print, the idea grew upon her that her story would look well in print also, and as soon as she was free she determined to copy it in feigned hand, so as to escape recognition by the printers, and offer it to Dodsley. Dodsley declined even to look at the anonymous MS., and it was offered to Mr. Lowndes, of Fleet Street, who purchased it for the sum of £20.

Some excellent letters from Fanny to Mr. Crisp, written at this time, and printed in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, give a vivid picture of the animated family and social life in the midst of which the publication of "*Evelina*" was secretly arranged. Her great themes are the visits of Garrick, the concerts at her father's house, the beginnings of the Streatham acquaintance. She knew Streatham well by report before she was introduced there as the author of "the best novel since Smollett." Her father had been invited in the course of 1776 to teach harmony to Miss Thrale. The lessons, as lessons, were a failure, for music was not very much cared for in the house, and Mrs. Thrale, who found Dr. Burney excellent company, used to interrupt her daughter's studies to discuss literature and politics with the tutor; and Dr. Burney, after a brief resistance, resigned himself to the pleasant irregularity, and sang the praises of Mrs. Thrale very heartily in St. Martin's Street. With Johnson he had long had a slight acquaintance, which now quickly ripened into warm friendship.

Out of many pages tempting to transcribe, I choose Fanny's account of the first visit of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale to her father's house. In all the *Diary* I do not think there is anything quite so good as the clear cutting of this first impression of the group of which she was soon to be a distinguished member:—

"We were all—by we I mean Suzette, Charlotte, and I—for my mother had seen him before, as had my sister Burney; but we three were all in a twitter, from violent expectation and curiosity for the sight of this monarch of books and authors.

"Mrs. and Miss Thrale came long before Lexiphanes. Mrs. Thrale is a pretty woman still, though she has some defect in the mouth that looks like a cut or scar; but her nose is very handsome, her complexion very fair; she has the *embonpoint charmant*, and her eyes are blue and lustrous. She is extremely lively and chatty, and showed none of the supercilious or pedantic airs so freely, or, rather, so scoffingly, attributed by you envious lords of the creation to women of learning or celebrity; on the contrary, she is full of spirit, remarkably gay, and extremely agreeable. I liked her in everything except her entrance into the room, which was rather florid and flourishing, as who should say, 'It's I!—no less a person than Mrs. Thrale!' However, all that ostentation wore out in the course of the visit, which lasted the whole morning; and you could not have helped liking her, she is so very entertaining—though not simple enough, I believe, for quite winning your heart.

"Miss Thrale seems just verging on her teens. She is certainly handsome, and her beauty is of a peculiar sort; fair, round, firm, and cherubimical, with its chief charm exactly where lies the mother's failure, namely, in the mouth. She is reckoned cold and proud; but I believe her to be merely shy and

reserved; you, however, would have liked her, and called her a girl of fashion, for she was very silent, but very observant, and never looked tired, though she never uttered a syllable."

The sisters, Hester and Susan, play a duet, very nervously at first, but with gathering courage as they realize that the visitors are not critical. Fanny is in "a twitter, twitter, twitter," to see Dr. Johnson, who arrives in good time:—

" . . . Dr. Johnson was announced! Everybody rose to do him honour, and he returned the attention with the most formal courtesy. My father then, having welcomed him with the warmest respect, whispered to him that music was going forward, which he would not, my father thinks, have found out; and placing him on the best seat vacant, told his daughters to go on with the duet, while Dr. Johnson, intently rolling towards him one eye—for they say he cannot see with the other—made a grave nod, and gave a dignified motion with one hand, in silent approbance of the proceeding.

"But now, my dear Mr. Crisp, I am mortified to own, what you, who always smile at my enthusiasm, will hear without caring a straw for, that he is, indeed, very ill-favoured! Yet he has naturally a noble figure: tall, stout, grand, and authoritative; but he stoops horribly; his back is quite round; his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers and twisting his hands; his vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards; his feet are never a moment quiet, and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from his chair to the floor.

"His dress, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on all his best becomes—for he was engaged to dine with a very fine party at Mrs. Montague's—was as much out of the common road as his figure. He had a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-colour coat, with gold buttons (or, peradventure, brass)—but no ruffles to his doughty fists, and, not, I suppose, to be taken for a Blue, though going to the Blue Queen, he had on very coarse black worsted stockings.

"He is shockingly near-sighted; a thousand times more so than either my Padre or myself. He did not even know Mrs. Thrale till she held out her hand to him, which she did very engagingly. After the first few minutes he drew his chair close to the pianoforte, and then bent down his nose quite over the keys to examine them, and the four hands at work upon them, till poor Hetty and Susan hardly knew how to play on for fear of touching his phiz; or, which was harder still, how to keep their countenances.

"When the duet was finished, my father introduced your Hettina to him, as an old acquaintance, to whom, when she was a little girl, he had presented his *Idler*.

"His answer to this was imprinting on her pretty face—not a half touch or a courtly salute, but a good, real, substantial, and very loud kiss. Everybody was obliged to stroke their chins that they might hide their mouths.

"Beyond this chaste embrace, his attention was not to be drawn off two minutes longer from the books, to which he now strided his way, for we had left the drawing-room for the library on account of the pianoforte. He pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost brushing them with his eyelashes from near examination. At last, fixing upon something that happened to hit his fancy, he took it down, and, standing aloof from the company, which he seemed clean and clear to forget, he began, without further ceremony, and very composedly, to read to himself, and as intently as if he had been alone in his own study."

In January, 1778, "Evelina" appeared. One morning Mrs. Burney read aloud at breakfast the newspaper announcement of the publication, and passed straight on to other topics without observing the blushes of Fanny, or the smiles of Susan and Charlotte. Dr. Burney, though he knew that his daughter had written a book and thought of publishing it, had never heard the name of the work, and, as Fanny herself conjectured, had very likely forgotten the whole affair. For five months, during which she nursed her father through an illness, and then fell ill herself, she heard nothing of the fate of her book. But in the sixth month, when she was away at Chesington, news the most delightful came to her. First, Charlotte wrote that Dr. Burney had come home one day, and asked eagerly for a certain copy of the *Monthly Review*, which contained an eulogistic notice of "Evelina." Then Susan sent a letter, which might be Fanny's own, so like is it in form and style, telling all the details of a conversation at Streatham, in which, in Dr. Burney's hearing, Johnson had urged Mrs. Thrale to get "Evelina" at once, because Mrs. Cholmondeley was recommending it all over the town, and had actually made Burke and Sir Joshua read it. And before long Dr. Burney found time to run down to Chesington, and make his daughter quite happy by saying, "I have read your book, Fanny! but you need not blush at it, it is full of merit, it is really extraordinary!" Next the secret was told to Mrs. Thrale, and her charming letter of congratulation made part of the next packet from home. Mr. Crisp had read the book through before he was told who the author was; but when he knew, his praises were as cordial as any.

As soon as Fanny went home, she paid her first visit to Streatham, and wrote her "Daddy Crisp" such a minutely detailed history of it as he loved to receive from her. Everything is described, beginning with the "fidgets" she suffered as they drove along the dusty road and she tried to realize what her reception would be. In time the white house came in sight, standing in its fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale, strolling in the garden, saw her visitors, and came to them as they got down from the chaise. "Ah!" she cried, "I hear Dr. Burney's voice. And you have brought your daughter? Well, now, you are good."

"She then received me, taking both my hands, and, with mixed politeness and cordiality, welcoming me to Streatham. She led me into the house, and addressed herself almost wholly for a few minutes to my father, as if to give me an assurance she did not mean to regard me as a show, or to distress or frighten me by drawing me out. Afterwards she took me upstairs, and showed me the house, and said she had very much wished to see me at Streatham, and should always think herself much obliged to Dr. Burney for his goodness in bringing me, which she looked upon as a very great favour. But though we were some time together, and though she was so very civil, she did not *hint* at my book, and I love her much more than ever for her delicacy in avoiding a subject which she could not but see would have greatly embarrassed me."

By-and-by, Mrs. Thrale went to dress, and left her in the library where the books were that Johnson was given a hundred pounds to buy, and the portraits that Sir Joshua had painted—all familiar to Fanny in advance. But the great event of the day was the dinner—"a noble dinner, and an excellent dessert." Soon after they were seated, Johnson came in. She was formally presented to him, and he took the chair beside her. Almost at once the battery of playful gallantry opened upon her. Johnson asked what was in some pies that Mrs. Thrale did not offer him:—

"'Mutton,' answered she: 'I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it.'

"'No, madam, no, I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day.'

He drinks her health and Miss Thrale's, and laments that we "cannot wish young ladies well, without wishing them to become old women." It is suggested that "some people are old and young at the same time, for they wear so well that they never look old." Johnson contradicts, laughingly, "No, no, that never was—you might as well say they were at once tall and short." He quotes an epitaph to the point; Mrs. Thrale caps his quotation with French verses; he extinguishes her French with Latin. They remember an epilogue of Garrick, and pass on to discussion of the actor, and how he wears. And so from one thing to another, till Johnson tells, as an instance of gross manners, how a lady with whom he once travelled called for a pint of ale at an inn and quarrelled with the waiter for not giving full measure,—“Now, Madame Duval could not have done a grosser thing!”

"Oh!" says Fanny, "how everybody laughed! and to be sure I did not glow at all, nor munch fast, nor look at my plate, nor lose any part of my usual composure. After dinner, when Mrs. Thrale and I left the gentlemen, we had a conversation, that to me could not but be delightful, as she was all good humour, spirits, and amiability. However, I shall not attempt to write more particulars of this day, than which I have never known a happier, because the chief subject that was started and kept up was an invitation for me to Streatham, and a desire that I might accompany my father thither next week, and stay with them some time."

II.

Fanny's second visit to Streatham followed very soon upon the first, and from this time (August) to the end of the year she was pretty constantly with the Thrales. Every page of the diary of this period teems with the names of distinguished people to whom she was introduced, and with the compliments they paid her. One is tempted to linger over one anecdote after another, to quote from every conversation, to repeat once more every scrap of the brilliant gossip. But that is impossible, and by no means necessary. Those who do not know these things already, and who want to know them, must

read them for themselves in the Diary. My extracts hitherto have been almost all from the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, of which book Macaulay has said that its style is the worst known among men, and that to read it must ever be a painful task. Under these circumstances, its chances of getting read at the present day are small, and there is therefore an excuse for quoting freely from it, which does not avail in the case of the Diary and Letters. Moreover, it is Miss Burney's own story that I wish to follow, and the thread of this is best kept by avoiding the pages that record her triumphs in society, and attending to the progress of her work and to her relations with her intimate friends. Mr. Crisp, who always watched over her paternally, wrote to her in November to remind her of the importance of turning her talent as quickly as possible to solid account:—

“When you know the world half so well as I do, you will then be convinced that a state of independence is the only basis on which to rest your future ease and comfort. You are now young, lively, gay. You please, and the world smiles upon you—this is your time. Years and wrinkles in their due season (perhaps attended with want of health and spirits) will succeed. You will then be no longer the same Fanny of 1778, feasted, caressed, admired, with all the soothing circumstances of your present situation. The Thrales, the Johnsons, the Sewards, Cholmondeleys, &c. &c., who are now so high in position, and might be such powerful protectors as almost to insure success to anything that is tolerable, may then themselves be moved off the stage. I will no longer dwell on so disagreeable a change of the scene; let me only earnestly urge you to act vigorously (what I really believe is in your power) a distinguished part in the present one—‘now while it is yet day, and before the night cometh, when no man can work.’”

Fanny's answer was that she was already at work upon a play, that being the kind of composition her new friends thought she had most talent for. In the beginning of 1779 she was at home for some time; and we find her unhappy about an allusion to her as the “dear little Burney” in a satirical poem entitled “Warley.” No harm was said of Fanny, but the pamphlet was extremely coarse in tone, and it was naturally painful to her to have her name connected with it, and the phrase that expressed Dr. Johnson's affection for her dragged through the mud. The chief lasting interest of the affair lies, however, in the characteristic letter of consolation it drew from Mrs. Thrale, one passage of which I must quote here as an act of justice. After a great deal of excellent sense and kindness, and some friendly remonstrance with Fanny on her sensitiveness and self-consciousness, Mrs. Thrale pulls herself up in this way:—“But I see you saying, ‘Why, this is Mrs. Selwyn without her wit.’ Very well, madam, don't you be Lady Louisa without her quality.” Now, Miss Ellis has lately cited, as evidence of Mrs. Thrale's insincerity, a satirical passage from that lady's journal, in which Fanny is called the “Lady Louisa of Leicester Square,” and the dignity of the music-master's

daughter is made fun of. It seems to me to make a difference that the comparison had already been used, and the satire hinted, in a most affectionate and most frank letter to Fanny herself. No one can dispute that the extraordinary candour of Mrs. Thrale's note-book often offends against good taste, but unless we are to assume that Madame D'Arblay was perfect, I cannot see that there is anything said of her in "Thraliana" that justifies the charge of insincerity. Quite in the beginning of their acquaintance Mrs. Thrale had remonstrated with Fanny in conversation upon her over-sensitiveness. And, apart from this business of the pamphlet, which was really disagreeable, it is easy to read, through Fanny's own lines, that into this "sensitiveness" there entered elements of social exclusiveness and personal consequence which might fairly amuse Mrs. Thrale, whose own fault was to care too little for the dignity of her position. She had as good a right to laugh at Fanny's excess of dignity, as Fanny had to mourn over her want of dignity. Neither abstained from criticism of the other, but Mrs. Thrale, quite as much as Fanny, invariably wrote her warmest praises of her friend in the next line of the same private page on which she found fault. They were women of very unlike types. That Mrs. Thrale had great faults nobody has ever doubted, for first among these was a total want of discretion, which laid her whole character bare. That Miss Burney had faults is not so readily believed, or so easily proved, because foremost among her virtues was a great discretion that kept a guard upon all her words and ways. Still, when Mrs. Thrale's candid journal has once set us on their track, it is not very difficult to discover what were the little weaknesses that kept Miss Burney human. And it seems to me far less to her discredit to accept both sides of Mrs. Thrale's account of her, than to turn all that is not praise against Mrs. Thrale, and so reduce ourselves to the necessity of supposing that Fanny was throughout the dupe of her friend's flattery. For if Mrs. Thrale's praises were not sincere, that is what it comes to. She must have been so very insincere that it was discreditable alike to Fanny's head and heart to have ever loved her, and monstrous to talk, as Madame D'Arblay did, even long years after their intimacy ceased, of her "extraordinary virtues."

Soon after the "Warley" trouble, Fanny was again at Streatham, writing to Mr. Crisp, "The kindness and honours I meet with from this charming family are greater than I can mention; sweet Mrs. Thrale hardly leaves me for a moment, and Dr. Johnson is another Daddy Crisp to me." A little later she tells him that her play is progressing, but that she is keeping it very secret, because she cannot confide in one friend without offending many, and she cannot confide in all without having the thing read by the whole town before it is acted. Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Greville,

Mrs. Crewe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Cholmondeley, "and many inferior &c.'s, all think they have an equal claim to be counsellors." After this she went with the Thrales to Brighton, where they passed their time "most delectably," and she began to attach herself to Mr. and Miss Thrale, who at first did not altogether charm her. On their return to Streatham, Mr. Thrale had a paralytic seizure, and a gloom fell upon the house where everything had hitherto looked so bright. Fanny's play was finished by August of this year, and submitted to the judgment of her father and Mr. Crisp. They could not advise her to publish it, and she took her disappointment in excellent part, writing to her father:—

"What my Daddy Crisp says, 'that it would be the best policy, but for pecuniary advantages, for me to write no more,' is exactly what I have always thought since 'Evelina' was published. But I will not now talk of putting it in practice, for the best way I can take of showing that I have a true and just sense of the spirit of your condemnation, is not to sink sulky and dejected under it, but to exert myself to produce something less reprehensible."

In the autumn she was again with the Thrales at Brighton and Tunbridge Wells; and in the spring of 1770 she spent three months with them at Bath, from which place she wrote to Mr. Crisp:—

"You make a *comique* kind of inquiry about my 'incessant and uncommon engagements.' Now, my dear daddy, this is an inquiry I feel rather small in answering, for I am sure you expect to hear something respectable in that sort of way, whereas I have nothing to enumerate that commands attention, or that will make a favourable report. For the truth is, my 'uncommon' engagements have only been of the *visiting system*, and my 'incessant' ones only of the *working party*; for perpetual dress requires perpetual replenishment, and that replenishment actually occupies almost every moment I spend out of company. 'Fact! fact!' I assure you, however paltry, ridiculous, or inconceivable it may sound. Caps, hats, and ribbons make, indeed, no venerable appearance upon paper, no more do eating and drinking; yet the one can no more be worn without being made, than the other can be swallowed without being cooked; and those who can neither pay milliners nor keep scullions, must either toil for themselves or go capless and dinnerless. So if you are for a high-polished comparison, I'm your man! Now, instead of furbelows and gewgaws of this sort, my dear daddy probably expected to hear of duodecimos, octavos, or quartos! *Hélas!* I am sorry that is not the case, but not one word, no, not one syllable, did I write to any purpose, from the time you left me at Streatham till Christmas, when I came home."

A panic, occasioned by the Lord George Gordon riots, brought the Bath visit to a sudden conclusion in the beginning of June. The Thrales returned to Brighton, and Fanny went home. The correspondence between Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney, during this separation, is affectionate and full; but there are indications, in the journals of both, that their intercourse while at Bath had had its petty jars. Mrs. Thrale was anxious about her husband's health, and generally harassed and irritable. She was critical about Fanny while Fanny was with her, but eager for her return as soon as she went away from her. Fanny knew some of her troubles,

and administered what consolation she could by letter; of other troubles she may not have known—any way they were of a nature not to admit of open sympathy. But before long they were together again at Streatham, to the satisfaction of both; and Mr. Crisp, who considered that Fanny had had enough of “flattering idleness,” could only get her away by coming himself to fetch her. She remained at Chesington, working steadily at “Cecilia,” till the beginning of 1781, when she was called home to assist in the preparations for the wedding of her sister Susan; and immediately Mrs. Thrale’s invitations began again. But Dr. Burney made a stand against them, and did what he could to keep Fanny at work. Upon which she wrote to Mrs. Thrale:—

“I think I shall always hate this book, which has kept me so long away from you, as much as I shall always love ‘Evelina,’ who first comfortably introduced me to you.”

And Mrs. Thrale wrote in her diary:—

“What a blockhead Dr. Burney is to be always sending for his daughter home so! What a monkey! Is she not better and happier with me than she can be anywhere else? Johnson is enraged at the silliness of their family conduct. I confess myself provoked excessively, but I love the girl so dearly, and the Doctor too for that matter, only that he has such odd notions of superiority in his own house, and will have his children under his feet forsooth, rather than let ‘em live in peace, plenty, and comfort anywhere from home. If I did not provide Fanny with every wearable—every wishable, indeed—it would vex me to be served so; but to see the impossibility of compensating for the pleasures of St. Martin’s Street makes me at once merry and mortified.”

It was in the spring of this year that Mr. Thrale died. Though Mrs. Thrale had never pretended to love her husband in any romantic sense, or to fancy herself so loved by him, she felt keenly the loss of her “oldest friend,” and Fanny never doubted the sincerity of her grief. She replied very tenderly to the little note that bade her “write to me, pray for me,” and held herself ready to go to her as soon as her company should be desired. Through the summer she was constantly with Mrs. Thrale; but in October Mr. Crisp interfered once more, and got her to Chesington, where she settled down to “Cecilia” again. From this time she appears to have worked industriously, refusing invitations, so that she might “live almost alone with Cecilia,” until the book was finished in June, 1782. Her first festivity, after finishing her task, was the dinner, at Sir Joshua’s house on Richmond Hill, where she met Burke. She has described the occasion at length, both in the Diary and the Memoirs. Of Burke himself she wrote to her sister Susan, now Mrs. Philips:—

“Captain Philips knows Mr. Burke. Has he or has he not told you how delightful a creature he is? If he has not, pray, in my name, abuse him without mercy; if he has, pray ask him if he will subscribe to my account of

him which herewith shall follow: He is tall, his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address graceful; his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language is copious, various, and eloquent; his manners are attractive; his conversation is delightful. Since we lost Garrick, I have seen nobody so enchanting."

Burke had already paid her the compliment of sitting up all night to read "*Evelina*;" before long he was devoting three whole days to "*Cecilia*," and writing the letter of fine praise that now makes part of the introduction to the novel. Gibbon was also of the Richmond party, but he was so completely eclipsed by Burke that Miss Burney could remember nothing to record of him.

The success of "*Cecilia*" left nothing to desire. Those who had admired "*Evelina*" admired its successor more. Those who had feared a second venture, after a first hit of such rare effect, were satisfied that Fanny's talent was well-rooted. Her publisher paid her a handsome sum, and the measure of her own and her friends' content was full. But the close of this year was clouded over by the uncomfortable feelings to which Mrs. Thrale's attachment for Piozzi gave rise. Fanny stayed with her at Brighton in the autumn, and received her confidences, but could not give sympathy or approval. Johnson was at Brighton also, and she found him extremely irritable and overbearing; so much so, that people were pointedly excluding him from parties to which Mrs. Thrale and her other guests were bidden. "To me only is he now kind," wrote Fanny; "poor Mrs. Thrale fares worst of all." The spring brought a new trouble in the death of Mr. Crisp. Then Johnson had a paralytic stroke, and anxiety on his account cast a gloom over the whole circle of her acquaintance. She still went to the usual houses, and met distinguished people, but she had no spirit to enjoy herself. In the beginning of 1878 she wrote:—

"I have lately spent a great deal of time at home, for I have now a little broke my father into permitting my sending excuses; and, indeed, I was most heartily tired of visiting, though the people visited have been among the first for talents in the kingdom. I can go nowhere with pleasure or spirit, if I meet not somebody who interests my heart as well as my head, and I miss Mrs. Thrale most woefully in both particulars. . . . The heart-fascination of Mrs. Thrale, indeed, few know; but those few must confess, and must feel, her sweetness to them is as captivating as her wit is brilliant to all."

In May, Mrs. Thrale came to London, and Fanny devoted almost the whole of a week to her, "whose society was truly the most delightful of cordials to me, however at times mixed with bitters the least palatable." So things went on till August, when the long-debated marriage became an accomplished fact, and Mrs. Piozzi wrote to ask for congratulations from Fanny and her father. Dr. Burney, like a wise man, seeing the thing was done, pocketed his objections, and cordially wished her joy. Fanny felt that her plain-spoken opposition before the event made this course impossible to

her; and wrote what she felt. Mrs. Piozzi¹ was hurt, and Fanny wrote again more sympathetically; and with this second letter the friendship of the two women practically ended. For several years they neither met nor wrote; then accident brought them together again, and from that time to 1821, when Mrs. Piozzi died, they held an intermittent intercourse, dependent upon chance circumstances. Each considered the other answerable for the breach, which both regretted; but neither saw her way to returning to the old relations, and it is easy to see that such a return was impossible. If Mrs. Piozzi's marriage had been in truth the criminal act one might suppose from the tone her friends took about it, she might have repented and been reconciled to her judges. But as it was only an inexpedient step, of which the inexpediency arose from the fact that it involved a loss of respect in the world to which her judges belonged, she could not accept their forgiveness without suffering a much more serious loss of dignity than she incurred by marrying the singer.

Through this marriage, the Burneys lost, not only Mrs. Thrale's society, but much of Dr. Johnson's. His irritability on the subject was so great that Fanny and her father kept out of his way, in order to avoid hearing his bitter condemnations of their old friend. But Johnson could not do long without his "little Burney," and he wrote to rebuke her for her neglect. She came at once to see him, and was welcomed as the "dearest of all dear ladies." And for the few remaining months of his life she was with him frequently.

III.

With the winter of 1784, closed the most brilliant period of Fanny Burney's life. The death of Johnson was the last of a series of losses and changes that had been gradually breaking up the circle of congenial friendships, under whose protection she had enjoyed her first honours. It is with an uncomfortable sense of having passed into a strange world that one opens the volume of the Diary that begins the new life, without Mr. Crisp, without Dr. Johnson, without Mrs. Thrale. Burke, too, though his friendship to Fanny and her father was constant and active to the end of his life, was for a time practically lost to their society, through his absorption in the labours of the Warren Hastings prosecution.

But as the old circle melted away, a new one formed itself. Fanny was becoming intimate with the Locks, of Norbury Park, and spending much time in the company of Mrs. Delany. She made the acquaintance also of Warren Hastings and his wife, and was fascinated by both. Other friends of this time were Mr. and Mrs. Smelt,* through whom, as well as through Mrs. Delany, the way was quietly preparing for her Court appointment. It was through Mrs.

* Mr. Smelt had been sub-governor to the Prince of Wales.

Delany's praises that she first became known to Queen Charlotte, who conceived the desire to have her about her, from seeing how much she possessed the gift of making her friends love her. There are very lively and elaborate descriptions in the Diary of some interviews with the King and Queen that took place in the course of Fanny's first visit to Mrs. Delany, after that lady's establishment at Windsor. Fanny was much flattered by the condescension of the Royal personages and entertained by their conversation; and she amused herself afterwards with writing to her sister some burlesque rules of Court etiquette:—

"Directions for coughing, sneezing, or moving before the King and Queen.— In the first place you must not cough. If you find a cough tickling in your throat, you must avert it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the forbearance, you must choke—but not cough. In the second place, you must not sneeze. If you have a vehement cold you must take no notice of it; if your nose-membranes feel a great irritation, you must hold your breath; if a sneeze still insists upon making its way, you must oppose it by keeping your teeth grinding together; if the violence of the repulse breaks some blood-vessel, you must break the blood-vessel—but not sneeze. In the third place, you must not, upon any account, stir either hand or foot. If, by chance, a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out. If the pain is very great, you must be sure to bear it without wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes, you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing was the matter. If the blood should gush from your head by means of the black pin, you must say nothing about it," &c.

In the spring of 1786 she paid a second visit to Windsor with her father, who was soliciting the place of Master of the King's Band. They were advised to waylay the King and Queen upon the terrace, and they did so; but the result was not quite satisfactory:—

"My dear father was not spoken to, though he had a bow every time the King passed him and a courtesy from the Queen. But it hurt him, and he thought it a very bad prognostic; and all there was at all to build upon was the graciousness shown to me, which, indeed, in the manner I was accosted, was very flattering, and, except to high rank, I am told, very rare."

On their return home they learned that the place had been given to another man, upon which Miss Burney remarks, "This was not very exhilarating."

Within a month of this fruitless visit of solicitation, the office of Keeper of the Queen's Robes was offered to Miss Burney. Writing to a friend while the question of accepting or refusing was still open, she states the situation and her own feelings about it fully:—

"You cannot easily picture to yourself the consternation with which I received this intimation. . . . I frankly told Mr. Smelt that no situation of that sort was suited to my own taste or promising to my own happiness. He seemed equally sorry and surprised; he expatiated warmly upon the sweetness of character of all the Royal Family, and then begged me to consider the

very peculiar distinction shown me, that, unsolicited, unsought, I had been marked out with such personal favour by the Queen herself as a person with whom she had been so singularly pleased, as to wish to settle me with one of the princesses, in preference to the thousands of offered candidates, of high birth and rank, but small fortunes, who were waiting and supplicating for places in the new-forming establishment. Her Majesty proposed giving me apartments in the palace, making me belong to the table of Mrs. Schwellenberg, with whom all her own visitors—bishops, lords, or commons—always dine; keeping me a footman, and settling on me £200 a-year. ‘And in such a situation,’ he added, ‘so respectably offered, not solicited, you may have opportunities of seeing your particular friends, especially your father, such as scarce any other could afford you.’ . . . This was a plea not to be answered, yet the attendance upon this princess was to be incessant, the confinement to the Court continual. I was scarce ever to be spared for a single visit from the palaces, nor to receive anybody but with permission. What a life for me, who have friends so dear to me, and to whom friendship is the balm, the comfort, the very support of existence!”

The advantages of the post were too solid to allow of serious hesitation; the place was accepted, and the appointment was shortly announced in the newspapers. Congratulations poured in from all sides, and none were more appreciated than those of Burke, who, calling one day when father and daughter were both out, wrote on a card, “Mr. Burke—to congratulate upon the honour done by the Queen to Miss Burney—and to Herself.”

Fanny took up her appointment on the 20th of June, 1786, and on the same day, after her formal reception by the Queen, she wrote to her father:—

“What my difficulties *are* to be I know not, nor what my dangers; but everybody speaks of this as a situation abounding in both, and requiring the most indefatigable prudence and foresight. At present, however, I see *none*. I am happy, indeed, to tell my dearest father that my road has grown smoother and smoother, and that whatever precipices and troubles I may have to encounter, they have not appeared to terrify me on the outset.”

A very little time, however, revealed troubles and precipices enough for her danger and discomfort. In August she was writing to her sister of the misery she suffered through the jealous and exacting temper of Mrs. Schwellenberg. It had cost her a hard struggle to resign herself to separation from her family and friends, and to submit to the many restraints and constraints that are inseparable from life at Court, even under the most favourable auspices. But the uniform kindness of every member of the Royal Family, the friendship of Mrs. Delany and of one or two other persons about the Court, in whose company and conversation she took real pleasure, would probably have comforted her in a little time; and though she must have always preferred the freer conditions of her former life, it cannot be doubted that she would have found the means of reasonable happiness in her new circumstances, but for the persecutions of Mrs. Schwellenberg, whose insane jealousy prevented her from enjoy-

ing such society as was still open to her, and whose selfishness robbed her of the hours of leisure during which she should have rested from the fatigues of her attendance upon the Queen. She was hardly her own mistress for a single hour of the day, and her official day began at six o'clock in the morning and did not end before midnight. The strain was too much for her health and spirits, and she very soon began to break down under it. It is impossible to read without sympathy her sad account of herself, written within a month of beginning residence at Court. But it is equally impossible not to see that the one circumstance that made her lot so miserable was of a kind that could not reasonably have been anticipated by her friends when they advised her to accept the post.

"Oh, my beloved Susan," she writes, "'tis a refractory heart I have to deal with! It struggles so hard to be sad—and silent—and fly from you entirely, since it cannot fly entirely to you. I do all I can to conquer it, to content it, to give it a taste and enjoyment for what is still attainable; but at times I cannot manage it, and it seems absolutely indispensable to my peace to occupy myself in anything rather than in writing to the person most dear to me upon earth! 'Tis strange,—but such is the fact,—and I now do best when I get with those who never heard of you, and who care not about me. If to you alone I show myself in these dark colours, can you blame the plan that I have intentionally been forming—namely, to wean myself from myself—to leave all my affections—to curb all my wishes—to deaden all my sensations? This design, my Susan, I formed so long ago as the first day my dear father accepted my offered appointment. I thought that what demanded a complete new system of life, required, if attainable, a new set of feelings for all enjoyment of new prospects, and for lessening regrets at what were quitted, or lost. Such being my primitive idea, merely from my grief of separation, imagine but how it was strengthened and improved when the interior of my position became known to me! when I saw myself expected by Mrs. Schwellenberg, not to be her colleague, but her dependent deputy! not to be her visitor at my own option, but her companion, her humble companion, at her own command! This has given so new a character to the place I had accepted under such different auspices, that nothing but my horror of disappointing, perhaps displeasing, my dearest father, has deterred me from the moment that I made this mortifying discovery from soliciting his leave to resign."

She adhered bravely to her resolution not to disappoint her father by throwing up her appointment. And, indeed, though this is a point on which Madame D'Arblay never gives very distinct information, it is evident that there were strong reasons for such endurance in the pecuniary circumstances of her father. At different times of his life Dr. Burney had made a good income, but he had invested little, and that little not happily. In 1783 he had thankfully accepted at the hands of Burke the place of organist at Chelsea College with a salary of £50 a-year; and though Madame D'Arblay, in relating the incident, throws all her emphasis on the satisfaction it was to her father to owe anything to so good and great a friend, she betrays by the way that the money was exceedingly acceptable. Under these circumstances, however much we may honour his daughter for having

concealed her troubles from him, we must have blamed her had she done otherwise. With the beginning of every new year she made heroic resolutions to be happy, but to keep them was beyond her strength, and through the whole record of her five years' residence at Court there rings a note of increasing pain and despondency.

It was through her appearances in Westminster Hall, during the trial of Warren Hastings, that her friends first became aware of the degree in which she was suffering from her life at Court. Both Burke and Windham noticed her altered looks, and, without her knowledge, used their influence to persuade her father that she ought to come away. Their representations prevailed, and a resignation was drawn up and presented to Queen Charlotte. The Queen was not easy to convince of the necessity of the step. But the resolution once taken, was firmly stood by, and on July 7, 1791, Fanny took leave of the Court.

In enumerating the friends who welcomed her return to the world, she mentions sadly that Burke was at Beaconsfield, and therefore his congratulations were wanting. She had a suspicion that he was angry with her for taking part with Warren Hastings, and the suspicion seems to have been in a measure shared by her father. However, the publication of the "*Reflections on the French Revolution*"—a subject on which the Burneys sympathized with Burke as warmly as they differed about the prosecution—made an opportunity for coming together again. Mrs. Crewe, who was the confidential friend of both families, arranged a little dinner at Hampstead, at which Dr. Burney and his daughter were invited to meet the whole Burke family. Owing to his shortsightedness, Burke did not see Fanny at first, and she made herself miserable by fancying that he had cut her. But at a chance mention of her name, he recognized her, and the misunderstanding was cleared up. He made her ample amends at dinner for her momentary mortification. In the course of some lively political conversation,—

"Mr. Richard Burke narrated, very comically, various censures that had reached his ears upon his brother, concerning his last and most popular work; accusing him of being the *Abettor of Despots*, because he had been shocked at the imprisonment of the King of France! and the *Friend of Slavery*, because he was anxious to preserve our own limited monarchy in the same state in which it so long had flourished! Mr. Burke looked half alarmed at his brother's opening, not knowing, I presume, whither his odd fancy might lead him; but, when he had finished, and so inoffensively, and a general laugh that was excited was over, he—The Burke—good-humouredly turning to me, and pouring out a glass of wine, said, 'Come, then, Miss Burney, here's slavery for ever!' This was well-understood, and echoed round the table. 'This would do for you completely, Mr. Burke,' cried Mrs. Crewe laughing, 'if it could but get into a newspaper! Mr. Burke—they would say—has now spoken out! The truth has come to light over a bottle of wine! and his real defection from the cause of true liberty is acknowledged! I should like,—added she, laughing

quite heartily—"to draw up the paragraph myself!" "Pray, then," said Mr. Burke, "complete it by putting in that the toast was addressed to Miss Burney—in order to pay my court to the Queen!"

Towards the end of 1792, she paid a visit to the Locks at Norbury Park, and, while with them, made the acquaintance of a set of French refugees who had settled in the neighbourhood. Among this society were Talleyrand and Madame de Stäel, Monsieur de Narbonne, and his friend the Chevalier D'Arblay. Fanny found their conversation delightful, and before long she was engaged to marry D'Arblay. Her father questioned the prudence of the marriage on economical grounds. General D'Arblay had lost all his fortune in the Revolution, and Fanny had little to depend on except a pension of a hundred a year granted her by the Queen on her retirement. But she and her General were both content to do with little, and they were married on the 31st of July, 1793.

They settled themselves in a cottage in Mr. Lock's park, and there Madame D'Arblay occupied herself, during 1794 and the greater part of 1795, in writing a novel, of which she had sketched the outline while still at Court. "Camilla" was published by subscription in 1796, and it brought its author a sum of £3,000, besides a present of a hundred guineas from the King and Queen. But other success it had not. The reviews were severe, and private criticism was not all that could be wished. Dr. Burney called on Horace Walpole to learn his opinion, and got cold comfort, according to Walpole's account written to Miss Berry:—

"He asked me about deplorable 'Camilla.' Alas! I had not recovered of it enough to be loud in its praise. I am glad, however, to hear that she has realized about £2,000, and the worth, no doubt, of as much in honours at Windsor, where she was detained three days, and where even Mons. D'Arblay was allowed to dine."

A copy lay at Beaconsfield, beside the bed on which Burke was slowly dying; and when Mrs. Crewe went to see him, he pointed to it and said, "How ill I am you will easily believe, when a new work of Madame D'Arblay's lies on my table unread!"

It was by Burke's suggestion that the plan of publishing by subscription had been adopted, and his cordial reply to Mrs. Crewe, when she invited him to do his part, makes a fit conclusion to the story of Fanny Burney's literary career:—

"As to *Miss Burney*—the subscription ought to be for certain persons five guineas, and to take but a single copy each. I am sure that it is a disgrace to the age and nation if this be not a great thing for her. If every person in England who has received pleasure and instruction from 'Cecilia' were to rate its value at the hundredth part of their satisfaction, Madame D'Arblay would be one of the richest women in the kingdom. Her scheme was known before she lost two of her most respectful admirers from this house; and this, with Mrs. Burke's subscription and mine, make the paper I send you. One

book is as good as a thousand; one of hers is certainly as good as a thousand others."

The paper was a £20 note; the allusion to the two who were gone speaks for itself.

From this point the principal interests of Madame D'Arblay's life are of a domestic nature, her story is that of the happy which does not require to be written. She had brought a son into the world in the year before the publication of "Camilla," and the pleasures of maternity compensated her for the pain inflicted by unfriendly reviewers. Mrs. Crewe wanted her to undertake the editorship of a weekly paper to be called *The Breakfast Table*, which should aim at "laughing the world out of Jacobinism," and give her an opening for a series of studies of life and manners. But she declined the enterprise on the ground that her husband's position obliged her to live out of the world, and society could only be painted effectively by one who lived in its midst. With the new century, new novelists of her own sex and of the school she had created came into fame and fashion. Maria Edgeworth, who had sighed hopelessly in 1783 for the "honour of Miss Burney's correspondence," published "Castle Rackrent" and "Belinda" in 1801; in 1811, Jane Austen brought out "Sense and Sensibility." Each in her different way, and very different degree, was a greater artist than Miss Burney. Miss Edgeworth excelled in grasp of moral principles; Miss Austen was supreme in literary form. But when the next place to Shakespeare is claimed for Jane Austen as a painter of human nature, I cannot help asking whether in one quality Frances Burney does not come nearer to deserving this high honour. She painted human nature with a more genial touch than Jane Austen. She certainly wants the quiet and terrible power with which her successor lays bare and withers the follies and the meannesses of mankind. But on the other hand she does what Miss Austen fails to do—she warms our hearts towards our fellow-creatures in their folly even more than in their wisdom. Her fools—and they are many—are as ridiculous and tiresome persons as it is possible to conceive, and yet the result of jogging along with them through her voluminous novels is that, as we turn the last page, we realize that, after all, we have a kindly feeling and a sense of kin towards each and all of them. She had a pure artistic delight in character, which enabled her to enjoy, and make others enjoy, every genuine manifestation of it. As her husband wrote under her picture:—

"La Raison, si souvent tranchante, atrabilaire,
Toujours dans ses écrits plait autant qu'elle éclaire,
L'indulgence, l'amour, allument son flambeau,
C'est la Sagesse enfin, non l'Ennui peint en beau."

All her good work belongs to the eighteenth century; all her

inspiration came from the day when society still had animal spirits to fortify it against boredom; when people laughed merrily because they were amused, not satirically to show themselves cleverer than the rest. But with the deeper tendencies of her age she was not in sympathy, and she had neither courage nor power to deal adequately with its serious problems. In her last novel, "The Wanderer" which appeared in 1814, she was led by the influence of the new time to attempt more profound things than she had ventured upon before, and the result was a grotesque sensationalism, even more "deplorable" than the flatness of "Camilla."

Madame D'Arblay died on the 6th of January, 1840, at the age of eighty-eight, having outlived her son three years and her husband two-and-twenty. Her father had died in 1814, and from 1818 to 1832 she was occupied in writing his Memoirs from the papers he left behind him.

MARY ELIZABETH CHRISTIE.

THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.

THE Highland Crofters are cottier tenants, but they must not be confounded with the still inferior and hardly less numerous class known in the Highlands as Cottars. The Highland cottar is not a tenant. He occupies no land and he pays no rent. He builds a hut somewhere by sufferance, and once he has built it, he is considered, according to the recognized custom of the country, as in a sense its proprietor, because it is the fruit of his own labour. He may of course be removed, but he may take his house with him; and he always does take the only permanent and valuable materials in its composition—viz., its rafters and stick-work—unless indeed he is granted compensation for them, as was done, Mr. Loch tells us, in the case of the Sutherland Clearances. He is simply a labourer in a country where labour is in very low and irregular demand; and he has no other resource. He has no cow, he has not even a pig, for the old Highland prejudice against that thrifty animal still reigns so much, that in Lewis, for example, where there are more than four thousand families, they have only a hundred and fifty pigs among them. The crofters however, like the Irish cottiers, are occupiers of land, though not of enough, under the system of husbandry at present practised upon it, to provide subsistence for a family for more than six months. But while the Irish cottiers only sometimes, the Highland crofters invariably, have an auxiliary occupation. They are generally fishermen. Out of 1,780 occupants of land in Skye, not more than sixty live by farming alone. This combination of agricultural with other employment produces in many countries a most comfortable and prosperous class of peasantry, especially where the land is held by some sort of permanent tenure that induces the holder to lavish upon it the attention of his spare hours, and where the secondary

occupation is one that furnishes regular work through the winter and in bad weather at other seasons. But the crofters possess neither of these advantages. They hold their land by the most discouraging of all tenures—cottier tenure; and their auxiliary occupation gives them little employment in winter, and interferes to some extent with the efficiency of their agricultural labour in summer. Fishing and agriculture have each their seasons, and these seasons in some ways overlap. The Highland fishermen are proverbial on the East Coast for coming ten days too late and leaving ten days too early. They lose in this way about a third of a fishing season, which is brief at the best. Their peats, or their harvest, or some other necessary part of farm work, requires them home. With spade husbandry, continuous attention, and a choice of crop suitable to climate and market, they might, in the opinion of many good judges, earn a comfortable livelihood even on a £4 croft; and if they gave themselves up regularly to fishing, they might do even better, for fishing, though very precarious for those who only pursue it for six weeks in the year, is very profitable to those who keep at it all the year round. But as at present situated, the crofters cannot adopt either of these alternatives, and though they have two strings to their bow, they are almost as ill off as if they had only one.

A hundred years ago the Highland peasantry comprised, besides the cottars and crofters, a class of a higher grade—then, perhaps, more numerous than either, but now, unfortunately, almost entirely extinct—the small tenants. The crofters were at that time usually not tenants of the laird, but sub-tenants on the farms of the tacksmen. They occupied a few detached acres of arable, with keep for a cow or two, and the arable they had in many cases brought into cultivation for themselves. Such a detached piece of new brought-in land is what was originally meant by a croft. Croft is simply *cropped*, that is, cleared land, and what was known in the Highlands as the crofting system was the system of improving waste ground by encouraging labourers to squat upon it, to build a house, and take into cultivation as much of the surrounding land as they could efficiently work, on condition of sitting rent free for a certain number of years. Now, the crofters of a century ago were either the original clearers or the subsequent holders of such detached plots of cultivated land. But the small tenants were the old hereditary tenantry of the estate. They were always located in groups as joint occupants of club-farms, and these club-farms were just the old townships or village communities of primitive times. They still retained the essential features of their mediæval organization; they still practised the rude mediæval system of common husbandry. They managed their affairs under the presidency of a headman, one of themselves, called the constable, the mayor, or the just one, who was invested with authority from the

proprietor, was sworn in as a valuator by a magistrate, and summoned courts of the tenants on the village knoll for the trial of offences against the bye-laws, or the discussion of common village concerns. They paid the proprietor a slump rent, for which they were jointly and severally liable, and they assessed it upon themselves in the proportion of their shares in the land. They allocated the arable on the runrig principle of equalized assortments, distributing a third of it by lot every year. Those communities of small tenants possessed important privileges which were quite wanting to the crofters. They had in some places a lease, and everywhere a tenure practically as secure as if they had, and they had always a hill-grazing of considerable extent—the old hill-grazing that the township had occupied from time immemorial. They often had crofters under them on their farms, they always had cottars, whose labour they hired; and there can be no doubt that, as things then went, they were an exceedingly comfortable class of people. Sir John McNeill, in his Report on the Highlands in 1851, describes the whole population as existing at the time of the division of the crofts, say a hundred years ago, “in rude abundance, with little labour.” It is difficult to see, however, how the cottars and crofters of those days can have been any better off than the cottars and crofters of to-day. Kelp-making gave them employment for only a few months in summer, and they probably make as much from the fishing now as they did from kelp then. But with the small tenants the case was quite different. They produced from their arable food enough at least for their own families; perhaps even more, for there is good evidence to show that besides possessing a larger average acreage than the present crofters, they produced twice, and indeed thrice, as much per acre. Their Highland cattle were then in good demand; and they raised their own wool, spun it at home, and caught their own fish, just as they dug their own fuel. They had shown themselves, too, open to adopt profitable improvements in agriculture. They had introduced a new product—lint—and had found remunerative employment, not only in growing it, but in dressing it for the market. Marshall, the eminent agriculturist, who reported upon the Highlands at that period for the Board of Agriculture, says: “Indeed, in the management of the flax crop throughout, the Highlands may be said to excel. Its culture is altogether modern; the best mode of management was therefore the more easily introduced, as there were no prejudices to be got rid of.” Their management of stock and of their corn crops he found to be as bad as bad could be. In the oat fields of 1793, “the proportion of produce,” he says, “must have been greatly on the side of the weeds;” but this flax crop was “weeded with great care by women on their knees and haunches picking out every weed.” The small

tenantry were therefore thriving and showing possibilities of progressive development.

Now, the change that has taken place in the economic position of the Highland peasantry may be described as the conversion of this class of small tenants into crofters. The effects of that conversion have been merely the ordinary and inevitable effects known to be produced by cottier tenancy everywhere—competition or nominal rents, hanging arrears, hopeless and therefore indolent and inefficient labour, deterioration of the art of husbandry, exhaustion of the soil, periodical famine. The causes of the change are not difficult to trace. They are—first, the original division of the common arable of the club farms into separate holdings, which was done at the instance of the proprietor with the concurrence of the tenants, and was meant to be, and indeed might have been, the beginning of a reformed and progressive agriculture; second, the subsequent subdivision of these holdings by the occupiers themselves to provide for their children, which took place without the sanction of the proprietor, but without his opposition, and which unhappily still continues; and third, the abstraction from the townships of their old hill-grazings in order to incorporate them in adjoining sheep-farms, a process which also unhappily continues still, and indeed is the primary cause of every one of the present disturbances in Skye and Barra.

The division of the common arable into separate holdings was identical with the enclosure of the common fields in England, and was hailed as the indispensable condition to any improvement in the agriculture and general state of the Highland people. The prejudices of individuals could be more easily overcome than the customs of a community, and, besides, these customs were absurd and pernicious in the extreme. The runrig system wasted ground and wasted time. It is the same system with that known in Ireland as rundale, and indeed its full Scotch designation is *runrig rundale*, minced in ordinary speech into *rig and rennel*. Rigs were then, in all truth, ridges, and furrows dales. The rigs were gathered up to such a height in the middle that two men sitting in the furrows between them would not be able to see one another. The intervening furrows, or baulks, were three feet wide, and the soil was all scraped from them to heighten the crown of the rig. Moreover, a rig was comparatively short. There might be several of them in the length of a field, and these were separated by cross baulks of the same width as the main ones. A corn field with the crop on it was thus intersected by a network of lanes, and it is to them the allusion is in the songs, "Comin' thro' the Rye," and "Amang the Rigs o' Barley." But, however interesting from a romantic point of view, these lanes constituted commercially an extensive waste of ground; it is said they amounted to about a fourth of the arable. To abolish this

practice of building the lofty ridge at the expense of the lowly baulk was not a necessary effect of the separation of holdings, but it was expected as an accompaniment of it, and it actually did accompany it, with the natural result of a substantially increased production from a substantially increased producing surface. But the chief objection to the runrig husbandry was, that it broke up the farm into numberless patches. The joint tenants were to run rig run dale, to share and share alike in good land and bad. Fields of different crops and soils of different qualities were each divided into as many shares as there were shares in the tenancy of the farm, and these shares were then distributed among the tenants by lot. This wasted a great deal of time in the process of partition, and still more in the process of cultivation. The Duke of Argyll states that he is owner of a farm which, within his own memory, was cultivated by eighteen tenants, each of whom had more than a hundred separate bits of land, which changed hands every year. "In this way," he adds, "about eighty-six arable acres were cut up into above 2,000 fragments, many of which were not larger than sufficed to carry a single 'stook' of corn."

Great expectations were justly enough entertained from the abolition of this most ridiculous and inconvenient system by the separation of holdings. "This first step towards individualism," says the Duke, "is the first step towards the possibility of improvement." And so it might have been, had it been accompanied by a satisfactory leasehold tenure, and by adequate instruction by precept and, still better, by example, in the methods of good and progressive husbandry, from a knowledge of which the people were excluded at once by the remoteness of their situation and by the difference of their language. But, as it actually proved, the first step to the possibility of improvement has been the first step to gradual and uninterrupted decline. Every subsequent step has been a step downwards, and it will probably now be as difficult to raise the people to the economic position in which they stood a century ago as it would then have been to launch them securely on an improving career. Individualism will indeed work wonders, but only on condition that the individual sees his way to profiting by his labour, and cottier tenants are not in a position to see this. Being ignorant, they cannot be expected to adopt an improvement till it is made plain before their eyes as being profitable to men of their own class; and having no security of tenure, they will not move even then, because they are paralyzed by the fear that the fruits of their labour will not be left to their own enjoyment, but made an occasion for raising their rent. The Highland peasantry, therefore, never gained the advantages of individualism, and they lost the advantages of co-operation, which conferred upon small tenant-farmers without leases an inval-

able protection and assistance. It affords a saddening measure of the decline they have suffered that the most comfortable among them are now to be found in those corners where the old mediæval organization and husbandry have never been disturbed.

Mr. A. Carmichael, a resident of long experience in the Hebrides, contributes to Mr. Skene's "*Celtic Scotland*" an interesting account of the rural economy of the Long Island, where the old runrig system survives side by side with the croft system, and with a modified system of part croft and part runrig; and he expresses the very decided opinion that, "whatever be the imperfections, according to modern notions, of this very old semi-family system of runrig husbandry, those tenants who have least departed from it are the most comfortable in North Uist, and accordingly in the Outer Hebrides." That is to say, a race whose fine qualities are the subject of universal praise, has been permitted in the nineteenth century to fall sensibly below the standard of the Middle Ages. Mr. Carmichael attributes the superior comfort of the runrig tenants to various causes, all of which spring out of the circumstance of their co-operation. He thinks it an advantage in a variable climate to possess land of different qualities, even though in disconnected patches. Some soils may be put in good condition by weather that would desolate others, and where a number of people share and share alike in all, their risks are equalized, and if they cannot make so much in a favourable season, they cannot fall so low in an unfavourable one. Then, being a community, they possess some little joint-stock of an important kind, which the separate tenants cannot afford, such as a better description of bull or ram, or more efficient implements. The community has a common fund, out of which such expenses are paid, and which is constituted by the fines imposed by the constable for violations of the bye-laws, and by the prices for grazing an overstock allowed to any particular tenant. In case of the trespass of one tenant's cattle on another tenant's corn, the guilty tenant is fined, and if damage is done, pays the damage in addition; but both fine and damage go to the common treasury, and not to the pocket of the suffering tenant. They are in this way more willingly paid, and the fund they compose is of much general utility. Then, the joint-tenants stimulate one another to activity and to improvement of the waste land on their farm, bringing into cultivation a certain portion every year, and they are always ready to assist one another in need. We hear so much of the wranglings of the runrig tenants of old times, that it is pleasant to read Mr. Carmichael's charming account of their mutual goodwill and serviceableness now. If one of them fall sick, the others labour his ground for him without wages; when any of the families is visited by death, all the other families abstain from labour till the funeral is over, as if the death had occurred in

their own household; when they lay out their fields in the spring, they always set aside a portion for the poor—the aged, infirm, or fatherless members of the community. “Compassion for the poor,” says Mr. Carmichael, “consideration towards the distressed, and respect for the dead, are characteristic traits of these people.” They indulge, says he, in a wholesome and friendly rivalry, but nothing more; and when they meet on the village knoll at the summons of the constable, they discuss their common affairs with force and, he adds, with eloquence, but they sternly repress everything calculated to mar good neighbourhood. They conduct their open-air court by a procedure more ancient than that of the Imperial Parliament. The constable sits on the knoll with his face to the east, and if, after deliberation, a division is required, the ayes go sunwise to his right, and the noes sunwise to his left, just as their ancestors did ages ago, when they worshipped the sun. If any one still argues after the vote, he is hooted down with cries of “goat tooth,” and finds it convenient to submit. In the summer months, the whole village goes to the hill shealing, as the Swiss herdsmen go to the *châlet*. Their shealing is a group of low beehive huts, a prehistoric British village, situated on the green banks of a mountain stream. They move to it in a long procession over the moor, and when they arrive they sit down together on the grass, to their shealing feast. The fare is simple, but it is the bread of a village communion. “Every head is uncovered, every knee is bowed, as they dedicate themselves and their flocks to the care of Israel’s Shepherd.”

All this shows that the quarrels and jealousies which some writers have made so much of must have been only occasional and temporary, and that the real deep and abiding spirit of those little communities was the healthful and helpful spirit of neighbourly co-operation. This must have been a constant source of mutual benefit; but there were two other important general advantages which were secured to these people by their organization. They were enabled to withstand an arbitrary rise of rent on the part of the landlord, and to restrain the tendency to subdivision of holdings on the part of their own members. These advantages are not mentioned by Mr. Carmichael, but they appear in a marked way in the evidence taken by Sir John McNeill in 1851. The most comfortable peasantry in the Highlands at that time, so far as he visited them, were the tenantry on the estate of Applecross, in Ross-shire, and the most comfortable tenantry in Applecross were those who were associated in a club farm, and cultivated their land on the runrig system. Mr. A. K. Mackinnon, who had been factor on the property for the preceding fifteen years, said:—

“The most successful of the small tenants are those who have taken farms in common, on which the grazings are chiefly stocked with sheep, and on

which there happens to be a sufficient extent of arable ground, connected with a moderate extent of grazing, to enable them to raise crops for their own subsistence. Since the failure of the potatoes, however, all the tenants of this class have been obliged to buy meal. On these farms, which are held on lease, the land is still cultivated on the *runrig* system. . . . Their sales of stock and wool are made in common—that is, in one lot. Their stock, though not common property (each man having his own, with a distinctive mark), are managed in common by a person employed for that purpose. The tenants of this class have paid their rents with great punctuality, and have never been in arrear to any amount worth mentioning. A considerable number of them have money in the bank."

It will be noticed that these farmers had leases, but Mr. Mackinnon does not mention this circumstance as one of the causes of their prosperity, because on the subject of leases he entertained the opinion which was, it must be acknowledged, shared with him by all the other factors who were examined by Sir John McNeill, that leases stimulated the industry of the industrious, but only deepened the indolence of the indolent. But Mr. Mackinnon specifies two other causes. The first is, that these club farmers "have their lands at a moderate rent." Now why should they have their lands at a more moderate rent than their neighbours? There is only one inference; it must simply have been because it was more difficult to evict a community, or to raise their rent, than to do the same with individuals. The other cause is, "that no one of the tenants can subdivide his share without the consent of his co-tenants and of the proprietor. The co-tenants are all opposed to such subdivision of a share by one of their number, and practically no subdivision takes place. Their families, therefore, as they grow up, are sent out to shift for themselves. Some of the children find employment at home, some emigrate to the colonies."

The children who succeeded to the paternal holdings became small farmers, living comfortably, as their fathers did before them, by farming alone. But it is even more interesting to note what became of the children who went out to face the world. The children of a cottier population are too generally shiftless. They have not been bred in an atmosphere of hopeful industry, they have not inherited a standard of comfort they are unwilling to let go, and they are unable to get any start in life, however little, from the savings of their parents. The children of a comfortably situated peasantry stand in all these respects in a very different case, and the example of Applecross furnishes a remarkable illustration of this. The people of Applecross who had not farms gave themselves to fishing, gave themselves to it as almost their sole occupation, and carried it to a really noteworthy development. Mr. Mackinnon says:—

"They devote themselves more constantly and exclusively to their occupations as fishermen and mariners than any population with which I am acquainted in the West country. Even previous to the failure of the potatoes,

they now derived a great part of their subsistence from these sources, and do so to a still greater extent. . . . The persons occupying lots on this property are owners of about thirty decked vessels, and the lotters on Mr. Mackenzie's property in Lochcarron and Kershore may have about fifteen. In the herring fishing these vessels are almost all employed in it. Each of them has a certain number of boats connected with it. The men live on board the vessel, and use the boats to shoot the nets and carry on the fishing. When green fish are selling at a good price they sell all they take to the South country curers. When they cannot get a good price for the green fish, they cure them on board, and send them to market in their own vessels, and return with such freights as they can get. When the herring fishing is over they ply for freight. The fishermen upon this property are generally well provided with boats and nets, and a great majority of them are, in my opinion, doing well. Several of the persons occupying small lots are owners of vessels, some of more than one, and some are part owners. Many of them have also money in the bank. The proprietor has very frequently advanced money to persons who had not sufficient funds to build and fit out a vessel they were desirous of having, or whom he wished to save from the inconvenience of taking up funds they had deposited at interest, and has not, I believe, in any case suffered one farthing of loss by them. All such advances, I believe, have been repaid."

On this estate, accordingly, besides the ordinary amphibious crofter labouring for a difficult existence between land and water, we find a comfortable class of small farmers preserved from ancient times by their inherited organization, and a class of active and substantial fishermen spontaneously developing itself by their side; and it is conformable to the analogy of experience elsewhere that the comfort of the former class had something to do with the energy of the latter.

Now no one would advocate a return to the runrig husbandry; but manifestly it has been superseded in the Highlands by a system still worse than itself. In plucking up the tares, the agricultural reformers of that generation seem to have plucked up the wheat also, and it is at least matter of legitimate regret that, while extirpating the runrig system of distributing the arable, they did not retain the co-operative principle of managing it, which was native to the soil, and always possesses immense advantages for small cultivators. For runrig is no essential of a club farm; on the contrary, it is really only a clumsy attempt to individualize a common possession. It divides the capital instead of dividing the profits; it assigns every man his share before the seed is laid, instead of after the produce is reaped. There must no doubt have been reasons for this. There was perhaps no better way of compelling the idler to do his full share of the work, and, besides, the plan required less account-keeping than any other, and was therefore perhaps more adapted for ruder times. Still, it may be doubted whether it would not have answered better, instead of breaking up the club farm, to have modernised it by making it more truly a joint-stock, and more truly a co-operative, society than it was; and, at any rate, many persons well entitled to form an

opinion on the subject—among whom may be mentioned a name held in unusual honour in the Highlands, the late Mr. Mackenzie, factor, Ardross—have declared their belief that the club farm must take a leading place among the future instrumentalities of advancing the people and agriculture of the Highlands.

The separation of the holdings, however, need not have been a mistake, for it need not have issued as it has done. The Highland people might have been linked that way, as well as any other, to the progress of civilization, had they got a leasehold tenure, and had patient and well-directed efforts been made to guide them into an improved husbandry. The reason always given for the separation of the holdings was one that owned the necessity of continuous tenure. It was contended that no farmer could be expected to do justice to his land, so long as he was obliged to exchange it for the land of his neighbour every three years. It seems, therefore, strange that a reform which was introduced for the very purpose of affording the farmer continuity of tenure, should have left him without any security for that continuity. There were reasons for this. One was, that the Highland proprietors and factors have always held that the sort of people they had to deal with could never be brought to conform their husbandry to improved methods except under the lash of the fear of ejectment. This was stated in the evidence taken before Sir John M'Neill, by Mr. Rainy of Raasay, Mr. A. K. Mackinnon, and even by Dr. Mackenzie of Eileanach, the promoter of the interesting crofting experiment at Gairloch. Another reason sprang from the kelp manufacture. Sheriff Shaw, who before his appointment as judge had been for many years factor to several of the largest proprietors in the Hebrides, stated in his evidence "that the kelp manufacture always stood in the way of leases. This manufacture required such constant superintendence and care, particularly since it began to decline in value, that it was necessary to retain the power of removing the manufacturers from their lands in the event of their refusing to adopt any changes or improvements in the mode of manufacture."

But kelp not only stood in the way of leases; it stood also in the way of any serious and zealous effort being made either by proprietors or tenants to promote agricultural improvements. It prevented the tenants from obtaining the tenure that is indispensable to efficient cultivation, and it prevented them from obtaining, or seeking, guidance in better and more profitable husbandry. Kelp makers required to have agriculture as a supplementary resource, because kelp-making afforded only a few months' employment in the year; but kelp-making was incompatible with careful husbandry, because its short season was identical with the agricultural season. But it was a lucrative business. It yielded the proprietor often more income than his land; and to the crofter its gains were sure, and they

paid his rent. It therefore suited the immediate exigencies of both proprietor and tenant to make as much of the short kelp season as possible, even though agriculture should cease to go forward, and should even fall behind. Kelp labourers rather than good farmers were wanted, and kelp labourers rather than good farmers were produced. The crofters accordingly subdivided their crofts with their married sons, and as the labour of the latter was really needed for the kelp, the factor thought it cruel, or at all events unnecessary, to interfere with this family arrangement. The subdivision was ignored, and with this subdivision there perished, if not all possibility, still all actual thought and hope, of agricultural reform. A family had now to raise their food from two acres, where before they might have ten, and as they wanted the old stock of cattle, they had to raise it without the aid of the old fertilizers. The ground was taxed with white crop after white crop, without remission and without due refreshment. The result was a complete degeneration of husbandry. Professor Walker writes of the Highlands in the beginning of this century: "A crop of bear is not reckoned good unless it is above ten-fold. It is usually between that and fifteen; and twenty, twenty-five, and even thirty-fold has been sometimes known on the rich sandy ground of the Long Island. It is true, indeed, they sow their bear extremely thin, but still it could yield no such produce unless the soil were uncommonly fertile." Heron, who wrote the Board of Agriculture's Report on the Hebrides, tells the same tale. In the Long Island the returns of barley, on ground prepared by the spade, were then, he says, from sixteen to twenty-fold—about the same as the returns on the East Coast of Scotland to-day, on land ploughed and prepared by the modern methods. Now that island is still cultivated by spade husbandry, but the usual returns of barley were stated in 1851 to be only five to eight-fold, or about one-third of what they were fifty years before; oats, receiving less manure than barley, returned only three to four-fold, and in Skye, according to the evidence of the ground-officer of Skeabost, taking the average of all the crofters, the return there was no more than the seed sown, or at most two seeds. Climate and soil are the same as ever; but the art of husbandry is impaired. Such husbandry as existed there a hundred years ago was declared by Marshall to be "the worst in existence," and yet, judging by results, it was three times as good as what has come in its room.

While these various forces were breaking down the economic position of the crofters from within, another powerful force was working to the same end from without. The introduction of sheep-farming on the large scale opened up to the landlords an easier, and, as they thought, a more excellent way of increasing their revenue, than by attempting the difficult task of reviving a declining husbandry, and developing a sound small-farm system among the old tenantry of

the estate. They soon came to believe that nothing could be made of land like theirs except sheep walks, and that nothing could be made of people like theirs, except by transplanting them to new scenes. This led to the emigrations, to the clearances, to the quiet piecemeal absorption of the small tenants' hill grazings to make up sheep farms; to the absence of any serious and sustained effort to put the present inhabitants in the way of bettering their condition; and to those complaints of depopulation, and counter-complaints of overpopulation, that have become almost chronic, and of which the worst point is that, contradictory as they seem, they are yet both equally just. In many districts the people are always diminishing, and always remaining redundant, because their resources are being ever more and more contracted by the causes already explained—their resources, and even their means and power of using them. The lairds put their confidence in sheep, and they are now finding—not, happily, too late—that even sheep betray. Pastures that were enriched by the cattle that fed on them are exhausted by sheep, so that flock-masters require to purchase greatly more wintering now than they used to do; and on account of that expense, and the foreign competition in wool, rents have fallen considerably, and, it is believed, permanently. Mr. J. T. Mackenzie of Kintail, in an answer (published in the *Inverness Courier*, of May 18, 1882) to a petition presented to him by thirty cottars in Kintail, for a bit of cow ground off the farm of Morvich, then about to be relet, stated that Morvich, and two other large sheep farms, were already let as a deer forest at the same rent the sheep tenants paid, and that his reason for preferring the sporting tenant was that the hill pastures had been exhausted by sheep, that sheep-farming was no longer a paying business, “and to restore that class of land to its former productiveness, the ground requires an entire, absolute, and long rest from sheep.” Mr. Mackenzie speaks with much respect and kind feeling of the Highland peasantry, declares it to be the interest of the nation to preserve such a race to furnish “the *élite* of the army” in the future, as it did in the past, offers to give his petitioners boats and nets to start them in fishing, and to spend money to develop any other likely industry; and when the new tenant of the forest, a rich American, demanded the eviction of the crofters upon it, he gave general satisfaction by resisting the demand. But still the prospect opened up to us by this whole transaction is not pleasing; and it may be taken for certain that, although the *bourgeois* public opinion of an earlier generation observed a languid neutrality when the glens were cleared to provide mutton and warm clothing for Manchester and London, the more democratic opinion of the present time will not suffer the sacrifice of a brave and most loyal peasantry to make sport for American millionaires. If sheep rearing has been carried too far, may it not be worth while after all

to turn the attention to the human resources of the district? If half the patience, and even the expense, which some sheep farmers take to improve their stock, had been taken to train the crofter communities in an agriculture suitable to the climate and markets, might not a small-farm system have been developed before now, that would have been profitable to the landlord and tenant alike? In the present position of agriculture, the probability is that rents cannot be maintained, except by diverting cultivation to that class of produce for which the small farm and the Highland climate are both admittedly adapted; and there is no reason, except want of sound tenure and want of sound training, why the Highland crofters should not hereafter pour into the Southern markets by the Glasgow steamers as much butter, eggs, poultry, and vegetables as the peasant proprietors of Normandy or Denmark send into London now.

Accordingly, the famine in Lewis, the disturbances in Skye, and the agitation in Caithness, call the public attention to the state of the Highlands at an apparently opportune moment. The Lewis crofters are starving because, like cottier tenants elsewhere, their existence has come to depend on the potato, and the potato has failed; those of Caithness complain of a remarkable system of arbitrary and persistent advances in rent, and they ask for the complete abolition of cottier tenure by means of a judicial court for fixing fair rent on periodical re-valuation, and by granting compensation for improvements. The grievances of Skye are all of one kind. Except on a small estate, where they complain of surviving feudal services, and of truck, the uniform ground of discontent is the loss of hill grazings immemorially possessed, and in some cases taken from them within the last twenty years. The disturbances began on the rent-day last spring, when the tenants of some townships on the Glendale property refused to pay rent unless the pasturage of Waterstein was restored to them. They were immediately followed by the Braes crofters on the Macdonald estate, who demanded the restoration of the grazing of Ben Lee. The Braes crofters handed this new fiery cross of "No rent!" to the crofters of Kilmuir; from Kilmuir it has passed to Bracadale, and from Bracadale across the sea to Barra. They have done exactly what the Ross-shire crofters did in 1792; they have driven off the herds of the stranger, and taken forcible possession of the ground by placing upon it their own stock; and in the interval they have unfortunately learnt from their periodical visits to the Irish fishing a belief in the efficacy of violent methods of agitation, which cannot be too sternly condemned. But the sore is old, and the troubles are not likely to sleep so long as the crofters entertain the hope, with which they are now profoundly moved, that a public opinion, which has done so much for the prodigal member of their family across the Channel, may at length be induced to lend a little

of its countenance to the steady son who has drudged so patiently and quietly at home. Whether they are right or wrong in their claims, they are not likely to be long satisfied without an investigation. They build their claims on the old custom of the country, and the old custom of the country is thus explained by Sir John M'Neill:—

“When the land of each farm was divided into separate crofts, a rent was fixed for each, varying according to the extent and quality of the arable land, the grazing being in common, and of equal value to all. These rents have generally been determined by professional surveyors or valuers for a whole farm, and the amount distributed over the crofts it contains by the crofters themselves, in concert with the proprietor or his factor. In some cases the rent for each croft was fixed before its occupant was known, and the crofts, at predetermined rents, were distributed by lot. The rent of the croft once fixed remains unchanged, unless in the event of a general increase or reduction of all rents on the property or part of the property on which it is situated, and in all cases that rent includes the hill grazing which is almost always attached to it. Once established on his small farm, the crofter's name is entered on the rent-roll, and as long as he pays his rent he does not expect to be removed, unless as a punishment for delinquency. On some of the old hereditary properties the occupation of the croft has by custom become hereditary, the son, if in a condition to take a croft, succeeding to his father's as a matter of course; and this custom has generally been respected by persons who have recently acquired large properties where it was established.”

The old understanding, therefore, which was still in current recognition, was that rents were fixed by periodical re-valuation by independent surveyors, and remained unchanged in the interval; that the possession of rented land implied the possession of connected hill grazings; and that possession was continuous, and even hereditary, unless forfeited by delinquency. Whatever weight may be assigned to this custom, the grievance of the crofters is that it has been infringed, by taking hill grazings from them. Of course, they got what were held to be corresponding reductions of rent; when Ben Lee was taken in 1865 by a new tenant for £128, the Braes crofters were allowed a reduction of £80; but whether such compensations were adequate or not, it is manifest that they could furnish no strict equivalent for a loss of pasture which rendered half the capital and labour of the crofters utterly useless, and incapable of finding employment in the district. Such a loss meant the permanent degradation of the crofters to a lower economic position, from which even the fairest reduction of rent could not raise them again.

But even though the crofters gained all they now demand, and even though cottier tenancy were abandoned or abolished, half the battle of their amelioration, and much the more difficult half, would still remain. They can never be put in a position to procure for themselves an adequate subsistence until they have been guided into a system of agriculture suited to soil, climate,

and markets, and using all the aids of modern science; and any inquiry into their condition, to be practically beneficial, ought not to be restricted to the mere rights and wrongs of the present struggle, but should include the agricultural possibilities of the country, and the experience of small-farm systems elsewhere. An indolent and unfounded prejudice has obstructed their amelioration hitherto: the climate is declared to be hopelessly bad, and the people to be hopelessly lazy. Climate, no doubt, varies in the Highlands, and one crop may be fit for Skye and another for Lewis, and perhaps any crop may need more care than it would in some more favoured parts. But a climate that produced sixteen, and even thirty-fold, a hundred years ago, cannot be hopelessly bad. Dr. Mackenzie says he used to grow as good crops on his West Coast farm as on his East Coast farm, though he admits they needed closer attention. It is universally allowed that the Highlands are everywhere admirably adapted for dairy produce, and there is a strong body of opinion which maintains that they are equally well adapted for various kinds of profitable vegetables. All this, however, involves first training, and then assiduous labour, and we are told the crofters will never submit to either. But it is always a mistake to despair of a community, and never more so than in this instance. The indolence of the Highlander is the effect of his circumstances, not of his race. The hopeless labour of half the year, and the hopeless idleness of the other half, produce the same results upon him as they do upon other cottier tenants, and the form which the charge against him usually takes really involves the admission that when you change his circumstances you change the man too. He is owned to be active and laborious in the Lowlands: it is only in the Highlands he is asleep: or he is said to work well when he works for others; it is when he works for himself that he dawdles: or he is declared—as he is declared by an intelligent writer, who ought to know the Celtic character well, Sir G. S. Mackenzie, author of “*The Agricultural Survey of Ross*”—to be most industrious at any other occupation, but to become a mere lounge when he turns to agriculture. The fault manifestly lies in the agriculture, and not in the man; and agricultural labour will always be indolent labour in the Highlands, as everywhere else, while it is conducted under existing conditions. The objection of the factors against leases is exactly the objection of the slaveholders to emancipation, and the answer is the same. You cannot educate men in the virtues of freemen except in freedom, and you cannot produce in them the virtues of leaseholders, except by first making them leaseholders. The Highlanders, however, adopted improvements, as we have seen in the quotation from Marshall, a century ago, and where properly guided they have done the same again even in their fallen crofter state. When Mr. Mackinnon was made factor

on Lord Macdonald's estates in Skye, he says he appointed an inspector of improvements to go about amongst the crofters, and direct them as to the cultivation of their lands :—

“He was instructed not to expect or demand too much, but to aim rather at a steady progressive improvement though slow, rather than at any sudden or violent change. Being a judicious man, he quite comprehended my views. He carried out his instructions to my satisfaction, and with manifest advantage. Crooked ridges were made straight, springs or spouty spots were drained, and other improvements gradually carried out; but this mode of introducing a better system had been in operation only three years, when the failure of the potatoes overturned all our arrangements. Had that calamity not occurred, and forced the people to seek their subsistence for a great part of the year from the wages of labour elsewhere, I am of opinion that by this time such progress would have been made towards an improved mode of culture, as would have made it advisable to grant leases to many of the crofters.”

JOHN RAE.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IN INDIA: THE NEW DEPARTURE.

LOCAL self-government for the natives of India is a matter of interest to all thoughtful observers. Much has been, and is being, done by the British Government for its Indian subjects. But it is felt that more than heretofore ought to be done by them for themselves, and that the Government ought to teach them how to do this. The idea that everything should be *for* the people and nothing *by* them, or, in other words, that everything should be effected by the Government and nothing through the agency of the people themselves, is not likely to be approved by British people. It is well, indeed, to bestow upon them material prosperity, security of rights and property, equitable and moderate taxation, the means both of preserving Oriental scholarship and of acquiring Western knowledge, some insight also into the wonders of modern science. Thus they will look up to the foreign Government as an embodiment of moral as well as political power; and, notwithstanding all that doubting critics may say, they will feel a loyal gratitude in the contemplation of what they have to be grateful for. But it is better still to afford to them that practical education which comes from the actual study of self-government, and that robustness of character which arises from exercise in the discipline of managing their own affairs. Under an administration like that of the British, which, though conducted with a comprehensive legislation and a strict executive, is in many essentials paternal or patriarchal, there is always a fear lest the people should regard themselves as forming an entity separate from the Government. If such should become the state of the public mind, the Government is likely to be *en l'air* as regards sympathy and moral support in the event of a political or military crisis. It is desirable indeed to found institutions intrinsically excellent; but it

is yet more desirable to make the people regard themselves as forming a part of such institutions. Then they will begin to feel their corporate existence as being one with the State. England must, no doubt, for an indefinitely long time, rely mainly on her own right arm. Still the popular support, if rendered *ex animo*, would be of priceless value. One of the best and surest means of winning such support is to promote that local self-government which I now propose briefly to consider.

For many years past, indeed almost from the beginning of British rule, there has been in India the germ of what in England is known as "local government and taxation." This germ has been fostered, till in some of the principal cities and of the rural towns, and nearly throughout the districts in the interior (which districts correspond very much to English counties), the affairs commonly called local in India, as in other countries, are largely under the management and control of local bodies consisting partly of Europeans (chiefly official) and partly of natives. These affairs may, for India, be summarized as,—roads and communications, primary and middle-class education, sanitation and medical work, municipal police. Under this agency much external improvement has been effected, leaving a happy impress on nearly every part of a widely-extended country. The system, such as it is, was further strengthened, in 1872, by a measure introduced and executed by Lord Mayo's Government, officially termed the system of Provincial Services, whereby an increased financial control was conceded by the Supreme Government of India to the several Local Governments in the empire, of various grades, eight in number, respecting the heads of service mentioned above, and some others besides. By legislation also a complete constitution, after the British model, was conferred upon the municipal corporations of the two great cities, Calcutta and Bombay.

Nevertheless, in the interior of the country the position of these local bodies has been uncertain, and their action fitful. The native members were nominated by official authority, and were supposed or intended to be representatives of local interests. Still, not being elected, they have never been representatives in the English sense of the term. Their proceedings have been under an official control to which there has not been any limitation, either by rule or practice. Despite numerous instances of praiseworthy public spirit, there has often been an atmosphere of apathy pervading their conduct. On the whole, their proceedings have been such as might be expected on the part of those who are not stimulated by a sense of real power and responsibility.

Since the middle of 1881, the Government of India, under Lord Ripon, appear to have been earnestly considering the best way of consolidating the position of these local bodies, broadening their basis,

augmenting their powers, and investing them with responsibilities corresponding thereto. In September, 1881, the Government issued a Resolution extending further the system of Provincial Services—that is, enlarging the financial powers of the several Local Governments in provincial affairs. Then in May of last year (1882), another Resolution was issued regarding the local bodies already described, and for the avowed purpose of promoting the principle of local self-government for the natives.

The language with which the last-named resolution opens is so positive and specific as to deserve quoting, and it runs thus:—

“ At the outset the Governor-General in Council must explain that in advocating the extension of local self-government and in the adoption of this principle in the management of many branches of local affairs, he does not suppose that the work will be, in the first instance, better done than if it remained in the sole hands of the Government district officers. It is not primarily with a view to improvement in administration that this measure is put forward and supported. It is chiefly desirable as an instrument of popular and political education. His Excellency in Council has no doubt that, in course of time, as local knowledge and interest are brought to bear more freely upon local administration, improved efficiency will in fact follow. But at starting there will doubtless be many failures, calculated to discourage exaggerated hopes and even in some cases to cast apparent discredit upon the practice of self-government itself. If, however, the officers of Government only set themselves, as the Governor-General in Council believes they will, to foster sedulously the small beginnings of independent political life; if they accept loyally, and as their own, the policy of the Government; and if they come to realize that the system opens to them a fairer field for the exercise of administrative tact and directive energy than the more autocratic system which it supersedes, then it may be hoped that the period of failures will be short and that real and substantial progress will very soon become manifest.

“ It is not uncommonly asserted that the people of this country are themselves entirely indifferent to the principle of self-government, that they take but little interest in public matters, and that they prefer to have such affairs managed for them by Government officers. The Governor-General in Council does not attach much value to this theory. It represents, no doubt, the point of view which commends itself to many active and well-intentioned district officers; and the people of India are, there can be equally no doubt, remarkably tolerant of existing facts. But as education advances there is rapidly growing up all over the country an intelligent class of public-spirited men whom it is not only bad policy but sheer waste of power to fail to utilise.”

This frank and unreserved declaration of principle is followed by directions in detail, of which the prominent points only can be stated here. While the municipal administration in the cities and towns is to be maintained and extended as far as possible, a network of local boards is to be formed in the districts (like the English counties, as already mentioned) into which the country is divided. The area placed under each board is to be small, as an administrative unit; consequently there will be many boards in a district. Each board

will have the supervision of a group of villages, following as much as possible the traditional divisions into which the country has from olden times been divided. But ordinarily there will be at the headquarters of the district a central board, having control over the lesser boards. The members of the boards are to be chosen by election, wherever it may, in the opinion of the local governments, be practicable to adopt that system of choice. The qualification of the electors and other matters pertaining to the elections are to be determined by the local governments. It is anticipated that, as a consequence, the electoral system throughout the country will present a very diversified appearance. This may prove to be rather convenient than otherwise, as tending to develop the idiosyncrasies of a vast and diverse population. But if there be any inconvenience therefrom, it must be endured, as above all things it is desirable to proceed cautiously in deference to the sentiments prevailing in widely-scattered localities. The boards are to have as much of independent power as possible, consistently with the control of official authority in two respects—first, the sanction of certain specified acts, such as the raising of loans and the imposition of taxes, and secondly, the power of suspending temporarily a board from its functions in case of any gross and continued neglect of an important duty. Respecting the several branches of local administration already mentioned, the boards are to be entrusted not only with the expenditure of established funds, and of other moneys which may be allotted to them, but also with the management of certain among the Governmental revenues, such as the License Tax.

Thus local funds amounting to several millions sterling annually, roads of many thousands of miles in total length, rustic school-houses numbered by tens of thousands, medical and other institutions to be counted by hundreds, will be hereafter administered by boards elected by electors from the villages of British India,—in number about 400,000. This is of itself a considerable piece of administration.

Now, of these comprehensive instructions the greater part amounts to an expansion of the existing system. The expansion is, however, remarkable in respect to the number of the boards in each district (*Anglicè* county). Whereas there has heretofore been only one such board in a district, commonly called "the Local Committee," there will in future be many boards. This of itself will ensure a more equitable distribution than heretofore of improvement throughout the whole district, and especially in remote or comparatively neglected tracts. But the real novelty lies in the instruction that, so far as may be practicable, the members of the boards shall be elected. This is a principle heretofore almost unknown practically in the interior of India—that is in the agricultural regions of a country where (in contrast to the proportions existing in England) four-fifths of the popu-

ation are rural, and only one-fifth urban. According to some calculations, indeed, the urban population may be estimated as less than one-fifth, and nearer to one-tenth. Thus the introduction of the elective principle into the villages, or little townships, of British India may be said to constitute virtually a new departure.

The elective principle is not indeed a novelty among the urban people of India—that is in the towns, as contradistinguished from the country. In the two capital cities of Calcutta and Bombay it has been in force for several years for municipal administration. Accordingly the municipalities of those two cities, having an aggregate population of $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions and an income of £500,000 annually, are administered by corporations consisting chiefly of members elected by the ratepayers. The citizens of Bombay—which has always been a cosmopolitan seaport readily receptive of fresh ideas—took kindly to the elective system at once, and have behaved uniformly as good electors ought to behave, choosing native candidates for the most part, but giving also their suffrages to some candidates of European nationalities. In Calcutta, the citizens treated it at first with an almost disdainful apathy. But among them there was from the beginning a class of educated natives who appreciated its advantages, and by this time it may be said to have fairly taken root. It has been cautiously and tentatively extended to some other towns, but its introduction into some of them was postponed for political reasons. The measure will now, under the orders of May, 1882, be made to embrace virtually all the towns, large and small (about 1,500 in number, for all British India), and ere long it will probably be the fact that the municipal revenues of the country, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling in the aggregate, for an urban population of nearly twenty millions, are administered under corporations elected by the ratepayers. In these cases there never has been, nor will be, any difficulty in forming constituencies; the payment of municipal rates is the qualification, and that qualification is possessed by all respectable citizens who thus are the electors; and the wards into which towns and cities are divided become the electoral divisions, each having a municipal representation.

Then comes the question, has the interior of the country, with its large rural population, the necessary facilities for the introduction of this system for the purpose of administering the local affairs already described? Yes, it does possess these facilities in a remarkable degree. The constituencies, the electoral qualifications, the electors, are all, so to speak, ready made.

In most provinces of India—that is in Madras, Bombay, the North-Western Provinces, the Panjab, the Central Provinces, British Burma, and Assam, peasant proprietorship largely, and in some parts almost exclusively, prevails, every peasant proprietor cultivating lands with

his own hands, and paying land-tax to the Government. Here at once, then, is the electoral qualification, and the peasant proprietors will be the electors. The question will then arise as to whether the qualification should be extended to any of those who cultivate land, but do not own it, nor pay revenue to Government. They are cultivators or tenants, and pay rent to proprietors large or small, even to peasant proprietors. If they are tenants at will only, the qualification will probably be not extended to them. But many of them have tenancy or occupancy rights, and cannot be evicted without cause shown to the satisfaction of a court of justice. These, then, may be regarded as equitably entitled to the electoral qualification. Again, throughout these provinces the village system exists, whereby the proprietors residing in a village, corresponding nearly to an English parish, are grouped together for police arrangements and other administrative purposes. In Northern India the bond of union is drawn very close between the proprietors in each village, who thus form a community commonly called a brotherhood. This peculiar constitution will favour the exercise of the electoral franchise. In Oudh large proprietors or landlords prevail; and thus, if proprietors alone were to have the franchise, the number of electors would be comparatively small. But there again a considerable class exists of privileged tenants or occupancy cultivators, many of whom might be selected for the franchise. In the provinces under the Government of Bengal large proprietors are found; but alongside of great estates in many parts of the country there are thousands of small properties. In the aggregate for the whole country, then, the number of electors qualified by the ownership of land will be very considerable. But if the application of the electoral principle is to be equitably distributed in most parts of the country, the representation must include some at least of the tenants—namely, those who have occupancy privileges, especially as they are assessed to various local cesses.

Of all the great classes in India, the agricultural class is the one that can best be trusted with the germ of political privilege, such as electoral representation, for any political purpose, however limited. It is the class that feels most immediately the benefits of British rule, which are seen to be peculiar in an Asiatic country, and in the main its passive loyalty has been proved during times of trial. On the other hand, it is politically deficient in active qualities; and if it is to receive moral education under a civilized and enlightened Government such as ours, it needs the stimulus which will be afforded by an electoral system in local affairs.

That rural electors will, at the outset, prove stolid in appreciating the franchise in local affairs, and will be apathetic in exercising it, is but too probable. But if the European officers shall become convinced that the lesson ought to be learnt, they will ere long succeed

in teaching it to the people. Public opinion, too, will by degrees warm to the work. The electors themselves will begin to be interested in the matter when they perceive that the elected representatives have real power and responsibility in local administration. Moreover, although the rural folk have not been habituated to formal elections, in which votes are taken, yet they have from ancient times been accustomed to see affairs of social importance managed by committees nominated by acclamation, and termed "Panchayets."

At the best, however, the elective system for local purposes may probably prove to be a plant of slow growth among the rural population of India. It may even meet with some indirect discouragement. It will be disliked by all those, whether European or Native, who dread reform merely because of its involving a change, forgetting that while some changes, as being for the worse, are to be deprecated, others, as being for the better, are to be encouraged. Some official Europeans, compelled by hard experience to see the darker sides of Oriental character, may be dubious as to the safety of introducing this kind of political privilege. Some non-official Europeans, whose natural instincts would be favourable to the principle, may apprehend that the natives are not yet fitted for such a status, even in respect to local affairs. Many natives of the most respectable station may object to the measure partly because it levels up the classes below them. If such men, on account of their general knowledge and personal character, be consulted by the authorities as to its expediency, they may give a dissuasive answer.

Thus adverse influences may arise to affect in some degree the judgment of the several Local Governments. Consequently, while some of these Governments will be anxious to advance in this direction, others will be disposed to pause and hesitate; though all will be equally animated by a desire to fulfil the behest of the Government of India, so far as they can under the circumstances by which they are surrounded.

The Government of India, though determined that a real beginning shall be made, and that progress shall advance with certain steps, is yet evidently anxious that these steps should be cautious. During 1882 fears were expressed in one important quarter of India lest the proposed reform should prove too subversive of existing arrangements, lest the change should be somewhat too fundamental, the basis of representation too large, the powers confided to the representatives too extensive. Thereon the Government of India lost no time in explaining that its already declared intentions were not really liable to these objections. It stated in a Resolution of last October (1882), that, although the progress of the new system was to be real and substantial, yet a due degree of caution must be observed in connection therewith; that detailed rules of universal application need not be

laid down for all the provinces of the empire, a considerable latitude being left to the district authorities; that the several Local Governments might select particular districts for the introduction of the elective principle, on the understanding that the system should prevail generally at last, and in the meantime should be established as widely as possible; that the qualification of the electors and the modes of election would similarly be left to the determination of the several Local Governments, in the expectation that the qualification would in the first instance be ordinarily fixed fairly high; that the District Officer should not be a member of the Local Boards, but should control and supervise their proceedings from without; that the Government would retain all necessary powers for dealing with any Board that failed in its duty, powers ranging from simple remonstrance to absolute, though temporary, supersession of the defaulting body. Thus the political experiment is to be initiated, with a persistent resolve indeed, but in a moderate spirit. The several reservations and safeguards were actually comprised in the Resolution of May, 1882, and have been reiterated in the Resolution of October in the same year. Still, in reference to the judicious distrust with which innovations are regarded in India, and which usually leads to their being carefully considered, it is perhaps fortunate that the objections proceeding from one of the Local Governments should have caused the reiteration of safeguards proving to the world that the Government of India is quite moderate in its intentions.

On the other hand, one of the local Governments, that of the Panjab, has notably accepted the new departure. As being among the youngest of the several local Governments, it might be expected to be the most facile and apt in the management of innovations. A portion of the language used by it on this occasion is worth quoting. In its Resolution of September last (1882), the following passage occurs :—

“The object of the whole proceeding is to educate the people to manage their own affairs. At the outset it is admitted that amongst the native community the various capacities requisite in public life are for the most part immature; it is precisely for this reason that a period of public and political training is necessary. The value of the policy consists in its tendency to create and develop the capacity for self-help. Placed in new positions of responsibility, the representatives of the people on the local boards will become year by year more intelligent, self-reliant, and independent. But these advantages can be secured only if the local bodies are trusted. Their power and responsibilities must alike be real in proportion; as if there is any pretence or illusion about either the one or the other, there is an obvious possibility that the whole undertaking may degenerate into an officious dislocation of existing arrangements. No such miscarriage of a generous and enlightened policy must be suffered to occur in the Panjab. This risk escaped, the Government anticipating, by wise reforms, those legitimate aspirations which always gain substance and strength with the process of instruction, and providing a career for the people, to open and expand with their growing intelligence and education,

will avoid many of the dangers inherent in foreign rule. The scheme, in so far as it can be successfully worked, will tend to educate the country in public life, to relieve the Government of the odium of petty interferences and small unpopular acts; to diminish any sense of antagonism between the people and the Government; to promote better knowledge of the real aims of the governing body; to popularize taxation; to open useful, if not exalted, careers to the native gentry; and to interest leading men in the process of undertakings and the stability of institutions in which they will now have a personal and prominent share."

Such are the high hopes entertained by some at least of the advocates and supporters of the scheme initiated by Lord Ripon and his advisers. In some parts of the empire the realization will be early, and in others it will be late.

In the Central Provinces, which have an administration younger even than that of the Panjab, the policy has been put in force by the recent passing of a law which embodies all the principal points in the resolution of the Government of India of May, 1882, already mentioned.

In general terms, a measure of this nature, if urged by the Government of India, merits the confidence of the British public. For that Government—consisting not only of the Viceroy and Governor-General (as its head), but also of councillors, some men of the best Indian experience, and others drawn from the English professions—possesses both progressive and conservative elements, and usually pursues a line which, though reforming and enlightened, is yet tentative and precautionary.

When the new system shall have taken root in India, and begun to flourish, abuses will doubtless arise similar to those which have arisen in more civilized countries. When seats in the Local Boards shall become objects of strong desire, or of personal ambition, it is to be feared that India will not prove to be free from the petty malpractices with which elections in the United Kingdom have been too often disfigured. For India, however, this objection will not be apparent for some, perhaps many, years to come. By that time perhaps European people will have learnt how to check this evil among themselves. In that case the people of India will doubtless prove teachable in the same direction. The progress of the natives under English education in all that relates to secular morality has been happily remarkable. A similar progress will surely become perceptible in their political conduct. Again, if elections are intrinsically good, it is possible to have too much of them as of other good things, as is abundantly illustrated by the example of the United States of America. If, then, ardent reformers, emboldened by success attending the measure now under discussion, were to hastily extend the principle to this, that, and the other branch or department, then a crop of abuses might spring up on the Indian soil, which

possesses a signal fertility in this respect. For all that, it must be remembered that the elective principle is essential to that political training which every stable Government (like that of British India) must desire to see possessed by its subjects. Mere discussion, without practical action, will be futile. Hitherto such action has been deprecated by some because the people are unprepared. But the people are not likely to become prepared unless some steps are taken for preparation. Public spirit cannot be created without entrusting the people with a part of their own public business, a part limited at first, but increasing as their fitness shall grow. Unless this be attempted, more and more, there is fear lest the effect of British rule should check such public spirit. A retrospect of the results attained by British rule in India will show what apparent marvels have been accomplished; another marvel now presents itself for accomplishment. After that a long vista of future marvels will be opened to the reforming eye. Even if political risks should accrue, they must be borne in performing the duty which the British Government owes to the people of India. But in that country a trustful policy will be found a wise one, and that which is soundest morally will prove to be the safest politically.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

SIENA.

IT has been truly said that every square league of Italian soil deserves our attention and study, and perhaps no part of Italy is more full of rich and varied human interest than the quondam republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Siena, of the last of which I propose to write in this article.

Etruscan vases and other remains have at various times been found in and around Siena; but nothing is known with certainty of its history, until, in the reign of Augustus, we find it spoken of as a Roman military colony. The three hills upon which it stands rise to upwards of one thousand feet above the sea level, and the soil of which they are composed is doubtless the product of volcanic action. Siena has always been subject to earthquakes, which, however, at the worst, never did greater injury than the shaking down of a few chimneys. Formerly they recurred at intervals of forty or fifty years, but latterly they have been much more frequent, ten years rarely passing without their unwelcome advent. During the months of July and August of last year they occasioned great terror in Siena: in one day no fewer than seventy shocks were observed, and thousands of the inhabitants camped out in the squares and gardens, lest their houses should fall upon them. Scientific men tell us that the tufa upon which the city stands being to a great extent hollowed out, there is very little danger of the earthquakes doing real injury; but to unscientific residents, the existence of this hollow space underneath makes the fate of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram seem more painfully probable than if solid earth were below. Be this as it may, in spite of the panic, no damage has actually been done; and the huge masses of the churches and palaces show no rents or cracks, save one or two that are almost as venerable as the buildings themselves.

Siena used to be a more favourite station for English residents than it now is. Before railway days, almost all visitors to Rome from the north passed a day or two in Siena; now the railway conveys them direct from Florence, and the ancient little city is passed by. Those, however, who follow the older fashion find its interest grow upon them, as the strain and stress of the nineteenth century fades from their mind and they gradually feel more and more at home among the relics of the spirit of the Middle Ages.

In the short space at my disposal, it would be vain for me to do more than briefly glance at one or two interesting episodes in the history of this little Republic, speak of some of the worthies it has produced (a few of whom, by the common consent of Christendom, have been deemed worthy "on fame's eternal roll-call to be filed"), and then describe the "*Palio*," the August festival of the city.

In a famous passage Macaulay describes the wide-reaching effects of the ambition of Frederick the Great, and how, as its bitter fruit, the natives of Coromandel engaged in internecine slaughter, and Red Indians scalped one another on the great lakes of Canada. In like manner, for hundreds of years, there was constant strife among the republics of Italy, and the flower of their citizens perished either on the battle-field or the scaffold, because of the rivalry of the great factions having their origin in Germany, the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Indeed, the history of the Italian republics throughout the Middle Ages is the record of constant warfare in the interest of the one or the other party. Without, therefore, trying to realize what Siena may have been when the great Etruscan league bore sway throughout Central Italy, or when, having become subject to Rome, the conquering legions tramped through its streets on their way to Gaul or Germany or Britain, let us come at once to the mediæval history of the city, from which period the walls, churches, and palaces date. After the Lombard invasion of Italy, Siena was governed by a representative of the Lombard kings; but when, in 800, Charlemagne destroyed, or, more properly, absorbed into his empire the kingdom of the iron crown, Siena was declared a free city. The lordships and baronies and rich lands he divided, with no niggard hand, among his warlike followers from beyond the Alps, and some of these became the ancestors of the nobility of Siena. The soil, then, as now, rich beyond all northern ideas, and generous of corn, wine, and oil, soon rendered wealthy its fortunate possessors, who, no longer contented with the feudal castles on their estates, began to build palaces in Siena, and built them so solidly that now, after five or six centuries, they stand firm and strong as when erected, and there seems no reason why they should not bid defiance to time and earthquakes for five centuries more. The feudal origin of these palaces, and the fact that the possessors derived their revenues from wide lordships and domains outside

the city, in some degree accounts for what for a long time greatly puzzled me. As you walk through the old streets of Siena, every hundred yards, or even much more frequently, you come upon great palazzi, for the most part built of enormously solid masonry, and often of such vast size that you would think that each one could accommodate a whole regiment. How was it possible, I have often thought, for such houses to be erected and the expenses of such households to be borne in an inland city, shut out from the wealth derived from maritime trade, which made princes of the merchants of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa? True the wealth of many of these great families is a thing of the past. I recently heard of a whole patrician family living in a portion of their huge palace, all being entirely supported out of the dowry of the wife of the eldest son, who was probably the daughter of some wealthy plebeian. Yet not one of this interesting family would do a hand's turn of work to save himself from starvation; they are far too sensible of what is due to themselves and to the honour of the family.* Still, it would be a great mistake to suppose that the patrician families of Siena are poor. On the contrary, the most distinguished of them remain possessed of great estates in the country as well as of their stately old palaces in the city. For instance, the Palazzo Tolomei was built in 1205. It is an imposing square Gothic pile of stone, dark with the grime of nearly seven centuries, during which period the family have been leading patricians in Siena, and they still continue to occupy an important position in the city. The Chigis, Piccolominis, Bandinis, and many others, retain their ancient state and greatness. The Piccolomini family gave two Popes to Rome—the celebrated Eneas Sylvius, who wore the tiara as Pius II., and his nephew, Pius III. To this family also belonged that Ascanius Piccolomini, Archbishop of Siena, who, when the prison doors of the Inquisition were opened to Galileo, received the venerable philosopher, and made a home for him within the walls of the Archiepiscopal Palace. The persecuted philosopher seems to have been quite overcome with the kindness showered upon him by the Archbishop, for he speaks of it in his letters as “inexplicable.” To this family also belongs that Ottavio Piccolomini whose defection from Wallenstein forms the subject of Schiller's drama. His portrait may be seen at the Palazzo Pubblico on a charger at full gallop in somewhat the same truculent attitude

* With a city full of huge empty palaces, one would naturally suppose that strangers would be embarrassed in their choice of desirable furnished apartments. So I expected, and put what I thought a likely advertisement in a little Siennese journal, the *Lupa*. Not an answer, however, did I receive, and I am assured that that Siennese patrician must be poor and miserable indeed who would not rather see the palace of his ancestors crumble to ruin than resign a portion of it to the occupation of strangers. I have since secured an apartment in the palazzo of a noble family, whose history has been bound up with that of the republic for centuries, and at what in England would be regarded as a ridiculously cheap rate, but under such peculiar circumstances as in no way to militate against the above statement.

in which Napoleon is popularly represented crossing the Alps. The Saracini family, whose massive palace is one of the principal ornaments of the Via della Città, has during its long history given one Pope and many Cardinals to Rome. It is, however, on the point of dying out, only one aged childless representative remaining.

I am assured that the families who reckon Popes among their predecessors, as for instance the Piccolomini, Chigi, and Saracini, date the greater part of their wealth and greatness from that time. The Popes appear, as a matter of course, to have made use of the vast revenues of the Church to aggrandize their families. We are wont to attribute the political maxim, "To the victors the spoils,"—which has proved so great a curse to the great Transatlantic republic,—to old General Andrew Jackson; but, if the above statement be true, he took no new departure when he laid down the principle, but was following a time-honoured, not to say sacred, precedent. An unwritten law, by which only the eldest son of each patrician house has been allowed to marry, has powerfully contributed to prevent the dispersion of their inherited wealth.

From the time of Barbarossa (1152) until long after the last of the Imperial House of Suabia, the unfortunate Conradin, had perished on the scaffold at Naples (in 1269), Siena was always intensely Ghibelline and anti-papal, although its sturdy independence showed itself, even when Barbarossa was at the height of his power, and came, breathing out vengeance against the Italian free cities, determined to deprive them of their liberty. Siena alone had the courage to shut its gates in the face of the mighty conqueror and to dare him to do his worst. Frederick sent his son Henry with a large army which closely invested the city. The besieged, however, made a simultaneous sortie from the two gates, Fonte Branda and St. Marco, and, attacking the German camp at a place called the Rosaio, routed the Imperialists and put them to flight. But if Siena was Ghibelline in its politics, its great rival and sister republic, Florence, held by the Guelphs.

Under the great Emperor Frederick II., the old quarrel between the Papacy and the Empire broke out with fresh fury, and involved all Italy in strife. Upon his death, Florence first, quickly followed by the whole of Tuscany, with the exception of Siena, threw off its allegiance to the Empire. The leaders of the Ghibelline party in Florence took refuge in Siena, which speedily led to hostilities between the two cities.

To resist the victorious Guelphs, Siena had only the alliance of Pisa; and the little republic, hardly beset, sent pressing requests for succour to Manfred, son of the Emperor Frederick, and King of Naples. On August 11, 1259, the King sent a reply, still preserved in the archives of Siena, in which he announced the despatch of an

army sufficient to place the Ghibelline cause in its old position of supremacy; but, alas! instead of the promised army, only one hundred German troopers arrived. The mountain had brought forth a mouse, and things looked gloomy indeed for Siena. In this crisis, however, a leading Florentine exile, Farinata degli Uberti, whom Dante, a few years later, was to immortalize in the pages of the "Inferno," cheered the drooping spirits of the Sienese. He said, "We have the banner of the King; this will suffice to make him send us as many soldiers as we may require, and that without asking for them." The city was at the time closely invested by the Florentines. Uberti gave the unhappy Germans as much wine as they could drink, and, promising them double pay, persuaded them to charge the enemy's lines. This they did, and with incredible fury. The Florentines, taken by surprise, and not knowing what might follow this whirlwind of one hundred German devils, were upon the point of raising the siege. When, however, they perceived the insignificant number of their assailants, they summoned heart of grace, slew the hundred troopers to the very last man, and capturing the royal banner subjected it to every conceivable outrage. This was exactly what the Mephistophelean Uberti desired. Enraged at the dishonour done to his standard, Manfred despatched eight hundred German knights, under his cousin Giordano Lancia di Angalono, to the help of Siena, and with the levies from Pisa the whole of the Ghibelline forces amounted to 9,000 horse and 18,500 foot soldiers.

To maintain this host was an enormous tax upon the city of Siena, and in order to employ the army, and if possible to induce the Florentines to give battle, the Sienese commanders laid siege to the neighbouring city of Montalcino.

The Florentines were, however, not at all disposed to make easy the plans of their enemies, and obstinately remained within their walls. But the guile of Uberti was more than a match for them. With great secrecy he despatched two monks to the leaders of the people of Florence, to represent that they were the emissaries of the most powerful citizens of Siena, who, finding the tyranny of Provenzano Salvani* and Uberti insupportable, were determined to deliver themselves from it at any cost. The messengers added that when the

* This is the Provenzano mentioned by Dante in the eleventh Canto of the "Purgatorio":—

"Colui che del cammin sì poco piglia
Dinanzi a me, Toscana sonò tutta
Ed ora a pena in Siena sen pispiglia
Ond' era sire, quando fu distrutta
La rabbia fiorentina che superba
Fu a quel tempo sì com'ora è putta.

* * * * *
Quegli è, rispose Provenzan Salvani
Ed è qui, perchè fu presuntuoso
A recar Siena tutta alle sue mani."

Florentines, under pretext of succouring Montalcino, should reach Siena, one of the gates of the city would be opened to them. Unhappily for Florence, her leaders believed the messengers and acted upon their insidious advice. The people of Florence rose in mass, and aid was demanded from the allied Guelphic cities. Bologna, Perugia, and Orvieto sent their contingents. A host of 33,000 warriors gathered around the Carroccio, or sacred car of Florence. The army marched to Monte Aperto, a few miles from Siena, in the full hope and expectation that the city would soon be theirs. Towards sunset on the 3rd September (1260) the Sienese, after publicly invoking the aid of the Virgin, and dedicating their city to her, marched out to meet their enemies, and upon the following day the struggle took place. It was a hard fought and long doubtful battle, and it was by treachery that it was at length decided. Bocca degli Abati, a Ghibelline, who fought in the ranks of the Florentines, struck off, with one blow of his sword, the hand of Jacopo di Pazzi, who bore the standard of the cavalry. Fell panic seized the Florentine riders when they saw their banner fallen, and that there was treachery within their ranks, the extent of which they could not gauge. Each man spurred his horse away from the fatal field, and soon the foot soldiers were involved in one common rout. Then began a butchery which made the Arbia stream run blood.

" . . . lo strazio e il grande scempio
Che fece l'Arbia colorata in rosso."

Meanwhile, in the city of Siena, the old men, women, and children, together with the bishop, priests, and monks of all orders, were assembled in the cathedral asking mercy of God. The Twenty-four Signori, who then ruled Siena, posted a watchman on the tower of the Palazzo Marescotti, now the palace of the Saracini, whence the field of battle was distinctly visible. The winding road over hill and dale would make the distance five or six miles; but, as a bird would fly, in a direct line, Monte Aperto is little more than three miles away. Thus, the watchman, a certain Cerreto Ceccolino, could distinctly perceive the movements of the contending armies. Terrible was the anxiety of the crowd of old men, women, and children at the base of the tower as they waited for the report of the combat. At length the watchman strikes his drum, and, in the breathless pause that follows, he cries with a loud voice so that all may hear: "They have reached Monte Selvoli, and are pushing up the hill to secure it as a coign of vantage, and now the Florentines are in motion and they also are trying to gain the hill."

Again the drum sounds: "The armies are engaged; pray God for victory." Next the watchman cries, "Pray God for ours; they seem to me to be getting the worst of it." But soon the pain and suspense of the anxious crowd were relieved by the watchman crying, "Now

I see that it is the enemy who fall back." And now in all the joy of victory the watchman beats a triumphant march, and informs the anxious ones below that the standards of Florence have all gone down, and that her soldiers are broken and routed, and how cruel a slaughter there is among them. Cruel slaughter, indeed! The Carroccio, or sacred car of Florence, drawn by white oxen, and with the great standard of the city displayed from its lofty flag-staffs, was taken at a place called "Fonte al pino," close to the Arbia. Among its gallant defenders was a Florentine named Tornaquinci, with his seven sons, all of whom were slain.

Consternation now fell upon the army of Florence. Many threw down their arms and cried, "We surrender;" but the chronicler adds, grimly, "they were not understood." A few of the bravest from Florence, from Lucca, and from Orvieto flung themselves into the castle of Monte Aperto, and there held out until the leaders of the army of Siena, sated with slaughter, admitted them to quarter.* The chroniclers estimate that ten thousand of the Guelphic host fell on this fatal field, and that almost all the remainder were made prisoners. The misery caused in Florence by the battle is indescribable, and in a very few years a like misery was to fall upon Siena. Monte Aperto was the last decisive victory gained by the Ghibelline cause. Nine years afterwards, in 1269, the Sienese army was routed at Colle, and exactly twenty years after that at Campaldino.† Nothing can be more melancholy than the story of the internecine fratricidal struggles between the cities of Italy, with their constant episodes of treachery and cold-blooded cruelty.

The history of the Republic of Siena during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries is a long tale of anarchy and revolution, and of incessant struggles between the different parties in the State. In 1277 a law excluded from the supreme magistracy not only the patricians but the people, and decreed that for the future the government should rest alone in the hands of good "merchants loyally affected to the Guelph cause." This government by the middle classes was called the "Administration of the Nine," and lasted for no less than seventy years. Though hated alike by the aristocracy and the people, this régime proved advantageous to the State. Under it the Palazzo Pubblico was built and the graceful Mangia

* January 10, 1883. — Yesterday I had the advantage of driving, with a friend, over the battle-field for a second time. We called at the modern villa of Monte Aperto, where resides Signor Canale, who most courteously pointed out to us the site of the ancient castle of the same name, and showed us exactly where the Florentine host camped on the night before the battle, and where the Carroccio was taken at "Fonte al pino," around which stone pines still raise their lordly heads.

† Dante himself fought at this battle, and in the fifth canto of the "Purgatorio" he addresses Buonconte di Montefeltro, mortally wounded on that field:—

" . . . Qual forza o qual ventura
Ti traviò sì fuor di Campaldino
Che non si seppe mai tua sepoltura?"

Tower rose, while the cathedral was enlarged and beautified and the city grew wealthy with trade. When the "Nine" fell before a combined assault of the aristocracy and the people, the republic seemed to be given over to anarchy: (In four months and a half there were no less than five revolutions.) Yet, strange to say, it was at this very time that architecture and sculpture and painting advanced with wondrous strides. The great Florentine poet told of his awful visions in the exquisitely beautiful language then spoken in Northern Italy, and crystallized into literary form the lovely Tuscan tongue; and against the black background of remorseless feuds, treacherous intrigues, and cruel wars, there stand out, white and spotless, some of the most perfect exemplars of sainthood into which humanity has ever flowered. The Republic of Siena made amends for the turbulence and violence and bitter party spirit it had shown throughout its history by the united and gallant resistance it offered to Cosimo dei Medici, when he determined to add the lordship of Siena to that of Florence in the middle of the sixteenth century. Florence was in 1530 besieged and conquered by the combined arms of the Emperor Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. Siena, yielding to the traditional hatred of many centuries, sent some pieces of artillery into the Imperial camp, and rejoiced greatly at the downfall of her ancient foe. That joy did not last long. Hardly was Florence his, when Charles determined to become possessed of Siena, and this, by fraud and force, he succeeded in a few years in accomplishing.

The better to dominate the unruly city, the Spaniards built a powerful fortress. Proud of their long self-government and jealous of their independence, the Sieneſe felt this to be intolerable. They sent ambassadors to the Emperor to implore him not to affix upon their free city this badge of servitude. The Imperial reply was: "Sic volo, sic jubeo." They sent to Pope Julius III.; they had hope in him, for was not his mother, Christofana Saracini, a daughter of Siena? But Julius cared more for the shameful pleasures to which he was addicted than for the liberty of the country of his forefathers, and replied, "If one castle does not suffice his Imperial Majesty to keep within bounds these hare-brained Sieneſe, why, let him build two." Rejected on all hands, the Sieneſe took courage from despair. They secretly conspired, determined to dare everything, and on July 27, 1552, they rose in insurrection against their Spanish masters. For three days a fierce struggle raged throughout the city: every street, every square, every palace, almost every house, was a battle-field. The struggle ended in the triumph of the citizens; the Spaniards were beaten, and the flag of the Republic again waved from the Palazzo Pubblico.

The Spaniards, who had retired to the newly-erected fortress, saw themselves compelled to capitulate, and no sooner did the citizens

become possessed of it than they proceeded to raze it to the ground. Where this ill-omened castle stood, there is now the garden of the Lizza, a charming little public park, which commands very extensive views of the surrounding country. Thither every evening almost all Siena resorts to breathe fresh air and to see and be seen. To go back three hundred years: when Charles V. heard of the surrender of the Spanish garrison he was furious, and the year 1553 saw a Spanish army of vengeance carrying fire and sword into the Sienese territory. This army was checked by the unexpected and heroic resistance of the little town of Montalcino, which was closely invested for eighty days. But in the following year came another army, under the ferocious Marignano, and this time the Spaniards penetrated to the very walls of the city, and 25,000 Spaniards and soldiers of Cosimo bivouacked before the gates. All the citizens were called to arms, and the priests and monks were compelled to work on the fortifications.

Three ladies, named Forteguerri, Piccolomini, and Fausti, organized three battalions of women. Three thousand maidens worked on the ramparts and in the trenches. The general-in-chief was Pietro Strozzi, a Florentine exile, and a bitter personal enemy of Cosimo. He determined to relieve Siena by a *coup-de-main* against Florence. Marignano marched to prevent him. The two armies met at Marciano, where the Sienese suffered the crushing defeat of Scannagallo, caused by the treachery of the commander of the French cavalry in the service of Siena, who had been bought by Marignano with the price of twelve tin flasks filled with pieces of gold. The Sienese lost all their artillery and fifty-five banners, while 12,000 men fell either killed or wounded.

The siege now became more strict and more dreadful—little or no quarter was given. Fifteen hundred peasants, caught by Marignano while endeavouring to take supplies into the city, were hanged within sight of the despairing citizens, so that a Spanish historian, an eye-witness, adds: "The trees seemed to produce more dead bodies of men than leaves." Still the citizens would not yield, and they even carried their patriotism to the height of inhumanity to their own flesh and blood, several times turning out of the gates hundreds of "useless mouths," consisting of the old, the sick, the infirm, and of women and children, who either perished by the Spanish sword, or became the prey of wild beasts, or died from cold and hunger. Within the city, to the ravages of the sword and of famine were added those of pestilence, and at length, on the 17th of April, 1555, Siena surrendered. Before the siege it numbered forty thousand inhabitants, at its close there remained but six thousand; but the thirty-four thousand then left to be accounted for did not all perish in the siege, for seven hundred families, preferring exile to slavery, wandered forth into voluntary banishment.

It is impossible not to sympathize with one's whole heart with a gallant little people thus protracting a struggle for liberty and their ancient independence, almost to the point of extermination, against such a ruler as Charles V., and such a general as Marignano; but it is just to remember that the Republic of Siena, during the whole of its existence, had displayed more and worse vices than did even the little republics and states of ancient Greece. There was never an end to the cruel feuds and bitter party hatreds which rent asunder the city state; and he who had rendered the greatest service to the republic was the most likely to become the object of the envy and hatred of his fellow-citizens, who would often even clamour for his blood. Aonio Paleario, of whom I shall have occasion shortly to speak, thus writes of the republic in 1530:—"The city rises on delightful hills, its territory is fertile and produces everything in abundance, but discord arms the citizens against one another, and all their energy is consumed in factions;" and it is worthy of notice that it was unsafe for him to settle in Siena until the Spanish domination was, for the first time, firmly established after 1530.

Upon the surrender of the republic in 1555, Charles V. handed it over in fief to his son, Philip II. of Spain, and he, in turn, at the treaty of the Chateau de Cambray (1559), made it over to Cosimo dei Medici, whom Italian historians are wont to call the Tiberius of Tuscany. From that time Siena remained an integral part of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, until after exactly three hundred years, in 1859, it decided by a *plébiscite*, first among its sister cities, to place itself under the tricolour flag of United Italy.

From the earliest times, and during the most stormy periods of its independent existence, the Republic of Siena was a liberal patron of the art of painting, and the deep religious feeling and tender devotional beauty of the works of its great masters, from the thirteenth century downwards, still appeal to the traveller as well from the altars and walls of its many churches as in the "Istituto delle belle arti," where the treasures of many of the suppressed convents have been collected. That the love of painting is not dead in this one of its old haunts is shown by the splendid mosaics executed on the façade of the Cathedral by Signor Luigi Mussini, the distinguished painter, director of the institution just named, and by Signor Franchi, who is also attached to the institution. The excellence of the school of wood-carving in Siena is shown by the yearly increasing amount of delicate and costly work entrusted to Siena houses by connoisseurs of this branch of art in England; and it is interesting that the whole of the internal ornamental woodwork on, I believe, the last Cunard liner was executed here.

Few buildings in Italy, or indeed in the world, present a more imposing appearance than does the Cathedral, built on the very

summit of one of the hills on which Siena stands ; though it takes time to accustom the eye to the alternate courses of white and black marble of which it is built, and architectural critics find fault with its style. None, however, can deny the extraordinary richness and imposing effect of the interior. More even than the Cathedral, the numerous and massive palaces, seemingly capable of defying all enemies, including time, attest the development to which architecture had attained in Siena in the Middle Ages.

In all, Siena gave nine Popes to Rome, a gift possibly of doubtful advantage ; but of the benefit to Christendom of the Saints that were born in Siena there can be no doubt. Of these the greatest was Catherine, the daughter of a dyer, who, in her short life of thirty-three years, by her greatness of soul and absolute saintliness of character, became a power in Christendom, and by effecting the return of the papacy from Avignon to Rome, influenced, to an extent difficult now to estimate, the history of the whole world. The purity of the style of her letters is as remarkable as the force of her character and the saintliness of her life, and she is justly regarded, with Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, as one of the founders of that *lingua Toscana* which has become modern Italian. Her life and life's work have been treated with such fulness and with so deep a sympathy by Mrs. Josephine Butler in her recent touching biography of the saint that I will say no more of her here.*

It is interesting, too, as one comes under the shadow of the enormous mass of the huge church of St. Dominic, and passes into the cloisters, now occupied as a studio by the distinguished sculptor Sarrocchi, to remember that this was long the abode of the "angelical doctor," St. Thomas of Aquinas.

The saints of the Middle Ages gave place in the sixteenth century to thinkers and reformers. Foremost among them must be mentioned Lelius and Faustus Socinus, uncle and nephew. Born of an old and famous Siennese family, and descended from a series of eminent juriconsults, equally distinguished by great erudition and extreme Conservatism, Lelius Socinus threw himself with such ardour into the ranks of the Reformers as soon to distance and shock them. He visited, in succession, France, England, the Low Countries, Germany, and Poland, and in the end settled at Zürich, where he died at the age of thirty-seven in 1562. His nephew, Faustus, after passing twelve years at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with whom he was a great favourite, suddenly went into voluntary exile in Germany,

* Within the last few months Monsignor Capel has been holding services in English in a church attached to what was once the house of the father of St. Catherine, for the especial benefit of the English in Siena. Far be it from any one to attempt to rob the Roman Catholic Church of the halo shed upon it by the holy life of such a saint, but it would be at least open to argument whether, had Catherine lived one hundred and fifty years later, she would not have taken her stand by the side of Vittoria Colonna and rejoiced in the dawn of the Reformation.

and for the remainder of his life devoted himself with ardour and enthusiasm to the dissemination of the views that had become associated with the name of his uncle. Maltreated and persecuted, he at length found a refuge near Cracow, where he died in 1604, at the age of seventy-five. Uncle and nephew left behind them an enormous body of heterodox divinity, now never opened but by professed students; but the ideas and influence of these two great men, received and handed on by later thinkers, were probably never more rife and potential than now, after nearly three centuries.

First among the great Reformers to whom Siena gave birth stands the majestic figure of Bernardino Ochino. He was born in 1487, just four years after Luther. He was a born saint, and endeavoured by a life of privation and austerity to carry Heaven by assault. He first joined the Franciscans, their rule of life appearing to him the most austere of any of the monastic orders, and when that of the Capucines seemed to him still more rigorous, he left the former and joined the latter. As in the case of Luther, then in his German monastery, the severest discipline and most wearing austerities could not give peace to his soul, a peace which he found only in simple trust in the Divine mercy.

Ochino was possessed of a wonderful eloquence, which stirred men's hearts as with the voice of a trumpet. Since Savonarola's death no such potent preacher had appeared in Italy. Under his preaching for a charitable object at Naples, five thousand scudi were raised. After listening to him the men of Perugia promised to be reconciled to one another, and to forego the bitter hatred of centuries. Charles V., after hearing one of his sermons, exclaimed, "This man would make the very stones weep." A singularly noble presence, a face wasted by vigils and labours, with hair prematurely grey, and above all the knowledge of the purity and unaffected piety of his life, heightened the effect of his eloquence. He passed from city to city of Italy preaching, and was everywhere received with almost princely honours. His headquarters were often in the Capucine convent, close to his native city, and the archives of Siena contain many letters which passed between him and its rulers, which show the strong love he always bore to his birthplace. He was elected General-superior of his order, and in 1542 was invited to preach the Lent sermons in Venice. All Venice flocked to hear him, and the enthusiasm evoked by his eloquence knew no bounds. But the Papal Legate was listening to his words, and on one occasion rose, interrupted him, and commanded him to be silent in the name of the Holy Father. So great, however, was the popularity of Ochino, that three days later he was again allowed to enter the pulpit, and this time before even a larger audience. Upon reaching Verona, after leaving Venice, he received a summons to appear before the Holy Office at Rome. What that summons implied he well knew, and he determined to disobey it. There is among the manuscripts belonging to the library of Siena a

letter from Ochino to Vittoria Colonna, dated August 22, 1542, in which he tells her that, having learned from his friends how pretended heretics are dealt with at Rome, he has resolved not to appear there, because he would there have only one of two alternatives, either to deny Christ, or to die in torments: "Deny Christ I never can," he writes; "to die, by the grace of God, I am ready, as He Himself may dispose of me, but not to give myself voluntarily into the hands of the executioners. The Lord will know well how to find me wheresoever I may be, when He wills that my blood shall be shed." He decided upon leaving Italy for ever, and a few days later, taking the road of Milan and Aosta, he crossed the Great St. Bernard, and descended to Geneva, where he was received with open arms, and nominated pastor to the Italian refugees, who were beginning to flock to the city of refuge as the only means of escape from the clutches of the Inquisition. From his secure asylum upon the shores of Lake Lemán, Ochino continued to hold close and affectionate correspondence with those like-minded with himself in Italy, and especially in Siena, and his sermons and works, though prohibited and cursed by the Pope, were widely disseminated and read throughout the peninsula.

And now I must bring to a close these reminiscences of illustrious Sienese by a notice of one who, though not born in Siena, was for many years professor in its university, on which he conferred great honour by the lustre of his genius and the brilliancy of his eloquence—Aonio Paleario. Born at Veroli, in Southern Italy, in 1503, he from his earliest years threw himself, heart and soul, into the revival of learning and letters, in that new birth of the intellect to which Europe, and Italy especially, were just awakening. When twenty-seven years old he visited Tuscany, and spent a year among like-minded friends of learning at Siena. Thence he proceeded to the University of Padua, principally in order to attend the lectures of Lampridius on Demosthenes. Within less than a year he was recalled to Siena by the danger of one of his friends in that city, Antonio Bellanti.

The family of Bellanti had rendered the most signal and distinguished service to the Republic, only, however, to be repaid by base ingratitude. Their palace had been pillaged by the mob, and Antonio himself thrown into prison upon a capital charge based upon an obsolete law of the Republic which punished with death any one who introduced salt into the city to the detriment of the revenue. It is a sad illustration of the virulence of party hatred during the last years of the existence of the Republic, that no one dared to undertake the defence of the accused. Paleario did not hesitate a moment, but hurried back to Siena, and before the Tribunal of the Republic, in one of the halls of the Palazzo Pubblico, delivered a magnificent oration in defence of his friend,—a discourse which, read now, after three centuries, would not seem unworthy of Cicero himself. His efforts were crowned with success and his friend was acquitted; but so great was the

danger that the successful advocate ran of assassination, that his friends persuaded him to leave Siena speedily and return to Padua. Nor did he return until after 1535, when the Spaniards had established their authority in the Republic. Paleario could now live safely in Siena, and he gave lectures on philosophy and poetry, and completed his great poem on the Immortality of the Soul, intended to be a reply to Lucretius. He purchased the Villa of Cecignano, an estate near to Colle, which had once been the property of that Aulus Cecina who was defended by Cicero, and married.

But Paleario was not only a poet, an orator, and an enthusiast for classical learning; he came of pious parents, among his intimate friends were some of the most eminent and pious churchmen of the day, and he longed for a thorough reformation of the Church without a schism. By degrees he awoke to the conviction that this was an impossibility; and when once he clearly perceived this, his position was decided. Henceforth his life was a constant struggle against the persecutions of the Friars. They succeeded in driving him from the University of Siena, and he took refuge at Lucca, where he was appointed Professor of Eloquence. Here he remained from 1546 until 1555, in which year his implacable enemies compelled him to leave, and he repaired to Milan. He was constantly warned by his friends of the danger of the boldness of his utterances as to the necessity of a reform of the Church, and that his only chance of safety was flight beyond the Alps; but he would not heed them, and indeed seemed to think that his mission in the world was to be a confessor. At the age of sixty-six he was arrested in Milan by the agents of the Inquisition, and taken as a prisoner to Rome. There he was sentenced to death on the 15th of October, 1569, and the sentence was carried into execution on the 3rd of July, 1570. And now let us turn to a letter preserved among the manuscripts in the Public Library of Siena. It is the farewell of Paleario to his wife and children, and is as follows:—

"To Marietta Paleario.

"MY DEAREST CONSORT,—I desire that thou shouldst not find displeasure in my pleasure, nor evil in my good. The hour has come when I must pass from this life to my Lord and Master and God. Very joyfully do I go to the marriage supper of the Son of the great King, as I have ever prayed my Lord that of His infinite goodness and bounty He would grant me admittance.

"Therefore, my beloved consort, comfort thyself in the will of God and in my contentment, and look well to the little family left in deep dismay, and bring them up and guard them in the fear of God, and be thou to them both father and mother. I am already seventy years old and useless. Our sons must labour with virtue and with sweat of the brow to provide what is necessary to live honourably. May God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ and the Communion of the Holy Spirit be with your spirits.

"AONIO PALEARIO.

"*Rome, July 3, 1570.*"

With this are a few lines to his sons Lampridio and Fedro, in which he gives some directions about his small property. This letter thus begins:—

"My most courteous lords (the Inquisitors) are not wanting in politeness to me to the very last, and allow me to write to you. It pleases God to call me to Himself by means that you will understand, though they will appear bitter and sharp to you. If, however, you consider that it is with my entire contentment and satisfaction, in order to conform myself to the will of God, so it ought to content you."

It was on the evening of the 2nd of July that eight members of the Confraternity of "San Giovanni decollato," a philanthropic society which devoted itself to rendering services to the condemned in the hour of death, presented themselves at the prison of Tordinona, and informed Paleario that he had only a few hours to live. They obtained permission for him to write the letters above quoted, and faithfully transmitted them to his wife at Colle. Just as day was breaking over the eternal city, he was led out to die. The scaffold was erected on the bridge of St. Angelo. He was strangled, and his body was then thrown into the flames. Truly, never did Christian philosopher and confessor go forth to meet his death with more sublime serenity.

It may be asked, how stands it now with Protestantism in the city of Ochino and Paleario? As in the greater part of Italy, in Spain, and elsewhere, the Holy Office did its work thoroughly, and crushed and burned out the Reformation. So far as I know, beyond one or two Swiss and English, there are no Protestants in Siena. A very handsome Waldensian temple was erected in a leading boulevard near to the Church of St. Dominic more than a year ago, and though no service has yet been held there, yet as a large building is now in process of construction beside it to serve as a presbytery, it may be hoped that the church will soon be opened. Occasional Waldensian services are now held in the house of a Swiss resident.

But I have dwelt, I fear, too long upon the memory of some of those who shed lustre upon Siena by their genius and virtue in the past.

The old city sits a queen upon three hills, and from every point in the surrounding country its cathedral, its towers and walls form a picture of singular beauty. In its mediæval walls, still intact and perfect, were once no fewer than thirty-eight gates; of these, thirty have been closed, so that eight remain open. The circuit of the walls is seven kilometres, and they enclose an irregular star-shaped space, a good deal of which is laid out in olive-yards and gardens. Once Siena numbered 100,000 inhabitants; now there are but 24,000. After the ravages of the plague, in 1348, and the last struggle for the freedom of the Republic in 1554-5, many houses were razed, and the ground occupied by them was

turned into gardens, as we now see them. The surrounding country, as seen from the walls of the fortress, appears one great olive-yard and vineyard. The vines are either trained upon mulberries or upon other trees, rarely upon olives. In the winter the grey silvery sheen of the olives stands out against the bright red earth, which has given its name to "burnt Siena;" but with the spring the young corn planted everywhere between the olives and the mulberries covers the ground with exquisite verdure; and when the vines and other trees put out their leaves towards the middle of May, it is difficult to conceive of a fairer green than the country exhibits.

In a month or six weeks all is changed; hill and valley alike are golden with ripe grain, and as soon as the grain is harvested the land reverts to its native redness, though late in the autumn this is relieved by some green crops, as welcome to the eye as they doubtless are to the cattle for whose sustenance they are intended. Last year the yield of grapes was exceptionally abundant, and it was curious, as one drove along distant country lanes, to see great purple clusters hanging by the roadside from the topmost branches of oaks and other trees upon which the vines had been trained. At this season, too, women and boys are to be seen up among the branches gathering the grapes, and the great white, large-horned, meek-eyed oxen draw primitive vans through the fields on which are the tubs or baskets in which the grapes are collected. The landscape, as seen from the walls, is occasionally relieved by groves of the stone pine and copses of oak and other trees. These latter are, I fear, becoming scarcer year by year, for the Sieneese seem to have less respect for trees than even the Italians generally, and to have no compunction in cutting them down. There is but one exception to this sad rule, and that is the cypress, a grove or avenue of which every Italian gentleman strives to have around his villa. Very beautiful is its flame-like form, but after all not so beautiful as the oak, which nowhere flourishes better than here in Tuscany, if only allowed to do so. It is painful to look at the denuded condition of Italy as regards wood,* and then think of the magnificent forests of oak that have been felled within the last thirty years to provide sleepers for its railway system.

* Since this article has been in type, I have heard of an English family who thirty years ago found the neighbourhood of Siena beautifully wooded with oaks. Twenty years later they returned to find the greater part felled, and two years since nearly all were gone. Men of good position and in other respects sane seem afflicted with a mischievous madness which shows itself in an utter hatred of trees. A few years back between the outer and inner gate at Camollia was a superb avenue of ilex. Every tree was felled in one year by a tree-hating "Sindaco," and now in this most exposed place there is not a particle of shade against the blazing Italian sun. A mile outside the city are some fine villas, and there used to be some lovely shady lanes, with fine old oaks on either side, through whose umbrageous foliage the hot sun could not penetrate. These oaks have nearly all been slaughtered, the proprietor having no other idea but to make what he calls a "Campo pulito"—a clean field; and even where along a little hollow flows a rivulet, erst shaded by willows, the fiat has gone forth, and all the trees are at this moment being felled. They make a desolation, and call it a "Campo pulito."

To return to the view from the walls of Siena. The distant hillsides are covered with ilex and oak, but for the most part only scrub, as the charcoal-burner is always at work, and long before the trees have reached maturity they fall before the inexorable axe. These hills stretch away, range beyond range, into the distance, and in the soft waning light present the most exquisite shades of purple. To the south the wooded Monte Amiata rises to a height of 5,600 feet, about half-way distant between Siena and Rome, while to the north the main chain of the Apennines, on the confines of Modena, rises high above the other hills by which the city is surrounded, and in winter, deep in snow, and gleaming white in the sunshine, presents a truly Alpine appearance. When you enter one of the gates of Siena, you pass along narrow streets, many of which are so steep as to be impassable to vehicles. Along the more level streets come lumbering country wains, each drawn by two milk-white oxen, with great branching horns, and large soft eyes. The *Contadine* from the surrounding district, with bright, handsome, wholesome faces and immense waving Tuscan hats, give much picturesqueness to the streets, as do the numerous ecclesiastics in their shovel hats and knee-breeches.

In August comes the great festival of the city, the Palio. Its origin is lost in hoar antiquity. In fact, there is reason to believe that when only the summits of the three hills upon which Siena sits were built upon, the inhabitants used to come down to meet one another into what is now the Piazza del Campo, the great marketplace. It is a true amphitheatre, having exactly the form of an immense upturned cockle-shell, and probably it was once the crater of a volcano. Its size may be estimated by the fact that it is said to hold, and indeed on at least one occasion has held, as many as 35,000 people, though half that number is sufficient to give it a crowded appearance. The principal building in the Piazza is the magnificent Palace of the Republic, standing now as strong and intact and perfect as if it had not witnessed the daily life, the games, and the life and death struggles of Siena in countless revolutions throughout nearly six centuries—for it was commenced in 1284 and finished about 1330. Rising gracefully by the side of the Palace of the Republic is the so-called Mangia Tower, which from every part of the city and for many miles around is visible, a miracle of lightness and strength. The Palazzo Pubblico, with the Mangia Tower, forms the diameter or base of the semicircle, and stands at the lowest part of the Piazza, while the semicircle of palaces faces it from higher ground in a regular amphitheatre. In remote times the citizens used here to celebrate a game called "Elmora," which was in truth more than a game; it was a regular battle with sticks and stones and other weapons, and always caused the death of at least one citizen. For this, in 1291, was substituted boxing, which continued to be practised down to the

beginning of the present century. But the public games of the "Contrade" began in 1482, in which year, for the first time, jousts and tourneys were held by them in the Piazza. From 1500 to 1599 the Contrade had annual bull-fights, to which each Contrada brought its own bull. A little fortress, too, was constructed and adorned with banners by each Contrada, in which the bull-fighters sought refuge when too closely pressed by the tormented animals. This cruel sport gave place, from 1600 to 1650, to races between buffaloes, each ridden by a jockey; but as this also was almost always accompanied by death or severe wounds to some of the competitors, in 1650 horses were substituted for buffaloes, and the races have thus been run down to the present day. The word "Contrada" simply means a street or district of the city, but the Contrade are more than lay corporations; each has a church, a distinctive banner, and special regulations of its own. They are probably as old as the Republic itself. In 1328 there were fifty-nine of these Contrade. Thirteen ceased to exist at the time of the plague, and twenty-three more after the siege. Six were suppressed in 1675 for having insulted the judges at the tourney of that year, thus leaving the seventeen which still remain. The Contrade mostly take their name from some animal, a picture of which is emblazoned upon their respective banners. These emblems are as follows—the tortoise (the most ancient), the goose, the tower, the giraffe, the conch-shell, the wood, the caterpillar, the wolf, the eagle, the owl, the wave, the dragon, the snail, the panther, the sheep, the unicorn, and the porcupine. Of these only ten are allowed to run horses at the Palio, the course being too narrow to admit of more with safety. For weeks before the event actually comes off the greatest excitement prevails throughout the city, every one being anxious for the success of the horse belonging to his or her Contrada. At length the great day arrives. The ten horses that are to run are led into the churches of their respective Contrade, and are there blessed by the priests. The banners of all the seventeen Contrade wave everywhere throughout the city. The people are crowded into the immense shell-like space of the Piazza del Campo, the centre of which is occupied by the spectators, as are tier upon tier of seats arranged against the ground floor of the palaces, and also balconies at a higher level.

The course is a stone pavement, about thirty feet wide, on the outside circumference of the Piazza, and exactly below the tiers of seats at the base of the palaces. It is now covered three or four inches deep with sand and earth, and even with this concession it seems a desperate course for mortal horses to run. Not only are the turns short and sharp, but there are constant steep ascents and descents. Where the descending slope is steepest, near the beautiful little chapel erected hard by the Palazzo Pubblico, not only have hoardings been

freely erected, but they have been well padded with beds and mattresses, to give if possible a soft reception to any unfortunate rider who may be spilt here. A troop of Carbineers, who, throughout Italy, are employed on police duty, and who are particularly fine men, well horsed, and with superb uniforms, canter round the course two or three times to clear it of people.

The appearance of the Piazza during last year's Palio was at this moment very striking. An old gentleman, in one of the balconies, who said he was seventy-four years old, and that he had witnessed more than fifty Palios, estimated the number of people present at nearly 30,000. He was, of course, a *laudator temporis acti*, and thought the present show very inferior to those of his youth. Probably, however, the change was more in the spectator than in the scene. The tiers of seats crowded with gaily dressed spectators, the bright coloured clothing of the crowd, the characteristic immense broad waving Tuscan hats of the countrywomen, the waving of fans, the hum of many voices, like the roar of the sea when the wind drives shorewards its thundering breakers, the grand old palaces decked out for the occasion, on whose topmost balconies up to the towers and roofs were grouped spectators, the music of the bands, the roll of the drums, the waving of banners, the signal shots from mortars, the capering of the horses, and the wild joy of an entire people, together formed a strange and intoxicating *tout ensemble* of movement, colour, and sound. The clusters of many-coloured elastic balloons, inflated by the vendors and floated up almost to the level of the roofs of the palace, were a distinct addition to the brightness of the scene.

But now, in a moment, every voice is hushed and every neck is craned. From the street Casato, preceded by a band of music, appear the representatives of the seventeen Contrade, greeted by the applause of their respective partisans. Each Contrada is represented by a Captain, clothed in splendid armour, two ensigns, who act as wavers of banners, a first page, who walks by himself, carrying a banner on his shoulder, a drummer, and four other pages, all attired in the brilliant and picturesque fashion of the Middle Ages. Then follows the horse of parade, a show horse, richly caparisoned, bearing a rider armed cap-à-pie as a knight, and, lastly, the horse that is to do the running, without even a saddle, and quite without ornament. Where these horses are procured, or how selected, I do not know; they must be chosen for qualities of speed or endurance, but they are said to be horses that, except on this festal day, are busy all the year round drawing carts and performing other humble duties. They are little creatures and have a weedy appearance. The bright colours of the costumes of the Middle Ages, the plumes on the helmets, the burnished cuirasses, the rich caparisons of the horses, the flashing swords, the gracefully attired pages, the bold knights, the dexterous ensigns,—

who, proud of their office, wave their banners in a thousand capricious curves, yet so that they always remain unfurled, and every now and again, hurl them into the air, catching them with wonderful agility,—and the Captains with a grave and solemn air, befitting the dignity of their position—in short, all this wealth of costume, all this varied luxury of dress and of arms, carries even the most matter-of-fact beholder many centuries backwards on the stream of time, to the days of embattled castles with moats and drawbridges, and of jousts and tourneys. Certainly our modern dress, when placed side by side with that of the Middle Ages, looks mean and common indeed.

As the Contrade defile past the balcony, where sit the judges of the course, they stop to salute them, to wave their banners, and to throw them into the air. Last comes the “Caroccio,” or sacred war car of the Republic, the pride of the ancestors of those who now surround it, in defence of which the flower of the youth of Siena bled and died on many a hard-fought field. It is adorned with the standard which waved at the famous battle of Monte Aperto, and with the banners of all the Contrade of Siena. The representatives of the Contrade, nearly 200 in all, now range themselves on tiers of seats, appropriately raised at the foot of the Palazzo Pubblico; and a wonderful picture the old palace makes, with the graceful Mangia tower rising beside it,—its windows alive with gay and happy faces, and at its base a perfect parterre of bright colours, formed by the representatives of the Contrade. The roll of drums ceases, the many-coloured banners are no longer waved, the music is hushed, and there only remains the murmur of the agitated and expectant crowd. The show having finished, the business of the day now begins. The horses that are to compete are ridden bare-backed. However humble their ordinary employment, they seem now affected by the general enthusiasm around them and are eager for the start. Hark! the roll of a drum, the report of a gun, the rope falls, and the ten horses are off in a wild gallop. The partisans of the respective Contrade are in a state of great excitement, and cheer their champions on with frantic cries. The horse of the “Lupo” (wolf) is a little ahead of any of the others; but that of the “Torre” (tower) presses him hard, although the rider of the latter had been thrown and slightly hurt at the trial race in the morning. There is a sharp struggle between the two riders with their leather thongs, the horses all the time at full gallop, and then the horse of the “Torre” shoots ahead, passes the starting-point for the third time, and wins. The Contrada of the Torre is that which surrounds the Mangia Tower and the Palazza Pubblico, and great is the delight of its inhabitants. A woman begins to ring the bell of the chapel of the Piazza. The victorious rider receives the prize from the hands of the judges, and the flag with the date, glorious for him and for his Contrada, worked upon it. It is difficult

to say whether man or horse is the hero of the hour: both are greeted with transports of joy, and are even fondly embraced by both men and women. They are then led in triumph into a church, where a priest intones the "Te Deum," amid the "Evvivas" of the people, for the Italians see nothing irreverent in this strange proceeding.

About a fortnight after the Palio, the conquering Contrada gives a dinner to the representatives of all the other Contrade. This year it took place in a narrow street at one side of the Palazzo Pubblico, right down the middle of which tables were placed. On either side the houses were brilliantly illuminated with tapers and Chinese lanterns of many colours, and, of its kind, nothing could be more picturesque. This dinner takes place at 9 p.m., and lasts far into the night. The narrow old street, with its lofty houses lighted from basement to garret, with here a triumphal arch of evergreens, and there a transparency of the arms of the Contrada; the interested, but most orderly, citizens of Siena, with their wives and children, assisting at the banquet by walking down one side of the tables and up the other; the narrow streak of soft blue Italian sky between the house-tops on either side, illuminated by a full clear moon which, being in the zenith, looked down upon the festivity; altogether formed a really charming tableau.

I am assured that there is little drunkenness, and not much betting on these occasions. Certainly I, personally, saw no drunkenness, nor did I hear any bets made. This is, however, strictly negative evidence, and one would expect a great deal of betting in a country where in every town, little and great, there is an office for the sale of tickets in the Government and Municipal Lotteries, institutions for national demoralization worthy only of the darkest of dark ages. Be this as it may, I never beheld a gentler or more well-behaved crowd, and the great Piazza was quickly emptied by means of the eleven streets or passages which open into it.

St. Catherine speaks of the *sangue dolce* of her beloved Sieneſe; and there is a feeling in the city that it is not consistent with this trait of their character that the riders at the Palio should be allowed to strike one another with their whips, a clear survival from the old days when the "Elmora" always counted its victims slain, and boxing and bull-fighting were the order of the day.

SAMUEL JAMES CAPPER.

THE LIMITS OF SCIENCE

IN his lately-published work upon *Antropometria*, Sir John Lubbock observes:—"It is, not only that the world really exists as we see it, but that it is the same to other animals pretty much as it does to us. This, however, is sufficient to show that this is not a mere delusion, but even probable" (p. 182). In fact, he has made very careful observations, that animal organs are differently affected by external influences, and are differently affected by external influences. He has proved that plants are wholly insensible to sounds which, when being extremely loud, they appear to be sensitive to. Their hearing so delicate as to be sensitive to sounds which are inaudible to us. Now it appears that the same is true of Sir John Lubbock is a very suggestive bearing upon the question as to how we derive *all its information* about external objects. The elements of observation confessedly come from the senses. It is a venture, with any hope of success, to attempt to solve the science has set before it, as the ultimate task of all searches and discoveries—the task of solving the secrets of the universe. In place of a boundary, set on this side and on that, we have the powers of the human intellect, *by* which we are enabled to solve. Is there not an unattainable to which our imagination cannot reach? Are there any questions for human reason to comprehend, to which we cannot solve?

I hope to be able to show, in the sequel, that the answer to these queries must be in the affirmative.

The qualifications of man, as an observer of Nature, are limited—first, by his position in the universe; second, by the imperfection of his senses. Let us discuss these points in the order indicated.

The researches of astronomers have shown that the earth which we inhabit is but a mere speck of dust, as it were, in the immensity of the universe. It is one of the smaller planets of the solar system, which is itself but one among countless myriads of similar systems scattered through infinite space. Man himself, too, according to the most recent theories of his origin by those who speak with the greatest show of authority upon the subject, is not, as was once supposed, a being of special endowment, created in the image of God, but a mere natural product of the material world he inhabits; a being gradually developed, through a vast gradation of ascending orders of existence, from those lowest forms of animated substance which are still represented to us by the infusoria and the rhizopods. Now, if the true position of man in the universe be thus indicated, even with modified correctness—if the theories of astronomer and biologist stand on no insecure basis—is it not, on the face of it, preposterous that such a being should dare to imagine that he can discover and know the why and the wherefore, the laws and the causes, of all that he sees around him—that he should aspire to comprehend all the wondrous working of that infinite whole of which he forms such an infinitely insignificant atom? It would scarcely seem more supremely ridiculous were one of Sir J. Lubbock's more intelligent ants, drawing its conclusions from its limited field of experience, to deliver its views upon Physical Geography. The truth, plainly stated, amounts to this:—That man, by no conceivable exertion of his limited faculties, can ever penetrate beyond that minute portion of the universe to which alone he has access, and will only be able to acquire a crude and fragmentary acquaintance with that. Facts he may tabulate, analyze, and classify; he may even, after centuries of guesses and conjectures, at length hit upon certain approximate formulæ of relation between groups of observed phenomena, which he proudly labels Laws of Nature. But causes lie outside his cognizance, and he tries to veil his ignorance by the specious use of abstract terms, which, however convenient for practical purposes, are purely fictitious. A few instances will suffice. We are accustomed to find in scientific works a very free use of such terms as mass, matter, space, time, force, energy, &c. It is needless to point out that all these, and many other similar abstract terms, are not objective realities, but merely useful fictions of the human mind. For example, take abstract inert matter: such matter could not be in any way perceived by our senses, for it would, being inert, be devoid of colour, light, heat, electricity, and chemical action, all of which are modes of motion. It would, in fact, be to us non-existent.

Or if we take space, are we quite clear that we have any complete cognition of the meaning of this term? Our conceptions of space are strictly three-dimensional. But mathematically there is no such limitation. By using the methods of Algebraic Geometry an equation in two variables can be shown to represent a plane curve, and an equation in three variables a surface. But then comes a pause. According to the principle of continuity there can be no valid reason why equations, involving any number of variables, should not be similarly capable of translation from Algebra to Geometry. The only assignable reason is, that n -dimensional space is inconceivable to human faculties, where n has a higher value than three. Distinguished mathematicians, such as Riemann, Helmholtz, Sylvester, and Clifford, have carefully examined into this difficult question, with the result that they think it possible that space may not everywhere have the same properties throughout the universe; and Professor Tait endeavours to explain our inability to conceive such properties by the analogy of the sensations of a book-worm in a piece of crumpled paper.* The comparison may be described as rather apt than complimentary. Professor Zöllner has gone so far as to imagine that these unknown properties of space may account for the tricks and delusions effected by spiritualists.† Such an explanation has at least this merit, that it cannot be disproved, as is generally the case when we interpret "*ignotum per ignotius*."

Enough upon this head: let us proceed. Assuming that it is with but a minute superficial portion of the universe that man has power and opportunity of dealing at all, let us next inquire what are the implements by means of which he is enabled to conduct his researches even in this limited sphere of inquiry. It is plain that all perceptions of external things come through the agency of the senses (principally by the sense of seeing), which convey the impressions made upon them by special nerve-conductors to the centre of nervous action, the brain, where by some wondrous process these nerve messages are transmuted into intelligent thoughts and ideas. It is commonly asserted that the human mind is an instrument of marvellous flexibility and power, and is endowed with extraordinary capacities for invention, for discovery, and for research. But surely in connection with the subject under discussion, it is necessary to inquire *who* make these assertions? An answer is ready at once—all the greatest thinkers and philosophers, and men of learning and science. Yes; but I reply, may not all these learned men, philosophic, scientific, and otherwise, form a kind of gigantic human Mutual Admiration Society? What criterion have these to go by in estimating the

* See Tait, "Recent Advances in Physical Science," p. 5.

† On this read a curious passage in "A Philosophy of Immortality," by Hon. R. Noel, p. 35.

intrinsic value of the human mind as a thinking machine, but themselves and their fellows? It is a universally received maxim that no man is a competent judge of his own capabilities, that no man can speak with impartiality upon the customs of his own country, as compared with those of foreign countries; is it then to be supposed that human beings, however eminent for sagacity and wisdom, can form any fair and unprejudiced assessment of the relative range and amplitude of their own intellectual powers? Sir J. Lubbock, in his above-mentioned work, points out many resemblances between human and formic nature. Both men and ants are social creatures, both make slaves, and domesticate animals. Yet who can doubt that a Treatise upon Formic Nature, written by a learned ant, would be filled with the most exalted assumptions of formic superiority? Let the parallel stand for what it is worth, it is needless to point the moral.

I will now proceed one step further. The human brain, whatever its capabilities, can only receive its knowledge of the appearance of external Nature through the agency of the eye. The stars, for instance, would not exist to us if we did not see them; and it is by means of contrivances to enlarge and extend the power of the eye that the most important advances have been made in our acquaintance with the universe. It is clearly, then, vitally important before all things, that our eye should be a perfect contrivance, a faultless instrument. To show how far this is from being the case, it is only necessary to quote the words of the greatest authority upon the subject, Professor Helmholtz. "I need not call to mind," he says, in his address at Innsbruck,* "the startling and unexpected results of ophthalmometry and optical research which have proved the eye to be a by no means more perfect instrument of research than those constructed by human hands, but on the contrary to exhibit, in addition to the faults inseparable from any dioptric instrument, others that in an artificial instrument we should severely condemn," &c. The faultiness and coarseness of construction, then, of the medium by which alone visual impressions can be conveyed to the brain, of itself constitutes a natural limit to our powers of observation, an inherent defect, which skill and experience may diminish, but cannot eradicate. And that which has been said of the eye, applies in a greater or less degree to all the senses.

We find, then, from all these causes, that there must be a very circumscribed area to all the empirical knowledge which can be acquired by man. He may form bold hypotheses, he may devise startling theories, which in a rough and ready way fall in with and account for certain facts; but the progress of research and fresh accumulations of experiments will generally in the end tend to prove

* See also his *Lecture on the Eye as an Optical Instrument*, *passim*.

that even those theories, which are sufficiently established to be inscribed as laws of Nature, are but crude and inaccurate approximations to truth. That such has been the case with many theories which once enjoyed a considerable reputation we know. Stahl's theory of phlogiston, Prout's hypothesis that the atomic weights of elementary substances were simple multiples of hydrogen, the corpuscular theory of light, the one-fluid theory of electricity, among those of more modern times, have had their day, have been found wanting, and are discarded. Bode's law, which led to the discovery of the asteroids, has been confuted by the discovery of Neptune; and even the plausible nebular hypothesis of the origin of the universe, as conceived by Kant and worked out by Laplace, is at length threatened with discredit through the awkward discovery that one of the newly found satellites of Mars revolves round its primary in a third of the time in which the latter turns on its axis. These and other failures equally conspicuous should teach us to receive even the most confidently asserted and universally received theories of our own time with suspicious reserve.

"Chi non sa niente, non dubita di niente."

Popular scientific lecturers and writers have acquired in these days a very unpleasant habit of dogmatism. They assume an air of infallibility, and express in no measured language their mean opinion of those who do not swallow a new-fangled doctrine, however unpalatable or distasteful, without making one wry face. Science is declared to be the unerring guide to all truth, and its teachers—well, "*New professor is but old prophet writ large.*" Not such is the spirit of truly great discoverers and thinkers, men of the stamp of Newton and of Darwin; such men are always modest and reserved in their assertions, but the mantle of the master does not always descend upon the disciple.

All the past history of scientific progress conspires to invalidate any such infallible claims. What it teaches us is, that every hypothesis, which successfully accounts for many complicated phenomena, probably contains some, possibly a very large element of truth, almost certainly not the whole truth. Even the law of gravitation, extraordinary though the confirmations be which it has received, notably by the discovery of Neptune, is perhaps only a very near approximation to the actual attracting force, which may be of a much less simple character than the product of the masses divided by the inverse square of the distance, and involve minute terms of higher orders. The complex spectra, again, of the so-called elementary bodies seems to show that there are many of them at any rate compound and not elementary. In fact, what are our grounds for calling them elementary? Why, because under the very limited conditions of temperature to which we can subject them, they

refuse to be decomposed. Who knows what might be the result of applying to them the utterly different pressures and temperatures existing in other parts of the universe?

Or take the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, a doctrine which is now received as a kind of scientific axiom, and which is certainly supported by much direct proof and powerful argument. But surely it will be time for this doctrine to claim our *unreserved* assent, when at least some attempt has been made to explain the cause and the nature of known forces, a subject of which we know absolutely nothing.

The theory, too, of Dissipation of Energy, put forth by Sir W. Thomson, is a curious corollary upon the main theory. According to Thomson all forms of energy are continually dissipating themselves throughout space in the form of heat; so that ultimately all energy would be represented by a uniform temperature, henceforth changeless and eternal, because incapable of transformation. Is it impertinent to ask whether energy, thus perfectly stagnant, can be said to be existent at all?

Let us pass on. No branch of science has during the past half century advanced with more rapid strides than geology, and none has based upon its discoveries a more imposing structure of inference and deduction. Now, the greatest authorities upon this subject require us to believe, as a cardinal doctrine, that the ordinary slowly working forces of degradation, now in operation upon the earth, are sufficient to account for the immense geological changes that have taken place in past ages, and consequently assign countless millions of years for their gradual accomplishment. Yet Professor Tait points out that this assumption is in irreconcilable conflict with the conclusions of physical science, and that "a limit of something like ten million" years is the utmost that can be given to geologists for their speculations as to the history even of the lowest orders of fossils. "But I daresay," he adds, "many of you are acquainted with the speculations of Lyell and others, especially of Darwin, who tell us that even for a comparatively brief portion of recent geological history three hundred million years will not suffice. We say, So much the worse for geology as interpreted at present by its chief authorities."*

"Non nostrum tantas componere lites."

It is sufficient for our purpose to point out such a yawning discrepancy between rival theories of equal authority.

There are many other subjects which invite criticism. Let us select the undulatory theory of light. This theory has not only been successful in accounting for known optical facts, but has actually predicted such intricate and unexpected phenomena as conical refraction and circular polarization after two reflections in a rhomb.

* Tait, "Recent Advances in Physical Science," p. 167.

But, in addition to many minor points of difficulty in its path, this favoured theory has encountered an obstacle of the first order. It has not been able satisfactorily to explain the "dispersion of light." Yet, if it cannot, it fails to satisfy a crucial test. To account for the "dispersion of light," it is necessary to assume that rays of different colours are propagated with different velocities. Now, not only is such an assumption contrary to the analogy presented by sounds different in pitch, which are heard simultaneously, but is opposed to astronomical experience. When one of Jupiter's satellites, to take one instance, suddenly emerges from eclipse, it should rapidly assume in succession the different spectral colours, if the several chromatic rays travel with different velocities. Such, however, is confessedly not the case. Now a physical theory differs from a rule of syntax—it admits of no exceptions. A single discrepancy with proved fact is sufficient to condemn it:

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all."

It is scarcely worth while to examine seriously those more fanciful hypotheses by which the mind of man at once exhibits its ingenuity and its helplessness in the presence of the more recondite problems of Nature. The human imagination struggles in vain to account for the phenomena of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and chemical action, by inventing supposititious media of action. Despite inconceivable attributes and contradictory characteristics, these fictitious æthers remain proof against professorial jugglery, and refuse to perform the impossible feats required from them. Such ingenious conceptions as the "vortex-ring" theory of Thomson, or the "ultra-mundane corpuscles" of Le Sage, justly excite our admiration, simply as intellectual achievements, although the one fails to show that gaseous molecules can be considered perfectly elastic, and the other to explain action at a distance, for the simple reason that the primary assumptions in either case are inconceivable.

It is not necessary for me to proceed further with my argument, or to enter into greater detail. To do so would require more space than is at my disposal. My object in writing has not been to criticize scientific theories in any unfriendly spirit. Far be it from me to disparage the extraordinary advances that have been made in these our own days, whether we look at them from an intellectual or material point of view. Such undoubted progress, however, renders it the less excusable that mere conjectures and guesses at truth should be presented to the unscientific public by men of authority, who themselves know better, or ought to know better, as doctrines established by positive and irrefutable evidence. Such conduct can only end in throwing discredit, not upon science, but upon its interpreters.

GEORGE EDMUNDSON.

LAND TENURE AND TAXATION IN EGYPT.

EGYPT, as every one knows, is essentially an agricultural country. It is a country without either manufacturing industry or mines, and both for the necessities of life and for any superfluous wealth, its inhabitants are altogether dependent upon the produce of the soil.

The agrarian laws and institutions of such a country are consequently matters of vital importance, a correct knowledge of which is indispensable to those seeking to advance the interests of its people. There are, nevertheless, no subjects connected with Egypt less understood, or upon which the public of this and other nations of Europe are so destitute of sources of information. Most of us have heard that Egypt exists under a system, common to the generality of Eastern countries, inherited from a remote antiquity, and transmitted practically unchanged down to the present generation. But no one, so far as I am aware, has called attention to the fact that, within the memory of men still in the prime of life, the germs of a change of the most important character silently came into existence, and that, whether for good or for evil, the traditional land system of Egypt is finally undergoing a revolution—if indeed that revolution must not be spoken of as completed—the importance of which it is impossible to exaggerate.

According to the immemorial institutions and traditions of Egypt the land is the absolute property of the nation, represented by the State, and its cultivators occupy a position in most respects analogous to that of an English tenant. It is true that the idea of private property in land is not wholly unknown. Such lands, styled *Amlāk*, have at various times been held by private individuals, whose titles were acquired by purchase from the Administration of the *Beyt al Māl*, the

trustee and guardian of the public property. But these cases have always been rare, and are in point of fact the exceptions that prove the rule. The circumstances of the country, as well as the traditions of the people, doubtless forbade the system from being otherwise than uncommon. The *Amlâk*, moreover, were in general, sooner or later, absorbed in the property of the mosques and charitable institutions. It was the prevailing custom, itself the consequence of a sense of insecurity, to transfer the ownership to such establishments, the donor reserving only the use to himself and his descendants.

Numerous villages are scattered over the face of the country. The entire soil is divided among them, and each has its tract of land, comprised within strictly defined limits. It is at once the duty and the right of each village community to cultivate the soil assigned to it. The village-land is divided among its several members, and the produce belongs to the person by whom each plot is tilled; but the land itself is neither his property nor that of any individual member of the community. As a matter of legal right, each one is entitled to a portion, in severalty or in partnership with others, subject only to his possessing the means of cultivating it, and to his paying the *Khardj*, or annual assessment. A person who becomes hopelessly insolvent, and is unable to pay the assessment, forfeits the right to his holding, which reverts to the community, and neither he himself nor his creditors were allowed, until recent innovations, any legal claim for compensation on account of its loss. He held, in short, the position simply of a tenant, the Government assessment being his rent.

Within certain limits the peasants possessed in their villages a prescriptive right of occupation which they were in general allowed to receive and transmit by inheritance, as well as to acquire by purchase and convey by sale. But on the extinction of the family the land was resumed by the community.

The Arabs seem to have made no change in the system they found in existence when they conquered the country in the seventh century. Its Christian inhabitants, by payment of the capitation tax, became *Ahl ez Zimmah*, the protected people. As such, they retained the right, and continued subject to the duty, of cultivating the soil and of paying the conquerors its revenue. After a time the Arabs themselves began to settle upon the land, and to engage in agriculture. Large and increasing numbers of Christians embraced Mohammedanism, separating themselves from the people of their own race, and intermarrying with their conquerors. A court was then opened, which sat at stated periods of the year in the Mosque of Amru, and at which persons attended from the cities as well as from the villages, and received from the Government grants of occupation, termed *Kabâleh*, which were awarded at a fixed annual payment. The successful

bidder contracted to remain in occupation for four years. At the end of thirty years, the land was re-surveyed, and a re-adjustment was made of the assessment. The court was removed by Ahmad ibn Tulun to the mosque he built in A.D. 879, and the Khaliphs of the Fâtîmi dynasty transferred it to their own place of residence, which became in course of time the nucleus of the city of Cairo.

Another denomination of grants was, however, in existence under Arab rule, and continued to prevail until the dissolution of the Fâtîmi dynasty in A.D. 1250. These were concessions of villages made to Court favourites under the designation of *Ikta'dt*. The practice was exceptional and necessarily restricted within comparatively narrow limits, all expenses of Government, military as well as civil, being defrayed by direct payments from the public treasury, which was chiefly dependent upon the land revenue for the means of making them. Saladin, on his accession to the sovereignty of Egypt, converted the practice into a system for the maintenance of the civil and military chiefs under his rule. A large proportion of the country was henceforward held as military fiefs for the support of the great leaders of his army, generally Kurds and Turks, and of their dependents and followers. The system, as may readily be imagined, became under Saladin's successors a source of tyranny and abuse. The legal rights of the peasantry to their lands was not disputed, since their labour was indispensable to their masters, but every means of extortion, legal or illegal, was put into operation against them. Complaints could not safely be indulged in, but they were not entirely suppressed, and a contemporary native writer indignantly denounces the degrading system, which, under the Kurdish dynasty, had superseded that of the Kabâleh, and which, he says, reduced the peasantry to a condition worse than slavery, since they could neither be enfranchised, nor even claim the right to be sold.

The system, however, took root, and was carried so far that the whole country is stated to have been eventually held as *Ikta'ât* by the Egyptian Sultans and their Amîrs.

At various periods measures were adopted to correct and abate the abuses to which it gave rise. One of the most celebrated was that introduced by the Sultan en Nâsir Muhammad, son of Kalaûn, who ordered a complete cadastral survey of the country, executed in A.D. 1315. One of its results was the resumption by the Sultan of large numbers of grants, in consequence of which he was enabled to abolish a multitude of taxes that weighed oppressively upon the trade and agriculture of the country. No new cadastre was afterwards attempted until the days of Mohammed Ali. That of the Malik en Nâsir is to all intents and purposes forgotten. But the particulars then collected have fortunately not been entirely lost. Copies, corrected to A.D. 1376, exist in some of the public libraries of Europe,

and a translation of the roll was published by De Sacy. It forms an appendix to his French version of Abd el Latif's description of Egypt, and contains a list of the villages under the headings of the separate provinces, with the extent of land attached to each, and the amounts of the assessments. The total of the latter is stated at 9,584,264 dinars *Jeyshi*. Reckoning the latter at eight shillings, the sum would be equal to about £3,833,700.

The conquest of Egypt by the Ottoman Turks, in the sixteenth century, led to a re-organization of the Government, commenced by Sultan Selim, and completed by his son Suleyman. The principle that the land was the property of the State was formally re-asserted. For the purpose, principally, of facilitating the collection of the revenue, villages were conceded to intermediate tenants of the State, styled *Multazim*. They were answerable for payment of the assessment, in compensation for which they were allowed to levy a stated amount for their own benefit. The traditional rights of occupation of the villagers were maintained, but the *Multazim* had the power himself to occupy a portion of the village lands, and his holding was designated *Wasieh*. The Government was entitled to resume direct possession at its pleasure, but the power was seldom exercised, and the *Multazim* was allowed to bequeath or even to sell his rights. The land in the occupation of the villagers was designated *Atar*. Each was permitted to transmit his holding to his family, but he did not possess the power of sale, nor could he abandon his land. If he died without heirs, it reverted to the *Multazim*, who was bound to confer it upon another member of the community. The general administration of the land revenue throughout the country was committed to a high official styled the *Defterdâr*. With the speedy decay of Turkish authority over the internal affairs of Egypt, many of Sultan Suleyman's regulations became little more than a dead letter, and the *Memluk* chiefs, in their treatment of the entire population, obeyed no other law but that of their own will.

Mohammed Ali, on his accession to the sovereign rule at the beginning of the present century, and on the destruction of the *Memlûks*, abolished the system of *Multazims*, and became himself immediate and absolute landlord over the entire soil of the country. He was in many respects a man of wise and enlarged views, and if he had confined his energies to the government of the country, Egypt would probably have attained, under his rule, a degree of prosperity unknown to it for ages. Unhappily for his people, his mind became filled with views of a more brilliant career. Had he succeeded, and become a Mayor of the Palace at Constantinople, Egypt would have fallen into the condition of a Turkish province, governed by the supreme powers on the shores of the Bosphorus, with what result it would be useless to speculate.

In spite of military successes, his ambitious designs ended in failure, and he found himself at the head of a country exhausted and depopulated by the strain he had laid upon it, but still possessing in its fertile soil and in its industrious race the necessary elements for its recovery.

Large tracts of land had fallen out of cultivation, and in many cases, owing to the neglected condition of the irrigation canals and embankments, required an expenditure of capital which the villagers were unable to supply. Leases of these were granted to persons possessed of the requisite means, at a reduced annual assessment, or in certain cases free from it altogether, for a limited number of years. These are the lands known as *Aba'dieh* or *'Ushûri*.

But in many instances entire villages had fallen into a state of destitution and of actual bankruptcy, frequently aggravated by the loss of their cattle, through one or other of the murrains that have scourged the country at frequent intervals. These were generally granted on terms very similar to those conceded to the old Multazims, to wealthy officials, or other persons of high position, who became sureties to the Government for payment of the revenue, and who undertook the cultivation of a portion of the village soil on their own account, giving the peasantry the requisite assistance for the tillage of the remainder. In a considerable number of other cases the Government—or the Viceroy, it was hardly possible to distinguish the one from the other—took the villages into its own hands for the same object, and on analogous conditions. In addition, however, to these grants, others were made by the Viceroy, principally to members of his own family, for the avowed object of providing for their maintenance. These concessions, doubtless, served to increase the security of other grants, but in no case, and least of all in the latter, were they regarded as conferring anything more than usufructuary rights, which the holder, it is true, might transmit to his heirs, but which the Government was fully empowered to resume at its pleasure on such conditions as it might in each case be pleased to fix.

Each of Mohammed Ali's successors has followed his example in seeking to enrich his family by the same means as those adopted by the founder of the dynasty. Abbas Pasha, his virtual successor, though he did not live long enough to ensure the direct succession to the Viceroyalty for his own descendants, had time nevertheless to place his son Al Hami Pasha in possession of a large extent of land. But his successor Said Pasha absolutely refused to recognize, if not the legality of the grants themselves, at all events any doubt as to the absolute and legal right of the Government to resume at its pleasure the whole or whatever portion of the grants it might deem fit. If the reigning Viceroy, he argued, with unanswerable force from his point of view, were regarded as empowered to make perpetual grants

to his family and children, there would be nothing to prevent him from delivering the whole country into their possession, and with it all substantial power and authority over it, leaving little more than their shadow to his successor. He insisted, therefore, that the villages and their lands should be surrendered; but he allowed Al Hami Pasha to retain possession of all lands to which a title had been acquired by purchase, and such also, if I am not mistaken, as had been granted to his father by Mohammed Ali, whose acts were regarded as entitled to special respect.

We have here, doubtless, one of the earliest circumstances that led to the profound change in the Egyptian system of land tenure, which we have seen in progress in the present day. But other causes had come into existence likely to contribute towards the same result. The wonderful recuperative powers of the country had already commenced to give to the right of occupation of the soil a money value, which, a few years before, could hardly be said to exist. Little more than thirty-five years ago, the peasants were deserting their lands in crowds. They betook themselves to the towns, or wherever they could find subsistence by the earning of wages. The evil became one of such magnitude that the Government set about arresting the men wherever they could be found, and compelled them to return to their villages. There must be many persons able to remember the sight of long strings of these *Musahabîn*, or deserters, generally secured to one another with chains, being led back to their villages. At an earlier period similar deserters had in large numbers sought refuge in Syria, and it will be remembered that it was the refusal of a demand for their extradition that supplied the reason or pretext for Mohammed Ali's attack upon the Pasha of Acre, the first scene in a war that led his armies almost to the very gates of Constantinople. It may, by the way, be remarked that the exodus from Egypt into Syria has probably been known from time immemorial, both before and since the celebrated one that took place under the leadership of the Prophet Moses.

Since the period of Said Pasha's accession, the land assessment has been repeatedly and heavily raised, but the value of produce, and facilities of credit, have undergone a more than proportionate increase. The effect has been to render the occupation of land an eagerly coveted object with all classes of the population. It is true that, during the latter years of Ismail Pasha's reign, the crushing weight of taxation imposed upon the peasants, under an endless variety of denominations, and the extortions by which it was accompanied, were rapidly reducing the population, and more especially the poorer portion, to its former state of wretchedness. Ominous symptoms of a return to the old unhappy condition of the country were beginning to appear, when, at the eleventh hour, the

reforms, effected under the auspices of the European Control, were interposed to save it.

Ismail Pasha had, meanwhile, been following the example of his predecessors, and securing the possession of land to himself and to his family. But he took the precaution of generally acquiring his titles by purchase. It is sufficiently easy to conceive, that neither the precise circumstances under which the rights of possession were acquired by so powerful a personage, nor even the precise nature and effect of the title could be strictly inquired into; but it must be almost equally obvious, that the numerous class of persons in actual occupation of land could have no interest in seeking to promote an inquiry which would tend to weaken their own tenure. The late Khedive and his family became the owners of about a million of acres of the best land in Egypt, and an implied claim to them as freehold property was tacitly admitted.

The scheme known under the name of the *Mukâbilah* next came into existence. The *Mukâbilah* was an arrangement proposed by the Government to all occupiers of land throughout the country, whereby, on condition of their paying a sum equal to six years' revenue, the land assessment of each person, on completing the payment of that sum, was to be reduced in perpetuity by one-half. The Government pledged itself to self-interdiction of all rights to raise it in the future. Each person, finally, on completing his payments, became entitled to *hojjets*, or title deeds, by which the holding became his *absolute and personal property*. The circulars that were issued broadcast throughout the country were careful to explain that the land would thus be at the absolute disposal of its owners, each of whom would be free to sell or bequeath it or give it away, at his pleasure.

The proposed measure was anything but popular, and least of all so among poor holders. All classes were well aware that the promise of a permanent reduction of the assessment was one that could be easily kept to the letter and yet be broken in its spirit. Each holder was nominally free to accept or to refuse the proposal; but in point of fact it was rigorously enforced upon all. The rich obtained relief by making their payments in depreciated paper, a resource of which the poor could hardly avail themselves. The burden imposed upon them was beyond their strength. The instalments were extorted by the same means as their taxes, and were regarded by the victims in precisely the same light.

The *Mukâbilah* was abolished by the European Control, under arrangements of compensation for the payments actually made, by means of an annuity, with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. The law of liquidation, issued in 1880, of which the abolition of the *Mukâbilah* was a section, does not clearly specify under what

conditions of tenure, whether new or old, the lands are henceforward to be held. The holders, defined as those persons whose names appear in the land revenue registers, are termed, in the French version, *propriétaires*. It is not stated under what limitations, if any, the word is to be understood, but in actual practice these persons have since then been regarded and treated as actual owners.

This occurred little more than two years ago, and for the purpose of marking the recent date of the revolution in the land system of Egypt, it may be noted that the modern Egyptian code, published in 1875, and compiled for the use of the International Courts that came into existence at that period, divides real property into four categories.*

Mulk (houses or lands), over which private individuals may have (*peuvent avoir*) complete rights of property.

Wakfs, property of the same nature, held in mortmain by religious establishments.

Next is the *Kharaji*, in which almost the entire soil of the country must be comprised. It is described in the following words :—

“Les biens *haradjis* ou *tributaires* sont ceux qui appartiennent à l’État et dont il a cédé, dans les conditions et dans les cas prévus par les règlements, l’usufruit aux particuliers.”

The fourth category are the *Moubah*, that is to say, untilled lands, to which a person is free to acquire a prescriptive right by occupation and cultivation. Thereupon, however, they become practically included in the *Kharaji*. This is shown by Art. 50 to be the case, also, with *Aba’dieh* lands, which I have already referred to.

I have alluded to the enlarged facilities of credit that came into existence in the days of Said Pasha. The advances were mostly made by foreign traders, who soon sought to enhance their security by means of mortgages. The native courts of the *Mahkamah* resolutely refused to recognize the validity of the mortgages, or indeed to concern itself with such transactions in any form. The commercial tribunals were less scrupulous in the matter. The International Courts consequently found a system of mortgages practically in existence. Their new statutes, moreover, formally recognized the system, and acknowledged its validity over the usufructuary rights of the occupants of *Kharaji* lands. The judgments of the new tribunals have consequently contributed materially towards the subversion of the ancient agrarian institutions.

Whether the transformation is one to be desired on its own merits is a question I will not attempt to answer. It is, perhaps, inevitable, that under anything like an orderly system of government, a tenancy of State lands for agricultural purposes will transform itself into a

* The volume consists for the most part of a close adaptation from the French code.

personal right, and that the latter must soon grow into something indistinguishable from complete ownership.

The system of military fiefs, adopted by Saladin, contained something more than the germs of a great feudal aristocracy of powerful and wealthy landowners. It failed to accomplish the result, chiefly because Saladin's objects compelled him to confine his selection of military chiefs, and even of their followers, to the vigorous and warlike races of the North. But these races, as all history, and even the experience of modern times abundantly show, are unable to naturalize themselves in the climate of Egypt. They become enfeebled, and usually die out within two or three generations.* The expedient which was in consequence resorted to—recruitment to the ranks of the governing and military class by the constant importation of Memlûks—could not produce the same effects as a hereditary transmission of property and power, least of all in a country incessantly torn by contending factions, a condition which, again, was chiefly attributable to the Memlûk system. The causes, which, until the present time, have counteracted all tendency towards the substitution of a system of peasant proprietors for that of State ownership, are sufficiently obvious, besides being in great measure indicated in preceding remarks.

Without entering into a discussion of the respective merits of the two systems, it may be regretted that the impending change, instead of being the indirect outcome of measures entered into for other objects, has not been the result of an express policy, adopted after full and mature consideration of the subject in all its bearings.

There is one danger, which, I think, will hardly be treated in any quarter as imaginary. Present freehold property in their land will be a fatal gift to the peasants, if, through the force of circumstances, or through their own improvidence, its ownership should, in the future, pass out of their hands altogether. Already more than one-third, perhaps over one-half, of the soil—I include the portion acquired by the late Viceroy—is held by a limited number of persons, possessed of more or less wealth, and some of whom are excessively rich. The inability of the ordinary Egyptian peasant to resist the temptation to borrow is a sufficiently well-established fact. Loans will unquestionably be offered him on cheaper terms than have ever been known before, and the operation of the law of mortgage is only too likely to complete his ruin. Possession of land in the fertile

* The facilities for travelling that exist in modern times, of which the wealthier settlers avail themselves more and more, for the purpose of spending a part of the year in the climate of their native countries, and the practice of educating their children in Europe, are not unlikely to modify the conditions here referred to. And these habits will necessarily have the further effect of strengthening the barrier that exists between themselves and the people of their adopted country.

Nile valley is coveted by all classes, as much by "Levantines" and foreigners as by natives, and in a struggle for its acquisition, the rich and shrewd can hardly fail to be victorious. If so, the mass of the people may find themselves in a condition no less wretched, and probably more hopeless, than that of the past. And if they behold, what they will undoubtedly still regard as their national inheritance, possessed, perhaps in a large degree, by men alien in religion and in race, a spirit of discontent will assuredly be raised, unequalled possibly even in the miserable history of the past.

My remarks are not intended either to recommend or to oppose a return to the former system. But under such circumstances as I have indicated, leaders will not be wanting, who will show that a departure from the communistic principles, approved and established by the earliest founders of Islam, is fundamentally illegal, and opposed to Sunni traditions, the legal force of which is regarded as hardly less stringent than that of formal precepts of the Kur-ân. At the present moment, nevertheless, an attempt to revert to the old system, or even a proposal to do so, would undoubtedly be opposed by the most powerful interests in the country.*

* The difficulty of arriving, in such a matter, at an independent expression of the opinions and wishes of the country at large, is different in kind from that which has recently perplexed most readers of newspaper telegrams and correspondence. The English public is, I imagine, by this time convinced that organized addresses to the holders of supreme power, or to a military dictator, are worthless for purposes of enlightenment. They are designed to influence foreign opinion. But it is perhaps worth mentioning that Arâbi and his companions were not the originators of the device.

Somewhat less than four years ago, on the overthrow of the Nubar-Wilson Ministry, the late Khedive forthwith brought forward a rival scheme for the liquidation of the national debts. It was published, together with a "declaration" by the Khedive, and with an address signed by all the leaders and notabilities of the country. They had considered it their duty to propose a financial scheme to the Viceroy, and they had made it the object of their anxious and careful consideration. The project in question, it must be observed, was based upon the collection of a much larger revenue than was proposed to be raised, or than has been raised, under the European Control. It assigned also a much larger share to the public creditors, and reserved less for the requirements of the Government. The address praised the Khedive for having never failed to submit the State budgets to the Chamber of Delegates, and for always scrupulously adopting its decisions. The subscribers joined the Khedive in declaring that Egypt was not "en état de déconfiture." The honour of the country required its debts to be paid in full. They applauded the determination of the Khedive, as set forth in his accompanying declaration, to claim from Europe the most extended control over the financial administration of the country, and they formally requested him to appoint European controllers over the receipts and expenditure of the State.

The address is signed by all the leading *Ulama* and *Kadis*, by the heads of the Religious Corporations, by the Coptic Patriarch and Jewish Grand Rabbi, by the Chamber of Delegates, civil and military functionaries, native merchants and notables. The signatures occupy ten pages, and all are duly authenticated. No one, not even those who know something of the rancorous abuse of his former master, with which his inspired newspapers were filled during his period of power, ought to be surprised to hear that among the signatures to the loyal address is that of Ahmad Arâbi, Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry.

It is of the greatest importance that the Egyptian Government should have the best means of becoming acquainted with the sentiments, grievances, and wishes of the population. But I may here remark that I believe the object could at present, and for some years to come, be more effectually and safely attained by the creation of local provincial councils than by the establishment of a central parliament.

In dealing with the land laws, the practical efforts of statesmen charged with the future destinies of Egypt can perhaps best be directed towards devising means for counteracting the borrowing propensities of the peasants. A villager might, for example, be allowed to retain the liberty of borrowing on the security of his growing crops, whilst a mortgage of his land might be declared invalid, unless entered into with the approval and consent of the village community. In order to prevent that consent from being too readily given, some degree of responsibility might be cast upon the community. In the event of a sale, whether the consequence of foreclosure or otherwise, a liberal right of pre-emption might be allowed to the insolvent's neighbours, even perhaps such as might, under certain circumstances, expose the creditor to the risk of loss. The right might, if necessary, be extended to the natives of neighbouring villages. Such a measure would be in harmony with the usages and traditions of the country, and with the ancient principles in particular, according to which, subject to the superior rights of the State, the natives of a village may be practically regarded as co-proprietors, among one another, of the land attached to it.

Mosques and charitable establishments have a right of pre-emption of any adjoining house property they may be desirous of acquiring. The fact may be here mentioned, for the purpose chiefly of illustrating the necessity for the use of certain precautions to prevent the object of the law from being defeated by the ingenuity of persons interested in doing so. When the representatives of the Wakf, or religious foundation, announce their intention to use their right of pre-emption, purchasers are naturally chary of coming forward with offers. The difficulty is got over by an understanding between buyer and seller, that the price shall be expressed as a given sum of money, with the addition thereto of a *surrah majhûlah*, that is to say, of a closed purse containing an unknown quantity. The purse goes round among an assemblage of persons, and each, before passing it on to his neighbour, secretly drops something into it, a small coin, or it may be a button, or fragment of silk, anything in short. The purse is securely closed, of course without examination of its contents, and the exercise of the right of pre-emption by the Wakf is frustrated.

It will be perceived from what has been hereinbefore stated, that the Kharaj has always been regarded as something separate and distinct from taxation in our sense of the word. The literal translation of the word is *outcome*, equivalent to *income*, a sense retained in the word revenues. In the official French version of the modern code it is styled *tribute*, which indeed is the signification generally attached to the term.

The land revenue, together with the *Jizyah*, or capitation tax, ex-

acted from Christians and Jews, in return for the protection accorded to them, and certain dues upon foreign merchandise, formally sanctioned by the Khalif Omar, the second successor of the Prophet,* actually constituted, for a considerable length of time, the sole receipts of the national Treasury. For a still longer period they have been regarded by Mahomedan jurists as the only lawful sources of income. The invention of taxes is attributed to a superintendent of the Treasury, who is described as a crafty and unscrupulous man, and who is said to have devised the system shortly after A.H. 250 (A.D. 874). A few of the Egyptian Sultans, at subsequent periods, earned much credit and popularity by the abolition of taxes in whole or in part. This notably happened under Saladin and under the Malik en Nasir Muhammad, already mentioned as the author of an important cadastral survey of the country. But it may be stated in general terms, that from the ninth century down to the present day, taxes, commonly of the most oppressive nature, have been a conspicuous feature of every Government that has ruled over the country. The native historians have preserved to us long lists of these mediæval taxes. They may be read as a curious illustration of the old adage that there is nothing new under the sun. Such an impost, for instance, as that on the cleansing of cesspools, one out of the numerous category recently abolished by the European Control, is found to be, not a novel contrivance, but only the revival of a very ancient one. We discover also the existence in those days of the identical abuses brought to light through the agency of the Control at the present time. Then, as in modern times, provincial governors were in the habit of proving their zeal by the invention and application to their districts of fresh methods of extortion, which were almost invariably adopted by the Government and acquired a permanent character.

The necessity for entirely assimilating the position of Europeans in respect of taxation to that of the natives is self-evident. But it is a mistake to suppose, as is commonly done, that Europeans are wholly, or even almost wholly, exempt from taxes. In common with the other inhabitants of the cities and towns, they pay an impost upon every article of consumption or use, on the first necessities of life as well as on objects of luxury. On such articles as tobacco and salt the dues are excessively heavy. It need hardly be stated that Europeans as well as natives, who engage in agriculture, are subject to the land assessment.

The taxes from which they enjoy exemption are practically two in

* Two and a half per cent. were collected from Muslim traders; five per cent. from *Ahl ez Zimmah*, "the protected people;" and ten per cent. from *Ahl el Harb*—that is to say, from Christians and Jews, the subjects of a non-Muslim State.

number—the house duty, levied in all the cities and large towns, and the licence duty, levied on the exercise of professions and trades. To both of these, and to any other burdens that may be imposed upon the native population, they ought unquestionably to be subjected.

This has been more particularly acknowledged in regard to the house-tax, and there is little reason to believe that much external opposition would have been made to its extension to Europeans. Only one obstacle is referred to in last year's annual report of the Controllers. "The house tax," it is stated, "yields only E£65,000, and the rules under which it is enforced have hitherto proved an insuperable obstacle to its introduction among the European colony." Much the same remark applies to the professional licence duties, with the addition that, although roughly graduated, they weigh with special severity upon the poorer classes. When they come to be fairly considered, it will perhaps be found best to sweep them away altogether, and, if necessary, to replace them by something else.

It will be seen that there can be no reason to suppose that the assimilation of the position of Europeans to that of the native population in the matter of taxation, however necessary in the interests of justice, will have the effect of increasing the State revenues to any material extent. It is only just to add that I have never known the privileges acquired by Europeans under the Capitulations to be complained of by natives. The latter are well aware that, until a very recent time, and even since, without the safeguard afforded by the Capitulations, it would have been impossible for Europeans to inhabit the country. But the abuse of granting European privileges, under the designation of *protection*, to native subjects, usually Christians and Jews, has often been a subject of bitter remark, all the more so as it is notorious that the practice has not unfrequently been made an object of trade by certain European officials. The native *protégés*, it must be added, include a large proportion of the richest men in the country, and they are much addicted to an ostentatious display of wealth which hardly any of the Europeans could match, were it even a practice generally in accordance with their tastes and habits.

It must in justice be stated that, in the matter of these protecto-rates, the English Government and its representatives, as it has always been universally admitted, have offered an honourable exception to a prevalent, not to say a general rule. The thing has been an object of jealous and vigilant care on the part of the English Foreign Office from a period dating at latest from the days of Lord Palmerston.

It was somewhat astonishing, therefore, to find that in a return of the foreigners employed by the Egyptian Government, lately

printed for the use of Parliament, England was not only credited with a large number of *protégés* in the Government service, over one-third of her entire quota, but, with some slight exception, actually no other foreign nation was represented as comprising any of the class. The true explanation of the matter, I have reason to believe, is that the returns were supplied by the Egyptian Government at a time when it had fallen under the sway of Arâbi Pasha. He and his companions had made it a matter of policy to represent England as the particular enemy of the Egyptian nation, and to neglect no means of discrediting her in the eyes of the people, whose religious passions, usually dormant, were diligently stimulated. The expressed determination of England to support the authority of the Khedive was the original reason for the adoption of that course; but Arâbi and his friends were led to believe by their advisers that the glamour certain to be acquired by an attitude of haughty defiance towards a powerful Christian nation could, in the present instance, be gained without any actual risk.*

The question will necessarily arise whether the just interests of the Egyptian people require the land assessment, be it called quit-rent or tax, to be reduced. It hardly enters into my subject to attempt an answer. But as long as any remnant of the ancient land system is allowed to subsist—and it ought not to be too hastily parted with—regard, in fixing the rate of assessment, should continue to be paid to such circumstances as the natural qualities of the lands, which even on the fruitful banks of the Nile are not everywhere equal, to their situation with respect to the Nile level, and to the consequent facilities or difficulties of irrigation.

A new and thorough cadastral survey of the country will afford the means for a searching inquiry into these and analogous points. Indeed, without it little or nothing, in the way of practical reform, can be efficiently done. The work has been undertaken, and its importance to the country can hardly be exaggerated. It is as yet only commenced, but it is said to have already resulted, on the one hand, in showing that the assessment has frequently continued to be levied upon land taken by Government for public purposes, such as railways and canals, and on the other hand in leading to the discovery of lands upon which the occupants paid no revenue whatsoever.

Taking the average rate of assessment throughout the country at,

* It is perfectly understood that Maltese do not come under the category of *protégés*. They are British subjects in every sense of the word, as much so as a native of Canada, or indeed of the City of London. The number in the Government service is very small. They are mostly employed as mechanics or artisans in Government factories, or in similar capacities. I may take this opportunity of remarking that the large number of 12,000 to 15,000 usually accredited to the French colony in Egypt must surely be incorrect.

twenty shillings the acre, it will probably be found that the larger land-holders can not only live and thrive under it, but even make money, and in many cases become rich. When they sublet their land, a reduction would be a gain to them, without being of any benefit to their tenants. The case of small holders will depend upon the extent of their farms. The new system will be a more than doubtful blessing to them if it should promote extreme subdivision, at the present time an existing and even growing evil. No one can grudge the peasantry any measures calculated to better their condition; but a general reduction of the land assessments, if accompanied by an increase to the burdens of other sections of the population, who are not so fortunate as to be possessed of land, would certainly be regarded, considering the traditions of the country, as an act of gross injustice.

I have alluded in the foregoing pages to Abbas Pasha. It is not my purpose to attempt the impossible task of justifying every act of his government. But as a matter of justice, and a fact of history, it ought to be stated that he was probably, though without the advantage of European education, the most able and the most efficient administrator the country has seen since the death of Mohammed Ali. He has met with the misfortune of having his reputation sacrificed for political reasons. French influence was supreme and practically unchallenged in Egypt throughout the reign of Mohammed Ali. Abbas Pasha, on his accession, manifested a disposition to seek some measure of support from England. He added an Englishman to the French officials employed at his Foreign Office. He set about the construction, under the superintendence of English engineers, of a railway destined to connect Alexandria with Suez, an undertaking until then successfully opposed by France. He, moreover, placed his son under the care of an English tutor. The consequences may easily be understood. But the curious part of the matter is, that English writers, by constant repetition, one after the other, have, perhaps, done more to propagate erroneous views of Abbas Pasha's reign, than those of any other nation, the French probably included. It is not my object to defend Abbas Pasha's private character, further than by adding that the generality of the stories told about him rest upon no better foundation than the merest gossip. As, moreover, he has been so constantly contrasted in an unfavourable sense with Said Pasha, it is only fair to say that, even in the matter of private character, his memory has nothing to fear from comparison with that of his successor.

It may, perhaps, not be inopportune to refer, before concluding, to another point, a question of Anglo-Egyptian history, respecting which a serious misapprehension is widely prevalent.

Every one has heard that the English Army, after the battle of

Alexandria, in March, 1801, admitted a large volume of sea water, through Lake Etko, into the bed of Lake Mareotis. It is almost invariably added that the modern lake owes its existence to that operation, and further that the English commanders, in carrying it out, recklessly spread havoc and ruin over an immense tract of cultivated country. A large number of villages, it is added, were destroyed—I have seen it stated as high as 150—and their inhabitants reduced to a state of misery and starvation.

The plain fact, as to the existence of the modern wide, but shallow, lake, is that a large mass of Nile water is admitted into it every autumn. The water is that which has served to inundate the lands to the west of the Delta, and which, as it cannot, owing to difference of level, be returned into the river, is led down, charged with salt, into the Mareotis bed, which, it must further be remarked, is, as well as the country in its immediate neighbourhood, considerably below the level of the sea. That water, under the influence of a powerful sun, is evaporated during the course of the succeeding summer. Some years the lake completely disappears, all at least but the portion contained in a distant hollow of comparatively small extent.

As to the cultivated land and villages alleged to have been inundated and destroyed, the fact is that the plain has for centuries past been simply a barren desert, the soil of which, when dry, is thickly incrustated with salt. Its character and appearance, and the sufferings undergone by the French army when crossing it in July, 1798, on their march from Alexandria to Damanhûr, are graphically described in M. de Saintine's history of the expedition:—

“La division Desaix était partie d’Alexandrie vers les 5 heures. On cotoyait l’ancien canal des Ptolémées, mais ce canal était à sec. . . . Les soldats avançaient péniblement, dans une plaine aride, sentant fuir et craquer sous leurs pas un sable mouvant et alcalin. . . . On vit cette morne solitude, coupée seulement par ces mouvantes ondulations de sable. . . . On sentit rayonner sur la tête un soleil africain, fuir sous les pieds une arène brulante comme lui; et au milieu de cette nation inhospitalière, pas un abri pour y chercher de l’ombre, pas une creature humaine dont on pût implorer des secours.” . . .

In this case, again, it is precisely English writers who have most assiduously propagated an historical error, and one calculated to cast discredit upon their own countrymen.

Linant Bey, an eminent French engineer, who spent his life in the service of the Egyptian Government, repeated the common version of this story to Mr. Nassau Senior. But he attributed the non-disappearance of the water by evaporation to the channel of communication with the sea not having been reclosed—a strange error to be committed by the Viceroy's principal consulting engineer, who is represented as ignorant of the notorious fact that the highest level of

the lake is much below the level of the Mediterranean. M. Linant is not, however, reported as having referred to the supposed destruction of villages, and in speaking of the plain as formerly a fertile district, he perhaps really alluded to a period from which we are separated by some eight or ten centuries.

HENRY C. KAY.

[Since these pages were written, and on the eve of my departure from England, I have read in the *Times* of the 17th of January, the interesting letter of its special correspondent in Egypt, by whom, for the first time, the general facts are indicated to which it has been my desire to direct the attention of the English public, now so largely responsible for the future destinies of the Egyptian people.—H. C. K.]

THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

FROM THE VANA PARVA OF THE MAHABHARATA,
page 825, line 17,305, of the Calcutta 4to text.

[*The following curious episode (now for the first time translated) occurs at the close of the Third Book of the Great Sanskrit Epic ; and is, perhaps, chiefly remarkable for anticipating the classical fable of the Sphinx, as well as for containing probably the most ancient conundrums recorded. There are thirty-four in all of these propounded by the "Yaksha," or Spirit of the Lake, but some of them are here omitted. The Yakshas of Hindoo mythology are a kind of fairies, generally benignant and harmless,—and commonly called, indeed, "Punyajanas," or "good people,"—but possessed of great power and knowledge.*

In the preceding section the five Pandu Princes have been wandering in the forest, greatly distressed for want of water. The concluding portion of the translation illustrates a passage in my previously published version of the "Swargarohana," where the god Dharma praises the King Yudhisthira for his equity and self-denial.]

THEN Yudhisthira spake to Nakula :
"Thou Son of Madri ! climb upon a tree,
And look to all ten quarters, if, by chance
Water be nigh, or plants which love the pool ;
Thy brothers faint with thirst."

So Nakula
Clomb a tall tree ; and looking, cried aloud,
"Green leaves and water plants I see, which love
The marish and the pool ; also, I hear
The cry of cranes ; yonder will water lie !"

"Go !" said the King, "and fetch for us to drink,
Filling thy quiver."

Then sped Nakula,
 Obeying Yudhisthira with swift feet,
 And found a crystal pool brimmed to the bank :
 The great red-crested cranes stalked on its marge.
 And down he flung to drink ; but a Voice cried,
 " Beware to drink, rash youth ! ere thou hast made
 Answers to such things as I ask of thee ;
 The law of this fair water standeth thus.
 Arise, and hear, and speak ; afterwards drink,
 And fill thy quiver."

But the eager Prince
 Being so parched, quaffed deep, not heeding him,
 The Yaksha of the place, and thereupon
 Fell lifeless in the reeds.

So, when they looked
 To see him coming, and he tarried long,
 Again spake Yudhisthira : " Nakula
 Lingers too much, my brothers !—Sahadev !
 Go thou ; and bring him back, and bring to drink."

" I go," quoth Sahadev ; and sought the pool,
 And saw the water, and saw Nakula
 Prone on the earth. Then mightily he grieved,
 Spying the Prince outstretched ; yet, all so fierce
 His drouth was, that he ran and flung him down,
 Making to quaff ; when, once again, the Voice
 Sounded, " Beware to drink, ere thou dost give
 Answer to what things I will ask of thee ;
 This is the law of me, who am the Lord
 Of the fair water ; rise, and hear, and speak ;
 Then thou shalt drink, and draw."

Yet, so the stress
 Of thirst o'ercame him, that he heeded not,
 But drank, and rose, and—reeled among the reeds
 Lifeless.

Then, once again, great Kunti's son
 Spake, saying : " Oh, Arjuna, Fear of foes !
 These, our twain brethren, tarry : go thyself,
 And speed, and bring them back, and bring to drink ;
 Our trust thou art, for we are sore distressed."

Which hearing, Gudâkeśa* seized his bow
 And arrows, and with drawn sword sought the pool.

* गुडाकेशः " He of the knotted locks," a name of Arjuna.

But coming thither, saw those heroes stretched—
 His brethren, best of men,—in deadly swoon,
 Or dead indeed; and deep distraught he stood,
 Seeing them thus. All round the wood he gazed,
 With lifted bow, and arrow on the string,
 Seeking some foe; but when none came in sight,
 So wild his thirst was, and the pool so clear,
 He bent his knee to drink, but bending, heard
 That Voice cry, "Dost thou this without my leave?
 Despite me, Kunti's son! thou canst not drink,
 And shalt not, till thou makest answers good
 Unto my asking; then may'st thou be free,
 Oh, born of Bhârata! to drink and draw."

Thus sternly stayed, the Prince exclaimed in wrath:
 "Come forth and show thyself, and fight with me!
 Pierced by my arrows thou shalt yield the pool."
 Then shot he shafts this way and that; and spoke
 Those spells which make a feathered barb fly straight;
 And darts he flung, of magic might, which find
 Th' escaping foe, tracking his winding feet;
Karnis, Narâchas, Nâlikas he threw,
 That angry Prince, covering the sky and wood
 With searching steel. Thereat the Voice anew
 Mock'd him, low-laughing: "Son of Pritha! vain
 Thine anger is; answer me fair, and drink;
 But if thou drinkest ere thou answerest,
 Thou shalt not live." Yet was his throat so parched
 The Prince regarded not, and stooped, and drank,
 And fell down dead.

Then Yudhisthira spake:
 "Bhima! thou Terror of thy foes! see now!
Arjuna, Nakula, Sahadev are gone
 To fetch us water; but they come not back.
 Seek them, and bring to drink."

And Bhima said,
 "So be it;" and he went unto the place
 Where those, his mighty-hearted brethren, lay.
 But when he saw them—all three—dead and stark,
 Sore grieved that long-armed Lord, and gazed around,
 Deeming some *Yaksha* or some *Rakshasa*
 Had wrought their doom, and chafing for the fight.

"But first," quoth he, "'twere good to drink,"—so sore
The drouth oppressed,—and to the pool he sped,
Thinking to quaff, when yet again that Voice
Echoed, "Dare not to drink—so stands the law
Of this fair water; answer first—then drink!"
But Bhima, parched and haughty, answered naught,
Lapping the sweet wave, and in lapping fell.

Then, long time left alone, Kunti's wise son
Uprose—great Yudhishthira—sorrowful,
Perplexed in thought; and strode into the wood:
A leafy depth, where never foot was heard
Of man, but shy deer roamed, and shaggy bears
Rustled, and jungle hens clucked in the shade;
With tall trees crowded, in whose crown the bees
Swarmed buzzing, and strange birds buidled their nests.
Through this green darkness wending, Yudhishthir
Passed to the pool, and marked its silver face
Shine in the light, rimmed round with golden cups
Of lotus blossoms, all as if 'twere made
By Viswakarma, Architect divine;
And all its gleaming shallows and bright bays
With water-plants were broken, lilies, reeds;
And framed about with Ketuk-groves,* and clumps
Of sweet rose-laurel and the sacred fig;
Insomuch that the King stood wondering there,
Albeit heart-sorrowful.

For there he saw,
Stretched dead together—as the World's Lords die,
Indra and all, at every Yuga's end—
His warrior brethren. There Arjuna lay,
Beside his bow and arrow; Bhima there,
With Nakula and Sahadev; each void
Of life and motion; and, beholding these,
His soul sank, and he fetched a grievous sigh.
Bitterly at that sight lamented he,
Saying, "Ah, Bhima! oh, my brother! named
From the grim wolf;† vain is the vow thou mad'st
To break the thigh of fell Duryodhana
In battle with thy mace. Dead art thou now,
And those words wind. Brother and faithful Friend!

* The *Pandanus odoratissimus*.

† वृकोदर "Vrikodara," i.e., "Wolf's belly."

Who wast so princely-hearted, and upheldst
 The fortune of the Kurus ! vows of men
 Fail ofttimes, being blind ; but this of thine
 Was noble, wherefore hath it borne not fruit ?
 Oh, Dhananjaya !* Conqueror of wealth !
 My joy, my brave Arjuna ! at thy birth
 The glad Gods said to Kunti : ' This thy son
 Shall be like Indra with the thousand eyes.'
 And northwards of the Paripatra hills
 All people cried : ' Here is the chief shall bring
 The glory back to us, having such strength
 That in the battle none will make him fly,
 And none shall stand when he pursueth.' How—
 Ah, Jishnu!—how is this befallen here,
 Killing those hopes with thee, with thee, whose love
 Made all our dangers sweet ? And Sahadev,
 And Nakula ! so valiant in the fight,
 So high and gallant, gifted like the Gods,
 How have ye fallen ? who could conquer you ?
 Is my heart stone that now it breaketh not,†
 Seeing these great Twins gone, the first of men,
 Heroes, the half of whose renown'd work
 Was yet to do ? Ye knew the Shastras—knew
 The times and places and observances,
 And kept the rites ; how lie ye on the earth,
 Unconquered ones ! thus slain, thus overcome,
 And not a wound to show—nay ! but the strings
 Not slipped into the notches of your bows ?”

So broke the sorrow forth from Yudhisthir
 Beholding all four brethren lying still,
 Prone, like four corpses set asleep by Death ;
 Much grieved he, and the marvel chilled his blood :
 Nor wist he, though so wise, whither to look
 For that which slew them. Yet, close-pondering,
 Unto himself he spake, “ No hurts they bear
 Made by a mortal weapon, nor is print
 Of footmark nigh, save theirs ; this is some Bhut !
 Some Spirit of the Waste !—But let me drink,
 And afterward consider ; it may be
 The vile Duryodhana hath drugged the pool,
 By counsel of Gandhâra's king ; the wise
 Trust never him with senses unsubdued,

* धनञ्जयः † अश्वसारमयं नूनं हृदयं मम दुर्हृदः

To whom things lawful and unlawful count
One and the same; yea! but this thing may be
Wrought by hid hatred of Duryodhana."

Thus mused the King, but murmured presently:
"Pure and unsullied seems the water; fresh
My brothers' faces are; no poison-stain
Mars limb or lip! 'tis Yama's self hath come,
The Conqueror of all, and slain them here,
Whom none but he dared strike, being so strong."

So saying, to the brink he drew, athirst,
And stooped to drink, when, close at hand, he heard
A bird's cry, and the Yaksha, taking shape,
Spake: "A grey crane I am, feeding on fish
And water-weeds; 'tis I have sent yon four
Unto the regions of the Dead, and thou
Shalt go, the fifth, great Rajah, following them,
Except thou makest answers fair and good
To all that I shall ask. Dare not to drink,
Thou Son of Kunti! for my law is strong;
Answer; and afterwards, drink thou, and draw!"

Spake Yudhisthir: "Who art thou? Art thou Chief
Of Rudras, or of Vâsus, or Marûts?
Tell me! No bird wrought thus, unless a bird
Might overthrow Himavân, and the peaks
Of Paripatra, or the Vindhya crags,
Or Malabar's black ghâts. Ah! terrible
And mighty One, this is a dread deed wrought!
This is a marvel, if thou slewed'st those
Whom Gods, and Gandharvas, and Asuras,
And Demons, dared not face in fight. I know
Naught of thy mind, nor if thou didst this thing
Desiring aught; wonder and fear possess
My burdened heart! I pray thee, show thyself,
Reveal what God thou art, who hauntest here."

"Yea, King!" came answer; "I am not a bird
Wading the shallows, but a Yaksha dread,
And I, as now thou seest me, killed these four."

Rajah! (so Vaisampayana went on),
When Yudhisthira heard those scornful words,
And saw that form, backward he drew a space,

Gazing upon the Shape with eyes of flame,
 Bulk'd like a crag, with towering head which topped
 The fan-palms waving near; shining as shines
 The glory of the sun, not to be borne
 For splendour, coloured like an evening cloud,
 And like a cloud still shifting. Then it spake,
 That monstrous Shade: "These four, though I forbade,
 Drank of the pool, despite me, and were slain.
 Drink not, oh King! if thou desirest life;
 Oh, Son of Pritha, drink not! Kunti's child,
 Answer my questionings, then drink, and live!"

"I would not break thy rule," quoth Yudhisthir;
 "The wise have said, 'Keep everywhere the law,'
 And, Yaksha! wherein thou wilt question me
 None can speak better than he understands,
 So, what I know, that will I answer. Ask!"

Then thus he questioned, and the King replied:—

Yaksha. "What teacheth division 'twixt spirit and frame?
 And which is the practice assisteth the same?
 What finally freeth the spirit? And how
 Doth it find a new being? Resolve me these now."

King. "The Veds division plainly show;
 By worship rightly man doth go;
 Dharma the soul will surely free;
 In Truth its final rest shall be."

Y. "How cometh a man in the Veds to be wise?
 What bringeth the knowledge of God to his eyes?
 What learning shall teach him the uttermost lore?
 And whence will he win it? Reply to these four."

K. "By hearing Scripture man acquires;
 By doing it his soul aspires;
 The utmost lore is conquering sense,
 Which cometh of obedience."

Y. "How wendeth a Brahman to heavenly rest?
 And what is the work that befitteth him best?
 And which are the sins that disgrace him? and why
 Doth he know himself humble and mortal? Reply!"

- K. "Reading the Vedas leads to rest ;
Pure meditation fits him best ;
Slander and cruelty defame ;
And Death marks him and all the same."
- Y. "Who is it that gifted with senses to see,
To hear, taste, smell, handle ; and seeming to be
Sagacious, strong, fortunate, able, and fair ;
Hath never once lived, though he breatheth the air ?"
- K. "The man who, having, doth not give
Out of his treasure to these five—
Gods, guests, and Pitris, kin and friend ;
Breathes breath, but lives not, to life's end ?"
- Y. "What thing in the world weigheth more than the world ?
What thing goeth higher than white clouds are curled ?
What thing flieth quicker than winds o'er the main ?
And what groweth thicker than grass on the plain ?"
- K. "A mother's heart outweighs the earth ;
A father's fondness goeth forth
Beyond the sky ; thought can outpass
The winds ; and woes grow more than grass."
- Y. "Whose eyes are unclosed, though he slumbers all day ?
And what's born alive without motion ? and, say,
What moveth, yet lives not ? and what, as it goes,
Wastes not, but still waxes ? Resolve me now those."
- K. "With unclosed eyes a fish doth sleep ;
And new-laid eggs their place will keep ;
Stones roll ; and streams, that seek the sea,
The more they flow the wider be."
- * * * * *
- Y. "What help is the best help to virtue ? and, then,
What way is the best way to fame among men ?
What road is the best road to heaven ? and how
Shall a man live most happy ? Resolve me these, now."
- K. "Capacity doth virtue gain ;
Gift-giving will renown obtain ;

Truth is to heaven the best of ways ;
And a kind heart wins happy days."

Y. "What soul hath a man's which is his, yet another's ?
What friend do the Gods grant, the best of all others ?
What joy in existence is greatest ? and how
May poor men be rich and abundant ? say thou."

K. "Sons are the second souls of man ;
And wives the heaven-sent friends ; nor can
Among all joys health be surpassed ;
Contentment answereth thy last."

Y. "Which Virtue of Virtues is first ? and which bears
Most fruit ? and which causeth the ceasing of tears ?"

K. "To bear no malice is the best ;
And Reverence is fruitfulest ;
Subduing self sets grief at rest."

* * * * *

Y. "Still, tell me what foeman is worst to subdue ?
And what is the sickness lasts life-time all through ?
Of men that are upright say which is the best ?
And of those that are wicked, who passeth the rest ?"

K. "Anger is man's unconquered foe ;
The ache of greed doth never go ;
Who loveth most of saints is first ;
Of bad men cruel men are worst."

* * * * *

Y. "Good Prince ! tell me true, is a Brahmana made
By birthright ? or shall it be rightfully said,
If he reads all the Veds, and the Srutis doth know,
He is this ? or doth conduct of life make him so ?"

K. "Oh Yaksha ! listen to the truth :
Not if a man do dwell from youth
Beneath a Brahman's roof, nor when
The Srutis known to holy men
Are learned, and read the Vedas through,
Doth this make any Brahman true.

Conduct alone that name can give ;
 A Brahmana must steadfast live,
 Devoid of sin and free from wrong ;
 For he who walks low paths along,
 Still keeping to the way, shall come
 Sooner and safer to his home
 Than the proud wanderer on the hill ;
 And reading, learning, praying, still
 Are outwards deeds which ofttimes leave
 Barren of fruit minds that believe.
 Who practises what good he knows
 Himself a Brahmana he shows ;
 And if an evil nature knew
 The sacred Vedas through and through,
 With all the Srutis, still must he,
 Lower than honest Sudra be.
 To know and do the right, and pay
 The Sacrifice, in peace alway,
 This maketh one a Brahmana."

Y. "Right skilfully hast thou my questionings met,
 Most pious of Princes and learned, but yet
 Resolve me who liveth though death him befall?
 And what man is richest and greatest of all?"

K. "Dead though he be, that mortal lives
 Whose virtuous memory survives ;
 And richest, greatest, that one is
 Whose soul—indifferent to bliss
 Or misery, to joy or pain,
 To past or future, loss or gain—
 Sees with calm eyes all fates befall,
 And, needing nought, possesseth all."

Then spake the Yaksha : "Wondrously, oh King !
 Hast thou replied, and wisely hast fulfilled
 The law of this fair water ; therefore, drink !
 And choose which one of these thy brethren dead
 Shall live again."

So Yudhisthira said,
 "Let Nakula, oh Yaksha ! have his life—
 My dark-browed brother with the fiery eyes—
 Straight like a Sala-tree, broad-chested, tall,
 That long-armed Lord."

“ But see where Bhima lies
Dead,” spake the Spirit, “ dearest unto thee ;
And where Arjuna sleeps, thy guard and guide !
Why dost thou crave the life of Nakula—
Not thine own mother’s son—in Bhima’s stead,
Who had the might of countless elephants,
Whom all the people called thy ‘ Well-Beloved ?’
Or wouldst thou see Nakula alive again
In place of great Arjuna, thine own blood,
Whose valour was the tower of Pandavas ?”

But Yudhisthira answered : “ Faith and Right,
Being preserved, save all, and, being lost,
Leave nought to save : these therefore I will set
First in my heart. Faithful and right it is
To choose by justice, putting self aside.
Let Nakula live, oh Yaksha ! for men call
King Yudhisthira ‘ just ;’ nor will he lose,
Even for love, that name ; make Nakula live !
Kunti and Madri were my father’s wives ;
Shall one be childless, and the other see
Her sons returning ? Madri is to me
As Kunti, as my Mother, at this hour ;
As she who bore me she that bore the twins ;
And justice shall she have, since I am judge ;
Let Nakula live, thou Yaksha !”

Then the Voice
Sighed sweet, evanishing : “ Thou noblest Prince !
Thou Best of Bhârat’s line ! as thou art just,
Lo ! all thy brethren here shall live again.”

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE MUNICIPAL ORGANIZATION OF PARIS.

I.—ITS PRESENT STATE.

IN the debate of the 10th of February on the laws against Pretenders, M. Challemel Lacour, our former ambassador in London, was enumerating the various exceptional laws existing in the different countries of Europe. "You will still find," he added, "in our own rich arsenal of laws, certain exceptional laws which no member on that side," indicating the Right, "will be disposed to abrogate, so long as they are laws which only concern the municipal government of the city of Paris." (Various movements—laughter from the Right.) "Can you deny it, gentlemen, that the city of Paris is under an exceptional *régime*?"

No one cared to answer the question. In fact, in this over-centralized country, where the whole machinery of government is organized for the purpose of checking local initiative and suppressing every strong and enterprising individuality, it has been found possible to place Paris itself, in the matter of municipal rights, on a lower level than the commune of Blanchefontaine, which numbers twenty-four inhabitants. Blanchefontaine elects her own mayor; Paris has no mayor to elect. Blanchefontaine creates her own rural police, if she wants one; Paris is under a prefect of police. The mayor of Blanchefontaine carries out the decisions of her municipal council; in Paris, as there is no mayor, the decisions of the municipal council only get carried out if the Prefect of the Seine or the Prefect of Police happens to like them.

This is startling even at first sight; but on a further study of this complicated organization, in which every function is mixed up with every other, surprise gives way to astonishment.

A few figures may be necessary, in the first place, to show the importance of the issues raised as to the Municipal Organization

of Paris and of the Department of the Seine. Paris occupies a superficies of 7,802 hectares (about 30 sq. m.)—of which 714 are covered by the bed of the river—in the centre of the Department of the Seine, which has a superficies of 47,550 hectares (about 183 sq. m.). The population of the department in 1876 was 2,410,000; by the census of 1881 it had reached 2,799,000. Before the passing of the law of June 16, 1859, the city of Paris, properly so called, was bounded by the outer boulevards; the space between these boulevards and the circumvallations was called the *banlieue*, and was divided into distinct communes. Since that law, the whole territory comprised within the circumvallations forms a single commune, which had, in 1861, 1,696,000; in 1866, 1,799,000; in 1872, 1,794,000; in 1876, 1,988,000; in 1881, 2,269,000 inhabitants. The population has thus increased in five years by 280,000. All the communes of the Seine, except Paris, have the same right as any other communes. They have the same relations with the Prefect of the Seine that other communes have with the prefects of their respective departments. But it is otherwise with Paris.

While all other communes have a mayor, elected by their municipal council, Paris has no mayor at all, and the functions of the mayoralty are performed by the two Prefects, of the Seine and of Police, both agents of the central executive. Paris has no mayor; and yet she is under a double mayoralty, which in no way represents her, and which is imposed upon her by the Government.

Sometimes this double situation has singular results. The commune of Gennevilliers went to law with the city of Paris. It was necessary, first of all, to obtain the authorization of the Prefect of the Seine to plead against himself as mayor of Paris! By the law of 1837, the decisions of the municipal councils require the approval of the prefect before they can be carried out. But in this case the prefect is also mayor; and in no other commune has the mayor any such right.

Let us trace the history of this singular legislation from the time of the Revolution.

On the 15th of June, 1789, Bailly was proclaimed Mayor of Paris, and a provisional municipality was installed. A law of the 21st of May, 1790, provides that the municipality of Paris, based upon election, shall consist of a mayor, sixteen administrators, thirty-two municipal councillors, ninety-six notables, and a *procureur* of the commune, with two substitutes. "During the two years that this organization lasted," says M. de Laborde, a former Prefect of the Seine, "the city of Paris was administered with order, equity, and economy."

On the 10th of August, 1792, this municipality was replaced by the insurrectionary commune; on the 14th Fructidor of the year 2 the

Convention, a centralizing government, itself undertook the administration of Paris. The law of the 11th of October, 1795, broke up the unity of Paris, by dividing it into twelve independent administrations, in such a way as to leave absolute control in the hands of the central power, the Directory.

Bonaparte did not care to restore to Paris its municipal rights. On the contrary, by the law of the 28th Pluviose in the year 8, he instituted the two prefectures, of the Seine and of Police; and he provided for the administration of Paris by a general council, the members of which were nominated by himself. This council had no other right than that of voting on the matters submitted to it. It had absolutely no initiative. This system lasted till the law of 1834, which restored the elective basis of the council, but made no change in its functions. The law of 1837, on the communal organization of France, did not touch Paris at all, but the report announced that a law would be prepared. Paris is still waiting for that law. The revolution of 1848 instituted a commission at the Hôtel de Ville. The law of the 5th of May, 1855, retained the commission. It was nominated by the head of the State.

This commission of sixty members carried on the administration uncontrolled and irresponsible. It had nothing to do but to say Amen to the wishes of the Emperor and the Prefect of the Seine. In 1870 it left the city charged with debt and weighted with burdensome contracts. The law of the 14th of April, 1871, passed during the Commune by the reactionary Assembly of Versailles, gave back to Paris the election of its municipal council. It is this law, in conjunction with the general laws of Pluviose in the year 8, of 1837, of 1855, and of 1867, and, as regards police, the resolution of Messidor in the year 8, which still governs the municipal organization of Paris.

Paris is divided into twenty *arrondissements*, each subdivided into four quarters. Each quarter, whatever its population, elects one councillor, making a total of eighty. There must be added for each *arrondissement* a mayor and three assessors—appointed by the head of the Executive, on the nomination of the Prefect of the Seine. These, in reality, are but officers of the civil service, whose duty it is to act as registrars of births, deaths, and marriages, to help in making up the lists of jurymen and electors, and to preside over the electoral registers, the *bureaux de bienfaisance*, the cantonal delegations of the schools, &c.; they have no commune to govern; they form no part of the municipal council.

The municipal councillors are summoned by the prefect. There are four ordinary sessions a year, and four extraordinary. The prefect has power to suppress the extraordinary sessions, and he can regulate their order of the day. This last right he actually exercised under certain

circumstances, up to about 1878. Since that date, all distinction between ordinary and extraordinary sessions has been done away.

The position of the municipal councillor is as grotesque as that of the prefect. In every department save that of the Seine there is a general council, which, ever since 1871, has exercised somewhat extensive functions, and which appoints a permanent committee to act all the year round. The Department of the Seine has no right to a permanent committee, but it has a general council, composed as follows :—Eight general councillors, elected by the cantons outside Paris, and who are nothing but general councillors, and eighty municipal councillors of Paris, transformed during the session of the general council into general councillors. Paris pays more than ninety-five per cent. of the expenses of the department.

So much for the Department of the Seine. We shall now treat of questions relating to Paris exclusively.

The budget of the city of Paris for 1883 is calculated as follows :—Ordinary receipts, 256,479,000 fr. ; extraordinary receipts, 6,885,000 fr. ; together, 263,364,000 fr. The ordinary expenses are calculated at 253,663,000 fr. To these must be added that part of the supplementary budget the special funds of which, arising from certain loans, have not yet been expended. In 1882 it amounted to 51,413,000 fr.

Now let us see by what means this expenditure is provided for. In the first place, by means of an additional one per cent. on the principal of each of the four direct taxes.

For 1883, the additional one per cent. on the four taxes comes roughly to 525,000 fr., distributed thus : 140,000 fr. from the *contribution foncière* (a tax on income from property) ; 94,630 fr. from the *contribution personnelle et mobilière* ; 55,672 fr. from doors and windows ; 234,328 fr. from the licence tax.*

Of all the direct taxes, that on licences is the most exorbitant. Landed property pays in all but fourteen millions, while licences pay twenty-three and a half. It is, therefore, on commerce and industry that the weight of direct taxation chiefly lies. The extra one per cent., together with miscellaneous taxes, give twenty-four millions.

The receipts from markets in 1881 amounted to 7,580,987 fr. They are estimated in the budget of 1883 at 7,490,000 fr., and will certainly exceed that sum. The slaughter-houses brought in in 1881 2,346,000 fr. ; and their receipts for this year are estimated at 3,290,000. Weighing machines brought in 206,000 fr. in 1881, and the estimate for this year is 195,000 fr. The public warehouses† brought in 2,754,000 fr., and the estimate is 2,729,000 fr.

The revenue arising from the participation of the city in the

* This is a direct tax on business, somewhat analogous to Schedule D of the English income tax.

† The *octroi* necessitates the use of bonded warehouses.

receipts of the gas company is estimated at 13,700,000 fr.; and that from the waterworks at 12,116,000 fr.

The *octroi* returned 148,000,000 fr. in 1881. For 1883 the estimate reaches only 143,000,000 fr.

In an average budget of 256,459,000 fr. of revenue, the taxes bearing on articles of consumption amount to nearly 182,000,000 fr., of which the *octroi* contributes by far the largest part. The growth of the *octroi* returns since 1859 is shown by the following table:—

1860	73,187,000
1865	89,949,000
1869	107,557,000
1875	118,243,000
1880	142,619,000
1881	148,630,000
1882	149,622,000

These receipts may be classified in the following manner:—Drinks, 64,180,000 fr.; other liquids, 15,177,000 fr.; solid foods, 30,789,000 fr.; fuel, 11,571,000 fr.; materials, 13,142,000 fr.; timber, 6,157,000 fr.; provender, 5,102,000 fr.; miscellaneous articles, 2,582,000 fr.; besides 1,000,000 fr. for warehouse rent, &c. In 1861, every Parisian paid 45fr. 56c. in *octroi* duty; in 1882, 65f. 50c., making more than 260 fr. for every family of four.

The budget of ordinary expenditure is distributed as follows:—Service of the municipal debt, and of various annuities, 99,000,000; poor relief, 19,700,000 (to which must be added the 13,000,000 brought in by the private property of this department); police, 23,000,000; schools, 23,000,000; public roads, 20,600,000; canals and drains, 12,960,000; architecture and fine arts, 5,271,000; public walks, 9,706,000; prefecture and *mairie*, 5,890,000; *octroi* expenses, 7,330,000 fr.

Now let us see how the budget is arranged, and how the interests it represents are administered.

The city of Paris cannot, without an Act of the legislature, impose or modify a single tax. Although the suppression of the *octroi* is part of the programme of most of the municipal councillors, it is from the *octroi* that the greater part of the city revenues has to be drawn. On the 8th of June, 1880, the Municipal Council adopted, by forty-one votes to twenty-five, a proposal for transforming a part of the *octroi* duties into a tax of one-fifth per cent. on the market value of landed property. The Government did not deign to take any notice of it, and it remained a dead letter. The *octroi* is a fine on raw material, and discourages manufacture, by imposing burdens upon it before it can bring in any return; it touches food, drink, and fuel—all the necessities of life, and presses heaviest on articles of inferior quality; it causes a factitious rise in the cost of lodging, warmth, and food. It is an inland custom. And yet it has to be endured.

With regard to expenditure the council has scarcely more authority. The employés are nominated by the Prefect of the Seine, and are dependent on him alone. The public works of Paris are under the management of a director appointed by a decree of the head of the State, so that he is independent, not only of the Municipal Council, but even of the Prefect himself. The present director M. Alphaud, is an able and enterprising man, and, as he cannot do without the Municipal Council to vote his supplies, it is possible to get on with him; but if he were to refuse to carry out the decisions of the council, it would have no legal means of forcing his hand.

As to education, the city gives 23,255,000 fr., to which must be added 1,389,000 frs. The director of instruction is a university inspector, independent alike of the municipal council and of the prefect. From 1871 to 1881 the council took considerable pains to develop education, but at the same time it desired that the public schools it supported should no longer be managed by the Ignorantine Brothers, or any other religious order. But its persistent wishes were disregarded up to 1880, when the Prefect, acting in his own fashion, and quite without regard to the views of the council, secularized some of the schools, and left others in the hands of the monks. The council, however, triumphed in the long run.

Even now the Municipal Council has but a moral influence in the direction of education; but before the organization of the cantonal delegations the councillor had no right even to enter the school, where the priest could visit at his pleasure. Neither in the choice of teachers, nor in the framing and application of the curriculum of study, has the council any voice at all. It has the honour of maintaining establishments of secondary education, which, after all, are, and do exactly, what pleases the State. Private individuals have the right of founding places of higher education; but the city of Paris, no!

At present the budget is submitted for the approbation of the State—a somewhat platonic approbation. No Minister has ever dared to meddle with it.

The head of the poor-relief department is appointed by the Government, and is independent of both Prefect and Council. He is assisted by a council of superintendence, whose members are chosen by the head of the State out of various nomination lists. The Municipal Council, represented on the council of superintendence by two members only out of twenty, can do nothing but offer advice and a subsidy of nineteen millions. The department of public relief represents in Paris the *bureaux de bienfaisance* and the administrative committees of hospitals, which in other communes give aid to the poor, the sick, and the infirm. This department deals on an average every year

with about 350,000 persons—almost one-fifth of the entire population. A single example will show in what a network of juggleries the municipal council is struggling. By a law of the 10th of January, 1849, the organization and distribution of out-door relief in Paris was to be the subject of a "rule of public administration"—that is to say, of an Order in Council of the head of the State. This legislative regulation, foreshadowed by the law of 1849, never having been made a mere administrative regulation, emanating from the department of public relief itself, and sanctioned by the Prefect on the 28th of July, 1860, has been put in force. This regulation, conformably with previous dispositions, provides that the service of the poor-houses shall be entrusted to nuns. The Municipal Council wished them replaced by lay helpers, but the poor-relief authorities and the Prefect of the Seine declared that they had no right to modify in this matter the regulation of 1860. It would take a decree to alter what was ordained by a mere regulation. Then why not make the decree? Because the law of 1849 proposed that out-door relief should be organized by an Order in Council; therefore a decree is not enough. A vote of the Municipal Council, a decree of the President of the Republic, dated May 4, 1880, did intervene, not to make the desired regulation, but to appoint a committee of twenty-three members to prepare, under the presidency of the Minister of the Interior, a draft of a "rule of public administration." This committee nominated a sub-committee. When the sub-committee and the committee have agreed on a scheme it will be submitted to the Council of State. The Municipal Council awaits the result, and meditates meanwhile on the advantages of centralization. The council is allowed to vote supplies for the administration of relief, but with regard to the employment of the funds voted it can offer nothing stronger than advice, the relief department and the prefect being free to take no notice of its advice, and to dispense its subsidies in quite another manner. However, at this moment while I write, a conflict is going on; the council has made its vote of nineteen millions conditional, and the Minister of the Interior is casting about how to veto the resolution.

In reality, there is not a single question the solution of which belongs to the council. That it has, nevertheless, been able to act at all, is due to the fact that it has held the purse-strings, and has therefore had to be humoured on one point to make it give way on another. It is a perpetual bargaining.

But at the Prefecture of Police it is quite otherwise. Out of a budget of more than twenty-three millions, only about 200,000 francs are optional. All the rest is compulsory. If the Municipal Council refuses an obligatory item, the Government officially reimposes it. If the council has employed the money in some other way, the

Government can take the sum at its pleasure out of the optional expenses, annul the credits voted under this head, and put them in again as compulsory expenses. There is another means it could employ; it could burden the direct taxes with new "additional percentages."

The Prefecture of Police has two divisions: the first possessing political and judicial functions, which place it quite beyond the scope of the Municipal Council; the second exercising municipal functions, which bring it into perpetual conflict with the Prefecture of the Seine. The *cadre* of 7,000 agents of the municipal police is determined by a decree of the head of the executive authority, dated June 20, 1877. The Prefect can introduce such modifications as suit his purposes. The Municipal Council has no right to put a finger to it.

The Prefect of Police is the most irresponsible of all French officials. As the Municipal Council votes his budget, he need not trouble himself about Parliament; and as the Municipal Council has no sort of control over the budget when voted, he has nothing to do but act exactly as seems good in his own eyes. It is not surprising that this department, placed in so singular a position, should abuse its freedom. It is entrusted with the maintenance of order; it is itself the incarnation of disorder. It is bound to repress theft; it is itself an organized dishonesty. The Prefect of Police is more powerful than the Procureur of the Republic—than the Procureur-general of Paris—than the Keeper of the Seals. In virtue of article 10 of the Criminal Code he has the right of search and the right of arrest. This is how he uses it. The fact is quoted in a paper on the Code of Criminal Instruction by a former *juge d'instruction*, now a judge in the tribunal of the Seine, M. Martin-Sarzeaud:—

"A young widow, who had had relations with Count X., refused, after their rupture, to return to him certain letters. On the complaint of the Count, without requiring any preliminary explanations, the Prefect of Police, acting in a judicial capacity, authorized a domiciliary visitation of the lady's house, or rather of that of her father, a former employé of one of our principal departments. The police seized the papers it suited them to take, and made what use of them they chose. It is needless to add that, this being done, the Prefect did not find it necessary to bring the affair into court. The family, fearing a scandal, confined themselves on their part to a formal protest in the proper quarter against the proceedings of the Prefecture of Police."

M. Martin-Sarzeaud quotes two or three more instances of the same sort. The *procès-verbal* reaches the Procureur of the Republic only through the medium of the Prefecture of Police, where it is examined and forwarded, or suppressed, at pleasure. M. Ribot, a Member of the Chamber of Deputies and a deputy-magistrate of Paris, says: "The abuse is, that the Prefect of Police considers it his business to decide as to the advisability of informing the Procureur of

the Republic." Centralization has done its work so thoroughly that it has ended in subordinating the magistrate to the executive agent.

In the organization of the system called the *police des mœurs*, the Prefect of Police has placed himself above all law. He arrests, tries, imprisons, of his own sole authority, in open violation of our codes. He has large sums at his disposal wherewith to dispense favours and secure subordinates; and thus there is a commerce of corruption going on between those who seek to gain the favours of the police and the agents who are willing to sell them. Besides his uncontrolled budget, the Prefect receives from the Minister of the Interior more than 700,000 fr. of secret service money. Of this he gives no account to any one. What he does not pocket himself he expends in bribes of all sorts to corrupt journalists, to *agents provocateurs*, and to women of bad character who are willing to act as their spies.

The Prefect of Police has also under his orders the *garde républicaine*, an armed force maintained in part by the Municipal Council, but subject only to the Minister of War. The fire brigade also belongs to his department.

See how terrible is the authority of this man, and his absolute irresponsibility. He is a political agent independent of Parliament, an officer of justice independent of the law, a municipal authority independent of the Municipal Council.

By the law of 1871, the prefect has a seat in the Municipal Council, apparently in order that he may be able to make explanations. He makes explanations when it seems good to him; when he finds himself inconvenienced by the questions put to him, he replies that he is responsible only to the Minister of the Interior. The council then passes a vote of censure. A week later, the triumphant prefect produces a decree annulling the vote of censure—which is a grotesque thing enough, as no decree can alter the opinion of the council.

Except M. Hérold, who, being an old municipal councillor himself, paid some attention to the decisions of the council, and M. Floquet, a former president, who gave out that, though an appointed prefect, he would act as an elected mayor, all the other Prefects have waged perpetual war with the council. The present Prefect, indeed, M. Oustry, is not at war with it. As far as it is concerned he has no existence. He is a stranger; nobody knows him. He has passed his life in provincial prefectures, and he cannot conceal his astonishment at his new associates. "*Quel drôle de conseil municipal que le conseil municipal de Paris!*" It does everything, and the general council does nothing. It has neither ordinary sessions nor extraordinary sessions." In the departments the Prefects wear a silver-laced uniform. In Paris, no Prefect, since 1871, has cared to show himself in such gear. The first time M. Oustry was to appear before the Municipal Council, he asked his predecessor,

"Shall I put on my *zinc*?" His predecessor had the kindness to inform him that his uniform would be a very successful farce.

The Prefect of Police is always in conflict with the council. It is his normal and necessary attitude. Naturally he thinks it his bounden duty to defend the privileges of his office. He has no right, he says, to allow the authority committed to him to be disparaged. In the nature of things, the Municipal Council wishes to encroach on this authority, to control the expenditure of the twenty-three millions it votes, to protect the inhabitants of Paris from the espionage, the arrogance, and the neglect of the police. The Prefect of Police gets into a rage and refuses to answer.

Meanwhile the crisis gets worse every day. The budget of 1883 has been voted with difficulty: some credits were refused; and next year the budget will undoubtedly be rejected. All the compulsory expenses will be officially re-inserted, but according to the average of the last three years—that is to say, at somewhat less than the present figure.

Such is our present condition:—the ratepayers of Paris forced to bear an expenditure over which they have no control: their representatives deprived of all freedom of action; the executive power absolutely independent of the body which votes its supplies and deliberates on the schemes it is to carry out; two prefects, who are at the same time two mayors—a thing in direct opposition to all the rules of administrative organization in France; officials appointed by the State, independent of prefects and council; the two prefectures always at war between themselves and with the Municipal Council—an enormous machine, unable to move without a friction by which it wears itself out without any useful result; wheels revolving in opposite directions; the public interests crushed and injured at every turn; gigantic efforts without result; nobody responsible for anything; a complete and hopeless anarchy;—this is what it has come to, because the central authority is determined to be master of Paris, and to leave it but the shadow of municipal liberty.

II.—ITS FUTURE.

The authorized representatives of Paris have never ceased to protest against this state of things. The political career of M. Jules Ferry dates from the time when, under the Empire, in 1869, he wrote a pamphlet on the administration of the municipal commission, entitled, "*Comptes fantastique d'Haussmann*." In 1871, during the Commune, a group of men formed themselves into the "*Ligue d'union republicaine des droits de Paris*," which obtained the armistice of Neuilly, and had at one moment the hope of giving a peaceful solution to the civil war. In its manifesto of the 5th of April, 1871,

it laid down as its programme, "the recognition of the right of Paris to govern itself, through a council freely elected, supreme within the limits of its own functions, in all matters of police, finance, poor-relief, education, and the exercise of freedom of conscience." The document was signed, amongst other names, by Allain-Targé, afterwards a member of the Cabinet; Floquet, afterwards Prefect of the Seine; Corbon and Laurent-Pichat, now Senators; Emile Brelay, Clémenceau, Delattre, Lafont, Lockroy, and Villeneuve, now Deputies; and Braleret, Paul Dubois, Duval, and Yves Guyot, now Municipal Councillors.

In the midst of all the difficulties of a time of political reaction, and of the terror which the municipal assembly of Paris inspired, and still inspires, in the representatives of the provinces, the Municipal Council, now an elective body, has not ceased to press for these reforms. In practice it has acted prudently. The law gives to the central executive the right of suspension and dissolution; but even the Governments of May 24th and 16th have not dared to avail themselves of it. It was time they found themselves in this position; they dreaded the Municipal Council, but they remembered the scandals raised by the action of the Municipal Commission under the Empire. They did not wish to add to their responsibilities, already sufficiently heavy, that of the government of Paris. Besides, the dissolution of the Municipal Council of Paris would have been regarded by the population as the prelude to a *coup d'état*.

In 1880, the Municipal Council appointed a committee to draw up a detailed scheme of municipal organization. The committee consisted of MM. Engelhard, president; Sigismond Lacroix, secretary and reporter; Delabrousse, Forest, Yves Guyot, de Hérédia, Hovelacque, Henry Maret, Sougeon, Vauzy. It resulted in the production of an important report; a lively debate ensued, and on November 6th the scheme was adopted. The system it proposed is that which has received the name of "communal autonomy." The word has become a bugbear. Hardly a month passes that it is not held up, either in the Senate or in the Chamber of Deputies, as a sort of bogey to terrify the feeble-minded. The curious thing is, that M. Jules Ferry, now President of the Council, who rejects the scheme as a social peril, is actually, by chronological evidence, the father of it. It was he who said, in 1865: "The municipality must be supreme. I have used the term autonomy; it is the right word. Nothing can better express the thing we want."

The following are the chief provisions of this terrible scheme:—

It begins by re-establishing the proportion between the number of electors and the number of their representatives. Every *arrondissement* numbering 80,000 inhabitants is to elect four councillors; for every 20,000, or fraction of 20,000 in excess of that number, another

councillor is added. This brings the number of councillors to 115 instead of 80. The elections are to take place by *scrutin de liste*. The representation of each *arrondissement* is to be renewed by one-third every year. Disputed elections are now confirmed by the Council of the Prefecture. Under the new system they will be confirmed by the Municipal Council.

At present the Municipal Council is convened by the Prefect. Under the new system it will be convened by the president, either on his own initiative, or at the request of not less than one-fourth of the members.

At present its sittings are held with closed doors. Under the new system they will be public.

At present the work of the council is entirely gratuitous; the law is clear on this point. But it is very far from being a sinecure. The number of matters which come before it every year varies from 2,500 to 3,000; the Municipal Council holds from 80 to 100 general sittings and from 300 to 350 committee meetings. The general council holds from twenty to thirty general sittings, and from sixty to eighty meetings of committees. It must be added, that the municipal councillors also, most of them, take part in administrative committees—in the departmental council of public instruction, in cantonal delegations, on boards of control of all sorts—for the relief of the poor, for the *mont de piété*, for regulating the work of children in factories; on college committees, school committees, committees of professional education, committees of registration of electors and jurors, revising committees, loan committees, *octroi* committees, and so forth. Not one of these numerous attendances brings in a single fee.

Under the existing system the Government can replace the Municipal Council by a non-elective committee, and that for a period of three years. Under the new scheme no such right will exist. The electors, possessing frequent opportunities of giving expression to their wishes, will watch the conduct of the council, and can readily change its majority.

Instead of the two Prefects, the new scheme gives the executive power to a *conseil de mairie*, analogous to that which was termed by the law of 1790 the *bureau municipal*. This council will be composed of eight commissioners, under the presidency of the mayor. The mayor is to be elected by the Municipal Council. So are the commissioners also, but by *scrutin de liste*. All will be elected for the full length of their term of office—that is to say, for three years, but they will be removable by a bare majority. Each commissioner is to be placed at the head of one of the Municipal services, and to be directly responsible for it to the Municipal Council, to which also the *conseil de mairie* will be collectively responsible. The mayor will preside in the council, and superintend all the services, without personally

directing any. Each commissioner will become, in fact, a municipal minister, fulfilling a double function similar to those of Ministers of State, having the personal direction of one department and a share in the supervision of all the rest.

The *conseil de mairie* is to appoint and remove all employés and agents of the administration, to whatever service they belong.

With regard to the functions exercised, the principal dispositions of the scheme are as follow :—

The Municipal Council is to decide all affairs of communal interest. Its decisions will be definitive, requiring no sanction, and admitting no appeal, except to the courts of justice. They will be executed by the *conseil de mairie*.

The reporter, M. Sigismond Lacroix, explained in the following terms the views of the committee and of the council on this point :—

"It is a question of creating a power which is to be supreme within the limits of the communal interests. But what are matters of communal interest? . . . It is difficult to determine *à priori* the functions of the commune in relation to those of the State. It is difficult to define the limits of communal and national interests. It is difficult, because there is no absolute scientific criterion. The question can only be resolved for a given time in a given country with regard to the actual political conditions of that time and country, in accordance with the results of experience; in accordance, also, with the state of public opinion. . . . Indeed, if there were any necessary hostility between the communal and the national interests, the distinction would be impossible, since all communal affairs concern the State, and all affairs of State concern the commune.

"But, far from there being any such hostility, there is the closest connection, the most intimate union, between the interests of the commune and those of the State; there is—and this renders the solution easy—there is complete solidarity.

"The State and the commune are *solidaire*. The one can neither rejoice nor suffer but the other rejoices or suffers with it. Nothing that passes in the commune is indifferent to the State, as nothing that affects the State can be indifferent to the commune. The question, therefore, is not whether such and such an affair is exclusively communal or exclusively national; no affair whatever can be either the one or the other: the point to be decided is, whether it is better, in the interest alike of the commune and of the State, that this or that affair be dealt with by the former or by the latter."

The principle which has guided us in the framing of our scheme of reform is this :—Within the limits of the communal interests, the commune should be supreme. As to what constitute the limits of communal interests, it is impossible to fix them in any general and absolute sense. In the case of each particular service, it remains to be seen, from experience and the state of opinion, whether it is desirable that it should be regarded as a communal service or not.

What, then, are the services which, in the view of the Municipal Council of Paris, should be regarded as municipal?

It should be for the Municipal Council to fix the imposition, assessment, and mode of collection of the communal taxes. One

advantage of this method is, that the commune can make experiments where the State dare not. If these experiments turn out ill, their field is limited. The electors are in a position to make the council reverse their decision pretty speedily.

It has been seen that the city of Paris has made great sacrifices in the cause of education ; and that, while free enough in the matter of expenditure, when it comes to a question of management she is rigorously excluded. And yet in this matter she has offered every guarantee. Ten years before the law of 1881, she had made not only instruction, but books and school apparatus, gratuitous ; the poorer children were even assisted out of the school funds. The Municipal Council has founded establishments for higher education ; it has created professional schools. But the moment some work of this kind has been set on foot, the State has stepped in, thrust the city aside, and installed itself in her place. *C'est à vous d'en sortir !* cries the State, with Tartuffe.

The Bill requires that the municipal authorities shall have the management of all elementary public schools ; that it shall have the right to found communal schools for secondary and higher education ; and that the curriculum shall be determined by the Municipal Council.

Amongst the items of compulsory expenditure is that of public worship, which amounted to three or four millions. Of late years the council has steadily refused to vote it. The administration was led to look into it more closely, and the estimate has now fallen to nineteen thousand francs. But there still exists a singular anomaly, created by the decree of the 23rd Prairial of the year 12, and confirmed and developed by the decrees of the 10th of May, 1806, and the 18th of August, 1811. The churches and consistories in all the communes have a monopoly of funerals. The freethinker must pay the Church her dues for hearse and trappings, hangings and coffin. The commune has no right even to dispute the tariff. The State itself, by prefectoral decree, or by Order in Council, definitely fixes the tariffs and the mode of conveyance.

By the new scheme, burials and funeral obsequies, apart from the religious ceremony itself, will constitute a department of the municipal service.

The law of the 14th of December, 1789, on the constitution of municipalities, declared that one of the proper functions of the municipal authority was "to confer on the inhabitants the advantages of an efficient police, especially with regard to the healthiness and cleanliness, the safety and tranquillity, of streets and of public places and public buildings." It has been seen in what manner the resolution of Messidor applied this rule. In 1870, the Prefect of Police, M. Kératry, presented to the Government of National Defence a report

advocating the suppression of the Prefecture of Police. The Government inserted it in the *Journal Officiel* of the 6th of October, accompanied by the following note: "The Government of National Defence, cordially approving the spirit and the terms of the foregoing report, invite the Prefect of Police to prepare the draft of a decree for realizing the eminently Liberal and Republican propositions he has had the courage to initiate."

But the proposal rested there. The members of the Government of National Defence, who have since held office in various cabinets, have never resuscitated it. The Municipal Council of Paris now demands its realization. The management of the municipal police will again be included among the functions of the municipal administration; the Municipal Council will organize it, the executive council will take the management of it, through a commissioner specially appointed to direct it. The judicial functions of the Prefect will be exercised by the magistrates, to whom the commissaries of police will transmit their *procès-verbaux* direct, as is now done everywhere but in Paris. As to the political police, if the Government thinks good to have any, it will naturally belong to the Ministry of the Interior, under the control of the Chamber.

The relief of the poor is a purely communal institution, in which the State should have no right to interfere, except in case of the Municipal Council failing to do its duty. The new scheme, therefore, proposes that the municipal administration should organize and direct the work and the *personnel* of this department. Property given or bequeathed for the benefit of the poor will be kept distinct from the municipal funds.

Such is the proposal of the majority of the Municipal Council of Paris. In the elections of 1881 the electors gave a majority, but not a strong one, to those councillors who took it as the basis of their own programme. The president, M. de Bonteiller, one of the group which had declared for communal autonomy, was elected by forty-five votes against twenty-four. The new elections, which will take place next January, will doubtless result in a strong majority of the partisans of the scheme.

Its adversaries maintain, meanwhile, that under such a system France must crumble away. They say it is driving the State out of its own capital. These are the *à priori* objections of theorists. The scheme gives to the municipality no judicial authority whatever: it leaves to the State the right of keeping an armed force of what strength it pleases in Paris; it applies exclusively to communal rights and duties, and touches not a single interest having a national character beyond the limits of the commune.

And now, what future awaits the Bill when it comes before Parliament? It is plain that both the Chamber and the Senate wish to post-

pone it as long as possible. M. Goblet had undertaken to bring in an extremely modest Bill, prepared by M. Floquet, proposing simply to appoint a mayor of Paris, with two assessors, who should exercise some part of the executive authority held at present by the Prefect. But he dared not bring it before the Chamber. The Chamber is discussing at this moment a Bill for municipal organization, which applies to 36,096 French communes; the 36,097th commune—that of Paris—remains as it is. We of course admit that a city of more than 2,269,000 inhabitants cannot be administered like a commune of only a hundred; but we hold that the scheme prepared for Paris might, with some modifications of detail, be applied to all towns numbering, say, over 10,000 inhabitants—that is to say, possessing resources sufficient to make them self-supporting.

To the objections brought against them the partisans of communal liberty reply:—

“Centralization is a legacy of Louis XIV. It was consolidated by the institutions of the year 8, and established by Bonaparte after the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire. It is to centralization that the instability of the French Government is mainly due. Attempting everything, it becomes morally responsible for everything. Being practically irresponsible, it concentrates on itself all the hatreds of all the malcontents. It is to this same centralization that *coups d'état* and revolutions have owed their opportunity. Without it, would 1830 or 1848 have been possible, or the 4th of September, 1870? The 18th Brumaire and the 2nd of December are its results. Would the 24th or the 16th of May ever have been attempted without it? or would there be any question now of secret practices against the commonwealth, of intrigues and plots of princes? When the whole country receives its impulse from one central power, it needs but a single daring hand on the lever to set all in motion, or to demolish all.

“Centralization is the system of conquerors and despots, the expression of the right of the strongest. It is those who possess the power imposing their will and authority on the nation. Communal liberty is the reign of voluntary union, of free and willing solidarity. The former is the logical consequence of absolute governments, whether based on divine or historic right, or originating in an act of violence; the latter is the necessary form of a Republic in which power is recognized as a trust.

“The Chamber has made but few reforms since its election in 1881. This difficulty in carrying measures should prove to it that it is necessary to leave to the communes the greatest possible freedom of experiment. Every reform involves a certain risk. If it is attempted by the State itself, the risk becomes considerable. If it is first accomplished by the communes, the risk is divided.

"Under the pretence of unity, the whole of France is to be forced into uniformity, so as to press forward into the future at an equal pace. But there are minorities which are very advanced indeed, and there are others which are very retrograde. In order not to leave the slowest behind, in order to enable the sluggish and refractory communes of Lower Brittany to keep up with the march, Paris is to be reduced to the same torpid pace. No wonder Paris and the larger towns grow impatient. If they were allowed to act freely in their own municipal affairs, controlled only by the common law of the whole nation, they would set an example to the rest. The rate of growth will vary with the soil and climate—why not? We shall at least substitute the gentle propaganda of persuasion for hard constraint and progress by machinery.

"The commune is the primary school of political life. It is in dealing with the affairs of the commune that the elector comes to understand the mutual relation of private and collective interests. The Municipal Council should be the training ground of public men. It is there that they must learn the management and practice of affairs. It is there that their constituents must see them at work, and form their judgment of them. The more extensive the powers of the municipality, the more thorough this trial of men will be."

Such is the language of the autonomists of Paris. It has been characterized as seditious.

But the question of the municipal government of Paris cannot long remain unsolved. It has, in fact, already made a considerable advance. In 1871, the first members elected to the council flung their weight against hostile functionaries. Those who have kept their places from then till now best know what a change has taken place. Officials have learnt that Prefects themselves may be less firm in their seats than Municipal Councillors; and that those who leave the communal assembly often leave it to take a prominent place in the Chamber of Deputies. The Government itself gives way before the pressure of the council, backed as it is by a formidable movement of public opinion. With the Radical party the Municipal Council of Paris is more popular than any other political body. This was evident last year at the inauguration of the Hôtel de Ville. This year the council is going to take definitive possession of it. It can hardly be but that the question of the municipal law of Paris will come up for solution before that time; and the Chamber will probably adopt the Bill of M. Floquet, by which the two Prefects will be exchanged for an elected Mayor, the ordinary sessions of the council are to be of two months' duration each, and the council can be summoned at any time by the Mayor. It is not a great thing; but the axis of the system is shifted. Paris will be represented by a mayor, and not by two prefects. We have come

back to the true method; and this first step will involve many others. The authorities know it well. This is why they dread the central mayoralty, and declare that, if such an institution is created, France is lost.

The decision of the question will be pushed on from another quarter. Paris is surrounded by a circumvallation, 33,000 mètres in circumference, which, together with the military zone, occupies a radius of 400 mètres, and completely separates Paris from its outskirts. At this moment the question of workmen's dwellings has reached a crisis. The employés of Paris can no longer find lodging suited to their means. A scheme has therefore been laid before the Municipal Council for negotiating with the Minister of War for the use of the site of the circumvallation, now rendered useless for purposes of defence by the new forts which have been constructed since 1870. Many French generals, amongst others the General of Fortifications, De Villenoisy, and General Millot, Commandant of the Fortress of Paris, are for the suppression of this sort of fortification altogether. Now, as soon as this separation is removed, the communes along the river-side will inevitably be annexed to Paris. It will then be absolutely necessary to reconstruct the administration of Paris, and municipal liberty cannot but gain something by the change.

Finally, the prefecture of police cannot possibly remain as it is. Its budget will certainly be refused by the Municipal Council. The magistracy itself complains, as has already been seen, of the position in which it is placed by this anomalous authority. The system has not a single avowed defender. The Government dare not take the management of it into its own hands, for that would mean a perpetual conflict between the Minister and the Municipal Council, which last would find its opportunity in the Chamber, as it has done several times already. Three Ministers have already fallen in defending the Prefect of Police, one on the spot, and the other two, worn out and discredited by the effort, a few days later.

Without giving way to a vain optimism, the partisans of communal autonomy may hope that, within the next few years, they will have obtained the greater part of what they claim. From that time, in the matter of internal security, education, taxation, poor relief, and so forth, Paris will become the scene of a series of experiments which will serve as a model to the whole of France. If it does, indeed, aspire to lead and dominate the country, it is by way of example and persuasion, and not otherwise. And from that time there will be no finer position for a Frenchman of progressive views, eager to embody his ideas, than that of Municipal Councillor of Paris.

YVES GUYOT.

THE ENGLISH MILITARY POWER AND THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1882.

IN offering some reflections that have occurred to me during a long residence in England, and after thorough study, I am very sensible how difficult it is not merely to describe the character of a people, but to describe accurately any single trait in its character. To penetrate into the inner national life of a foreign nation is no easy task; and, besides, a nation, like an individual, turns different sides to the light at different times under the influence of different moods and circumstances. It may seem strange to some that I should not, as a soldier, confine my attention to the military side of the English people, but should look at the same time at politics and social questions; but these two factors, having their roots in the common moral force of the nation, are really concurrent conditions of the capacity of the English arms for defence and attack.

Great Britain, which possesses no army of great dimensions and no compulsory military service on the part of the whole nation, furnishes a proof that a system of army organization, founded on a universal obligation to serve, is not an unconditional necessity for all times and all countries. The participation of the people in military affairs could only take place in Britain at the expense of cherished civil arrangements, so that this system, which is elsewhere considered a blessing, would necessarily operate injuriously there. While continental States have striven to make the army an instrument of national education, it has been given to Great Britain to obtain by another and equally national kind of education the same results of subordination to the State and society, and of loyal and habitual co-operation among the individual members of the State towards a great national ideal. History itself has taken part in this national education, and has developed in the nation its life, its character, its common conscious-

ness, its freedom in word and deed. The political development this people has been a spontaneous growth out of its own germ. has remained almost completely free from foreign invasion, and had little to suffer from civil strife. As a rounded whole the island sits proudly in the sea, and as a rounded independent whole the nation stands out towards the foreigner. In the mind of this powerful people there resides such an educating force, such a concentration and elasticity of faculties, such a vast energy, that no son of England can withstand the educating influence of the nation; the same mould that fashions the nation fashions him. The individuality of the Briton is the individuality of his nation. I once saw a six-year-old boy in Brighton showing the Arcade to his nurse, and breaking out in the words, "That's against the honour of old England." The words rang like music in my ear. But have we not then the most proper and natural centralization, when the people is not tied to the centre by external force, but holds by it of free choice with all its might, because it feels and understands the power of the great association it constitutes?

In England a decisive individual development is promoted by a rare concurrence of favourable conditions, among which I include the small extent of the country and its insular position, which secure it against foreign attack and make it address its energies to the sea, and, consequently, to trade and industry. Its detached situation, by rendering it self-contained, tends strongly to produce the concentration of energies which shows itself in the practical capacity of the people; and when we take into account, besides these advantages, the accessibility on all sides and the freedom of movement in all directions which it derives from the sea, it will be owned that no other country has ever enjoyed conditions more favourable for natural development. Not less important is the character on which these conditions had to operate. The British—part Celt, part German—combine, in a remarkable way, the liveliness and agility of the Southern nations with the force and endurance of the Northern. While French history shows us the slow victory of the Romanic over the Germanic elements in the life of the country, English history reveals a contrary tendency, the Germanic elements always more and more obtaining the upper hand, without completely annihilating the Romanic. The whole cast of English life proves this, for in England the family is the basis of authority and the centre of all right. Family life was, from early times, according to German usage, esteemed high and holy in England, and has always exercised a beneficial influence upon the national education. In the school on the other hand, the English follow the genuine Romanic mode by setting the *can* above the *ken*, education above knowledge, living power and mind above dead masses of science; they seek to tr

the youth to be independent and acquire self-government, and they do so in such a way that, along with habits of culture, the *instincts de la guerre* are at the same time developed. Their political life—which exerts an important influence on the education of a people—is in England free from the narrow-minded and class spirit that prevails among purely Romanic nations. There is no aristocracy that is more democratic in feeling, and no democracy that is more aristocratic in ideas than the English; hence the comparative approximation of high and low and the harmony of national feeling. Enfranchised burgesses stand true by the side of the nobility, for, from the favourable situation of London, an independent, powerful, prosperous, and therefore politically influential, *bourgeoisie* grows up more rapidly there than elsewhere. Indeed, one of the most advantageous influences in the development of people and State has been that of the giant city on the Thames, and its influence began to be exerted very early, and is, from the very nature of the case, as constant and uniform as it is tranquillizing and moderating; for in foreign trade account must be taken of long intervals of time, and commotion of every kind grows more and more pernicious to trade in exact proportion as Great Britain becomes more and more an emporium for the whole world, and as its eyes, withdrawn from local questions, are turned to the distant and the future. This calm and wise outlook, necessitated by the extensive ramifications of the national affairs, is shared with the metropolis by the provinces, and the consequence is that we find in them a self-reliance and self-respect which presents a striking contrast to the characteristics of the provinces of France, where, with the growth of Paris, all life seems to find more and more its free expression only in the metropolis, so that it may be said, *Paris, c'est la France*.

From the very first the political life of this people was a truly national one, in which all classes of the population co-operated for the good of the whole, and by incessant activity the nation has been schooled by itself, and this self-educating power has increased with the progress of culture and the growth of foreign trade. And so the State can devote itself to the grateful task of guiding the spontaneous activity of the nation, and thereby of promoting its independence, which needs no limitation. Step by step with the great legislative activity of the nation, the national sense of right has developed, and become the fountain of all sorts of freedom, for the living feeling for right which the Briton carries within him is worth far more than the dead letter of law which has often only a momentary importance. All laws, all decrees, may become superfluous,—that is, the dead parchment may pass into the living conscience of the people; and nothing then remains but the form, under which truths of universal validity are applied to the circumstances of

the moment, and filled with real life. Laws that lack this inner connection with life are superfluous, nay, injurious. It may be said with truth of England that arbitrary free-will has ceased there, for wherever a living consciousness of right exists there is no compulsion, and where there is no compulsion there is also no arbitrary free-will.

English history having thus already succeeded in welding the entire nation together into a harmonious whole, England has no need of an army founded on a universally obligatory service, which would deprive the country of much valuable productive labour, so long as her insular situation, by keeping her free from foreign attack, makes such a sacrifice unnecessary. In accordance with this view, we find that the English army and navy only grew up from time to time, as continental nations began to cross the Channel, as England's political position could not be maintained without making an impression abroad, or as iron and fire were needed to retain colonies or open new ways for trade. But its army is a mere means to an end, it has no inward connection with the people, it stands outside their life, and exerts no educating influence upon it. Now, I doubt whether an army so separated from the people, and from all that has made the people free and great, can continue in its exceptional position to-day, and I shall attempt to supply some proof of this in the following pages.

"The world rests on the sword's point;" it has done so long, and never more than in our time. The whole position of nations in the world—this is my firm persuasion—depends now on a universally obligatory military service. Nothing else gives a nation the power and right to take up and assert permanently such a position as Carthage had and lost, because, in spite of possessing forces unattainable by Rome, and a very excellent fleet, she had in her army only an external instrument, and not, as Rome had, an internal power; and because Hannibal sent not men but only a bill at sight to Tarento and Capua. Sparta survived Athens by virtue of the warlike education of her people; Rome dictated laws to the entire known world, through the energy of an army embracing the pith of the population, and then declined, when her upper classes withdrew from the defence of their country, and left the ranks of the legions to be filled, first with slaves *en masse*, and then with the iron sons of unconquered Germany, who could not be expected to cherish any enthusiasm for Roman interests. When the people rose to arms in Prussia in 1813 it was all over with the foreign domination. The war had in 1806 put the institutions of the country to the proof, and had left State and army overthrown; in 1813 it put the power of the people to the proof, and found it unbroken. Such are the causes of the growth or decline of States.

The times are irrevocably gone when a George of Frundsberg could

sound his recruiting drum, or a Wallenstein force armies from the ground; and the question may be justly asked whether the hirelings of England, held together, in contradiction to the rest of the national life, by compulsion and external means such as promises and rewards, are in a position to cope with the disciplined national armies of the Continent. We can no longer speak of the "handicraft" of war, for war has become an "art" that must be exercised with mind, science, and sagacity, as well as resolution and energy, and requires accurate technical instruction and constant practice, and no forces that fail in any of these particulars can expect to equal a well-disciplined and instructed army. As an irrefutable proof of this, I appeal to the surrender of the Napoleonic armies at Sedan and Metz, and the loss of a part of the *levée en masse dans la belle France*, which perished at Belfort or on the Jura. Take a rapid glance at the Lisaine Valley. On the one side stand the flower of the volunteer youth of France, inflamed with the memory of a mighty past and with love for an unhappy country. To make them a powerful army they lacked only one thing, but that involved all: they lacked the rigorous organization that puts every man in his right place, and binds them all in one whole, whose total effect as far exceeds the sum of their individual powers as the mechanical force of the avalanche exceeds that of the snowflakes. On the other side stands a comparatively small army, drawn from all Germany, brought by the fatigues of the campaign to the very limits of their moral and physical endurance, but an army whose raw ore was cast in a rigorous mould. Bourbaki's troops, every single man of them a hero, rushed down the Lisaine Valley with shouts, to surround and capture an enemy so inferior in numbers. In vain! Three long days did the little army resist the advance of the mighty waves with unbroken ranks, firm in the hand of its tried leader, and conscious that it had to form an impassable barrier before Belfort as well as protect South Germany. One stone after another falls out of the loosely built French ranks, because atomism reigns where the conception of the whole is wanting, where the whole has lost its controlling power, and where army organization depends on improvisation. All rush back, the great masses break up into their constituent parts, no word of command sounds, and when it sounds it is not listened to, the impulse of self-preservation is awakened, and the flames of patriotic inspiration rapidly die away. France lost the battle. Even well-developed fighting capacity, even the strength and courage of lions go down before an iron army organization. The superiority of soldiers depends more on their retaining the military spirit in all situations than even on their mechanical skill in the use of their weapons, and so here those well-disciplined troops gained a great victory over a much more numerous army composed of raw masses. It was Thermopylae performed over again; but the defenders

lived to see their victory, with the exception, indeed, of numbers killed in the field.

Now what picture is shown us by military England? An army which may perhaps be strong enough to keep the British possessions together, and repress those desperadoes in the kingdom itself who work in dynamite. The existing state of army organization forms the darkest point in Great Britain at present. But I am far from doubting on that account the fighting capacity of the English troops, descended as they are from that Anglo-Saxon stock which combines the greatest physical strength with calm courage and rare endurance, and which has supplied generals like Cromwell and Wellington, and admirals like Nelson, with their heroic bravery. The weakness lies only in the system on which the army of England is based, and which Continental States have abandoned since the beginning of this century, —the system of recruiting by means of voluntary enlistment. This system has, in modern times, to contend with almost insuperable difficulties merely to keep the ranks in full numerical strength. In spite of the bitter experiences of the Crimea, of Afghanistan and the Cape, Britain adheres with a tenacity worthy of a better cause to this traditional system, and her sons regard almost as an ignominy what the German claims as a holy right, the privilege of standing in the ranks of the defenders of his country. Like the rich Carthaginian, the Briton is of opinion that it is unworthy of a free-born man to suffer himself to be compelled by law to service which other people can be hired to perform, although the fall of Carthage supplies most convincing proof that if, like Rome, she had possessed a national army, the subsequent history of the world would have rested on different foundations. Instead of them saying—

“Pounds, shillings, pence,
Are the best national defence,”

it would be better to adopt the old Napoleonic trilogy, “Infantry, cavalry, artillery.” Although improvements have taken place in the reserve obligations of particular forces, although great care is devoted to the training of the militia, and although the volunteers are increasing and have taken a place in the Indian army too, accompanied by short periods of service, and the formation of reserves, yet on the great whole, hardly any change for the better is to be perceived; the people are still complacently travelling in the old ruts.

In order to remove these evils, which are deeply felt in military circles, the most various proposals have been made by English authorities on the subject. But in none of them is there even an approximation to a thorough remedy. For reasons easily explained, they all give a wide berth to the cardinal point of universal obligatory service. I shall mention only the following names of men who own the necessity of a change in the system of army organization: Sir Garnet

Wolseley (now Lord Wolseley of Cairo), Sir Lintorn Simmons, Sir John Adye, and Sir Frederick Roberts. Of course, in the event of a great danger, universal obligatory service is legal in England as well as elsewhere, and it needs only a decree of Parliament to bring this law into operation in its full extent. But the citizen is not made a soldier by merely giving him arms; he first becomes a soldier through the circumstance that, on the one hand, penetrated with a sense of duty, he regards this duty as the highest honour for a man capable of bearing arms, and that, on the other hand, he devotes himself to his military exercises in their full extent. But time is consumed before an army is so formed out of such elements.

What an immense task is comprehended in the two words "Defence and Protection," for a kingdom so extensive as the British, is a subject on which the English people find no time to form a clear idea. They ignore the fact that Continental nations, who had formerly armies of only some hundred thousands, summon to-day a million combatants to their flag. Of course, numbers may be no terror to thoughtful soldiers, but though, from a military point of view, numbers are to be tested by their specific gravity, they yet do furnish a claim to respect for the considerations I have now adduced. It is not realized in England that in contemporary war everything is put to the hazard, nations stake their very existence, and therefore require these gigantic means of defence. It must be owned that Continental States groan under the yearly increasing burden of their military necessities, but they are necessities that cannot be avoided. In the existing circumstances of Europe a peaceful future can only be built on a present armed to the teeth. This is a saying as true as it is hard.

But not only have the numbers of the combatants increased to an incredible degree, but with the improvement and multiplication of the means of intercommunication the possible theatres of war have also multiplied, so that battles may take place in the future on territories which were formerly protected by their remoteness. The British Empire is most of all affected by this circumstance, and it should be so constructed that it can bear a shock, that it can endure even a world's concussion. I have pleasure in thinking of the power and resources which in times of necessity great powers without colonies summon up to defend the national possessions, the freedom and independence of the State, its language and manners, its art and science, &c. &c.; but how great are the necessities that exist in the British world, with its valuable possessions in every quarter of the globe, not only to defend them against all kinds of danger and attacks but to enforce just claims affecting its most vital interests. I reject the singular proposition that international morality admits only wars of defence, and not wars of aggression. On this point there exists, between England and the Continental States, a profound difference of

opinion, due to a single negative characteristic of England,—namely, that it is not a State militarily organized. Still, one form of war, defensive war, has never been renounced by England, and could not be renounced without risking its political existence; and as one of the Great Powers of the world, England will be compelled to adopt the other form of war also, the offensive. The two can no longer be separated, and of a State that seeks still to take its stand on the first alone, it may be said, "*Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim.*" The experience of the most recent times proves that though nations have come nearer one another in space and time, though they are brought into closer union by a thousand ties, war has only on that account increased in importance, for there is no longer such a thing as a war at special spots and individual points; the violence extends its immediate influence to the entire life of the nation, it is felt in every part of society, it sways the entire endeavours of the time. Nor are wars any longer questions of country and territory; it is ideas—*i.e.*, principles of life—that enter clearly and self-consciously into collision, and drive their combatants, the nations, to arms.

The otherwise so practical Englishman has, singularly enough, committed here a gigantic mistake, and cannot understand that for great tasks a national military system cannot be dispensed with. As compared with such a system, a standing army takes much longer time to perform the same task, and that means that the regular peace budget is charged with part of the war budget, whereas on the other system the enormous demands are confined to a brief space, and, indeed, to the most critical periods of the war itself. As proof of this, the fact may be mentioned that while the peace budget of the United States is only 15 millions of dollars, the war budget in the year 1865 amounted to no less than 1,031 millions. Moreover, since the active army, on the national system, is first really formed during the war, the war cannot be begun by it right off with its full energy, and carried forcibly into the enemy's country, and brought to an end with a few powerful strokes, whereby the military budget might be much reduced. As, in a battle between two batteries, the first well-aimed shots may prove decisive, so may the fate of a war be sealed by a mobilization delayed by but a single day. A State must at the very beginning of a war be in a position to enter the theatre of operations with prospects of victory. Strategy is so far like mathematics that it can only reckon with given factors, as time, space, and actual forces, and the result always stands in a definite ratio to the co-efficients.

It is due solely to a combination of extremely favourable conditions that England has as yet suffered no great war, in spite of being the only Great Power, which has not only a European, but a world-wide position to maintain. What has made England great is the

great build of the nation itself, together with her fleet, the pride of her people, and to-day still the ruler of all seas. But our age, which hates everything stable, has introduced a complete change into the entire system of naval construction and tactics. A ship is no longer a ship in the old sense of the word, she is a machine; she lost her soul when the engineer took the sailor's place; she is only another kind of railway, and the admiral, instead of reckoning with sailors, has to take time and space as the basis of his calculations. The seamanship of the British nation has given them more than their share in the distribution of the ocean; but steam makes seamanship almost superfluous; quality has been supplanted by quantity. And, proud Albion! answer me the question. Whether a fleet of mere machines is to continue to be depended on as a sure basis of British authority, when matters are dealt with on which land forces pronounce the last and decisive word? With what feelings will your sons, who shall yet carry arms in their country's defence, look back on a time when people in Britain knew how to weigh polished gold, but not to prize cold steel? England has enemies enough, almost as many as Germany, and yet her sons do not carry swords at their sides.

As with the stroke of twelve on the 31st December the stern porter locks up the old year and opens a new epoch of time, so Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, by the first shot he fired at Alexandria, put an end to the negotiations at Constantinople. Egyptian affairs assumed a new shape, and the most negative of all the factors in the world's history, Islamism and the banner of the Prophet, found itself face to face with a very positive factor, the Anglo-Saxon race and its powerful arm. In what follows I have no intention of narrating the events of the war in Egypt, but only to treat of the historical necessities that brought them about, and of the results of some of them in which, as a soldier, I am more immediately interested; and in regard to these my remarks must not be taken as criticism, for criticism is at present very difficult, because the motives for adopting particular decisions and plans have not yet been in any wise clearly unfolded. Strong human work must be understood, not carped at, and in right understanding fault-finding has little place.

England's weak point lies where the chief source of her wealth lies, in the East Indies. With the most laborious care does she guard this jewel, and the foreign policy of Britain turns upon this as a pivot. As mistress of India she has an exceptional interest in the Isthmus of Suez, as part of that chain of communications for her trade and transport service which she has established through Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Aden, and Perim, and which seeks its equal for solidity, elasticity, and strategic importance. England cannot suffer the right of way over the Isthmus to be disturbed; hence her interest, nay her obligation, her right, to stand sentry there.

Before treating of the war, let us take a rapid look at the people whom England had to encounter. They have been always distinguished from old times by slavish subjection and obedience to despots, showing itself now in a dog-like fidelity and now in a cat-like falsehood. When one master drives out another, the fellah merely transfers his awe, and takes little account of the change. He lives on in his miserable existence; no tyranny excites him to rebellion, and no enemy to more than filling up a canal, or throwing corpses into it, or interrupting a railway or telegraph line. Ages of misery and subjection have emasculated the people of all pith and courage; they know neither loyalty to prince nor to country. The Bedouins of the desert, indeed, can be troublesome, but even they cannot be dangerous.

When the French Republic made the words of Napoleon a reality, and followed the principle, "*La République, c'est la paix*," the English fleet on the 11th of July, 1882, took separate action, and showed by the cannon-shot that pealed over burning Alexandria, that Old England had as yet no mind to efface herself, but rather, if anything, to assert her position more stoutly. It was the spirit of the English nation that spoke in that action, and asked whether "Rule Britannia" had still any meaning, or whether an insolent cabal at the head of Arabs and Bedouins could dare to threaten England. The bombardment was the beginning of the solution of the Egyptian problem, but it will add no page of fame to the history of the English fleet, for Britain cannot be acquitted of the moral guilt of the burning of Alexandria, and of the massacres connected therewith. From military and humanitarian standpoints there are as many just objections to this bombardment, as there are advantages in it, looked at from a purely political point of view.

The battle was an unequal one. The Egyptian forts constructed of massive mason-work could not resist the heavy English projectiles, and were soon reduced, and at some parts they had the appearance of having suffered likewise from the fire of the garrison stationed behind them. On the strong earthworks, on the other hand, almost no impression was made, so that the opinion appears to be justified that in a fight between armour-plate and earth-works, with equally good weapons, the victory will go to the earth-works. The Egyptian garrison at once abandoned the dismantled forts and the silenced batteries, and their retreat was so hasty that, as is proved by good evidence, the English afterwards found cannon in the batteries still loaded. This was the first engagement of the Egyptian army.

The English shot thrown into Alexandria did not make so much havoc among the wretched hovels of the Arab quarters as it brought upon the splendid palaces of the Europeans by the torch of murderous bands. The English fleet had no landing-troops ready who

might with activity and the necessary circumspection gather in the fruits of the bombardment: for it may now be regarded as proved that no great detachment would have been needed to convert the hasty retreat of the defenders of the forts into a complete route. On military, financial, and humanitarian considerations alike, the bombardment began too soon, because it began before it was possible to follow up its results advantageously; otherwise the unhappy fate of this great commercial city and of so many of its European inhabitants might have been spared.

Two heavy guns burst at Alexandria, and that fact, which does not stand alone (*Thunderer*!), supplies a fresh admonition that it is time to break with the Woolwich system, and to adopt the breechloading system. Nevertheless, the artillery fight was an unequal one, for the Egyptian forts had, except some Krupp guns, few cannon of the heaviest calibre whose projectiles could reach the hostile fleet; and so the well-found material of the English accomplished its work of destruction almost unmolested. Many of the huge English cannon balls, made for assailing armour-plate, penetrated right through the soft sandstone walls of the forts without breaking them down. It is remarkable that not many projectiles were fired at the Egyptian earth-works.

The want of sufficient landing-troops in the fleet before Alexandria proves that there was no great well-laid plan, and it merely repeats what has been so often shown before, that England is not prepared for war. Although it is true that every war Britain conducts is in some respects unique, and the campaigns in Afghanistan, the Cape, New Zealand, &c., were all conditioned by different circumstances from a war on the Nile; although the distance of the theatre of operations, the climatic, ethnographic, and other conditions, supply features which are not to be underrated, yet it leaves a bad impression in my mind that it was not till the 25th of July, fully fourteen days after the bombardment, that General Alison with 4,000 men could in any measure guarantee the security of the town and the immediate neighbourhood, and even then only for the reason that the enemy had lost all its higher initiative, and did not understand how to profit by the favourable situation of the moment. The despatch of troops from England was only finally ended on the 9th of August, when the last transport ship sailed from Portsmouth.

In the beginning of the campaign one could see no military system in those purposeless little skirmishes, those resultless reconnaissance fights, and that useless dispersion of the already, in all truth, small enough forces of England; and if the previous bombardment of Alexandria must be described as a strategical blunder, other tactical errors were now committed in abundance at the very spot before which the fleet lay at anchor. Among these I reckon—which

have to be laid to the charge of the fleet—the overhasty spiking of the guns in the forts of Alexandria, and the destruction of their great powder magazines. It could not then be known whether this great store of material might not be made to render good service against its former possessors. That on the morning of the 3rd of August a British outpost encampment was attacked by Egyptians and had to be timeously evacuated, is a circumstance that finds its explanation in English character; for from all time the Briton seems to have considered the irritating, rest-disturbing, and yet infinitely important watch-service as being almost beneath his dignity. Graver results than those of the 3rd of August might have been produced by the surprise, as General Havelock calls it, of the English vanguard by a more numerous body of Egyptian troops at Kassassin. It is due solely to the timely and gallant interposition of the cavalry under Sir Drury Lowe that this fight did not constitute one of the dark passages in English military history. The protection afforded by Nature to their own island home has made the nation almost feel too secure and easy-minded, but this easy-mindedness, carried to immobility, want of military alertness, and negligence in the matter of sentries and watchfulness, might cost the sacrifice of many lives in the field, especially in action with a mobile and enterprising enemy. Since the Englishman seems everywhere a man of experience, it might be thought that he would know how to turn every experience of war to his advantage. But that is not so, for the cool calculation, the higher intellectual activity by which men, in a true business-like fashion, reckon transactions according to profit and loss, or supply and demand,—all this habitual and everyday life is in flat contradiction to the rapid and incessant changes of war, and to the extreme mobility demanded by them. The purely mercantile turn of the English nation goes with them into military affairs, and is a hindrance to success in the field, for the mind of the soldier ought to be no *tabula rasa* that can be of no use in the war till the fortunes of the war itself first write on it their bloody characters. The soldier's power lies not so much in resistance as in attack; it consists in the elasticity of his mind, which enables him to follow every new turn of the fight, to perceive its advantages and disadvantages, and to make profitable use of them before he can learn them by experience itself.

It is a fundamental principle of strategy that “the instruments of war are a capital that must be actively spent in order to increase their value.” The garrison of Alexandria gave itself little concern about this maxim. It did not take into consideration that indolence is, next to moral cowardice, the greatest fault in war. An enterprising spirit and restless activity are more demanded in war than anywhere else. The light Spanish wall Arabi erected had to be pushed aside, and then—what was not done—every possible damage

had to be done to the enemy, and no rest left to him, so that he would be already more or less dispirited on till the day of decision. Opportunities for such activity would not be wanting, for everywhere in war, especially in a country where sympathy with the enemy exists, the saying is true, *On trouve toujours l'ennemi, quand on veut*.

On the 15th of August General Sir Garnet Wolseley landed, and on the 19th a great part of the English forces left Alexandria in transports on an eastward course. The feint gave itself out for Aboukir; the thrust, however, was made for the Suez Canal in its fullest extent. With a well-prepared plan kept in profound mystery, not of bombarding Aboukir, but of taking Port Said, Ismailia, and Suez, to secure the Canal and make Cairo the basis of operations, Sir Garnet Wolseley has proved his generalship, as well as by the truly admirable execution of this change of front. This cleverly-conceived manœuvre was carried out to the letter, and all with English precision and seaman-like accuracy. Thanks to the fleet, the action came for execution in a way which, considering its rapidity and the relative number of troops, would have been almost impossible with a land army. In hardly twenty-four hours over half the troops of the expedition were wheeled round at a right angle and established on the enemy's flank.

Since the Commander-in-Chief permitted no peep behind the veil, the English commissariat service were, like the rest of the world, completely taken by surprise by this *fait accompli*, and consequently a temporary suspension of further operations was necessitated. As things stood after the taking of the Canal, the English campaign was less an affair of strategy than of provisioning; for the reciprocal influence of capacity for action and commissariat efficiency are so close in an army on active service, that a consideration of the difficulties of regular commissariat service, &c., supplies the true criterion for judging of the quite extraordinary state of some sections of the English troops. In the Wâdy *Tumulat*—that is, in the valley from Ismailia towards the Nile Delta—there was no possibility of requisitions, on account of the sparseness of the population, and northwards and southwards there stretched only the deserts. Now, as is well known, the rations of English soldiers are much greater than those of the Germans, French, or Spaniards, which last were once contented with a few onions, and the suspension in active operations will be the more easily understood when I add that the use of waggons was found to be impossible on the line of operations along the Sweet Water Canal, and everything had to be conveyed by beasts of burden. But the British soldier can never starve; before this enemy he succumbs in a few days. Although English troops had now landed in Egypt, there was yet no trace of the fleshpots of the country, and they were condemned to sit still till the commissariat officers explained

the mystery of their inactivity—the difficulty of transport—till, in fact, it had recovered from the wounds Sir Garnet's "clever diversion" had inflicted; for their whole system of commissariat, &c., was built on calculations of Alexandria being the basis of offensive operations. The desert march from Ismailia had never been taken into account, and hence the enormous list of deceived expectations and ever newly arising difficulties. If Sir Garnet had had a railway at his disposal, then, in spite of sand-winds and bad rolling stock, the route from Ismailia to Kassassin would have afforded advantages. Precious hours and days, however, passed away; with the rising of the Nile the power of the enemy was also rising; but the block in the commissariat arrangements still kept Sir Garnet from any forward movement, although he knew well that against Orientals the rapidity of the stroke decides, and that Arabi in particular would, by every day's delay, be made stronger in troops, guns, and positions. During this enforced delay, too, the English soldiers began their struggle with the heat and the bad drinking-water, and suffered much from dysentery and diarrhœa. The fine dust of the desert, too, entered their eyes and lungs. As a matter of course, the men and horses of the Indian division held out better than the others under these unfavourable conditions.

Like an army of ghosts, whose soft footsteps died in the desert sand, did the English army, in the early morning of the 13th of September, while all yet lay in Egyptian darkness, move towards the dune of Tel-el-Kebir—which in Arabic means the "hill of fate"—in order to conquer this bulwark of sand, and with it all Egypt. If Sir Garnet Wolseley seemed from the day of his landing at Ismailia till now to have taken for his device the Turkish proverb, "Haste is the devil's work, delay is God's work," he changed it at Tel-el-Kebir for its exact contrary. Just as light was giving place to day the English approached the Egyptian camp, and were received with shouts and cannon-shot from the enemy. Still silent as before, and undaunted by the enemy's fire, which passed right over their head, they moved steadily forward to the prize before them. Modern history, and this very Egyptian campaign, contains many examples of the English being surprised, and few examples of them effecting a surprise. Tel-el-Kebir makes up for all. A few hundred yards in front of the enemy's entrenchments, within the extreme range of fire, the command sounds "Halt." The strictest order is quickly restored, and forward rush the gallant, true, and flesh-nurtured, steel-cold Highlanders to the harmonious (!) notes of the bagpipes, and never once stop for breath till they reach the well-placed and well-armed works of the enemy. The parole of the day was "Do or die," for with any kind of defeat, destruction would be the lot of all. The small garrison left at Kassassin would join the retreat, if retreat

came; and even if Ismailia were reached, the unfavourable position of the Suez Canal would make escape by it impossible. There was no "Back again." "Forward" was the one possibility. There was no middle place between victory and defeat. Every soldier knew that for him it was quite the same whether the transport ships still lay at anchor in the Canal or were burnt. The troops were broken behind them. Sir Garnet, after bold calculation, like a skilful player, staked all on Tel-el-Kebir, and retained no other trump. *Fortes fortuna adjuvat.*

Before the English scaled the sand-works the day was already decided, and, as a natural consequence, the material victory followed the moral. "Onward" was the word, for once in Tel-el-Kebir the war would support the war; behind these works now to be attacked stretched out the fertile Delta, and so hunger and thirst conspired with the other motives of English bravery. Old Suwarow would have laughed with delight if he could have seen the bayonet charge that morning. Wolseley's troops, in storming these entrenchments, brought the bayonet back with honour, and fully justified the confidence he placed in it.

Since with the last of the prophets, fanaticism means fatalism, this battle decided the fate of Egypt as by the judgment of God. The Arabs saw *Kismet*, the finger of Allah, in Tel-el-Kebir. Hence the sudden resolution in the mind of the inhabitants of Egypt. The country was paralyzed. During the fight, Arabi, the Napoleon of the Fellahs, showed himself a cowardly, unenergetic commander, since he never made a single attempt to drive the enemy out of the entrenchments again with the numerous reserves at his disposal. Had he fallen bravely fighting at the head of his troops, one could not have denied him a certain sympathy, but if the conduct of the Egyptian troops was lamentable, that of their leader was more pitifully lamentable still.

When we consider the inefficiency of the Egyptian troops, the imperfection of their weapons, and the incapacity and want of energy in their leader, the British victory cannot appear in very brilliant colours, and certainly cannot be regarded as the result of English preparation for war. If we analyze the Egyptian campaign, we shall find in it several factors of very unequal value. In the first place I may be permitted to ask whether the war (in spite of its short duration) was concluded in the shortest possible time? This question must be answered in the negative, notwithstanding Sir Garnet's praise of the great work done in the twenty-five days before September 20. The war began not with the laying of the basis of operations at the Suez Canal (August 20), but with the bombardment of Alexandria (July 11). Had there been landing-troops on board the English fleet at the time of the bombardment, these would, under energetic lead, have routed Arabi's undisciplined crowd, as easily as

was done at Tel-el-Kebir. Catch an Oriental firmly by the collar at the first outbreak and he yields at once. The detachment afterwards told off to guard Alexandria would have sufficed; a few thousand men would have held the town at first, as they did later. But one could not plead for a landing of troops in Alexandria, because there was no sufficient information about the state of things on both sides of the Suez Canal; for the English, in spite of the many ways and means at their command, had treated the scouts in a very step-motherly fashion. That Arabi did not use the length of time given him by favouring fortune to make the Canal incapable of carrying traffic for a long time, and so to protect his flank, is only to be explained by his thorough incapacity for effective initiative. The taking of the Suez Canal as a basis of operations could not, in my opinion, have been done too soon. That in spite of this sin of omission things afterwards went on so smoothly, is not the effect of the operations themselves so much as of the passivity of an enemy, who, by cutting the dams of the Nile or destroying the Suez Canal, might have laid down the law to the English.

If England's military condition were more suitable to our times, Sir Beauchamp Seymour would have found no difficulty in bringing timeously from Cyprus or Malta at least as many troops as were required for the occupation of Alexandria after the bombardment; and if the mobilization of the small army destined for the Egyptian expedition had proceeded on sound principles it would have reached its destination earlier, and not piecemeal. As to the commissariat transport service I have already spoken, but I will add here, what will be heard with surprise, that to this hour the English army has no organized transport service. The whole organization of the Army Train is a *terra incognita* in Great Britain, in spite of bitter experience in different wars. In the Crimea the regimental horses had to carry the baggage, and in Afghanistan thousands of hastily collected camels fell a sacrifice to this unaccustomed service and the cold climate. And it is well known that no other army carries such an amount of baggage to the field with it as the British. So in Egypt, after the landing at Ismailia the greatest confusion prevailed, and from there, for the first time, orders were sent to buy mules in the Mediterranean countries for this service. Not to speak of the mishaps and delays that occurred in the embarkation of the troops in England, it seems scarcely credible, but it is true, that the transports which called at Gibraltar to receive there the ammunition for the war, had to put to sea without receiving it. Proud Gibraltar, first link in the chain to India, has neither arsenal nor powder magazine. How, on earth, should this army, proceeding from the richest country in the world, still want its chief necessities? Where is the celebrated practical sense of Old England? How should it be unable in eight

weeks to fit out so small an army with the necessary equipment of work-horses, provisions, medicine, and ammunition? The answer is a simple one, and has already been indicated. England's people and army are too little one, mingle too little with one another, and know too little of one another.

Sir Garnet's change of the basis of operations from Alexandria to the Canal shows his military sagacity. He acquired thereby a secure basis for aggressive operations. And as to his following up of the victory of Tel-el-Kebir, there is but one opinion in military circles, and that is, that it was truly admirable, and worthy of being placed side by side with the pursuit of the French after Waterloo. The march of the English cavalry on Cairo and its result will form for all time one of the most splendid feats of arms. Only this march saved the charming city of the Caliphs, the pearl of the East, from the fate of Alexandria. Tel-el-Kebir fell on the morning of the 13th September, and already, on the afternoon of the 14th, Sir Drury Lowe stood before Cairo with the Cavalry Brigade. That is, after the night march of the 12th—13th to Tel-el-Kebir, and the battle of the morning, they rode 100 miles in less than two days. Truly an achievement that could only be accomplished by troops furnished with English horses and led by officers, every one of whom was a gentleman and sportsman. By luck and chance Sir Garnet's bold words were fulfilled: he had Cairo at his feet on the 15th of September.

Though the desert sand makes poor entrenchments, there was no necessity for Arabi's troops offering so brief a resistance. Orientals are credited with skill in fighting behind entrenchments. But Arabi over-estimated the defensive value of the natural difficulties of the country, and he over-estimated the quality of his own troops, which are not for a moment to be compared with the Turks. And even after the fall of Tel-el-Kebir, infinite difficulties might have been made for the enemy by means of the numerous streams and canals in the Delta, which would have rendered the employment of cavalry impossible, and would have confined the movements of the rest of the army to existing railway lines, had Arabi been the man to fan the fanaticism of the inhabitants into a flame, or possessed the energy, along with his superior officers, to continue the resistance. Nothing of all this happened, but the commander of the strong position of Kafr-el-Dauar capitulated immediately at the head of 6,000 men; the commanders of Aboukir and Damietta followed suit; and the disbanded soldiers overran the unhappy country, plundering and murdering as they went. Cairo (with 300,000 inhabitants) surrendered unconditionally, with its citadel occupied by 10,000 well-equipped soldiers, as soon as the first British horseman appeared on the horizon. The Egyptian troops thus showed themselves still worse than in the Russo-Turkish and Abyssinian wars.

Although the English surpassed the enemy in many cardinal points, yet to storm the entrenchments by day would have been a dangerous beginning of the campaign, because in approaching them up an inclined plane offering no cover whatever, such a loss might have been suffered that even the best troops might not have been able to follow the movement out successfully. The art of war can never afford to overlook the factor of quantity. Many troops are no harm; one hardly ever has too many; but if their number gets reduced below a certain minimum, then no military undertaking is practicable. Sir G. Wolseley made capital of the darkness. He acted on the maxim: "Shot for the day, the bayonet for the night." He restored the steel to its right as compared with lead, and re-established it in the mind and heart of the soldier. With modern improvements in weapons, the physiognomy of warfare has changed; everything is done with fire-arms, and the naked sword plays a small rôle. Sir Garnet has given it back its prestige. He knew his troops, and though his position was as unfavourable as possible for making an attack on a European foe, he took a correct measure of his actual enemy, and casting aside all military rules, put his faith in the superior power of English muscled and English horses. But why Sir Garnet left his camp with his forces so early as seven o'clock in the evening of the 12th, and halted half-way from Tel-el-Kebir, and then only after midnight set out again, is very inexplicable, as this manœuvre might have endangered the whole result of the movement. But the Egyptians were struck with blindness.

Sir Garnet included in his calculations the dispiriting moral impression that would be made, and this sustained him as to the immense importance of the step he was taking. Everything was well planned, even in detail, for a decisive stroke. Still, during the night-march through an unknown country, there occurred difficulties that caused delays, and the surprisal of the enemy's position was not so successful as it might otherwise have been. That besides a front attack there should also have been a flank one, is in conformity with modern tactics. After taking possession of the Egyptian camp, Sir Garnet gave orders for the pursuit of the enemy, and here the marching capacity of the Indian contingent was conspicuously shown. They went after the battle a distance of thirty miles, and reached Zagazig without leaving a single man behind.

Even if criticism is powerless against facts, I yet desire to warn the British people—whom I love, and in whose army my cousin serves as Colonel—against regarding the military events in Egypt as any evidence that Old England's warlike spirit is not yet dead, or that it is able to maintain its claims at all times by the sword. There is danger that the brilliancy of the events in Egypt may blind the keenest eyes, and render rational persuasion difficult.

The military capacity and persistent energy of Sir Garnet Wolseley,

the resolution and force of General Sir Drury Lowe, and the personal bravery of the soldiers, cannot receive too high commendation. Though the English expedition to Egypt is not an "event" from a military point of view, and the "battle" of Tel-el-Kebir is an affair of no tactical importance, yet it was a most important undertaking, because the whole chain of posts from Gibraltar to Aden, on which British blood and money have been spent for a hundred years, would have been lost in the loss of this single link. It fell to Sir Garnet to restore British prestige in that Arabian world in which every separate link of that chain of posts to India is situated.

There has been no transport of troops and arms on so great a scale since the Crimean war; and England, the mistress of the sea, performed it easily and promptly. Since the Crimea, England has been engaged in no war more important in its results, and for once her troops were engaged with troops of not superior numbers. In the Crimea, as in the Peninsula, her army always faced a greatly stronger foe. The three branches of the service have covered themselves with honour, but chiefly the cavalry, then the infantry, and lastly the artillery.

The artillery shares with the fleet the defect of the muzzle-loading guns. This question has for some years occupied the attention of naval circles, and the conviction is strongly held that the English preference for muzzle-loaders rests on false principles. In spite of the claim to rule the sea, it seems to be true that the marine artillery of England is behind the systems introduced by other powers, and that her maritime superiority and security are thereby threatened, because her best men-of-war are armed with inadequate artillery.

The nautical apparatus depends in its complexity and many-sidedness as much on the art of shipbuilding as on the present state of artillery and gun construction. The fitness for action, the power of resistance, the capacity for manœuvre of a modern ship of war come from these combined sources. In the struggle impending, sooner or later, between Russia and England in Asia, the fleet will, indeed, have little part, and success requires the other arms to be well prepared. But at this moment three things govern Continental politics: the rise of the new German Empire, the decline of the Turkish, and the hegemony of England over the sea. Egypt will bring England to the consciousness, in spite of her victory, that she is the least of all the land powers of Europe. When England reaches this consciousness, then the Egyptian question will have reached its height, the nation will militarize itself, the army will nationalize itself, and from that time England will have nothing to fear in either Europe or Asia.

A GERMAN FIELD-OFFICER.

M. GAMBETTA : POSITIVISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

THE "Religion of Humanity" is singularly fortunate in its most prominent English representative. The moral earnestness and fervour of Mr. Frederic Harrison, even more than his brilliant intellectual qualities, command the respect of those whose faith is most remote from his own. His "Discourse" on M. Gambetta* has an exceptional interest. It may be accepted, I suppose, as an illustration of the kind of ethical and religious instruction given to a Positivist congregation assembled for religious service. It opens the whole question of the relations of Christianity to the social and political life of mankind.

I could accept with very slight qualifications Mr. Harrison's account of the immense services which M. Gambetta rendered to France; and I share Mr. Harrison's admiration of M. Gambetta's great qualities and Titanic personal force. On the evening of Sunday, January 7, I happened to be preaching to young men, and was protesting against that ignoble conception of human life which attributes to circumstances an omnipotent power over character, and finds the chief explanation of human virtue and vice in our environment. I was telling them that environment counts for much, but that the personal life which the environment solicits and provokes into activity counts for more; that circumstances may reveal and develop character, but that it is only in the poorest and least energetic natures that they can be said to create it. In illustration of these remarks I spoke of M. Gambetta; and in my "notes" I find the following rather vehement sentences:—

"Think of that eminent Frenchman who passed away last Sunday night, and whose death has produced consternation in France and a sense of awe in every country in Europe. When the liberty of France was crushed by the Empire, when a high-spirited and chivalrous nation was cowed and terrified by the relentless tyranny of an iniquitous Government, when no voice was raised

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March, 1883.

above a whisper against the crimes which were suppressing all that was loftiest and most generous in the intellectual and moral life of a great people, when the fierce populations of Paris and Lyons were crouching and trembling like a hound under the lash of a cruel master, the young advocate, by the audacity, the splendid indignation, the vehement passion of a single speech, gave hope to a country that had sunk into despair, and called the vanished form of Freedom from the tomb.

"When, a year or two later, the armies of Germany were spreading over French soil, taking possession of city after city, and province after province, destroying the armies of the corrupt Empire, and driving them like the leaves of autumn before the wind, when all hope was gone, when a nation proud of its military renown was paralyzed with shame by the ignominy of its defeat—a shame which was more intolerable than the worst external disasters of the war—then again it was the courage of that solitary man, his fierce resentment at the dishonour which France had suffered through the incapacity of her imperial ruler, his boundless faith in the fortitude and daring of his countrymen, that revived the spirit of the nation. Army after army sprang at his word as if from the soil. For the first time in that dreadful war the troops of France turned back the tide of German victory, and Europe learnt that the heroism which had made the armies of France famous and terrible was not yet extinguished.

"A few years later still, and it was again he—and he alone—who stood between the Republic and the plots of Royalist conspirators. He had defied the Empire when it seemed most powerful, and taught his countrymen to hope once more for freedom; he had restored to the nation its self-respect in the days of its deepest misfortune; and now, when the Liberty which had been so hardly won, was in danger, it was he who, by his invincible courage and his stormy eloquence, drove back the enemies of the Republic.* Circumstances count for much; a man counts for more. M. Gambetta was one of the Great Powers of Europe."

The sermon delivered in Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, on January 7 was hardly less cordial in its appreciation of the grandeur of M. Gambetta's personality and of the unique value of his services to France than the "Positivist Discourse" delivered in Newton Hall on February 4.

Mr. Harrison does not claim M. Gambetta as a disciple of M. Comte; but the "Discourse" may, perhaps, leave the impression on the mind of an unwary reader that M. Gambetta's great and romantic career derived some of its inspiration and guidance from the "Religion of Humanity." Is there anything to justify this impression? Whatever his private convictions may have been, can we discover any indications of the Comtist faith in his political life? The question is worth discussing for many reasons; and the discussion will fitly introduce the principal topic of this paper.

I believe that on some public occasion M. Gambetta spoke of M. Comte in terms of great admiration, and I suppose it is to this that Mr. Harrison refers when he says that "M. Gambetta was the first esman of European importance to offer public homage to Comte as the greatest mind of the nineteenth century."

But Mr. John Stuart Mill acknowledged that M. Comte was as great

* M. Gambetta's political sagacity was as important a factor as his energy and eloquence in his great conflict with the Monarchists.

as Descartes and Leibnitz. He even said, "Were we to speak our whole mind, we should call him superior to them; though not intrinsically, yet by the exertion of equal intellectual power in a more advanced state of human preparation."* And yet, when Mr. Mill came to consider the later works of M. Comte, he could only speak of the "melancholy decadence of a great intellect." He criticised the ethical principles and the ethical method, the political ideas, the cultus, and the organization of the "Religion of Humanity," with a severity which is made all the more impressive by the frankness with which he recognized the beauty and the grandeur of some of its details, and by the evident reluctance with which he condemned the speculations of a man for whose genius he had a profound veneration, and to whom for many years he had shown a cordial friendship.

Did M. Gambetta's act of "public homage to Comte" carry with it an adhesion to the religion of Positivism or to its political ideals? Did it amount to much more than Mr. Mill's acknowledgment of Comte's great intellectual force? Did it amount to as much? I may be wrong; but what knowledge I have of M. Gambetta has not led me to regard him as a man who had accepted any systematic and organized theory of the world and of human life. I should not have supposed that he would very much care for such a theory. His genius was of the kind that makes a man an artist, an orator, a politician, a great party chief, a national leader in dark and stormy times,—but not a speculative philosopher. Mr. Harrison knows very much more about M. Gambetta's public life than I know, and was also honoured with his private confidence. He could speak on this subject with authority. In the "Discourse" he leaves it undetermined.

Mr. Harrison says that M. Gambetta formally accepted "as his leading idea in politics" Comte's great aphorism, "Progress can only arise out of the development of order." But in what sense did he accept it? Did he accept it in any other sense than an English Liberal accepts it, who, with a strong passion for the improvement of the economical and social condition of the people and for the reform of national institutions, has not forgotten his Burke, and always remembers that in every forward movement *we must start from where we are*, and that it is impossible for a country to dissolve its relations with the past? In the application of the principle most practical politicians are likely to be sometimes at fault. To attempt the impossible is not, perhaps, the gravest of all offences in a popular leader: it was one of the supreme virtues of M. Gambetta's political career. But even those politicians who are haunted by visions of an ideal justice, security, and freedom, perceive that they have to take account of the material in which they have to work—of the social traditions, of the domestic manners, of the political institutions which

* "Auguste Comte and Positivism," p. 200.

have formed the national life. A hearty belief in the principle that "Progress can only arise out of the development of order" is not a "note" of Comtism. It is the hereditary faith of English Liberalism.

I may say more. "Comte's great aphorism" is a roughly accurate expression of the law which has determined the action of Christianity on political institutions, and on the social order. Christianity has sought revolutionary ends by Conservative means. There are many indications in the New Testament that the earliest Christian converts resented the contrast between the actual organization of society and the genius and principles of the Christian faith. The characteristic spirit of the Church was irreconcilably hostile to the order of the ancient world. It was a revolutionary spirit, and the apostles watched with keen solicitude, and even with alarm, the restlessness and impatience of some of their converts. How could slavery be reconciled with that idea of human brotherhood, which was one of the most energetic forces in the life of the Church, or with the present relations to God and the infinite hopes of the obscurest of mankind which held so conspicuous a place in the Christian Gospel? What claim had the political authorities of a world "lying in wickedness" on the obedience of those who had passed into a Divine kingdom, and who were the sons of God? The sagacity and firmness of the leaders of the new movement averted a collision with the institutions of the Pagan world which would have wrecked the Christian Church and destroyed the chances of the rise of a Christian civilization. They insisted that "there is no power but of God," and that "the powers that be are ordained of God." They taught Christian enthusiasm to recognize a Divine presence in the secular order of society. The emperor, the pro-consuls, the magistrates—Pagans though they were—had an authority which appealed to the Christian "conscience;" every one of them was "a minister of God;" they were discharging wisely or unwisely, justly or unjustly, the functions of a Divine "Service." Even the intolerable institution of slavery was not to be destroyed by violence; but Christian slaves and Christian masters were taught to cherish a spirit which would alleviate the injustice of the institution while it existed, and at last compel a reorganization of industry on new and more equitable principles. Slaves were told that they were to serve their masters "with good will," "knowing that whatsoever good thing each one doeth, the same shall he receive again from the Lord, whether he be bond or free." Masters were charged to act towards their slaves in the same spirit, and to "forbear threatening, knowing that both their Master and yours is in Heaven, and there is no respect of persons with Him."

I think that Mr. Harrison himself would acknowledge that English Liberalism, when most completely penetrated by Christian faith and

Christian passion has been most conspicuous for the blending of patience with enthusiasm, of reverence for law with a devotion to freedom. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for saying that, in my judgment, the reconciliation of "Progress" with "Order" in the political life of England during the last two hundred years has been largely owing to the great influence which religious faith has exerted on those who were the strength of the Whigs in the last century and now constitute the strength of the Liberal party. With occasional aberrations, the Nonconformists have been the consistent supporters of a policy of political and social reform; but their religious instincts have prevented them from breaking violently with the traditions of the nation. M. Comte's aphorism might be taken as the political device—not merely of English Liberalism generally—but of that section of English Liberalism which is most intensely Christian.

Nor was there anything that necessarily identified M. Gambetta with the political ideas of Comtism in his endeavour to add strength to the central government of France. I happened to be in the Chamber on that damp and cold Saturday afternoon in the middle of January last year when he submitted his project for the revision of the Constitution; and the manner in which the proposal to adopt the *scrutin de liste* was received by the Deputies, the coldness of the great Minister's own supporters, and the demonstrative and insulting derision of his opponents, justified the profoundest anxiety for the future of the Republic. There was nothing in the *scrutin de liste* to create distrust in an English Liberal, or in any intelligent friend of Parliamentary Government. It had become clear that no Ministry could rely on a firm and steady support from a Chamber returned under the present electoral system. As long as that system lasts, the local and personal claims of candidates are almost certain to have undue weight with the electors. Local influence and local services which might constitute admirable reasons for making a man a member of a municipality will continue to secure his election to the Chamber. If elections are to turn upon large political questions, and if the interests of the nation are to take precedence of the interests of the locality, it is necessary that the constituencies should be greatly enlarged. It was objected that had M. Gambetta's scheme been accepted, he would have secured the command of an enormous number of seats. No local organization for the selection of candidates existed, and the Republicans throughout France would have voted according to directions issued by a Central Committee in Paris, in which M. Gambetta's influence would have been supreme. With his genius for political strategy, and with his immense personal popularity in nearly every part of the country, he might have been able to return two-thirds of the Chamber, and would have held the fortunes of the French people in his hands. Perhaps so. But if he

was really the trusted chief of the nation,—if, as soon as the electors were liberated from local attachments and began to think of the interests of France, they thought only of him, the principles of representative government required that this immense and unique influence should be expressed and organized in the Representative Chamber. Parliamentary institutions are worthless if the statesman whom the nation desires as its ruler cannot command a parliamentary majority, and while this anomaly continues, no Government relying on parliamentary institutions can have any real authority and force. M. Comte was in the right when he recognized the exceptional importance of the personal influence of statesmen at times when national institutions have not lasted long enough to root themselves deeply in the affection and veneration of the people, and when the national life is not penetrated by common traditions and common principles.* While he lived M. Gambetta held France together. For several years before his death he was the only statesman who kindled the imagination and commanded the confidence of the great majority of the French people, and parliamentary institutions in France would have been greatly strengthened if M. Gambetta had been supported in the Chamber of Deputies by a majority which fairly represented his power in the nation.

His authority would have been surrounded and limited from the first by very strong checks. It would have been qualified by the keen, and brilliant, and merciless criticism both in the Chamber and in the press with which every French Ministry has to reckon; and the electoral system which gave him ascendancy would probably have created, in a very few years, checks of another kind, which would have been of inestimable value to French political life. For a time, no doubt, a Central Republican Committee might have controlled the Republican party throughout the country, but this would have been only for a time. The great provincial constituencies would not have consented to submit permanently to the direction of Paris. Local political organizations would have been called into existence to select candidates and to secure their return, and these organizations would have developed and disciplined political intelligence and political earnestness throughout France. A universal interest in national—as distinguished from local—affairs is indispensable to the strength of representative institutions.

There was nothing distinctively Comtist in the policy symbolized by the *scrutin de liste*; it might have been accepted as frankly

* "Le besoin social de ménager toute puissance réelle, surtout l'ascendant moral, plus rare et plus important qu'aucun autre, s'aggrave beaucoup de nos jours, par le prix exceptionnel qu'acquiert les personnes en un temps où il ne peut encore exister de véritables principes."—*Discours sur l'ensemble du Positivisme*, preface, xi. The extract is from a letter to M. Littré in which M. Comte expresses his regret for having made an attack on M. Arago. The letter is dated February 27, 1848, three days after the outbreak of the Revolution which overthrew Louis Philippe. It might have been written at any time since 1870. It might be written now.

by a Christian statesman as by a Positivist. Nor is there any reason, as far as I know, to suspect that this policy was only the mask of designs which M. Gambetta could not avow. I have been accustomed to believe in the sincerity of his loyalty to Parliamentary Government. He wanted to rule France, but he wanted to rule her by the free consent of a Chamber which was a true representative of the national mind and temper. It was one of the chief elements of his force that he felt himself akin to the people. Their passions, their hopes, their fears were his. He spoke their language, and what gave volcanic energy to his eloquence was his consciousness that he was speaking, not for himself merely, but for them. He trusted himself and his fortunes to the French nation without fear, as a strong swimmer trusts himself to the sea. All that he asked for was an Assembly that really expressed the political spirit and the political will of the nation. With his whole heart he was persuaded that such an Assembly had a right to determine who should rule the country.

This, at least, is my own estimate of M. Gambetta's political spirit and aims. He did not, like M. Comte, regard parliamentary institutions with distrust and hostility. He did not hope for the time when the functions of the Chamber might be limited to the periodical voting of the necessary taxes. He did not believe that representative government would soon be discredited in France as being necessarily incompetent to the direction of national policy, and necessarily inconsistent with national security and order.* The surprising political scheme developed in the fourth volume of the *Politique Positive* was inconsistent with all that was noblest and most energetic in his political temper. The suppression of political freedom, the concentration of supreme power in the hands of a personal ruler uncontrolled by representative institutions, and the ultimate supremacy of a financial triumvirate unchecked except by the moral influence of "the spiritual power," and invested with authority to appoint their successors—this was surely not the programme of M. Gambetta. His political methods and his political ideals—unless France and Europe grossly misunderstood him—were very remote from the political methods and political ideals of M. Comte.

But if he was not a Positivist in Politics, was he a Positivist in Religion?† Was he—if not a Hebrew of the Hebrews—a proselyte of the gate? Mr. Harrison says:—

"He is the one European statesman of this century who systematically and formally repudiated any kind of acceptance of theology. . . . Had his

* "Par suite même de sa récente extension, le mode représentatif sera sans doute bientôt discrédité en France, quand cet extrême essor aura manifesté l'insuffisance radicale et la tendance perturbatrice que lui reproche la vraie philosophie."—*Discours sur l'ensemble du Positivisme*, p. 122.

† To M. Comte the "Religion" and the "Politics" were indissolubly united. But I suppose that there may be an acceptance of the central ideas of the "Religion of Humanity" without an acceptance of the extraordinary political scheme under which M. Comte believed that the Religion would find its most natural and most complete organization.

rejection of theology been simply negative, had he been a mere sceptic like Thiers, or an empty scoffer like Rochefort, it is little that we should find to honour and respect in his secular belief. But the soul of Gambetta was not the soul of scoffer or sceptic. He had a religion in his soul, though he had neither God nor saint, though he never bowed the knee in the temple of Rimmon. His religion was France, an imperfect and but narrow image indeed of that Humanity which we meet here to acknowledge and to serve, but a part of that Humanity and an organ and an emblem of it. His religious life, like his political life, remained but a fragment and a hope. Both have closed at the age of forty-four."

That M. Gambetta had a passionate love for France, that the glory of France filled his imagination, that his highest ethical law was to serve France, that he would have died for France as Christian martyrs have died for Christ, is no doubt true. But what advantage is there in describing this as Religion instead of describing it as Patriotism? Even on Mr. Harrison's own principles is there not a certain peril in the description? It is a very long time since I read any considerable portion of M. Comte's later writings, and the details of those immense and elaborate speculations which constitute the creed, the ethics, the cultus, and the polity of the "Religion of Humanity" have faded very much from my memory; but I have always retained the impression that in the general scheme of the Positivist faith there are many high and noble ethical elements. Since reading Mr. Harrison's article I have turned once more to the volumes of the *Politique Positive*; and as I have read again some of the passages which arrested me when I read them first, many years ago, the impression has been renewed. But the ethical power and dignity of the "Religion of Humanity" appear to me to depend on a frank and unreserved acceptance of its fundamental principle. Comtist "Orthodoxy" is essential to Comtist "Ethics." The true creed is necessary to the perfect life. As soon as we attribute to a single nation the supremacy belonging to the race, the very foundations of the ethics of Positivism are broken up, the test of Duty is lost, allegiance is transferred to a usurping authority. To put France in the place of the *Grand Être* is to be guilty of what the old Hebrew prophets called idolatry. It is worse than bowing the knee in the temple of Rimmon; it is an actual transference of the devotion of the heart and the obedience of the life from the true God to one of the gods of the nations. In the life of a private person this "idolatry" might not fatally, or even seriously, affect the standard of morals. For the regulation of the personal conduct of the individual, and for the ordinary functions of citizenship, the nation may stand for that Humanity of which, as Mr. Harrison says, it is an "imperfect" and "narrow image;" but for the statesman the difference is of infinite practical importance. If a statesman has "systematically and formally repudiated any kind of acceptance of theology," and if, therefore, he does not recognize the sovereignty of a God whose will is the expression of the eternal law of righteous-

ness ; if he is not bound by the obligations of a universal Morality ; if his imagination is not exalted, if his enthusiasm is not kindled, by that majestic conception of Humanity for which Mr. Harrison claims our allegiance and service ; if "his religion is France," and if his religion is the principle and sanction of his ethics—what guidance has he in that high province of international conduct, in which, as we know, Mr. Harrison asserts the supremacy of moral law with prophetic energy and eloquence, and with apostolic fervour ? In the direction of international relations ethics and religion have an exceptional office ; treaties are subject to revision ; precedents lose their authority through the changes which are brought with the changing years ; positive laws are silent. A French statesman, whose "religion is France," and who finds his ethics in his religion, will be likely to deal with foreign affairs without regard to moral considerations. He will be free to act for the interest and glory of his own country without any moral restraints. As soon as he enters foreign politics he is beyond the reach of moral law.

I do not share Mr. Harrison's judgment on the policy of the English Government in Egypt last summer ; but the principles which have determined his judgment—if I rightly understand him—are very noble principles. That, as I venture to think, they are wrongly applied, and that he has not taken into account all the facts of the case, does not affect my moral sympathy with him. But these principles rest on his belief that his loyalty and devotion are due to the whole human race. If his "religion" had been "England," as M. Gambetta's "religion" was "France," if he had been loyal to his country alone, and not to the whole past and the whole future of Humanity, he would have recognized no authority in the ethical laws which have led him to criticize the Egyptian policy of the Government with such severity ; indeed, all ethical criticism of foreign policy would be impossible to him. With a merely "tribal" religion he would have had a merely "tribal" Morality.

Whether on Positivist principles M. Gambetta's patriotism was a religion at all—even a tribal religion—is, however, a question which I can hardly discuss with Mr. Harrison without presumption. He knows Positivism as only those can know it who have accepted it as an ethical system, a discipline of life, and a religious faith ; and he had private personal relations with M. Gambetta. The sympathies of the great Frenchman with the "Religion of Humanity" may have been more cordial and more intimate than I should have supposed.

Mr. Harrison raises a controversy of larger interest when he insists on M. Gambetta's formal and systematic repudiation of theology as a principal element of his greatness, and maintains that in him "France and the cause of progress have lost a great force," because he was the most conspicuous European representative of the "secular

movement in politics." "Christianity in its decay," which "looks at all things in the light of the individual soul," is placed in vivid contrast with the "Religion of Humanity," which "seeks to regenerate social life on the basis of a scientific education, and of high purpose, not only in the heart within, but in the social body without us." Of this wiser, nobler, and more practical faith which renounces the vain search for God, and cares only for the human race—which accepts without resentment and without despair the loss of the splendid hope of personal immortality, and concentrates all its force on the endeavour to purify, to invigorate, to enrich, and to exalt the earthly life of man—M. Gambetta was not, perhaps, an apostle, but he was, at least, one of its heralds and forerunners. He had broken with the old order if he had not completely caught the spirit of the new. Had he lived longer he might have done much to emancipate France and all Europe from those Christian traditions which are now obstructing the free advance of humanity. This is one of the chief reasons for believing that "with him France and the cause of progress have lost a great force, one that ranks amongst the very few great personalities in modern politics."

For "Christianity in its decay" it is no part of my duty to offer any defence; nor do I very much care to extenuate its offences both against God and man. Christianity in its decay assumes many different forms. Sometimes, as Mr. Harrison reminds us, it dwells with exclusive emphasis on the affairs and interests of the individual soul. Sometimes it cares for nothing except the formal articles of a creed. Sometimes it degenerates into a ritual. Sometimes, losing sight of divine and eternal things, it becomes a moral discipline, without the inspiration of religious awe, and love, and hope, and fear. Sometimes it becomes a philanthropy without the robustness and the tenderness, the courage and the fire of religious zeal.

But Christianity in its decay has shown a surprising capacity for recovering its ardent and passionate youth. There are secret fountains at which, through age after age, and when both its friends and its enemies supposed that its end had come, it has renewed the life and the energy of its most victorious years. It may be well to consider whether the principles and the genius of the Christian faith, its characteristic ethics, its great traditions of the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, its great revelation of immortal righteousness and blessedness as the crown of patient continuance in well-doing, are friendly or hostile to the cause of social and political progress.

There is, no doubt, great apparent force in the common criticism, that the Christian discovery of judgment to come and of immortality must make men indifferent to all the interests which are limited by this transient life. On any theory of the future of the impenitent which can be drawn from the New Testament, those who have "loved the

darkness rather than the light" are menaced with an awful doom. Why should we care to improve our own temporal environment while we have to escape eternal perdition? Why should we spend our strength in alleviating the temporal miseries of other men when we might devote all our time and all our energy to rescuing them from the supreme woe?

This life is, at the best, frail and uncertain; at the longest, it is a passing moment, when compared with the endless life beyond death, which Christ has promised to those who are loyal to Him. And the contrast is a contrast of dignity as well as of duration. According to the hope of the Church, the immortal life of the blessed is a rich, a varied, and a regal life, and it will advance through one golden millennium after another to higher levels of greatness. There will be a perpetual expansion and enlargement of the intellectual powers, new and unimaginable acquisitions of knowledge, fresh triumphs in fresh provinces of truth. There will be corresponding accessions of moral and religious energy, new developments of the majesty and grace of righteousness. Joy will become more and more intense. There will be ascent after ascent towards the heights of God. This is the hope—this, as some would say, is the dream—of the Christian soul. Whether it be a "sure hope" or a dazzling illusion, those who cherish it—so we are sometimes told—must be indifferent to all the affairs of the present life of man. They may be compelled by the necessities of their condition to work for their daily bread; natural instinct and the obligations of their religion may lead them to make a modest provision for the wants of their children; but, if their religious faith is sincere and energetic, their passionate interest can never be excited by the transitory miseries any more than by the transitory delights of this earthly state; they must be wholly absorbed in the prospect of their endless life in God.

I say that there is great apparent force in this criticism. There is one decisive reply to it—the history of Christendom. For eighteen hundred years the Christian Church, while proclaiming to men the hope of Immortality, has been the centre, the origin, and the support of an infinite variety of good works for the alleviation of the sorrows and sufferings of this present life. In the first age the obligations of Charity were regarded as so obvious and elementary, and were so universally recognized by those who professed to have received the Christian Gospel, that an apostle appeals to Charity in order to enforce the duty of honest industry: "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, *that he may have whereof to give to him that hath need.*" The "Communion of saints" was not a mere sentiment; in the fervour which came with the first discovery of Christian brotherhood "not one of them said that aught of the things which

he possessed was his own; . . . neither was there among them any that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto each according as any one had need." For some time the Church had no formal organization; it elected its first officers—not to multiply religious services, and to celebrate sacraments—but to prevent the widows of the Grecian Jews from being neglected "in the daily ministration." The first confederate action of the churches which Paul founded in Pagan countries was not to define a creed or denounce a heresy, or even to originate fresh missions to nations which had not yet been reached by Christian Evangelists, but to relieve the poverty of the poor saints in Jerusalem.

As the Church grew in strength, its works of charity became more and more splendid. In all the cities of the ancient world there was an appalling amount of suffering and want, and every great church fed many hundreds of the poor. Famous bishops sold the golden vessels with which the faithful commemorated the death of Christ to enable them to send corn to distant countries that were suffering from famine, and to redeem their brethren from slavery. Ambrose, when reproached for doing it, replied, "If the blood of Christ redeemed their souls, should not the vessels which hold that blood be used to redeem their bodies?" Nor was it only to those who shared their religious faith that Christian bishops showed this noble compassion. "The charity of Acacius of Amida, whose name might have dignified the saintly calendar, shall not," says Gibbon, "be lost in oblivion. Boldly declaring that vases of gold and silver are useless to a God who neither eats nor drinks, the generous prelate sold the plate of the church of Amida, employed the price in the redemption of seven thousand Persian captives, supplied their wants with affectionate liberality, and dismissed them to their native country to inform their king of the true spirit of the religion which he persecuted." When the rulers of the Church were men of administrative genius, the spirit of Christian charity led them to organize great institutions for the alleviation of the temporal misery by which they were surrounded. In the suburbs of Caesarea, Basil erected immense buildings—"a new city," to use the phrase of his friend, Gregory Nazianzen—for the service of the wretched, the suffering, and the poor. The buildings were of such magnitude that his enemies accused him to the governor of the province of endeavouring to create for himself a public influence and authority, which might prove formidable to the civil power. There were houses for the reception and entertainment of travellers, a hospital for the sick, a refuge for lepers, homes for the destitute poor, workshops in which those who were ignorant of an honest trade might learn one. The example of Basil was contagious. Similar foundations, though of humbler pro-

portions, rose in one city after another throughout the East. The West displayed an equal generosity and zeal. The tradition has not been lost. The relief of the sufferings of man has always been regarded by Christendom as a chief part of the service of God. In the very heart of Paris—which, according to M. Comte, is to be the Jerusalem, the Mecca, the Rome, of the "Religion of Humanity"—the *Hôtel de Dieu* recalls the time when hospitals for the cure of physical disease were a regular part of the organization of the Church, and when the Church received and cared for the sick as the guests of God.

The ancient spirit still survives. Nor is it difficult to discover how it has come to pass that, with its vivid sense of the infinite hopes and infinite perils of mankind, the Church has uniformly devoted so much of its strength to the lessening of physical pain and the consolation of the common sorrows of the race. The miracles of Christ, which belong to the substance of the Christian Gospel, and which cannot be suppressed or forgotten without impoverishing both its theological contents and its ethical power, are an impressive revelation of the Divine pity for physical infirmity and physical disease. A large part of the ministry of Him in whom the eternal Word became flesh, and whose visible earthly life was the manifestation of the invisible life of God, was spent in giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, in cooling the fires of fever, and restoring vigour to the paralyzed. By His own example He declared that the lessening of human misery is one of the principal objects of His redemptive work. His miracles were, no doubt, symbolic of the supernatural blessings He confers on the spiritual life of man; but we are told explicitly that they were immediately prompted by His compassion for physical suffering. Other duties which He has imposed on the Church are trusted to the defence of authoritative precepts; but the duty of pitying and relieving physical infirmity and physical pain is surrounded with exceptional sanctions. It is emphasized by His supernatural works, which appeal both to the imagination and the heart of His followers. We may sometimes think that the Gospels would have been more precious to us if they had contained fewer stories of miracles of healing, or if the stories had been told more briefly, and if the space had been filled by some of the forgotten discourses of Christ; but in a world like this we can afford to lose no motive, to lessen the force of no impulse, to diminish the authority of no obligation that constrains us to care for the wretched and to relieve their wretchedness.

There is a high and stimulating temper in Christian compassion for suffering. It does not regard men as wholly miserable because of the calamities of their outward condition. Its faith in things unseen and in the immortal hopes of man blends like a generous tonic with its pity for pain and for poverty. Pity, when not allied with a

loftier element, relaxes the energy of its objects. If they are only pitiable their moral force is destroyed. But true Christian compassion revives the self-respect and the vigour of those whose sorrows it relieves. It gives courage to the most wretched by its own intense belief that even the worst wretchedness is not fatal to human dignity, and that physical evils which are without remedy are no reasons for despair. It reverences the greatness of the individual man in his most miserable estate. It has something more than pity for him; it has love and honour. It recalls to the suffering those present relations to the infinite God, and those hopes of immortal peace and righteousness, of which no suffering can rob them. It will relieve poverty, but remembers that the poorest may have treasure in Heaven. It will multiply loaves for the hungry in desolate places, but will tell them that "man liveth not by bread alone." That vision of divine and eternal things which might have been supposed to lessen compassion for the transient sorrows of men gives to that compassion a nobler quality.

To all this a defender of "the secular movement in politics" might reply: "Yes; the Christian Church has, no doubt, created or developed a great enthusiasm for charity. It has made charity the queen of all the virtues. In thousands and tens of thousands of cases it has inspired men with an unselfish compassion; they have sacrificed riches, ease, rank, health, all that gives brightness and joy to life, and even life itself, in the service of the miserable. The martyrs of charity who have died for the love of men are more illustrious ornaments of the Church than the martyrs of faith who have died for their loyalty to the Christian creed. But in innumerable cases the Church has permitted, and even encouraged, men to forget the teaching of the Christian apostle, who cared nothing for the largest gifts and the most painful service apart from a genuine love of mankind, and who said, 'If I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.' Men have sold their estates to found hospitals, not because they pitied poverty, but to save their own souls, and to cancel the guilt of their atrocious crimes. They have discharged loathsome offices in lazar-houses, not because they desired to console the sufferings of the sick, but to soothe the anguish of their own remorse. And whether charity has been false or genuine, very much of it has contributed to perpetuate, and even to increase, misery, instead of lessening it. At best it has been, to a large extent, a wasted force. It has rarely been controlled and guided by a sagacious appreciation of the true methods of securing a permanent improvement in the material and social environment of those miserable classes, whose hereditary degradation and sufferings are the enduring reproach of civilization. Christianity has tried to alleviate human wretchedness; it has not attempted the nobler task of pre-

venting it. It has shown the poor and the unfortunate abounding pity but scant justice. It has striven for no lofty and generous ideal of the secular life of man. It brings no answer to the most urgent of all questions—How can we reorganize political and social institutions on more righteous principles? Its supreme care has been for the individual soul; it has been indifferent to the relations of the social order to the complete development of the resources and perfection of Humanity. The hope of the race lies in the renunciation of theological theories of man's relations to the Infinite; in the surrender of dreams of Immortality; in the triumph of 'the secular movement in politics.' Christianity is not a religion for citizens; it is not a religion for statesmen."

To these charges—dismissing those which are really directed against the corruptions of Christianity, and not against Christianity itself—a reply of great force might be derived from the history of Christendom. But they may be met with a reply of a different kind.

It is no part of the function of a religion to impose upon men, with divine sanctions, any ideal social order or any ideal political constitution. If Christianity had insisted on the authority of any definite form of social and political organization, it could have made no claim to be a universal religion—a discovery of the relations of God to the human race. It has created a new ethical spirit; but it was no part of its function to determine in what social and political institutions that spirit should be embodied in all countries and throughout all time. The social office of a religion has been discharged when it has elevated, purified, and strengthened the moral life of individuals, and inspired them with mutual affection and respect. It must give them a law for the regulation of their personal conduct, and must inspire them with strength to obey that law. It must also suppress the spirit of selfishness; must teach every man not to look to his own things, but also to the things of others; must make him vividly conscious that he cannot touch perfection in an isolated life, but only as he serves the human race.

Religion has to prepare and discipline men for serving each other. The Christian citizen and the Christian statesman have to discover under what industrial, social, and national institutions this service—according to the Christian ideal of it—can be most effectively rendered. With the aid of economical, social, and political science, they have to express the ethical spirit of Christianity in the social order and the national policy.

Mr. Harrison is right when he says that "the Church has quite as much to do with the social duty of statesmen and the political habits of the people" as with "purity of heart and spiritual earnestness." Faith without works is dead; and Faith has to reveal its dignity and its force in the Family, in Society, and in the State.

The Fifth-monarchy men and all other fanatics who have dreamt

of a secular reign of Christ on earth grasped a great truth, a truth which lies at the very centre of the Christian faith: they were at fault in their conception of the form which that sovereignty assumes. They asserted a great truth when they maintained that the sovereignty of Christ was to be manifested in the reign of the saints, though here again the truth was grotesquely travestied. For they had not discovered all the meaning of Christ's memorable words, that in His kingdom the saints reign by serving. "The rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you; but whosoever would become great among you shall be your servant, and whosoever would be first among you shall be your slave: even as the Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

It is of the very substance of the Christian revelation that Christ has absolute sovereignty over all men; that He is Lord of human life throughout its whole length and breadth; Lord of all that is loftiest in it, and of all that is most homely and trivial; Lord not only of our religious faith and practice, but of the intellect, of the affections, and of every province of our practical activity.

For the Christian citizen and for the Christian statesman, the supremacy of Christ invests national life with transcendent moral grandeur; and religious faith affords the most vigorous inspiration, the firmest supports, and the noblest moral guidance in the discharge of social and public duties. Whatever high and generous motives can animate the most unselfish and magnanimous "secular" statesman in his endeavours to elevate the secular life of Humanity, act with immensely augmented force on the statesman who, in serving men, is also serving Christ. The secular miseries, the secular wrongs under which men are suffering, are to the Christian man as evil in themselves as they are to the man who believes neither in God nor in Immortality. He regards these miseries with at least equal compassion, and these wrongs with at least equal indignation. His sense of brotherhood with the miserable and the oppressed is at least equally keen. He has additional motives for diminishing wretchedness and redressing injustice. He knows that the material and social environment of men affects in the gravest manner that ethical and religious life to which his religious faith attributes an infinite value. And further, in the presence of all the misfortune and wrong that appeal to him for relief—of the hungry, the sick, the naked, the ignorant, the victims of inequitable social institutions, and of oppressive laws—he remembers the great words of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me."

To the Christian as well as to the secular statesman, progress is the development of order; but he sees in the history of the human race, not the movement of necessary forces under the control of

unconscious laws, but the protracted struggle of a righteous and merciful Will with intolerable evils. Every real advance in the condition of Humanity is a partial triumph of the divine love and righteousness, and is the condition and assurance of further progress. There are conceptions of God which can do very little to invigorate personal virtue, and still less to create a fervent devotion to the service of the human race. If the Christian faith revealed to me nothing more than what M. Comte describes as "*La sublime inertie de l'ancien Être-Suprême dont l'existence passive n'était suspendue que par d'inexplicables caprices*,"* I should be conscious of the want of a religion with more of moral exhilaration in it. But the active righteousness of Christ; His eager earnestness to save the lost, baffled and thwarted, but not embittered or repelled by human perversity; His tears for sorrow and sin; the compassion for suffering which prompted His miracles of healing; the delight in the common pleasures of men which prompted Him to change the water into wine at a wedding feast; His vigorous sympathy with every endeavour after moral perfection; these are for the Christian man the revelation of the life of God. In the God whom Christ reveals there is no sublime "*inertia*," but an incessant and sublime activity, an activity which in this world is engaged in a strenuous conflict with whatever is adverse to the perfection and happiness of man.

(The common objection to the religious theory of life, that while Humanity may profit from our service, we can do nothing to promote the happiness and perfection of the Infinite God, has no weight for the Christian. The relations of God to the human race and its destiny, are not the relations of a mere physical omnipotence to material which is incapable of resisting it. God wins His triumphs over moral and physical evil in ways less violent than those which would reveal the action of irresistible force. He invites the alliance and support of all that is just and generous and compassionate in those who have confessed His authority and found their perfect life in His love. He has made us confederate with Himself in consoling and lessening human misery, and in winning the final victory of Justice and of Mercy over the disorders of man's earthly condition. The alliance between God and ourselves is not limited to what is technically described as "*religious*" work; it extends throughout the whole range of human life. He works with the politician as well as with the preacher, and the work of the politician is as necessary to Him as the work of the preacher. The Christian statesman is confederate with God, and through the service of the statesman as well as of the apostle, the will of God is at last to be done on earth as it is done in Heaven.

The secular statesman has his ideals of an equitable organization

* "*L'ensemble du Positivisme*," p. 329.

of industry, and a just and beautiful order of society. The "millennium" of Positivism is perhaps unattainable,* but this is no reason for declining to strive for it. And the Christian statesman has also his ideals—ideals which are perhaps never to be perfectly realized, except in the great life beyond death, and in forms transcending all present hope; but they are to be indefinitely approached in this life. Slow as the progress of the world has been, we are nearer to them than when Christ came.

Wherever Christianity has a real and general control of national life, the earnestness with which it insists on the supremacy of righteousness to material wealth, and on the obligations of a universal charity, must not only affect the spirit and aims with which all industrial pursuits are carried on, but must suggest new and ideal forms of industrial organization. Every man that is penetrated with the ethical spirit of the Christian faith will regard his profession or industry, not as a means of securing mere personal advantage, but as the form of service which by God's appointment he has to render to mankind. Artist, author, landlord, capitalist, merchant, manufacturer, tradesman, mechanic, he is the minister of God; accountable to God for the vigour, fidelity, and efficiency of his ministry, and from God he will receive his just honour and reward. The Christian revelation of immortality and of the nearness of every man to God, must not only change the temper in which men act towards each other in their existing social relations, but must prepare them for social institutions of a nobler order. It is for the Christian statesman to watch the gradual growth of the Christian ethical spirit, and to bring the economical and social organization of the State into closer and closer harmony with it.

The representative of "the secular movement in politics" finds in the past history of Humanity the assurance of its future progress. The Christian politician has all the reasons for hopefulness on which the secular politician relies; and in addition to these he has the hopes which are derived from his faith in Christ's sovereignty over the human race. For this sovereignty is a redemptive sovereignty. Christ comes to the individual man, not merely with a law of conduct, but with the gift of a supernatural life, with assurances of divine support in well-doing, with discoveries of the divine love which create a passion for righteousness, with grave warnings and gracious promises which constitute a discipline of perfection. And His sovereignty over nations—like His sovereignty over individuals—is not a sovereignty of mere authority, but of redemption. To quote the exulting language of the ancient Psalmist describing the reign of the ideal Prince, "He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor."

* See "L'ensemble du Positivisme," p. 318.

In His days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." *As those who are loyal to Christ have to assert His authority, they have also to share His redemptive work.*

To state what I mean in concrete terms: Christ has authority over Agriculture; it is a redemptive sovereignty, and a redemptive sovereignty which is made effective through those who know His will. If there are laws affecting the land which impoverish the soil, impoverish the farmer, impoverish the labourer, the Christian citizen and the Christian statesman have not merely to go to the farmer and the labourer with divine laws, enforcing industry, contentment, and patience, but with a divine redemption. They have to discover how the economy of Agriculture can be made more Christian. All wise and just measures of reform in laws affecting the tenure of land are part of the redemptive work of Christ.

If in the organization of Industry there is anything that provokes incessant irritation and antagonism between master and men—if there is anything that makes trade a perpetual battle between the masters themselves—if there is anything that prevents either the men or the masters from having a fair share of the profits of their industry, and from living a truly human and honourable life—it is part of the duty of the Christian citizen and the Christian statesman to promote such changes in the economy of trade as shall remove or lessen the causes of the selfishness, the strife, and the bitterness, and shall assist to make all who are engaged in commerce and industry confederates in the service of each other and of the human race.

Christ's sovereignty over the physical life of man is a redemptive sovereignty. All municipal laws that improve the health of a town, reduce the death-rate, promote cleanliness, give fresh air and pure water to all the people, are as truly a part of that redemptive work which the Church has to carry on in the name of Christ, as the preaching of the remission of sins, or the establishment of Churches and Sunday Schools. He, himself, cured the diseases of men, and we continue His work when we build hospitals; but it is better to remove the causes of disease than to cure it.

The Christian faith is as friendly to freedom as to every movement for social and economical reform. Its true genius is fettered, and some of its characteristic principles suppressed, by great ecclesiastical corporations, which are always likely to be the bulwarks of social and political privilege. It knows nothing of priesthoods, nothing of the authority of Councils and of Popes. It opens to every Christian man the same immediate access to God; attributes supernatural inspiration to the people as well as to the "clergy;" recognizes a mystical union between Christ and the commonalty of the Church. Persecution for religious opinion is alien from its spirit and its methods; it relies for its triumphs on the power of Truth,

and the direct action of the Spirit of God on the spiritual life of man; it cares nothing for the outward allegiance which alone can be compelled by force. It regards religious ritual as worthless and profane, as a hollow mockery of divine and eternal things, if the heart is not loyal to God; and prefers the funeral of M. Gambetta, at which no symbol of the redemptive work of Christ or of the great hope of immortality was seen, to the splendid services with which the Church has too often carried to the grave kings and statesmen whose private life had been stained with the foulest vices, and whose politics had been a flagrant violation of Christian law. It trusts for its ascendancy over national legislation and policy to the penetration of the ethical life of the nation with its characteristic spirit. It is indifferent to a merely formal homage. With its strong sense for the reality of things it cares nothing for declarations of religious faith which are not sustained by a religious life. "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe and tremble." It repudiates with scorn a religious test, which, while excluding now and then an ostentatious professor of speculative atheism, admits troops of men to a legislative assembly who have no reverence for the divine authority and no fear of judgment to come.

A lofty religious faith is the fast and powerful ally of political freedom. A nation which has discovered that every man may listen for himself to the voice of God will be impatient of political tyranny; and a Christian statesman will regard free institutions as a discipline of some of the noblest Christian virtues.

Mr. Harrison has said that in the private life of M. Gambetta there were things, "perhaps, gross and unworthy, and a public man has no private life." About the truth of the rumours that circulated in Paris concerning M. Gambetta's personal habits, and concerning the kind of people who shared his intimacy, I have no means of judging. Some of these rumours, there is reason to believe, were violently exaggerated; some of them were flagrantly false. But I fear that there was truth enough in them to sadden the hearts of all who admire his genius and the splendid services he rendered to France.

A final moral estimate of any man is impossible except with God. Some men are protected by their temperament, by their education, by their moral environment, from coarse violations of the elementary laws of morality. Their freedom from these flagrant offences is no proof of moral nobleness. And some men have great moral qualities—courage, generosity, a passionate devotion to public interests—who are guilty of gross vices. M. Gambetta had elements of moral greatness in him which are absent from the character of millions of blameless people who are free from the perils of his hot and vehement temperament, and who are beyond the reach of the temptations which mastered him.

But I cannot agree with Mr. Harrison that the things which

were "gross and unworthy in him," were "not of the kind which seriously disable a public career." The vices of a statesman are of evil example; they lower the national ideal of morality, and lessen the national reverence for moral obligations. They alienate the sympathy and confidence of those classes of the community who are his surest and most effective support. They diminish the force of his appeal to those high moral principles which are the inspiration and strength of a great national policy. M. Gambetta's power was distinctly and seriously diminished by the general impression—whether it was true or false—that he was surrounded by unscrupulous adventurers who, for their own financial advantage, induced him to enter upon political schemes, unjust in themselves and mischievous to France. In "Numa Roumestan" all M. Gambetta's vices are exaggerated, and all those great moral qualities which raised him from obscurity and made him the pride and the glory of the French nation are suppressed. In constructing so gross a misrepresentation of the great statesman, M. Adolphe Daudet violated—and as far as I know without excuse—all the obligations which, notwithstanding any political or personal differences, should have bound him to treat with generosity his old comrade and friend. But is there not reason to believe that the reckless facility of Roumestan, his Bohemian incapacity for recognizing the moral restraints which should control the exercise of public patronage were really present in M. Gambetta himself? Is it not true that long before he became Minister he used his political authority to compel the heads of all the departments of the State to give appointments to men for whom in his careless prodigal way he had promised to provide? Was there not a "*gouvernement occulte*" which disposed of official patronage against the judgment and wishes of responsible Ministers? It was impossible for M. Gambetta to exercise an illegitimate authority of this kind without encouraging intrigue and corruption, and inflicting the gravest injuries on the public service. His premature death may have been the result of the tremendous strain upon his physical strength during the war; but there seems some reason to believe that his constitution was also seriously impaired—not by the reckless vices which I believe were falsely attributed to him—but by the want of that firm discipline of his physical life which is no inconsiderable part of morality.

That a great statesman has formally repudiated all faith in a Divine Ruler of the world, and in the awful solemnities of judgment to come, is no reason for exultation, no reason for reposing a larger confidence in his fidelity to the interests of Humanity. A melancholy experience seems to prove that the men who, by their genius or their social rank, or their political authority, are placed far above the common level, are in exceptional danger of disregarding those moral restraints which discipline ordinary men to habits of virtue. In all countries and in all ages great statesmen have been guilty of ignoble

vices. They, above all other men, require to be under the moral control of Him in the presence of whose infinite majesty the inequalities of human conditions disappear. And further, their great position and their great duties involve them in moral perils of which the commonalty of mankind know nothing. The interests committed to their trust are so immense, and the temptations to promote these interests by a disregard of moral law are sometimes so violent, that their only absolute safety lies in their profound conviction that, since God is on the side of righteousness, the welfare of neither individuals nor of nations can be permanently secured by selfishness, falsehood, or injustice. In times of disaster, when a political leader has lost the confidence of the country, and believes that for the sake of the highest interests of the country itself it is of the first importance that he should recover power, he will be tempted to recover it by reckless measures which will entail immeasurable evils. The temptation may be resisted in the strength of a genuine devotion to the permanent interests of the nation, and of a firm loyalty to the laws of public morality; but religious faith will give an additional and a unique support to moral fidelity. In his triumphant times, the Christian statesman will find in his religious faith a strong check on the arrogance and the ambition which have sometimes brought dishonour on a noble reputation and destroyed capacity for great national services. It will make him just and generous to his opponents. It will protect him from jealousy of the allies and colleagues whose rising power may seem to threaten his own ascendancy. Anticipating the supreme hour when he will have to give in his final account, his only solicitude will be so to discharge his trust as to win the approbation of God.

It may be true—I fear it is—that in Christian preaching a very inadequate place is given to the duties of citizenship. There are some Christian communities that regard politics with distrust; while insisting that the authority of Christ over human life is absolute and unlimited, they formally surrender one great province of human activity to the “world” and the devil. But the effective power of the Christian faith extends far beyond the definite teaching of its ministers. In every part of the country municipal duties are being discharged with unselfish and unostentatious fidelity by men whose public spirit is one expression of their Christian charity. Speaking of my own political connection, I can affirm that the Liberal party finds a large proportion of its strongest and most unselfish supporters in those whose desire is to get the will of God done on earth as it is done in heaven. What would happen to England if “the secular movement in politics” became triumphant I cannot tell. At present the ethical spirit created by an earnest loyalty to Christ is one of the most vigorous and most generous elements of the national life.

R. W. DALE.

THE ANTI-VIVISECTIONIST AGITATION.*

I.

I WAS asked some time ago to write an article for the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* on the violent agitation which has sprung up in several European countries against the practice of vivisection, and I somewhat unguardedly undertook to do so. Now I find myself in a difficulty. Not that my interest in the subject is at all less keen than it was; far from it; but after turning over with some attention the voluminous literature which it has produced,—papers, pamphlets, magazine articles, Parliamentary debates,—I have come to the conclusion that too much has already been said on this unhappy topic.

Too much. But, be it understood, I do not bring this reproach against the anti-vivisectionist writers, but against my own scientific co-religionists, who have gone too far in the conflict with unreasonable adversaries.

When we take into consideration the results actually obtained, it becomes a question whether, in ever admitting discussion on the utility of vivisection, the physiologists have not shown an excessive condescension, and, to say the truth, committed a grave mistake. What end can they possibly propose to themselves in carrying on a scientific discussion with the persons whom interest or eccentricity has led to declare war against the laboratories? Do they hope to convince them of their error? Fools cannot be convinced, nor can those who, from interested motives, choose to make fools of themselves. Do they hope to influence public opinion and keep it from going astray? If so, one can but admire their childlike confidence

* It is thought that it will be interesting and instructive to English readers to understand the view of this question which is taken by one of the most distinguished of the Continental physiologists who practise vivisection.—ED.

in the general good sense. How can they expect to come victorious out of a contest with maniacs by taking the ground of scientific discussion, where all the chances of success—insincerity, ignorance, and, above all, human stupidity, the supreme dictator of every popular verdict—range themselves on the side of the enemy?

It was a great mistake,—great enough to endanger the whole future of physiology, if scientific progress could be arrested by law, or by the explosions of a coarse fanaticism. But science, proscribed in one country, will take its flight into another; driven from the public laboratory, it will take refuge in the private study, and perhaps there gain in depth what it has lost in diffusion.

To whom do the physiologists and doctors address their refutations of the foolish accusations brought against them? To the general public, clearly; to members of the Government, and members of Parliament,—that is, to outsiders whose judgment has no value at all in matters of science. By so much as committing ourselves to this discussion at all, we have virtually admitted their competence and authority in these questions in a manner which must mislead the masses.

In fact, while the physiologists, in their lectures and treatises, contented themselves with the frank and simple statement of a few general truths—which, moreover, could not be doubted by their adversaries themselves—the anti-vivisectionists on their part had recourse to all the methods, and employed all the weapons, of political agitation—indignation meetings, defamatory pamphlets, hair-stirring placards, and monster petitions. The serious refutations which some men of science had condescended to proffer became fresh weapons in the hands of these unscrupulous persons, thanks to the skill with which they mutilated the texts, distorted quotations, and held up to public animadversion the experiments described in memoirs intended for specialists, in which, very naturally, no mention was made of the anæsthetics to be used, their employment being taken as a matter of course. Is it to be wondered at that these miserable artifices were successful? The masses (Ministers and members of Parliament included) must be excused for taking them seriously when they heard those who used them speaking as on equal terms to men of science, and discussing with them the most complex and technical details. If they have been misled, the fault must rest first of all with the physiologists themselves, who, in deigning to enter the arena at all with such adversaries, gave them unmerited credit with the crowd.

In Germany the anti-vivisectionists have not yet gained their point. On the one hand the traditional respect for science in that country, and on the other the contempt of the Government for all manifestations of public agitation, have, so far, saved physiology from the

humiliating laws which place the control of scientific research in the hands of the policeman or of the first informer. But in England, alas! the agitation has had a disastrous effect. Under the influence of this pseudo-humanitarian movement, English legislators have allowed themselves to be drawn into passing measures which are an insult to the personal dignity of the men of research, and an outrage on science itself. Legally, it is fine and imprisonment for all who may dare to infringe the regulations snatched from the weakness of Parliament by a few hypocritical humbugs and hysterical old maids. In practice these Draconian laws may be applied with prudence and discrimination; but that does not affect the question. The hindrance to scientific research and the humiliation of scientific men remain the same.

This deplorable situation is, I repeat, largely due to the false tactics of my English brethren. They know too well the honour in which I hold them to take it ill from me that I say this of them. They have tried to bend before the storm and let it pass. They were wrong. They should have accepted the full and entire responsibility of physiological experimentation. They should not have lowered the flag of science. Above all, they should never have endured—men, as they were, of the highest intellectual culture—that a parcel of sophists should read them a lesson in the name of morality and humanity!

I shall never forget the painful impression I received some years ago, when one of my most eminent fellow-labourers in London sent me a letter in which he excused himself for keeping silence with regard to my book, "*Physiologische Methodik*," much as he wished to speak of it, on the ground that he was afraid of exasperating public opinion, which was already in arms against the physiologists.

Of what use was this modest effacement? Did my book escape the anti-vivisectionists? By no means. It will be seen further on that it has been not a little used and abused by them in this warfare. The abstention of competent physiologists has left them free course not only to falsify the text, but even to utilize the plates, which they have got up after a fashion of their own, and placarded in all the railway stations with the taking title, "*The Horrors of Vivisection*."

It may be said that if the physiologists had taken an aggressive attitude, or shut themselves up in a haughty silence, the agitation would have assumed a still more menacing character, and perhaps resulted in measures yet more vexatious than those actually adopted. It is not very likely. But if it were, once admit the principle of police regulation as applied to scientific research, and it does not much signify about more or less. It is even possible that severer measures might sooner have demonstrated the absurdity of the whole thing. Besides, the professors of physiology, toxicology, and pathological anatomy had in their own hands one weapon, as simple as it would have been efficacious. In view of the impossibility of carrying

on, under such conditions, a course of teaching on a level with the actual progress of science, they should have tendered their resignations.*

Is it the interposition of some few doctors, who have strayed into the opposite camp, which has led English physiologists to treat their adversaries almost as equals, and admit them to the honour of scientific discussion? Still it is a mistake. Contemporary physiology is of too recent creation to have as yet thoroughly permeated medical education. In a matter of physiological controversy many practitioners have, alas! scarcely more claim to authority than the old maids and abortive musicians who have shown such a sympathy for the sufferings of frogs and rabbits. Great as are the services which physiology has already rendered to the healing art, they would have been far greater still if doctors possessed a more precise acquaintance with its facts, and above all, if they had been sufficiently initiated into its methods of investigation.

The hostility of some few practitioners, more or less qualified, had therefore nothing in it that should have influenced men of science. The great doctors, such as Sir James Paget, Mr. Lister, and others—who have lent to our cause the aid of their own great reputation with the public—might, at little cost to themselves, have rid physiology of its enemies. They had only to leave the whole band of anti-vivisectionist agitation-mongers to the care of those doctors who are of opinion that physiology can get on without experiment, and medicine without physiology. The stroke would have been a sharp one, but not undeserved.†

Not that I would advise the physiologists to retire to their tents. Heaven forbid! I blame them, not for showing fight, but for choosing their ground ill. Instead of entering on a scientific discussion with unfair opponents before the judgment-seat of an ignorant public, they should have left their peaceful fanes—

“*Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena*”—‡

and carried the contest into the open forum. They should have met agitation by agitation, petition by counter-petition; they should have turned against the enemies of science every weapon which had been so skilfully and so unscrupulously used against themselves. Since they were attacked with virulent personalities, why should they not answer with arguments *ad hominem*, which would have baffled the knaves, held up the fanatics to ridicule, and snatched from one leader

* In similar circumstances the writer himself retired from his post, and even left his own country, rather than submit to conditions which he considered incompatible with the dignity of his work.

† Even now, if all enlightened doctors would deal in this way with the partisans of an agitation which tends to deprive medical studies of their most solid basis, the effect of this new sort of strike would not be long in making itself felt.

‡ Lucretius.

his humanitarian mask, and from another his scientific reputation? Since they found their own teaching and experiments odiously travestied at popular meetings and in pamphlets, why did they not hold meetings and write pamphlets themselves, to open the eyes of the public to the shameless calumnies of their accusers?

No doubt a noisy and passionate warfare, however imperiously demanded by the necessities of the situation, must be disagreeable to men devoted to the calm investigations of science; but it is none the less true that the English physiologists, by their strained attitude, have seriously compromised the high interests committed to them.

Some few instances of the anti-vivisectionist methods of procedure will show that I am by no means too severe when I assert that they are unworthy of serious controversy.

Some years ago, my English friends sent me a placard purporting to contain drawings from my "*Physiologische Methodik*" as they had appeared in certain illustrated papers. These placards had been posted up by hundreds of thousands in every corner of the kingdom. The title was, as I have already said, "*The Horrors of Vivisection.*" Below the engravings was this inscription: "These engravings are reproductions from Cyon's celebrated work."

On this placard were some ten of the plates from my atlas—notably, Plates I. and II., which represent the instruments ordinarily used in vivisections, and Plate VIII., which shows the position of the hands while injecting the narcotic into the veins and introducing the pipes into the vessels. All this is neither horrible nor painful. Then came Plates XIV., XV., and XXI., which might, no doubt, be distressing to look at if they represented operations on the living subject, but—unfortunately for excitable sensibilities—they do but show the anatomical disposition of the salivary glands and their nerves, of the nerves of the heart, and so on, in dogs, frogs, or rabbits,—all this, of course, drawn from the dead body of the animal. The authors of the placard could not really have been deceived; the description was to be found in the book itself; and besides, to any one at all acquainted with these things, the mere appearance of the dissections was enough to show that they were done from anatomical preparations.

Each of these anatomical plates was accompanied by a note bearing the appearance of a textual quotation, and conceived in this sort of taste: "Animals must suffer that experiments may succeed;" "The students are requested to come in good time to the laboratory: living animals are to be boiled;" and so on in the same style.

But the most shameless thing of all is at the bottom of the placard, where they have put a drawing which is not in my book at all. This design—"The mute appeal of the poor monkey"—is what would be called, in theatrical slang, the "key" of the placard. It

represents a monkey fastened upright on the vivisection table, his eyes raised to heaven, and his paws held out in a supplicating attitude. The professor and his pupils, armed with the instruments of torture, stand, with savage faces, chuckling over their victim. It is unnecessary to remark that the only head in the picture with a human face is that of the monkey. The professor, who is supposed to represent me, is a shabby old man, with a pimpled face and spectacles. I was thirty-two when my book appeared! Moreover, I have never yet experimented on a monkey.

But this is mere trifling. The disingenuousness of my opponents has gone much further than this. They wished to find in my book an avowal of the cruel pleasure of the vivisector in tormenting his victims. For this purpose some few lines have been detached from their surroundings and held up to public indignation, with comments designed to impair the sense. I have never taken up this accusation, but I think the time has come to make an example of it once for all. Repeated *ad nauseam* in all the anti-vivisectionist pamphlets, the passage has even served Professor Zöllner as a subject for nearly half his book, "*Ueber den Missbrauch der Vivisectionen*" (Leipsic, 1880);* and, if I am not mistaken, it has been noticed also in the petition to the German Reichstag. Here is the passage:—"The pleasure of having overcome technical difficulties hitherto deemed insurmountable is always one of the keenest pleasures of the vivisector."

Even apart from their context, these lines—to any impartial and unprejudiced mind—simply mean that the vivisector, like any other investigator, finds a keen moral satisfaction when, after vanquishing the many difficulties of the experiment, he at last discovers some new function, and finds his arduous efforts crowned with success. It is the height of disingenuousness to pretend that this joy comes to him from the sufferings of the animal, and to conclude that the practice of vivisection develops cruelty. The dishonesty of this interpretation is the more apparent when the words are read in their own place, preceded and followed by explanations and amplifications.

After several pages explaining the general purpose of a vivisection, the manner of performing it, the many difficulties to be overcome, and the minute precautions to be employed in order to make it scientifically valuable, I add:—

"He who is incapable of pursuing with rapt attention, for hours together, a tiny nervous ramification almost imperceptible to the naked eye—who feels no pleasure in being able to isolate this nerve and subject it to electrical

* He even asserts (pp. 28-30) that if works like that of Professor Cyon are not soon suppressed, the next attempt on the life of the Emperor of Germany will come from a physiological laboratory.

excitation, or, guided only by the sense of touch, to tie with his fingers, at the bottom of a deep cavity, some invisible vessel—lacks some of the qualities indispensable to the successful performance of vivisections. The pleasure of having overcome technical difficulties hitherto deemed insurmountable is always one of the keenest pleasures of the vivisector. The feeling of the physiologist when, from the depths of a wound full of blood and of destroyed tissues, he succeeds in drawing out a nervous fibre and resuscitates by artificial excitation its extinguished function, resembles in some respects that of the sculptor when he succeeds in creating out of a block of marble a beautiful living form."

I ask any honest reader, is it possible to mistake the meaning of my words, or to find in them the slightest indication of cruelty?

Besides, the manifestation of the odious sentiment with which I am credited would have been singularly out of place in a chapter the earlier part of which is entirely devoted to setting forth the rules to be followed for sparing pain to the animal during vivisection. The following extract will afford a sufficient answer to my calumniators:—

"If, then, all discussion of the legitimacy of vivisections is idle, on the other hand the experimenter must never lose sight of these two points:—

"1. *Never to attempt a vivisection without having first tried to attain by other means the object in view.* (This holds good especially in the case of mere demonstration.)

"2. *Wherever the nature of the experiment admits of it, always to use anaesthetics, such as chloroform, chloral, opium, &c.*" (p. 9.)

Thus, long before this agitation sprang up in England,* physiological treatises themselves were recommending that use should always be made of narcotics, such as opium, chloral, and chloroform (no question at all of the much-decried curare); and that recourse should not be had at all to these operations, except where the scientific end could not be attained by other means.

In the same chapter I have in several other places indicated the general method of procedure in these operations:—

"In general, the following rule is always to be observed: The smaller and more circumscribed the wound, the easier it is to find the nerve or artery sought for. The cautious operator is more sure of success than the one who makes big wounds and uses few precautions. The animal should always be treated as if it were intended to survive the operation, and to survive under the most favourable conditions" (pp. 13, 14.)

It will be seen that I have everywhere pointed out the means of avoiding the making of large wounds, as equally prejudicial to the success of the experiment and painful to the animal.

In this way, works like Mr. Burdon Sanderson's and mine, by making known to physiologists the best methods of operating, have done more to diminish suffering than all the clamours of the anti-

* This book, published about the end of 1875, was written in the years 1873, 1874, and 1875. The part from which these quotations are taken had already been printed in 1873.

vivisectionists. It required an ignorance not less profound than theirs to see in such books engines of torture.*

Those who accuse the physiologists of seeking in vivisection the satisfaction of a cruel instinct,—those who, on the word of M. Zöllner, see in me a monster of cruelty,—will no doubt be somewhat surprised to learn that, after having performed during the last fifteen years an incalculable number of vivisections, I have never yet been able to bring myself to operate on a human being. When I was a medical student, I never could bear to be present—at least in close proximity—during an operation; eighteen years of medical practice and of uninterrupted vivisections have never dulled my sensibilities in this respect. If I operate on animals with the greatest composure, it is, in the first place, because during the operation I think of nothing at all but the scientific result to be obtained; and then, because in every case where the object of the experiment admits of the use of anæsthetics, the animal has been rendered completely insensible. In a surgical operation, on the contrary, the interest of the operator is often mainly in his fee. This consideration has never been sufficient to overcome my repugnance to cause suffering to any living thing.

Yet another example, to show how distant is the feeling either of cruelty or of compassion from the motives which decide the physiologist to perform a vivisection. A passionate hunter and rider, I have a strong attachment to horses and dogs. On the other hand, I have always had a horror of “the harmless necessary cat.”† Well, I have performed a great number of vivisections on dogs; I have even operated on horses; whilst I have never been able to bring myself to vivisect a cat, the animal of all others which it would cost me the least pain to hurt.

I have already criticized the purely defensive warfare to which the English physiologists have confined themselves. I must be allowed to insist still further on this point, which is not without its importance, since the faults of the past are lessons for the future. If, setting aside from the first, as above discussion, the question of their scientific rights, the physiologists had carried the war into the enemy’s camp, and roundly set forth the motives which governed the action of the anti-vivisectionists, the battle, fought out on this ground, would soon have ended in a decisive victory.

* Throughout the whole course of my physiological teaching I have been opposed to the repetition of these experiments by the students for the sake of practice. Attacked by several of my fellow-workers on this subject, I took pains to demonstrate the uselessness and fallibility of such exercises in my “*Recueil des Travaux de mon Laboratoire*” (1874, St. Petersburg, pp. 165 *seq.*).

† From psychological observations on persons fond of cats, I feel justified in saying that nearly all the anti-vivisectionists must have a passion for them. I will not further notify the outcome of these observations, lest I should increase the rancour of our adversaries.

We find amongst our adversaries—as among other agitators—two classes, the leaders and the led. Amongst the former, very few are sincere; the greater part only seek to gain at little cost a notoriety and a position they could not otherwise have secured; and often their true object is even less creditable. The interrogation of Mr. Jesse, the chief promoter of the agitation in England, is most instructive from this point of view, and cannot leave in any just mind the slightest illusion as to his humanitarian sentiments.*

I regard as honest enemies those who, through want of occupation, through an eccentricity amounting to disease, or through hysterical sentimentality, have associated themselves with this movement in the belief that they are doing a work of piety and charity. Is it necessary to repeat that women—or rather, old maids—form the most numerous contingent of this group? Let my adversaries contradict me, if they can show among the leaders of the agitation one young girl, rich, beautiful, and beloved, or one young wife who has found in her home the full satisfaction of her affections!

I know the English leaders too little to seek instances among them in support of what I say. Their German congeners are more familiar to me. I wish to say a few words with regard to two persons, of whom one initiated the anti-vivisectionist agitation in Germany, and the other, thanks to his great scientific reputation, has given it a certain breadth of range. The first is M. C. von Weber, the second, Professor Zöllner.

A good deal might be said on the strange causes which led to the action of M. von Weber. The question being a somewhat delicate one, I shall confine myself to the statement of a single fact, which will sufficiently mark the sincerity of that gentleman.

Before entering on this war against the physiological laboratories, M. von Weber thought it necessary to collect some information as to what was actually being done. Nothing, of course, could be more reasonable; but he set about it in a somewhat remarkable manner. Living at Dresden, within a short distance of Leipsic, the abode of the celebrated Professor Ludwig, M. von Weber starts for Leipsic and seeks the physiologist's laboratory. Others might have made their way, unexpected, into that laboratory—open, indeed, to all the world—in order to surprise the tormentor *in flagrante delicto*. M. von Weber, on the contrary, chooses for his visit the moment when the laboratory is closed for the vacation; and the competent person from whom he receives his information on the manner in which physiological experiments are conducted is—the porter who has charge of the dogs! This man, never dreaming for what purpose the questions are asked, answers with the ignorance to be expected from a person in

* See his interrogation in the "Report of the Royal Commission," &c. London, 1876, pp. 219, 270, 514.

his position, and with the assurance of a man willing to give himself airs of importance he dilates on the horrors of the laboratory—stupid stories, accepted without a misgiving by M. von Weber, of whose physiological knowledge they even now form the sum total.*

A German spinster, Elpis Melena, the author of some sleepy novels, used these wretched stories as material for a little work on the miseries of a cat; and this it is which has given the signal for a savage onslaught on the physiological laboratories throughout the length and breadth of Germany.

It is true that the adhesion of Professor Zöllner, of Leipsic, and his passionate attack on his old friend and colleague Professor Ludwig, have powerfully contributed to the success of the agitation fomented by M. von Weber.

M. Zöllner, a very distinguished astronomer and physicist, unluckily belonged to a family every member of which is more or less touched with insanity. He himself, afflicted in addition with a physical deformity which condemned him to the life of an ascetic, was attacked towards the end of his life by the hereditary malady. He died mad last year. From 1865 to 1875—that is to say, during the most brilliant period of his scientific activity—M. Zöllner, who owed to the influence of Ludwig his chair of astronomy at Leipsic, had been the friend and admirer of that illustrious physiologist, and an habitual visitor at his laboratory. It was there that friendly relations grew up between him and me. Indeed, it was M. Zöllner—as he has since reminded me with a certain satisfaction—who initiated me into the study of the higher mathematics. An open-minded and impassioned student, he attended often and with the greatest interest at operations on animals, never showing the least repugnance, much less disapprobation. When I was at Leipsic in 1875 and 1876, I several times invited him to be present at experiments on the semicircular canals of pigeons. It is well known what a frightful appearance is presented by the disordered movements of animals in whom these canals have been cut. No one took more interest in these experiments than M. Zöllner; and he appreciated to the full their psychological bearings on the formation of our notions of space: It was he, too, who congratulated me on having undertaken to codify, so to speak, in my work the scientific methods of modern physiology.

How, then, can it have come about that the same man should, two years later, have become the standard-bearer of the anti-vivisectionist agitation? The explanation of this change of front is very simple. The mental malady, the germs of which he carried within him, but

* It is well known that medical students in their first year often take pleasure in telling imaginary horrors of the dissecting room. It was the same kind of wish to pose before a stranger which took possession of Professor Ludwig's *concièrge*.

which till 1877 had shown itself by symptoms intelligible only to the specialist,* at last took possession of that fine brain, and—with the help of Spiritism—established its dominion there.

Rambling discursions on Spiritism, on the fourth dimension, and on the supernatural powers of the medium Slade, published in the collected works of M. Zöllner, gave the first intimation to his friends of the terrible malady which had seized him. Perhaps under the circumstances his colleagues hardly showed the indulgence due to the errors of so distinguished a man. Their jests and their opposition did but exasperate the sick man and complete the overthrow of his reason.

The anti-vivisectionists were not slow to take advantage of this quarrel with his colleagues, and especially with Ludwig and others who had made the mistake of forgetting that it is impossible to reason with a madman. They fell upon the unhappy savant, and succeeded with little difficulty in utilizing his insanity in their contest with the laboratories.

In reading M. Zöllner's last book,† one follows with a sort of terror the progressive ravages of insanity on a fine and rare intelligence. The floundering amongst crude and inconsequent conceptions, the impossibility of keeping to one set of ideas for so much as two or three consecutive sentences, the declamations against the vivisectors, mixed up with views on the political mission of Bismarck, observations on the amours of Lassalle and Madame de Rakowitz, furious sallies against the Jews, against the opponents of Spiritism, and against the (supposed) scientific errors of Sir William Thomson—all this offers to the student of mental disease a most striking instance of diseased intellectual activity with occasional fits of furious madness.

If the conversation of a dozen inmates of Bedlam during twenty-four hours were taken down by stenography, it would not make a more extraordinary collection of nonsense than the ravings of this anti-vivisectionist.‡

Zöllner's little work ended in a petition addressed to the Reichstag. The list of signatures to this document is most curious. What first strikes one is the large number of names belonging to the staff of the Prussian army. One never would have suspected that such compassion for the sufferings of rabbits and frogs would reign in the breasts of these men, whose harshness in action is proverbial, and whose inhumanity sufficiently proved itself during the war of 1870-

* Zöllner has often consulted me on the state of his mind; he foresaw with terrible distinctness, but also with a surprising stoicism, the catastrophe which was to overwhelm his reason.

† "Ueber den wissenschaftlichen Missbrauch der Vivisectionen." Leipzig, 1882.

‡ The anti-vivisectionist literature is rich in insanities of this sort. Take, for example, Richard Wagner's pamphlet. I defy anybody to find a specialist who would refuse to give a certificate of madness to the author of these rambling dissertations without head or tail to them. The musician who has most agonized the ears of his contemporaries naturally takes his part in the clatter got up by the opponents of modern science.

1871. The Blumenthals and others who shot the free-shooters they captured, who bombarded inhabited houses, hospitals, and museums, in order to hasten the capitulation of fortified towns,—these are the men who shed tears over the sad fate of some poor rabbit snatched too early from household joys, or of some kitten whose brilliant future has been cut short by the pitiless biologist!

What absurdity and what pharisaism! People who forbid the discoverer to sacrifice some few animals to the progress of science and the cure of innumerable human sufferers, find it easy to squander thousands of human lives in colonial wars—which means, in fact, in the interest of commercial enterprise. The life of the frog and the rabbit is sacred; no scientific gain can excuse a physiological experiment. But to immolate soldiers by tens of thousands, to ruin cities, to cause the tears of widows and orphans and bereaved mothers to flow, all in order to secure the payment of the bondholders' coupons,—this is a legitimate thing and shocks no one.

Poor charity and poor humanity! Is there any need, after this edifying example, to speak of noble ladies, of aged dowagers, of hypocritical pastors, who, like Stöcker, preach to-day the destruction of the whole Semitic race, and to-morrow lend the aid of their eloquence to the old maids whose tenderness, despised by man, has flung itself in despair at the feet of cats and parrots? Every sensible reader has already passed his judgment.

It is curious to observe that Protestant countries have a monopoly of the anti-vivisectionist agitation. Among Catholic nations all efforts to stir up public opinion against the pretended barbarities of physiologists have been fruitless. This fact appears still more extraordinary when confronted with a similar fact, which struck me as far back as 1871, when, having formed a committee for subjecting to scientific investigation the spiritist phenomena of Mr. Douglas-Home, I succeeded in exposing all the tricks of that clever conjurer. Spiritism, also, has never been able to take root in Catholic countries. On the other hand, it flourishes at Leipsic and in London, the two metropolises of the anti-vivisection movement. This is certainly no accidental coincidence. To make sure of this, it is only necessary to go over the lists of adherents of the two causes. It will be seen that the same persons who addict themselves to calling up spirits from the vasty deep also breathe out fire and flame against physiological science. Possibly the latter might be forgiven the slight offence of cruelty to animals if it were not guilty of the major offence of bringing to light the tricks of mediums.

This exemption of Catholic countries is due to several causes, some of which I will point out, without pretending to exhaust so large a subject. In the first place Catholicism opens to old maids of excited imagination a refuge in its convents. The ecstatic adora-

tion of the Heart of Jesus or of the Blessed Virgin offers sufficient food for the mysticism of these disordered minds. An enthusiasm of piety acts as a powerful diversion to the explosions of a morbid nervous condition. For want of a similar resource, the Protestant old maids fling themselves into the mysteries of Spiritism, or give themselves up to a fantastic charity rarely directed to any worthy object.* The task of protecting a few animals from the physiologists appears to them the noblest employment to which their lives can be consecrated.

The Catholic religion, clearly, provides full satisfaction for the mystical and superstitious tendencies indigenous to the soil of the human mind. The Protestant religion, on the contrary, with its cold formalism and rigid creed, is very far from satisfying these needs. Even in Catholic countries, we see sceptics like Dumas and Sardou, who would be ashamed to have any one credit them with any faith in God, addict themselves with ardour to the practice of Spiritism. If ever the anti-vivisectionist agitation acquires any proselytes in France, it will find them, I am well persuaded, only amongst the so-called freethinkers and amongst the Protestants.

E. DE CYON.

II.

M. DE CYON, in this interesting essay, has criticized rather freely persons of whom he subsequently tells us frankly that he knows little. "I know the English leaders"—*i.e.*, of the Anti-vivisection movement—"too little," he says, "to seek instances among them in support of what I say." In that case, surely it would have been more scientific if he had confined what he says of them—which he does not—to those of whom he knows more than a little. It is of "the English leaders" that he has just said, "very few are sincere; the greater part only seek to gain at little cost a notoriety and a position they could not otherwise have secured; and often their true object is even less creditable. The interrogation of

* When I was visiting the English asylums in 1867, I was struck with the contrast between the extraordinary luxury of these asylums, intended for the poor, for idiots (as Earlswood), and even for criminals (as Broadmoor), and the dreary misery of the work-houses, and even of workmen's dwellings in the great industrial centres. When one considers that ten thousand children of sound mind—among whom, for aught we know, there may be a Newton or a Shakespeare—are found deserted on the London pavement, without home, without food, without education, whilst millions of money are expended in teaching a few hundred idiots to execute automatic movements and sing part-songs, one is indeed struck with astonishment at the aberrations of the charitable mind. One would almost suppose, to look at it, that madmen and idiots, by the very fact of their going out of their minds, had rendered the most signal service to the State and to society.

Mr. Jesse, the chief promoter of the agitation in England, is most instructive from this point of view, and cannot leave in any just mind the slightest illusion as to his humanitarian sentiments." Now, it is quite certain that Mr. Jesse was not the first promoter of this agitation in England. I myself had been engaged for years in doing all I could to put some check on the reckless prosecution of research by painful experiments on living animals, before I ever heard of Mr. Jesse's name; and this I can say most sincerely, that M. de Cyon is entirely ignorant of the very elements of the English situation when he supposes that insincerity in some, and "want of occupation," "an eccentricity amounting to disease," and "hysterical sentimentality," in others, will account for the success of the anti-vivisection movement in England. I know as many men as I do women, as many overworked men as I do men of leisure, as many men remarkable for plain common sense as I do men of sentiment, who have joined in this movement, and who have joined in it from the sheer sense of justice and humanity, and no other motive whatever. If M. de Cyon knew what he was talking about—so far as regards the English movement at all events—he would see how unscientific and even silly it is in him to judge *à priori* of the kind of persons who have taken part in this movement in England. To class men like Lord Shaftesbury, the Lord Chief Justice of England, the late Professor Rolleston, the eminent surgeon Mr. Lawson Tait, and a great many other professional men, as either hypocrites or hysterical sentimentalists, betrays nothing but rashness and ignorance. Indeed, I might honestly say even for myself, that I doubt if a busier, a less sentimental, a less hysterical man, or one less willing to pass hasty judgments on subjects of which he is wholly ignorant, could be easily found than I am; and yet I have taken an active part in this movement as long as it has existed in England. M. de Cyon is, no doubt, a highly scientific physiologist, but a less scientific critic of his adversaries I have seldom met with. He does not take the very essential precaution of learning something of the nature of the agitation of which he is about to speak. He makes another ludicrous mistake in saying that it is only necessary to go over the names of the adherents of the Anti-vivisection movement and the so-called Spiritist movement, to show that the same persons devote themselves to these two distinct causes. So far as I know the English movement, nothing could be more flagrantly contrary to the fact. The lady who has done most for the Anti-vivisection movement in this country, Miss Cobbe, is a thoroughly religious Rationalist, who has poured contempt on the Spiritist movement whenever she has had a chance. Indeed, I can at the present moment recollect only one writer of the smallest note on the Anti-vivisection question who has ever been known as identified

with the preternaturalists of Spiritism. If M. de Cyon is speaking solely of German cases he should say so. His language appears to apply equally to the English agitation.

All this, however, is purely preliminary. M. de Cyon's case, so far as he presents one—and I find it very difficult to discover, precisely what his case is—appears to me to be this :—People who are not physiologists, and cannot judge of the importance of the physiological ends to be gained by painful experimentation on living animals, have no title to an opinion on the right and wrong of the question at all. They are simply as incompetent to form an opinion, as a man who does not know astronomy is to form an opinion on the value of sending out expeditions to observe a transit of Venus, or a man who knows no language but his own is on the importance of recasting the classification of the Aryan and Semitic tongues. M. de Cyon condemns his scientific brethren for wasting any argument on us—"To whom do the physiologists and doctors address their refutations of the foolish accusations brought against them? To the general public, clearly ; to members of the Government and of Parliament ; that is, to outsiders whose judgment has no value at all in matters of science." And he says further, that if Ministers and Parliament have been misled, "the fault must rest first of all with the physiologists themselves, who, in deigning to enter the arena at all with such adversaries, gave them unmerited credit with the crowd." Apparently what M. de Cyon would have recommended to his English scientific brethren would have been first to attack the motives of their adversaries with great violence :—"Since they were attacked with virulent personalities, why should they not answer with arguments *ad hominem*, which would have baffled the knaves, held up the fanatics to ridicule, and snatched from one leader his humanitarian mask, and from another his scientific reputation?" In the next place M. de Cyon would have had them band together to refuse their medical help to the leaders of the Anti-vivisection movement, which he thinks would have had the effect of a kind of interdict. And in the last place when the Vivisection Bill was carried and made an Act of Parliament, he would have had the great physiologists throw up their chairs as teachers and investigators, on the ground that teaching and investigation could no longer be scientific and complete. But I cannot say that I think M. de Cyon's advice will recommend itself to the views of his English colleagues. It is not only very intemperate advice, which would have made those who followed it ridiculous instead of formidable, but it is founded on the most extraordinary misconception of the true issue. No reasonable person ever fancied for a moment that any one but a physiologist is competent to criticize the value of the physiological ends which the physiologists propose to themselves in vivisection. I for my part never heard of any one who differed on this point from M. de Cyon. But then it has

absolutely no bearing on the question at issue. If it had, M. de Cyon should clearly go on to claim that even if physiologists pursued their terrible experiments on human beings, the public should leave the right and wrong of that proceeding also, wholly to the judgment of physiologists themselves. The reason why politicians and the people at large claim a voice in this matter is not that they pretend to understand the scientific issues involved, but that they do understand as well as the physiologists themselves, the moral issues involved, and have just as much right to give their opinion on these issues as any physiologist can have. M. de Cyon's logic suggests that, when an English carrier is brought before a magistrate for forcing his horse up-hill with a weight behind him which only the spasmodic effect of extreme torture can induce the creature to drag at all, it is quite enough for the carrier to reply: 'No one except myself knows the all-sufficient character of the motive which compelled me to impose this cruel task upon my horse. I, however, know that my motive was an ample justification for what I have done, and I must decline to be judged by those who cannot enter into my motive.' The English magistrate would probably answer: 'My good fellow, the Cruelty to Animals Act takes no account of your motive. It assumes that to secure the kindly treatment of the domestic animals is one of the most important objects of civilized life, and it requires a sharp penalty to be imposed on you for attempting to get out of your horse more work than anything less than torture could compel him to do.' But precisely in the same way English politicians reply to M. de Cyon: 'Of course we are no judges of the physiological objects you have in view in your experiments. They may be what you please. What we do maintain, however, is this, that there is a much higher moral object in prohibiting torture, *even for the discovery of new truth*, than any which you can plead for experiments involving torture; and of the relative importance of cherishing humane habits and promoting scientific discovery, the general public are just as good judges as you are; and they will not allow for a moment that you have any more right to be judged in your case than the carrier or the costermonger has to be the judge in his own case.'

M. de Cyon appears to me to suggest nothing in answer to this except that physiologists are exceptionally humane. But though I have never for one moment thought that the greater number of them are not anxious to avoid inflicting pain, whenever, as he says, "the nature of the experiment admits of it," yet it is absolutely certain that in a great number of cases the nature of the experiment does not admit of avoiding the infliction of pain; and I think it is equally certain that however humane the physiologists may be, they are by no means exceptionally humane, but, on the contrary, exceptionally disposed to rate scientific ends, however trivial, much higher than any aversion they

may happen to feel to the infliction of pain, however acute, as the price of attaining those scientific ends. On the Royal Commission I heard from that distinguished physiologist, Dr. Klein, a frank confession that he regarded nothing but the scientific end, and never thought of the use of anæsthetics, except for the purpose of facilitating the attainment of the scientific end. Moved by the remonstrances of his English colleagues, Dr. Klein was anxious subsequently to withdraw that evidence, but I was perfectly satisfied at the time, and am so still—as indeed were all my colleagues—that Dr. Klein's first statement of the case perfectly represented his true mind, and that the only feeling he had for the humanitarian motive was one of profound and unadulterated scorn. I do not say that his state of mind is common among physiologists anywhere; but I do say that something dangerously approximating to it is not at all rare among physiologists, and that we find, for instance, in Dr. Rutherford, of Edinburgh,—who has put some scores of dogs to an eight hours' torture each, solely to ascertain, more accurately than, in his opinion, he could have ascertained under anæsthesia, the precise action of various drugs in promoting the secretion of bile,—a somewhat close approximation to Dr. Klein's state of mind. Indeed, I fear that M. de Cyon's own feeling is not so far removed from Dr. Klein's as I should have desired to think it, when I find him confessing that “if I operate on animals with the greatest composure, it is, in the first place, because during the operation I think of nothing at all but the scientific result to be obtained; and then, because in every case where the object of the experiment admits of the use of anæsthetics, the animal has been rendered completely insensible,” and yet in the same breath declaring to us, “I have never yet been able to bring myself to operate on a human being,” and again, “eighteen years of medical practice and of uninterrupted vivisections have never dulled my sensibilities in this respect.” Surely those are very strange sensibilities, which are quieted completely by the consciousness of a scientific object, but are not quieted in the least by a directly healing purpose. When M. de Cyon calmly remarks, “In a surgical operation the interest of the operator is often mainly in his fee,” he publishes a much grosser libel on his medical brethren than any I have ever seen published by the promoters of the movement against vivisection. As regards the use of anæsthetics there is, I suppose, between the case of operations on human beings and the case of animal vivisections no difference unless it be one favourable to the former; the main difference is this, that the operations undertaken on human beings are exclusively for their own good, while those undertaken on vivisected animals are exclusively for the good of science. When, then, M. de Cyon confesses that for the good of science he can inflict, “with the utmost composure,” torture which his sensibilities will not permit him to inflict at

all for the good of the creatures which suffer beneath his lancet, he appears to me to confess that the scientific aim has a much more potent effect in suppressing his sensibilities than the benevolent aim; that scientific ends indurate the sensibilities much more completely to any pangs of which they appear to require the infliction than benevolent ends like those of surgeons; for I wholly reject as false the insinuation that eminent surgeons are usually thinking, during the operations they perform, more of their fees than of the immediate relief to suffering which they are endeavouring to give.

Again, nothing strikes me more forcibly in M. de Cyon's essay than his attack on Englishmen for the pity which they show for lunatics and idiots. He seems positively indignant at the waste of money on lunatic asylums and idiot asylums, and says of his English experience, "One would almost suppose, to look at it, that madmen and idiots by the very fact of their going out of their minds, had rendered the most signal service to the State and to society." Did it never occur to M. de Cyon that not pity but gratitude is what we feel to those who "render signal service to the State and to society," and that pity is totally distinct from gratitude, admitting indeed much less possibility of admixture with selfish motives than gratitude often contains? What we feel for madmen and idiots, and what we feel for the victims of M. de Cyon's vivisections, whenever his scientific object does not admit of anæsthesia, is infinite pity, the deepest possible desire to make up by any sacrifice of some of the blessings of our own lives, for the unutterable misery of those helpless and lonely sufferers.

M. de Cyon concludes his paper by the remark that the Anti-vivisection movement flourishes only in the "rigid creed" of Protestantism and Free-thought, and that it wins no converts from amongst Roman Catholics, because Catholics find in "the ecstatic adoration of the Heart of Jesus or of the Blessed Virgin" sufficient food for "the mysticism of disordered minds." "The Catholic religion," he goes on, "provides full satisfaction for the mystical and superstitious tendencies indigenous to the soil of the human mind;" and, therefore, he suggests, Catholics are not thrown back on such humanitarian agitations as that against vivisection which he is denouncing. This seems to me a very doubtful compliment to Catholicism, and not one which the best Catholics of my own acquaintance will be at all likely to accept. In England at least, no Protestant has taken up a stronger attitude in denouncing the inhumanities of vivisection than Cardinal Manning himself; while some of the heartiest friends of the movement known to me are thoroughly devout members of the Roman Church. Indeed I hardly know whether M. de Cyon means that the Roman Catholic religion discourages the anti-vivisection agitations because it is so true, or because it is so false,—because it affords full satisfaction to

the *legitimate* cravings of the human heart, or because it invents an artificial satisfaction for the *morbid* cravings of the human heart. He could hardly speak, I suppose, of the Roman Catholic faith as satisfying "superstitious tendencies" if he meant that the Roman Catholic faith is true; and yet he could hardly speak of the "rigid creed" of the Protestants or the Free-thinkers, if he thought either creed nearer the truth than the Catholic creed. But in reality it does not much matter from what point of view he writes as he does. If he thinks that the Roman Catholic faith so thoroughly satisfies the *legitimate* yearnings of the heart, that it leaves no room for tender sympathy with the sufferings of men's poor neighbours, the brute creation, he accuses it of stopping far short of the true Divine charity; and if he means that by allowing full play to the morbid side of devotion, it diverts our morbid feelings out of the practical into the purely speculative sphere, he must either think it false, or hold very peculiar views indeed as to the providential provision of a number of false stimulants to meet the demands of diseased and unnatural wants. Whichever he means, he must certainly be thinking lightly of the religion which he seems so greatly to prefer to the popular religion of this country. The adoration of a perfect woman must be worth very little if it does not stir still more deeply the womanly instinct of compassion for helpless misery; or if, as M. de Cyon half implies, its only real value is to administer satisfaction to unhealthy sensibilities, he will find it hard to show why it is wise to find satisfaction of any sort for sensibilities which, according to him, are intrinsically unmanly, and ought rather to be suppressed or extirpated than fostered or gratified. Certainly I prefer the Protestantism which declares openly that if we ought not to pursue speculative discoveries at the cost of torture to our fellow-creatures, we are bound to forbid and prevent such torture; while, if we ought, then it becomes a duty to root out of our hearts that sickly compassion which interferes with physiological investigations. Only, if the latter conclusion be adopted, it is certain that physiological experiments should not be restricted to dumb animals, but should be pursued boldly on men,—at all events on all those convicts under sentence of death whom the State can provide for the physiologists as having forfeited their moral claim on the respect and sympathy of man. It is idle to say that the torture of men in the true interest of science is always wicked, if the torture of inferior creatures in the true interest of science is always right.

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO REMBRANDT.*

I.

IF any one wishes to know what it was the common people in Holland and Germany did actually believe in the sixteenth century concerning the Gospel of Jesus Christ he must not go to Synods of Dort, or to the writings of Lutheran or Calvinistic divines, or even to the biographies of the eminent saints of the age, but to the works of Rembrandt.

Rembrandt had no theology, at least none appears in his work. He thought only of the human side of religion, he saw only God's dealings with men as they affected humanity, and he accordingly knew nothing of eternal decrees and free will. He saw men as Shakespeare saw them, only more profoundly, for Shakespeare leaves almost entirely out of consideration a very important and universal side of human experience, the relation of the soul to God. Rembrandt, on the contrary, pierces not only to the innermost hearts of men, but to the most secret acts of their lives. In his works man is seen vividly, truly, and most touchingly pictured under every aspect of human existence, from that which ranges him with the brutes to that which makes him one with God.

We learn from Rembrandt that the common people whom he represented—and let us bear in mind that he concentrated in himself the life of many generations of Dutch artisans and peasants, and that he felt the full influence of the democratic movement which had been going on all over Europe for two centuries—we learn, I say, from Rembrandt that the common people whom he represented heard

* The following paper is a portion of a study of Rembrandt as the exponent of popular religious life in Holland and Germany during the sixteenth century. The writer has collected much evidence to show that the group of Dutch painters, of which Rembrandt was the final and most distinguished representative, were profoundly influenced by the Anabaptist spirit and traditions, and more remotely by the wide-spread democratic movements which mark the close of the Middle Ages.

Jesus Christ gladly. They knew and felt sure that Jesus Christ was the Poor Man's Saviour, and the Poor Man's Friend, and they treasured up His words and listened to the story of His works with reverence and affection. Still more, these people lived in Bible times, and there were certain passages in the Old Testament which were for them peculiarly consoling. The stories of Abraham, Joseph, Mordecai, and Tobit pleased these people. And why? Because Abraham, Joseph, Mordecai, and Tobit were exiles in strange lands, men who in various ways had been forced to leave home and country, and who were the prey of innumerable dangers and temptations in which they were preserved by an ever-present Saviour and Friend.

Abraham is the type of the man of faith, the poor suffering tradesman or artisan, who over and over again in the generations just prior to that of Rembrandt had been called to sacrifices terrible to flesh and blood, involving not only flight from the land of his nativity, but the offering up of his dearest treasures on the altar of what was often a truly fanatical conscience.

Joseph was a type of thousands of young men, who, driven forth as exiles by the cruelty and treachery of their brethren, were exposed to divers temptations,—for the Netherlands temperament was one of the most carnal in Europe,—but who, through the maintenance of their integrity, rose in the end to riches and honour; so that they were able to extend their alms and their patronage even to their persecutors, perhaps even to return to the old home;—the time having come, as we see it so charmingly depicted by Isaak van Ostade, when every man was able to sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid.

Mordecai was another character whose history had a charm for these proscribed people. It was glorious to think that the man who so courageously refused to acknowledge the upstart lord bent upon nothing less than the extermination of his people, was so avenged as to be led in triumph through the very streets whence he was to have passed to the gibbet, his arch-enemy and accuser being compelled to act as the herald of the procession.

Tobit's history appealed to an even wider experience than that of Mordecai. Protestantism had not yet declared its rejection of the Apocrypha. To these exiles, who tested everything by the inner light, this story of the trials of a worthy family in a foreign land was as sacred as that of Mordecai.

But there was a history which contained all these, a history in which a greater than Abraham, Joseph, Mordecai, or Tobit, was portrayed as an exile from his true home, as tempted and tried, and as suffering at last the death of a criminal; and it is on this history the spirit of the proscribed Dutch and German peoples, inspiring Rembrandt, spends itself in all its intensity.

Rembrandt has not quite passed over those facts in the Incarnation which Catholic and courtly painters have most loved. The Duke of Westminster possesses a "Salutation," and the Queen an "Adoration of the Magi," by him; but it is clear that his sympathies were centred upon all that related the story of the Nativity to humble life. To appreciate all Rembrandt's thought on this subject, his wonderful etchings, commencing with the "Annunciation to the Shepherds," ought to be carefully studied.

The Annunciation is divided into three parts: the open heaven, the dark world, the field where the shepherds are keeping their cattle. High above the earth, which lies wrapped in the shadows of the night, the heavens have opened as the petals of a wild rose, from the corolla shoot forth rays of glory, angels fly around, as it were, the golden dust of the anthers. A wider range circle in the concavities of the petals, and one standing erect announces the glad tidings:—"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Sweetest music bursts forth from this celestial flower: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." But what is the effect on the shepherds and their herds? The heavenly light, so sweet, so joyous to eyes that have been opened, terrifies the men who have so long sat in darkness. They fly in horror, their cattle share their fear, all are running away from the presence of their best friends, the heavenly messengers, who, hidden, have performed for them so many good offices, but who, suddenly revealed, startle these imbeciles as if they had seen hell yawn at their feet.

But the artist has a story to tell, and cannot linger. The shepherds, simple folk, having good consciences, soon recover, and then how great their joy. "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

Quickly they arise, and ere long are seen making their way by the glimmering light of their lanthorn among sleeping cattle, and over the baggage of the people who crowd the inn, until in the corner of the stable they espy a man reading by a flickering candle, while on the straw lies a woman and her sleeping babe. Solemnly and stealthily the little procession makes its way, until the light of their lanthorn falling on the recumbent figures causes Mary to put up her arm to shade her eyes. The light the shepherds have brought overpowers the fainter glimmer of the candle Joseph is using, and the stable seems at once darker and lighter. The rustic visitors approach, and leaning against a bar which protects the stall in which Mary lies, they look lovingly down on the babe, which the mother, now sitting up, has taken on her lap. Joseph, a simple old man, regards the little company of humble souls who are worshipping the infant with a kind of mild wonder; Mary, who is always represented as her

husband's intellectual superior, receives the rustic homage with calm joy.

The various thoughts of these etchings appear again in the painting at the National Gallery: "The Adoration of the Shepherds." The highest and truest expression of the religious sentiment—silent adoration—is the key-note of this most precious work. Tenderness and awe transfigure every rugged face. Each soul present is absorbed and united in the common worship of the new-born babe, from whence flows the central light of the picture. The mother's face exactly realizes the characteristic touch of the Evangelist: "But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."

The shepherds gone, the Holy Family repair to Jerusalem, and many gorgeous scenes of ritualistic worship contrast with the simple faith of the humble couple, who have brought their child that they may do for him after the custom of the law. One etching gives the moment when old Simeon takes the child in his arms and blesses him, Anna coming in to join her prophecy to that of the ancient seer. Others give all the details of the circumcision; and then comes a mystic picture, one of those strange weird scenes in which no artist has ever approached Rembrandt.

The high priest sits enthroned: a figure rising behind him, a temple-guard, is of gigantic proportions; at the feet of the high priest's throne, Joseph humbly presents the child. The scene is wrapt in intensest gloom, nothing comes out clearly but the high priest and the kneeling figures. What submissiveness to the powers that be—the Saviour of the world, the King of men, held as a little serf beneath the very feet of the pontiff! But, the presentation over, a voice has warned Joseph in a dream that Herod seeks the young child's life to destroy it. "Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word."

The pilgrimage, the exile—fate of all God's elect—has commenced. Joseph places the mother and child on an ass, and gently leads them: we see the good old man, with his crowned hat, the personification of some miller or baker of Leiden, trudging along an unknown path which does not lead home. How wearily he walks, and how the mother, wrapped in a great mantle, cradles the babe to her bosom! The night has come, and they stop to rest in a corner of the road. Joseph sits upon the bank, his lanthorn lights up his head. Mary rests against his legs. Nothing can be simpler; it is the fate and attitude of many a poor tramp nowadays. Another day, and they come to a stream. Joseph, with careful prudence, tries the depth of the water. He leads the way. Night again approaches; the last rays of the sun disappear in the distance; the after-glow has gone, and gradually the obscurity becomes so intense that even the

lanthorn seems extinguishing. Nothing is seen save three heads moving through the darkness. But morning comes, and they reach the brow of a hill, and there, fair and beautiful, lies the Egypt which they seek; not, indeed, the real Egypt, but the Egypt these poor Dutch Anabaptists actually saw: the Rhine valley, or the Saxon Switzerland, or the neighbourhood of Heidelberg, which, in the days of Marnix van Saint-Aldegonde, was a city of refuge to those who had fled from the Netherlands.

The peace and safety in which the holy family live after their return to Nazareth has afforded Rembrandt a subject for one of his most charming paintings. The "Carpenter's Home" is placed among the *chef-d'œuvres* of art in the Salon Carré of the Louvre.

The home is that of a Dutch artisan of Rembrandt's own days; the apartments spacious and airy, the height of the ceiling, the arched window, the handsome chimney-piece suggest that the toiling artisan has become the tenant of a dwelling once the abode of the great.

How happy a scene lights it up this bright afternoon, for the painter has chosen the best hour of the day, that moment when the sun in Holland is fullest and clearest.* He has made the warm air and light to enter through the open window and to circulate through the whole house. The mid-day meal is over, and the father having taken his glass of beer and placed it on a window-sill, is hard again at work, planing a rough piece of wood. Yet he is not so engaged but that his thoughts revert to the new-born infant, who, lying in all the beauty of Nature in his mother's lap, is about to take the breast. The mother wears the air of a convalescent, and looks pensively down on the babe, while the grandmother, who has taken off her spectacles and allowed the Bible she was reading to fall on her knees, sits at the head of the child, lifting up a shawl to protect him from the draught.

The light of the picture centres on this group, and it falls full and strong on the child, whose limbs are painted with the utmost perfection. It is not one of the roseate cherubs of Rubens, but a real human infant, the most perfect blossom of the tree of humanity. All the rest of the picture is in shadow. The cradle stands in the foreground in half-light, and the cat sleeps on the chair. All suggests peace and repose, a reminiscence of Rembrandt's own infancy, of that happy time when the humbler classes in Holland began to taste the fruits of the liberty for which their fathers had shed so many tears and so much blood.

But the time has come when the boy is old enough to accompany his parents to Jerusalem, and the desire centres in his heart to devote himself to his father's work. Restlessly he frequents temples

* "*La Foi nouvelle cherchée dans l'Art*, par Alfred Dumesnil," contains the most perfect account of this inestimable artistic treasure. To this charming and original little book I owe my first real interest in Rembrandt.

and other places where prayer is wont to be made. Rembrandt has seized all the features of his own time, and those immediately preceding it, with various representations of Jesus among the doctors.

First we behold the boy standing before a group of ministers, who sit in a certain degree of state. He has risen from one of the front benches to ask a question. They have replied, and he is stating his thoughts. With what attention all listen; it is not with anger, but with a certain admiration, not unmingled with fear lest the boy may be one who thinks himself wiser than his elders. Every pose, every action is just what one might expect, and as indeed it must have been.

In another etching two or three doctors have taken the boy apart, and are examining him; the chief rabbi is seated at a table engrossed in a great folio he is studying.

But the most interesting of the series, and the most characteristic of the times, is the ardent boy discussing with, or rather instructing, a group of popular teachers, whose council-chamber is the stall of a cobbler in the Breed-straat of Amsterdam. The chief rabbi here is the cobbler himself, a puffy, thoughtful man, with all the making in him of a fanatic; he, too, listens with the same critical attention to the words of the child as did the reverend pastors. Grouped on both sides are the representatives of the popular religions of the day,—the men who would follow the frenzies of Munzer or Mathyszoon, others who would rather sit at the feet and become apostles of the milder Menno Simonis. There is a type in the child, the same as we observe in the Joseph, a type indeed which follows us everywhere and under every form, except in that of the consecrated Christ. This type we should, were we dilating simply on Rembrandt's art, have abundant opportunity to show is no other than Rembrandt himself,—new proof that his designs were evolved from his own inner consciousness, from that storehouse of images gathered up in his brain, the treasures of generations, and of his own immense genius and observation.

II.

It is suggestive to notice that Rembrandt not only avoids those favourite subjects with the painters of the Renaissance, the baptism of Jesus and the Lord's Supper, but all mysterious circumstances which have not a strong human element in them; thus he has never treated the subject of the Temptation, and has only depicted three of the miracles. These, however, are among the most stupendous, since they involve the raising of the dead, and the quelling of a storm at sea.

In the raising of the daughter of Jairus, we see that the soul of the people was not yet so embittered but what it could sympathize with the sorrows of the rich. The scene takes place in the com-

fortably-furnished home of a wealthy Amsterdam merchant. The life of the young girl has just left her, her mother is weeping. Jairus, with evident faith, has brought Jesus to the bedside, exactly as a father would the physician in whom he trusts. The room is suffused with a beautiful warm light, which concentrates itself on the bed of death, as if in harmony with Christ's words: "The child is not dead, but sleepeth." The poor Teacher is approaching the bedside about to say the words, *Talitha cumi*: "Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise."

There are periods in the history of men, periods in the history of nations, when they are in love with death, when to cease to be is the one great boon they desire. It was not so with Europe at the end of the Middle Ages. The world in fact was just born again, and never in human history had its life been fuller or more vigorous. The cessation of earthly existence was indeed a horror which needed the consolation of a great hope. This the popular mind found in the raising of Lazarus. That touching history, the most human account of a supernatural event ever penned, had their fullest belief. Jesus must have come to save men from the jaws of that horrible, insatiate grave. Yet here Rembrandt has instinctively shown that this hope in the popular mind was the most indefinite possible, that it bordered on the essence of poetry; the stretch of the soul into the invisible, the unknowable. The Christ, both in the little and the greater etchings of the "Raising of Lazarus," has the aspect of an enchanter, his figure has grown some cubits in height, he rises weird-like before the open tomb. At the edge of the grave he calls on the dead to arise, and forthwith a burst of light springs from the cold, damp shades of the tomb, the spectators fall back with amazement, and the dead, without joy, but with a look inexpressibly touching, is seen trying to free himself from the bonds of his prison. In the smaller etching, Jesus stands in the full light. In the larger his gigantic figure is made to seem more lofty by the fact that we see chiefly his back in deep shadow.

The real life which animates the great soul of this people's painter is seen in the fact that whereas he can be at times absolutely revolting, here in this picture of an open grave is nothing ghastly, nothing but what is attractive. Never did painter choose a sweeter or more romantic spot for a tomb. Death seems almost enchanting when one can find repose in circumstances so picturesque as those surrounding the grave of Lazarus; one almost sympathizes with the sacrifice it must have been to be called back to the pettiness of a mundane existence.

Rembrandt was certainly chary in illustrating the miracles. The fact that he was a contemporary of Spinoza, who was a native of Amsterdam, has been remarked, but it is impossible that that "pious, virtuous, God-intoxicated" philosopher, as Schleiermacher calls him,

could have had any share in forming Rembrandt's opinions, since the latter was already twenty-three years old, and established as a painter in Amsterdam, before Spinoza was born ; moreover the work, "Tractatus Theologico-politicus," which contains the dissertation on miracles, was not published until after Rembrandt's death. Nevertheless, intensely original as both were, Spinoza and Rembrandt were the product of their time. The thoughts which the former threw at last into a definite system must have long been in the air, and Rembrandt, who had Jewish friends like Ephraim Bonus and the learned rabbin, Manasseh-ben-Israel, could not fail to hear of the sensation made in the synagogue by the heresies of the young Spinoza. It is said that in illustrating a work for Manasseh, Rembrandt has represented God according to the conception of Spinoza.

Whatever Rembrandt thought concerning the miracles of the Gospel, there cannot be a doubt that he entered with his whole soul into their essential meaning. When he comes to tell the story of the Man who went about doing good, healing all that were oppressed of the devil, he works not only *con amore*, but it is clear that he has perceived the truth as no other painter ever has done. Rembrandt's Christ is, indeed, the Divine Man who emptied Himself of His original glory that He might take upon Himself the form of the most oppressed among mankind—the servile class. As M. de Ronchaud has said, the Christ of Rembrandt is the *Christus inglorius, ignobilis, inhonorabilis* of Tertullian. With him the semi-pagan ideal of the Italian Renaissance has given place to another ideal more truly Christian, in that it is made universal and more human, the ideal expressing what comes of the depths of the soul.

Kolloff, Charles Blanc, and the younger Coquerel, have all remarked on the singular knowledge Rembrandt shows of the text of the Scriptures. It is evident, says the latter, that he did not read the Bible according to the official, authoritative, dependent tradition, but in all liberty ; thus he avoided many errors common to painters, and of this he gives some interesting proofs. If we consider this in connection with the fact that Rembrandt was no lover of books, scarcely any being mentioned in the inventory of his goods when the great sale took place, have we not exactly the man educated according to the independent religious ideas springing from the working classes ? Such men are to be found constantly in the present day, men with a profound knowledge of Scripture, supposed by the conventionally cultured to be an individual peculiarity, whereas it is only a concentrated form of a learning widely spread among classes ignored by society. Rembrandt, notwithstanding his marriage with and admiration of Saskia Ulenburgh, was a man of the people, and returned more and more after her death into the society of the class from whence he had sprung.

If, then, he had such a true insight into the real character of the person and gospel of Jesus Christ, it was because he concentrated in his soul the thoughts of this heterodox people, who for two or three generations had refused clerical guidance, and had formed from their own reading of the Scriptures an ideal for themselves. How precious ought this ideal to be, emanating from the unsophisticated and disinterested masses, and expressed in a universal language by a man of the highest order of genius.

I have looked at the impressions of Rembrandt's rare and precious etching of "Christ Healing the Sick," to be seen in the print-room of the British Museum, and in the Cabinet des Estampes at Paris, and I can find no words more suitable to describe it than those of Charles Blanc, who has made so perfect and loving a study of Rembrandt's work :*—

"The theatre of the action is exactly what it ought to be. Jesus Christ is followed by a crowd of the poor, the unhappy, the sick, the afflicted. They enter with their Master into an old building, perhaps a ruin. Mingling with the multitude are some Pharisees, teachers of the law, more than one of whom appears half-converted.

"In the midst of the crowd Jesus preserves all the serenity of the just man, the earnestness and involuntary majesty of a God. His figure in the centre of the composition stands out powerfully against the dark wall; all the lines of the picture lead to it, every look, every action point to Him. His head is irradiated, but not with a dazzling light; it is, so to speak, entirely moral, an aureole of goodness and virtue. His features bear at once the stamp of reality and of nobility, for if Jesus comes from the ranks of the people, He also belongs to the race of David. That gentle countenance, that sad and tender look, those thin hands, that falling hair, belong to a man who suffers and loves.

"Around him press all the disinherited of the world: the lame, the leprous, the blind, the paralytic; and the dismal concert of lamentations and complaints coming up from the midst of the throng seems almost audible. Some implore with groans, others with hope. A woman, stretched on a mat, makes an effort to touch the feet of Jesus, whilst her mother and sister intercede for her; a paralytic has been brought on a sort of a wheelbarrow; he waits the divine look which is to give him motion and life; a robust man points out to the Lord his aged father, who, with the help of his wife, is trying to drag himself, but has scarcely power left either to move or to hope.

"The most fervent believers are those who are nearest the person of Christ; in the degree the groups are removed from the centre of the composition the manifestations of faith become less vivid. What delicacy and what truth in these different shades of faith; language can scarcely render them! however the artist makes them felt.

"Look at the old woman with her lean arms and wrinkled hands, who with all her soul implores the Master to cure her daughter lying at His feet. Mark how differently faith displays itself in the men and in the women, in the old people and in the children; look at that mother who carries an infant in her arms; her little son, a lad of ten years, pulling her by the dress, and showing her the Christ, seems to say, 'There is the Man who will make baby well.'

"But the artist has not forgotten the men in easy circumstances who have

* "L'Œuvre de Rembrandt reproduit par la photographie," in folio, 1862-7.

come through sympathy or curiosity. In the foreground stands a corpulent Pharisee, his hands behind his back, looking contemptuously at the credulous crowd of miserable wretches who follow the Christ; while on a sort of gallery on the ruins a group of other Pharisees are discussing the work of the great Teacher, but the drawing here is but slightly put in, as if the artist wished to reserve all the delicacies of his clare-obscure, all the varieties of tone, all the charm of his subterranean light, for the people to whom alone he is attracted—the poor."

From healing to preaching, from showing forth the Kingdom of Heaven in works to showing it forth in words—this Rembrandt has done in another etching, called "Jesus Preaching to the People."

The scene appears to be taking place in the granary of some inn. The preacher stands on what seems to be the mill-stone. His benign and earnest countenance is the same as that seen in the former picture, and here again all leads to him. Every face in the crowd tells its own tale, and he who chooses to study them might easily imagine the story. A woman, evidently one of those unhappy ones whose touch the Pharisee thought polluting, is crouching at the feet of the Saviour; near her, leaning against the stone, his face agonized, is a poor wretch, suffering the intolerable conviction of sin; close to him, with her back to the spectator, but meekly squatting on the ground, sits a well-dressed mother, her babe in her arms; an elderly man, drawn as by some fascination, has left his seat, and is approaching nearer and nearer to the preacher; on the bench against the wall sits a row of men, in each of whom conviction reveals itself. The old man in the foreground preserves a certain outward calm, but the next is evidently afraid that in a few moments his life of hypocrisy will be revealed, and he and all his neighbours will know him to be what he really is; beside him, in deep dejection, sits a man with a shadow over his face. All these are hearers who listen for themselves, but opposite are the critics and the curious. Just in front of the preacher, a clever, sharp, little man balances himself on the stone, a man of the people, but evidently a theologian, who has come to consider the doctrine of the new teacher. Another behind, with a very intelligent head, a thinker, his hands crossed, his thin lips compressed, meditates. Then come men clad in rich apparel, one alone appears to have any sympathy; on the faces of the others is written stolid wonder or bloated pride, or learned and obstinate doubt, or bitter unbelief. Behind this group a monk-like looking figure in the dark seems watching for words that he may accuse the preacher of heresy and sedition.

The light in this picture falls from Jesus on to the ground spot where he is standing in full blaze, as if Rembrandt had thought of the words: "I will make the place of my feet glorious."

What a reminiscence was this! How many among the so-called Rembrandt represented had blessed God that they had seen

day, when some wandering evangelist, a heretic in the sight of the reverend seignors, lay and cleric, had come to their city or bourg, and there in the yard of an inn had proclaimed the glad tidings of the Kingdom of Heaven, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.

What were the topics in the teaching of Jesus on which Rembrandt chose to dwell? Just such as might be expected from a man of his sympathies.

The Unmerciful Servant, the Labourers in the Vineyard, the Good Samaritan, and the Prodigal Son: these are the parables that seem most to have attracted him. The first is the subject of a painting in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace. The second has been painted at least twice. In one the scene takes place in a merchant's warehouse in Amsterdam; bales of goods are lying about, and the porters are bringing in others. Some workmen approach the master, who sits in a recess of the warehouse, and appear reverentially expostulating with him. In the other the figures are alone seen. With half-closed eyes, cruel, hard face, the employer, grasping tight hold of his purse, refuses even to look at the labourer, who, in a deprecating manner, lifts his hat and humbly asks for justice. "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" he says, with overwhelming logic. The beaten hind departs, not daring to reply to the insult—"Is thine eye evil because mine is good?"—but treasuring up his wrath against the day of wrath.

Of the Good Samaritan, a fine painting exists in the Louvre, and a fine etching may be seen in collections, but the painting has the pre-eminence in intensity of feeling. The moment chosen in both is the same—the arrival of the Samaritan with his charge at the inn.

It is evening: the sun has just set, and its last rays light up the figure of the Samaritan, who has ascended the steps of the inn, and is arranging with the hostess. Two servants have assisted the sufferer from off his horse, one holds him under the arms, while the other, a young lad, supports his legs. The wounded man folds his hands helplessly on his breast, and seems to pant for breath. A bandage on his head, and blood on his cheek and neck, tell the story of his injuries. The stable boy stands on tiptoe to look over the horse; some people are at the windows of the inn watching; the horses nibble the straw at a manger in the yard. A glow of benevolent light pervades the picture, one of those harmonies in colour and subject sought always by the painter who feels the poetry of his work, but never displayed with more genius than in Rembrandt.

Another favourite subject was the Prodigal Son. One etching gives a most original conception of the scene of his return to his father's house. Instead of the young man having the look of a

dissipated youth of high family, he has a truly animal visage. It has been among the boorish loons and coarse wenches we see in Jan Steen's "Flemish Fête," or Rubens' "Kermesse," that this man has wasted all his living. He has spent his days card-playing, as Ostade represents the idle, drunken Haarlemers; he has sunk to scenes low as those in which Brauer revelled,—in fact, that unhappy painter has been his type; but, not having his genius, he has been pushed from one level down to another, until he finds himself starving amongst the swine. But what repentance is now seen in that wild and disordered visage, what loving trust in the way in which he throws himself into his father's arms! And the interest intensifies as we perceive the face is Rembrandt's own. Before conceiving this wondrous touch of Nature, the artist has lived it all out in his own soul. Nor can the intense pity displayed by the father be forgotten. There is no question here of conditions, no thought of outraged dignity or justice. The father forgets himself and all else in the joy of welcoming home again his lost son. Others represent justice: a Pharisee in one case, the scowling elder son in another; but the father asks no terms; to see his son returning is enough; he does not even wait for his confession, but, while he is *yet afar off*, he is moved with compassion, runs and falls on his neck, and kisses him. Is not this the very genius of the Gospel?

Two or three scenes in the life of our Lord specially pleased our painter, and show the tone of his mind and that of the people he represented.

One is the story of the "Woman Taken in Adultery," the painting of which may be seen at the National Gallery. Poussin, who has entered so profoundly into the inner thought of this scene, depicts it as taking place in the open air; Rembrandt, as usual, truer to the text, represents it as occurring in the Temple. And this enables him to give a setting to the subject which greatly increases its intensity of feeling. Notwithstanding his Anabaptist leanings, no painter ever felt more powerfully the mystic enchantments of an old Catholic cathedral. In an upper part of the picture the high priest, seated on his throne, appears to be performing the daily duties of his office. This secondary scene, mysterious from its distance, bathed in glowing but subdued light, appealing to a delicious form of the religious sentiment, but leaving no moral impression, forms a striking background to the real struggle with human corruption: the awakening and purification of dead or diseased consciences. The height of the figure of Jesus proclaims Him the source of moral elevation. He is surrounded by a group of respectable elders and religious teachers, in whose faces is pictured every form of the sin of which they accuse the woman they have dragged into the presence of the Son of Man. The convicting word has not been hinted in

some learned jargon, but written in their mother-tongue, in plain, straightforward Dutch.

A similar subject—"Jesus Talking with the Woman of Samaria"—is repeated in more than one etching, and at different stages of the story. In one picture we have the woman just arrived at the well. Jesus has risen, and, with a look searching but tender, has made her feel that she has to do with one who knows all about her. Her attitude is that of a detected child; there is obstinacy in the position, but the dropped head shows shame has already begun to work. In the next Jesus is sitting on the well, regarding the woman with a look in which penetration and pity are marvellously blended. This head of Jesus, if it alone existed, would be sufficient to show that Rembrandt could, if he would, produce countenances full of refinement and intellectual beauty. Though no bigger than a four-penny piece, this head is the most beautiful idealization of the face of the Saviour I remember to have seen.

From Jesus dealing with such unhappy perversions of domestic life to "Jesus Blessing Little Children" requires no bound of the imagination. It is a natural and harmonious thought that he who dealt so truly and tenderly with the one should be exactly the man to say, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

How differently does Rembrandt conceive this scene from the sentimental or pietistic representations elsewhere to be found! Compare it with the way Overbeck has treated the subject, and you see two different religions—one which springs spontaneous from the heart of the people, the other which proposes, by a course of spiritual drill, to form human beings into saints. In Overbeck's picture the children are kneeling in an adoring circle round the figure of the Saviour, who is modelled from some beautiful statue in a church. In an outer circle stand the parents and the disciples, grouped with academic exactness. There is still a touch or two of Nature; all are not yet perfect little soldiers of Christ; but what a mathematical idea of life! Behold its results in Fourierism and Anarchism.

Between Overbeck's and Rembrandt's thought there is the difference of a whole world. Jesus, left alone by His disciples, has been fairly captured by a number of warmhearted people, sure that their children will be benefited by the good Rabbin's blessing. He has laid his friendly hand on the head of a little one, whose arms he gently grasps with the other; the little thing, turning away with her finger in her mouth, looks half inclined to cry, but she feels her mother's hand on her shoulder, and submits. Meanwhile, a father is lifting a still younger child over the heads of those nearest to Jesus. Its little arms hang down, and it looks the picture of helpless innocency. A woman just beneath looks up with amused

interest at the little one, and the note in every face is that of parental satisfaction. The Saviour Himself appears delighted, and manifests a tender and concentrated interest in the little one he is blessing. This picture is also in the National Gallery. Never has the Christ been so thoroughly depicted as the poor, tender-hearted man. The most absolute poverty is written in every line of the face, in the hair, and in the great rough hands and feet.

But though Rembrandt loved to dwell on the merciful side of the Divine character, he did not forget that there was another. The subject of "Christ Cleansing the Temple" must have been dear to the hearts of all the religious reformers of the sixteenth century. Rembrandt, indeed, has here gone to his great predecessor, Albert Durer, for his principal figure. One in spirit with that devoted champion of Luther and the Reformation, Rembrandt, who was himself so full of imagination, showed, in so doing, that what he sought first of all was the truest and best conception of his subject.

Rembrandt, who in purely artistic power is admitted to stand in the first rank, certainly did not believe in the idea of "Art for art's sake." To express the soul of his subject was his first and constant thought. His was the genius of the dramatist. He shows it in his singular method of producing a picture. Thus having sketched on a canvas John the Baptist preaching (without one of the traditional accessories), he had extra pieces of canvas sewn on to right and left of the sketch, in order that he might put in the fresh groups that kept presenting themselves to his imagination, the crowd in the end becoming so great that the picture was painted on no less than nine pieces of canvas.

III.

How many artists have attempted to depict the Passion of our Lord! But with what results? How few are the pictures of the old or new masters which have ever touched our hearts! We may think the drawing fine, the colouring magnificent, and the *tout ensemble* superb, but have they awakened a shadow of affection for Him to whose glory they have been made? If, then, such works fail in their principal object, all their marvellous ability in form and colouring will not save them from final condemnation.

How different is the case with Rembrandt; for him the moral intention is the primary object; art is only the means. When he comes to treat this great subject, he follows it with a spirit as sympathetic as the disciples themselves. But at the very outset we are struck with an omission which shows from how utterly different a standpoint he viewed it from that of the great artists of the Renaissance.

Lionardo da Vinci, Poussin, and Philippe de Champaigne have all left masterpieces representing the Last Supper. It seems just the

scene for the brush or etching-needle of Rembrandt. Who could have better expressed the emotion, the solemn sadness, the affecting farewell? who would have felt more at home in that mystic clare-obscure which would have so harmonized with the scene? Why should he have omitted so great an opportunity for exhibiting his peculiar power? It could not be that the man who dared attempt again and again the various scenes on Calvary felt himself unequal to the task so much more within the scope of human genius. Moreover, he had thought about it, for a drawing exists in which he has carefully copied Lionardo's famous picture, only allowing himself the liberty of putting in one window at the back of the room instead of three, and in concentrating still more the light on the head of the principal figure. Whence, then, this remarkable omission, if it were not an instinct that this solemn parting had been made the origin of the central superstition which for ages had held the souls of men in bondage?

For Rembrandt, then, the Passion commences with the Agony in Gethsemane. In a small etching he represents the Saviour fainting beneath the mental anguish through which he is passing, but at the moment he would have fallen to the ground, an angel has caught him in his arms, and Jesus is recovering from what would otherwise have been a swoon.

There is a painting of Peter's denial, and another of his repentance. There is a small etching of Judas casting down the blood-money in the Treasury, and paintings of Jesus scourged and crowned with thorns; also a large etching of the "Presentation to the People," in which Rembrandt displays his wonderful knowledge of the most miserable part of the population,—the ragamuffin crowd which gathers at the least excitement. This etching ought strictly to be called the "Ecce Homo," but that name is reserved in collections for the grandest and most magnificent of all Rembrandt's works, but which, however, would be more rightly named, "Jesus Presented to the People."

The scene is some ancient Continental city. There is a portion of an old palace of justice, with a bridge flying across a deep street, through which the populace are surging. It is a gloomy day; hoarse cries and discordant hubbub fill the air. At the top of the steps leading to the palace the main group are gathered. Pilate, wearing a rich robe and a curious turban, stands in a deprecating attitude, vacillation written in every feature and every limb. On the stairs above him, the Christ has just been led out arrayed in purple and crowned with thorns. Never surely has there been a truer representation of the suffering Son of Man. It is no remote far-off being, high above his fellows by asceticism, intelligence, pride, or aristocratic dignity. Jesus is a man in the truest sense of the

word, a man capable of all that is possible to one that has been tempted in all points, yet without sin. The Christ here is indeed one who shares our flesh and blood, for such palpitating flesh was never before or since produced in black and white. He does not look down on the crowd with the air of a hero or a martyr, but offering up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, to Him who is able if He will to save him from death. The dark faces and cruel weapons which form a frame to the spotless figure on which the principal light falls are wonderfully managed to give the utmost effect by contrast. The Son of Man is in charge of the chief jailor, a relentless-looking personage, and is guarded by two or three soldiers; the one who stands immediately to his left grins demoniacally as he relates, with ludicrous action, the insults to which they have just subjected the King of the Jews. However, another of the band seems already disgusted with the part he is playing, and meditates with a kind of sad rage on its iniquity.

But the group of priests and Pharisees immediately below Jesus contrast even more powerfully with the innocent victim. A well-fed worldly priest, arrayed in full pontificals, lawn sleeves, and gold-chased cope, is uttering the words: "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend; whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." Next to him a Pharisee, the idealization of fanaticism, cries, with vehement action: "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God." Last of all, and immediately under the Christ, a brutal bigot, unable to get the attention of the governor, rudely drags at his robe, while he points with his thumb to Jesus, bellowing forth the cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" The governor, distracted and alarmed, in one breath avows his innocence of the blood of this righteous man, in another gives sentence that what they ask for should be done.

Behind the high priest a man with slippery face is communicating the fact to the crowd, who are crying hoarsely, "Crucify him! crucify him!" A head of exceptional cruelty rises from the rabble, as it were its representative, casting a look of hatred on the Christ; on either side of him are two faces, one is shouting in mere sport, of the other little is seen but the upturned eye full of awe at the sight of this divine humanity overwhelmed with atrocious injuries. A group immediately in the foreground represents all the various elements of the crowd. One is proving to three men that Jesus ought to be crucified, the first doubts its justice, the second is half convinced, the third is indifferent, but would not have it otherwise, since the excitement of such scenes sends a thrill of excitement through his dull frame. On a gallery above we see a crowd of faces, among whom Rembrandt appears again as a soldier with an awful instrument of torture in his hand.

But it is not simply the detail of the picture, but its *tout ensemble*, which is so striking. Nothing better shows Rembrandt's masterly realization of the scene than that, though it is typical of so many which have taken place throughout the history of the world, he has yet given it a unique character, inasmuch as it is impossible to regard the sufferer as a martyr for religion or politics, or for any idea or cause whatsoever. The sufferer is the martyr of Humanity; he dies because he is the only true man in that howling throng of cruelty and weakness.

Thus priests and people have their way, and in a series of pictures, or sometimes on the same plate, Rembrandt has given every stage in the history.

In one picture we have the moment when they are actually raising the cross to which the victim has already been attached. Nothing can well exceed the anguish of the suffering depicted, the beginning of the torture which is to end in death. Among the men who are actually engaged in raising the cross of Calvary is Rembrandt himself, and no one works more energetically;—touching acknowledgment by the young artist of his own sinfulness and his own share in the sacrifice for the sin of the world.* Very near to him among the foremost of those who have come to see justice done on the blasphemer who has dared to call himself the Son of God and to lead souls to perdition, stands a Pharisee, in the guise of a Lutheran or Calvinist divine. Perhaps if we knew all the important personages of the day, we should be able to recognize in this man the portrait of some famous Gomarist of Amsterdam.

Coming to the pictures of the "Crucifixion," we will speak first of the smaller etchings. In one, Jesus hangs on a cross very little above the ground; a group are gathered round him, his mother lies fainting at his feet, he looks with suffering pity upon her. In the distance are the walls of a town, it might be some place in Holland; indeed, with the addition of a few faggots round the feet, it would represent the death of some poor Anabaptist.

The most important of the etchings representing the Crucifixion is the "Three Crosses." We cannot do better than avail ourselves of Charles Blanc's description:—

"By one of those plays of clare-obscure, familiar to the genius of Rembrandt, he idealizes the ignominious spectacle of the gibbet by causing a supernatural light to fall on it. At first it is only the light of a dull day that renders visible the victims; all but a crowd of people, who press before the Roman cavalry, and the group around Simon the Cyrenian, is unfinished, and not yet worked out. The remainder of the picture is only a touch of genius, in which, by a few traits and strokes, the innermost soul of the subject is expressed.

"Without modelling, with some shades, and by a simple outline, put in as rapidly as the heart beats, Rembrandt expresses the emotion of the different

* Rembrandt executed this picture in 1633, being then about twenty-six years of age.

actors in this great drama. The swoon of Mary, the grief of the apostles, the tenderness of St. John, who embraces the Cross, ready to receive the last sigh of his master; the fright of the Pharisees, who fly trembling; the everlasting brutality of the soldiers, and, perhaps, the remorse of the traitor Judas, who prostrates himself on the earth, repentant and despairing.

"On the same plate Rembrandt goes on working in order that he may represent the full accomplishment of the sacrifice, the moment when Jesus, uttering a great cry, the cry of death, said 'It is finished.' The sun is eclipsed, the earth is covered with confusion and obscurity, the veil of the Temple is rent in twain, the rocks break, the tombs open. And, as a matter of fact, in the last state of the plate the artist has entirely changed his figures. The group around the Cyrenian has disappeared, some horses are rearing, a rider is overturned. The unrepentant thief is covered with a sinister shadow; a close rain is falling from the black clouds on this scene of iniquity, *nubes pluant justum*; and the eye can now only see the confused image of one of the Pharisees struck with terror, the silhouette of the executioners, the happy thief who has received the first fruits of the blood of Jesus Christ, and, at last, the form of the Just One who devotes himself for Humanity."

Many persons have perhaps seen prints of the picture barbarously called "The Great Descent from the Cross," and have been shocked by the revolting character of the figure of the Crucified. But let them study it well, and especially in connection with the whole of Rembrandt's conception of the sacrifice of the Son of Man; let them above all bear in mind the thought that I have here tried to bring out, that Rembrandt was striving to depict the true Gospel—the Gospel to the Poor and Suffering—and they will see that nothing in the world could be more touching than the abjectness of the ignominy to which the Son of Man has been reduced.

On the cross, and in the midst of his agony, Jesus applied to himself the words of the twenty-second Psalm: "I am a worm, and no man, . . . I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint. My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death."

What increases the intensity of the feeling arising from the utterly helpless and ignominious manner in which the poor corpse falls, is to see the intense and reverent love and gentle carefulness with which the disciples are taking it down. This is all the more striking, since it is done by poor men who have no other appliance but a couple of ladders. In another plate, the corpse has been laid on the ground at the feet of the Mother, who is supported by sympathetic friends.

But the representation of this scene in which the genius of Rembrandt comes out most characteristically, is the one called "The Descent from the Cross by Torchlight." It is an intensely dark night, and only the lower portion of the Cross is seen on the brow of a hill; the body has been lowered into a shroud, and a man below is preparing a bier to receive it. A brilliant light falls on the principal group, and the weird effect of the scene is enhanced by a white hand held up in the thick obscurity on which the light reflects.

This sad work has taken time, and the cold, grey dawn has come. With heavy hearts the mourners raise the bier, that they may carry its burden to the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. We see them coming slowly round the rock, in which is the grave, where no man had yet been laid. How terrible is the rigidity of death! It is no question that life has for ever gone.

We enter, with the women and the disciples, into the sepulchre. It is a great cave, and the light is dispersed over the interior; but as the body descends a gradual withdrawal of light takes place. This is obtained by different proofs being taken at five successive stages of the plate, in each of which the darkness becomes more intense. At last all is in obscurity; the corpse and the mourners are scarcely seen; the torches are extinct; the night of the tomb has commenced. "Nothing remains but a far-off reflection, dull, nearly invisible, of something which was light, a vague souvenir of something which was life."*

The spirit of suffering and humiliation which Rembrandt represented manifests itself in the fact that he was far less successful with scenes like those of the Resurrection and Ascension than with those that relate to the life and death of our Lord. There is an unreality, not to say a want of imagination, in his rendering of these two subjects, which makes it evident he did not feel them.

When we remember how wonderfully he has portrayed the Annunciation to the Shepherds and the Resurrection of Lazarus, it cannot be said there was any reason in his genius why he should not have produced pictures of these subjects interesting as those of the Passion. It must therefore have been from the fact that the triumphant, victorious note was entirely wanting in the religion which he represented. That religion had been defeated, and had never got beyond the stage of persecution and martyrdom.

Thus in all the events connected with the forty days, the one in which Rembrandt feels most interest is the occasion when two poor men, lost in dismay at the end of all their hopes, are filled with joyful amazement by the sudden appearance of the Master in whom they had trusted. Rembrandt has poured out his whole soul in his efforts to depict the Supper at Emmaus.

"Jesus Made Known in Breaking of Bread" is the subject of the painting now at the Louvre.

In this affecting picture, the two things that strike us most are the extreme poverty of the actors, and the naturalistic conception the painter has of the Resurrection body of Jesus. The risen Christ and the two disciples are represented as *very* poor men, the table being spread in the humblest manner. But there is the strongest possible contrast between the visage of Christ and that of the

* Charles Blanc.

healthy old man who sits transfixed with astonishment as the conviction suddenly dawns, "It is the Lord." For the Christ looks like one who has lately passed through great physical suffering. He is plainly a being who is far more soul than body, and whom you might expect in a moment to prove but a vision. He seems to see what no one else sees. He has exactly the look of one of those men or women whom you are compelled to love because they are so near to God.

In a second picture, where Jesus is departing, Rembrandt does not appear to have been so successful; but in a final one, which is only an etching, the artist has surpassed himself. He has produced in a little picture of two or three inches a scene upon which the eye is never tired of gazing, the wonderful truth of expression and effect is so amazing.

The moment illustrated is that immediately after Jesus has vanished. The apartment is very small, and the table is pushed up almost close to the window, which is closed with a heavy shutter and bolted. The disciple on the further side has risen in astonishment; terror is almost apparent on that good and simple face at so supernatural a circumstance; a strong light from the candle on the table casts a powerful glare on his features, and casts a great, weird, black shadow on the wall. The disciple who is in front of the table turns, with equal surprise, towards the spot where the guest was the moment before; his face is traced in vivid outline by the light of the candle immediately behind. But the most eloquent point in the picture—its subject, the central fact which engages alike the attention of the spectator and of the disciples—is the empty chair; it seems, in some sense, to be itself endowed with life; its form, colour, and position speak to the imagination and to the heart.

Thus, nothing is more manifest in the works of Rembrandt—the works of a whole life—than this: that to him the Gospel of Jesus Christ was the Gospel of the Poor. From the moment he first depicts the babe lying in the stall of an ox, among the dark and gloomy shadows of a stable, to the hour when, still arrayed in the homely garments of the poor, he alternately consorts with angels and with men who wear patched clothes and clouted shoes, he represents Jesus as the Poor Man, the companion of the suffering children of want. He is the Man who goes about doing good, and has nowhere to lay his head. It is this brotherhood in poverty which he loves most to display in the Saviour's character. Doubtless he misses some of its grander features; but if he gives only a side of the Gospel it is an all-important one, since it is the conception of the Poor and Suffering of the true character of the Saviour of the World.

The outbursts which have most alarmed Europe,—Lollardism, the Jacquerie, Peasant Revolts, Anabaptism, the Camisard Insurrection,

the French Revolution, the Commune,—have been nothing so much as terrible screams from a Humanity crushed and hunted into a corner.

If the movements which ended in these outbreaks be studied, they will be found one and all to have been efforts on the part of the People to realize exactly the same thoughts as those expressed in the Sermon on the Mount. The similarity of their objects in every country and all ages, and their likeness to those of Jesus Christ, is a wonderful testimony to the truth that the Gospel of Jesus Christ exactly corresponds to the wants of Humanity.

In that terrible edict by which the Imperial authority in the reign of Charles V. sought to stamp out Anabaptism by rendering every man, woman, or child suspected of it an outlaw, liable to death, there is a striking proof of the fact that its doctrine was fundamentally the cry of the oppressed in every age:—"We learn daily that, notwithstanding our warnings and commands, the sect of the Anabaptists, interdicted and condemned *already many centuries past*, augments day by day and gains continually in power and in influence." For this universal Reign of Justice, after which the common people everywhere so persistently aspire, always appears to the governing classes in a light either ridiculous or terrifying. As long as it is an ideal, they mock it as impracticable; directly it seeks to realize itself in acts, they crush it as social anarchy. Thus the people are driven mad, and their cause becomes stained with outrages which every one shudders to think of, and those who shared in them, perhaps, most of all.

And so, too, in the minds of many who sincerely love justice, but who set an undue value on accepted notions of truth and the established order of society, the mountain of prejudice against the popular ideal of Christ's doctrine rises higher from age to age.

Perhaps a view of it through the softened medium of the mind of a man of genius and a great painter and humourist may tempt such persons to throw aside prejudice and to study for themselves the thought of the common people in all ages.

May this short paper then prove like the tree Moses was instructed to throw into the bitter waters of Marah,—may it especially lead those who have at heart the religious welfare of the people, to see that the Gospel they are asking for is one in harmony with their ideal of a Universal Reign of Justice—the doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount.

RICHARD HEATH.

CONSEILS DE PRUD'HOMMES.

IN almost all the chief towns of France there are special tribunals—called *Conseils de Prud'hommes*—for the settlement of differences between masters and workmen, and between workmen among themselves, in matters relating to trade. The meaning of the phrase is, a board or council of wise and experienced men. Its actual working can best be explained by an illustrative instance, such as may be found on almost any day in one of the manufacturing or industrial towns. The particular illustration is taken from a court held at the Tribunal of Commerce, opposite the Palace of Justice, in Paris. Entering the middle door and proceeding upstairs, we pass a long corridor containing a stuffed bench for the witnesses, a chair, and a table furnished with the usual inkstand and saucer of pounce, at which the office messenger is to sit and pretend to write while awaiting the bell-ringing from any of the rooms. Opening out of this corridor are doors labelled, "Cabinet of the Secretary," "Cabinet of Monsieur the President," "Hall of Conciliation," and so forth. The hall, which is rather a low room for its size of 30 feet long by 16 feet broad, is lighted by two windows, and is divided by a bar into two unequal parts. Within the bar, and between the two windows, there is a small table, at which sit the President for the day and another member of the council. At the right hand of the President is the secretary, at a second table. The President, who is a master manufacturer, is a tall, stout, well-made man, about sixty years of age, his closely shaven face and short grizzly hair showing an intellectual head and a firm mouth. His companion on the bench is a working-man about forty years old, with long black hair and thick moustache, worn without whiskers or beard. What his oval face loses in symmetry is gained in force by the projection of his temples. He seems to be in perfect accord with

the other member of the council, and it is amusing to observe the hearty and energetic way in which, while the President, for the sake of appearances, holds a large sheet of paper before them, they lay their heads together and whisper, gesticulating the while, as is the universal custom with Frenchmen. Both councillors wear badges of office, consisting of a black ribbon round the neck, from which hangs an oval silver plate of some three inches in depth, with about a dozen radiating points, each tipped with a silver dot.

Outside the bar, one at each end, sit a policeman and the office messenger; or, rather, they are supposed to be sitting, but the latter is always bustling about with fussy importance. There are half a dozen benches, covered with green cloth, to accommodate the people waiting to be "conciliated." One thing to be remarked is the perfect verbal courtesy that marks the proceedings, just such as a stranger observes in the streets, in the shops, and in public vehicles. The workman is styled "Monsieur" in the same way as the master, or the "patron," as the latter is always described in the proceedings. When only one party to a case is present, it is adjourned for the issuing of a more formal citation; when both are absent the case is considered as settled. One case will suffice to show the general nature of the proceedings. It was brought by Monsieur Adolph against his late "patron," Monsieur Coutray. The former had come just as he was used to attire himself for work. The latter had arrayed himself, or had been arrayed by other hands, in all his glory. He had brought with him Madame Coutray, or she had brought him. At first it did not clearly appear which was the case, but ere long it was evident who was the real "patron." The office messenger, whose foresight and personal honour could not but be admired, succeeded in persuading Madame to sit near him, and he at once constituted himself her controller, but with varying degrees of success as the case went on. The complainant took his place on the President's right hand side of the bar, and the respondent on the opposite side. The President held a paper containing a summary of the demand, and looking at this he asked the complainant what he wanted. Whereupon Monsieur Adolph, although with none of the usual volubility of French workmen, said:—

"I want to be paid a week's money, because Monsieur Coutray showed me to the door without notice."

"Well, Monsieur Coutray," asked the President, "what say you to that?"

"Monsieur le President," began he, fluently, "this is not a man to my liking. He is not a serious man. I often found him smoking in a department of the factory where we keep straw, and I spoke to him strongly about it. One Saturday evening I asked him to carry a box to a client's, but he refused, and told me I might carry it myself. So I told him he must go, as I did not want him any longer, and that

after the following Saturday there would be no room for him in the factory. On the Sunday morning he came to me and said that his wife had no bread for the children, and he prayed me to take him back. I told him he might come for a few days, so that he might have a chance to find something else. I did this, sir, in charity," added Monsieur Coutray, raising his voice, and gracefully placing a hand on his capacious and snowy shirt-front. "On Monday I sent him to one of my best clients, and he ought to have gone again in the afternoon. But he was absent at two o'clock, at three, at four; and one found him in a doorway, asleep, drunk, and—smoking his pipe."

Monsieur Coutray paused, to allow this great enormity duly to impress the court, although he did not appear to see the difficulty of his late workman smoking while asleep.

Then he resumed:—

"So on the Saturday night I paid him, and again dismissed him!"

"Well, Monsieur Adolph, is that true?"

"No, Monsieur President; I was neither found in a doorway, nor drunk, nor asleep. As for my pipe, is it that one may not smoke his pipe while walking on the street to go to one's work? The patron once spoke to me about my pipe, and once only, and I immediately put it in my pocket. And on the Saturday night when he asked me to carry the box it was already seven o'clock, and I said it was too late to go so far, and that it was not my work to carry boxes. But I did not insult Monsieur Coutray. When I went again it was not for a few days. And on the Monday, on the Boulevard, he spoke to me at the end of the day, but said nothing of my being asleep, or drunk, or of my pipe; and yet on the Saturday he gave me my money, and told me to go away."

Adolph spoke with hesitancy, and tried to aid his tongue by waving his long arms. It transpired that he was from Alsace, which was the reason why he was not so voluble. Monsieur Coutray was with difficulty restrained from interrupting him repeatedly; and his better half all the time gave great trouble to the officer who was trying to keep her quiet.

"Monsieur le President," at length said the patron, "he came to me on Sunday, weeping. In charity" (again the graceful action on the shirt-front), "I told him to go to his work. He fails me at one of my best clients. He prefers his pipe to my interests. He is not a serious man, such as I love," and so on in an ascending key.

The President cross-examined both parties. He ascertained that the custom of the trade, and of Monsieur Coutray's shop, was to give a week's notice or a week's pay to the workmen on dismissal. Then he said,—

"Monsieur Coutray, if when you found this man smoking in a dangerous place, or when you found him, as alleged, drunk instead of

being at his work, you had dismissed him, and he had then brought you here we should have said that you had reason for the dismissal. But seeing that you for a time overlooked these faults, if they occurred, and seeing that it is your custom to give a week's notice, the question before us depends on what passed on the Sunday, when you told Monsieur Adolph that he might come again. Did you then tell him plainly that it was for a few days only, and that he was not to require a week's notice?"

"Monsieur le President, he came to me weeping; and in charity," — but the usual graceful action was this time interrupted by the President saying rather sharply, —

"Pardon, Monsieur Coutray, answer me categorically. Did you tell him that he must not require notice?"

"Monsieur le President," said the bewildered man, who had been perpetually casting furtive glances at his wife, "he came to me weeping, and I —"

But the President ceased to pay any attention; and putting up his sheet of paper, he leaned towards the other member of the court. They whispered together, while Monsieur Coutray was letting off his speech again, and while Madame was being calmed and pacified by the office messenger. In about two minutes the President said, —

"The Court has heard both parties, and considered the evidence, and is of opinion that Monsieur Coutray should pay Monsieur Adolph one week's wages, — say, thirty-six francs, and for the two letters of the Court sixty centimes. Do you accept this decision, Monsieur Coutray?"

"But, Monsieur le President, I reclaim one and a half day's wages for the time he did not work," said Coutray, anxious to pull something out of the fire, "when he was drunk and smoking."

"For the drinking I do not know," said the President, "but certainly he did not work one day, so we will say thirty francs sixty centimes."

Monsieur Coutray fumbled in his pockets, as if to find the money, which was not there but in Madame's keeping. He meekly received it from her and placed it on the table. Madame, whose face had suddenly blanched, regained her natural colour and retired, followed by her husband, to the evident relief of the office messenger. Adolph discreetly took a long time to count his money and pay over the sixpence of costs. Then he forgot his cap, and did not remember it, or could not find it, until Madame had ample time to descend the stairs and get part of her way homeward.

With all the amusement afforded by watching this case and others that arose, with the main action and the byplay of incidents in the various scenes, it could not but be acknowledged that justice had been fairly rendered. In this particular case Adolph was doubt-

less a disagreeable man, yet he was entitled to the rights which the custom of his trade conceded, and which the sympathy of the master and his kindness did not take away. Nowhere in England could such substantial justice have been obtained in a quarter of an hour and at a cost of only sixpence. The President was evidently not only an intelligent man, but skilled and painstaking in his office. His patience in balancing the statement of each of the parties in the opening proceedings, his ready and just appreciation of the chief points in each case, his method of eliciting information, and the clearness with which he made the parties feel that the main question was really involved in the different points, were very striking.

A similar description might be given of the other *Conseils de Prud'hommes* throughout France. The functions of these tribunals resemble, and may be said to replace, those exercised before the Revolution of 1789 by the wardens and syndics of the various trade corporations. Soon after their abolition a law was passed, in 1790, providing for the settlement of trade disputes by appointing "*prud'hommes*," or men of wisdom and discretion, as assessors to the justices of the peace. At Lyons, where silk and other staple manufactures are largely carried on, something like the old jurisdiction survived, under the name of the "*Common Tribunal*;" and upon this was modelled the first "*Conseil de Prud'hommes*," which was formed by decree in 1806. This decree contained provisions enabling the plan to be extended to all other manufacturing and industrial towns. By later decrees the plan was made still more general, and additional rules were framed. Under these various provisions the *Conseils de Prud'hommes* acted until the Revolution of 1848, which gave a preponderance of power to the workmen, who passed a decree completely changing the constitution and working of the Councils, and giving in them the chief influence to labour, on the alleged ground that hitherto employers had enjoyed too much power. For five years the new arrangement lasted, but it did not work satisfactorily. Instead of smoothing the relations between capital and labour, it raised new elements of strife, and this to such an extent that in some towns the Councils had to be dissolved, owing to the disputes and litigation which were caused. Complaints arose on all sides of the working of the new method, and in 1853 another law was promulgated, under which these courts now act. Account was taken of the growing intelligence and the improved condition of the working-men, and of the complaints made as to the inequality of their position under the law of 1810; and the constitution of the Councils was so modified as to ensure the perfect equality of employers and employed.

Under this law, when it is proposed to form a *Conseil de Prud'hommes*, the initiative must be taken by the local authorities of the

place concerned. First of all, a memorial is sent to the Minister of Commerce, setting forth the deliberations of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Consultative Chamber of Arts and Manufactures, showing the need for establishing a Conseil de Prud'hommes, with a vote of the Municipality confirming the need and promising to provide the requisite expenses. In an appended table is set forth the trades subject to the proposed jurisdiction, divided into classes, with the number of Prud'hommes to be elected for each. On receipt of these documents, the Minister of Commerce decides whether a Council shall be formed; and if so, a decree is issued setting forth the number of members of which it is to be composed, being not fewer than six, exclusive of the president and vice-president. The Minister also decides whether for the various trades set forth in the memorial there shall be several Councils or only one. In large towns this sometimes leads to inconvenience, and even to failure of justice, the official tendency being to restrict the number of Councils. For example, Paris has but four, with all its various trades. As this jurisdiction professes to be one of experts, it must frequently fail, for no Prud'homme, however intelligent, can profess to be expert at scores or hundreds of trades, many of which, like watchmakers and ironfounders, are extremely diverse, although coming under the control of the same Council as being "workers in metal." It is the same in Paris and other large towns with various trades; the general description of "chemical products," for example, combining a miscellaneous collection of employments that cannot easily be grouped under either of the other three Councils. The limited number of members forming the Court is also found to be prejudicial, especially as regards the workmen, who cannot afford to give up much time, and hence are frequently absent.

The Municipality of the town has to bear the expense of establishment, including the finding of proper courts and offices; and thenceforth the cost of lighting, warming, and similar disbursements. At the beginning of each year the President prepares an estimate of the outlay, which is sent to the mayor, and is included in the municipal budget. The president and vice-president are nominated by the Chief of the State, who may select them from within or without the Council. They are almost invariably chosen from outside, so as to be as far as possible independent of either of the two classes forming the Court. This nomination by the Government is complained of by some of the working-men; but most independent observers believe that it is far the better plan; the experience gained under the 1848 law showing that the election of officers by the Councils often caused strife that was never healed and led to much party feeling. The president and vice-president hold office for three years, and are re-eligible. The secretary, who has great

influence, is appointed to or removed from his post by the Prefect, on the recommendation of the President. The Prud'hommes themselves are elected by masters, foremen, or workmen, in one of the trades or callings subject to the jurisdiction. The electors must be at least twenty-five years old, must have exercised their calling for five years, and must have lived three years within the district. All persons working upon materials owned by themselves, and not upon materials given out to them on piecework, are classed among masters, although employing no workmen or apprentices. Those who work up other manufacturers' or merchants' materials are classed among workmen, although working at home and employing others. Workmen of the classes who are required by law to carry a *livret*, or descriptive certificate, must produce it, or they are not registered as electors.

The Prud'homme must himself be a registered elector, qualified as above described, thirty years of age at least, and able to read and write. The honour of the office is fenced by excluding from the roll of electors and candidates all persons who have been convicted of crimes, misdemeanors, breaches of trust, offences against morality and decency, bribery and intimidation at Parliamentary and municipal elections; or who have been found guilty of commercial frauds, false weights, adulterations, usury, keeping disorderly houses or gaming tables, or who have been bankrupt without being purged as required by French law. The electoral lists are prepared by the Mayor, assisted by an employer and a workman as assessors, and are submitted to the Prefect for approval. Claimants may appeal to the Courts to be registered as electors without payment of fees. The elections take place at meetings specially called under the presidency of the Mayor, or one of his deputies. The actual voting usually takes place at separate meetings of masters and workmen; but the authorities may convene joint meetings, either preliminary or final, to give both sides the opportunity of talking over matters connected with the election. But the masters only elect Prud'hommes of and for their own order, as is the case with the workmen; and the number elected must be equal for both classes. At the first voting an absolute majority of votes is essential; but if a second voting be required a relative majority suffices. Thus, if at an election for one Prud'homme, 100 electors record their votes, of which A receives forty, B thirty-five, and C twenty-five; A would not be elected on the first scrutiny, because he has not an absolute majority—that is, fifty-one votes at least. On a second scrutiny, if the same votes were recorded, A would be elected; having a relative majority. The Prud'hommes are elected for six years. Every three years one-half of the Council go out; but in case of a sudden vacancy, the Prefect can order an election. The members take the oaths of fidelity and obedience to the constitution and the laws, and swear faithfully to discharge their duties. The special laws under which judges can be proceeded against for collu-

sion and breach of trust are applicable; and the Government can temporarily or permanently dissolve a Council. The members are not paid, although an effort was made to secure this at the time of the passing of the decree now in force. Each Council is divided into two Chambers, called respectively the Private Bureau and the General Bureau. The former consists of two members, an employer and a workman, and its sole duty is to conciliate, if possible, the parties who come before it. Failing this, they have to go before the General Bureau, which is composed of an equal number of workmen and masters, with the president and vice-president; five forming a quorum. Jurisdiction extends over all manufacturers, contractors, master tradesmen, sub-contractors, foremen, workmen, and apprentices working in any industrial establishment within the district assigned to the Council, provided that the persons belong to the trades named in the decree of appointment. The matter in dispute must be connected with the carrying on of the special trade or business of the parties, or arising out of agreements or contracts made in connection therewith. Disputes between one manufacturer or merchant and another are not cognizable, unless relating to trade marks or designs; neither are disputes between such and their customers. But disputes between one workman and another, in reference to trade matters, may be taken before the court; as may be the case with nearly all the above excluded matters, with consent of both parties. There is no limit as to the amount of the claim in dispute.

The parties to a dispute may voluntarily appear before the Council with a written declaration that they request its good offices; but it is far more usual for one of the parties to lodge a complaint. The secretary then writes a simple letter of invitation to the other party to present himself at a given time, and this invitation has all the force of a summons. In case of absence or illness a master may be represented by a clerk or a workman, and a workman may be represented by another, being also a relative. The law thus insists upon the presence of the principals, with the idea that conciliation may be rendered more prompt and easy. Some time ago it was urged on behalf of the workmen that they should be permitted to appear by their legal advisers; but this demand is no longer made. If the party invited to appear does not attend, a formal citation is served upon him by the usher of the Court. The costs of this form part of the costs in the suit; but if this citation be not obeyed, a second one issues at the cost of the recalcitrant party, who is further liable to have judgment go by default. At the time of hearing, the disputants are not allowed to argue with each other; but each states his case, and gives only such further explanations as the Court desire. If the case turns upon different versions of facts that have occurred in the presence of witnesses, these may be called, sworn, and examined; a very low scale of payments being

allowed. All parties must conduct themselves with respect, and the Court has power to protect itself from contempt by fines, not exceeding ten francs; by imprisonment, not exceeding three days (which, however, has not been resorted to in any case since 1871); and by publicly posting up the names of offenders. If one of the litigants undertakes to formally prove his case, or disputes the authority of documents, the President must allow of an appeal, sending the case before a competent legal tribunal. Either party may object to one or more of the Prud'hommes when they have a personal interest in the matter in dispute, or are nearly related to one of the parties, or have been at law with either during a year, or have prejudged the case by a written opinion. Any Prud'homme thus objected to, must in writing, either accept or refute the objection, and in the latter case the Council must, within eight days, sustain or refute it, and from this there is no appeal.

In ordinary cases the judgments are definitive, when the amount in dispute does not exceed 200 francs. Beyond that amount an appeal lies to the Tribunal of Commerce; or, failing one of them, to the civil courts. The appeals, however, are extremely few in practice. Every appeal must be made within three months; but in ordinary French law this is not allowed until at least eight days have elapsed since the notification of the judgment; the object of this being to give time to the loser to recover from the first feeling of annoyance at his defeat. The rule, however, does not apply in the case of judgments given by Conseils de Prud'hommes. A further appeal lies from the Tribunal of Commerce to the Court of Cassation. The Council may give provisional judgments, ordering the finding of security, and the making of payments on account. It has power to hold sittings in the factory or workshop where the dispute has arisen, and it has a right of entry to all places. The costs of a suit are borne by the loser, unless the Court specially orders each side to pay its own costs. The following is the table of fees:—

To the Secretary of the Council.

	s.	d.
For the letter of invitation to attend	0	3
For each page of copies of papers sent	0	4
For a copy of the minutes certifying non-conciliation	0	8

To the Usher of the Council.

For each citation (void in case the letter of invitation fails to secure attendance)	1	0
For the notification of a judgment	1	5
In case the parties live more than three miles from the Court, the usher is allowed for each six miles:—		
For the citation	1	5
For the notification	1	8

When borne in mind that in at least three-fourths of all the cases, the three-penny fee is all that is payable, and that

when judgment is given in presence of the parties, no formal notification by the usher is needful, it will be evident that costliness is not one of the evils of the Conseils de Prud'hommes. In cases where registration of judgment is necessary, and in certain forms of procedure, some stamp duties have to be paid, but these constitute the minority. Judgment is enforced by precisely the same means as those of all other law courts in France. In districts where there is no Conseil de Prud'hommes, and in cases arising between persons of other trades than those included within the jurisdiction, ordinary justices of the peace are charged with the settlement of disputes, which must be tried in the locality where the workshop is situate. These justices, however, follow the same procedure in trade disputes as in all matters brought before them. The costs are much greater; and, what is worse, the delays that arise are long and vexatious. Beside its mission of conciliating and judging differences between employers and their workmen and apprentices, or between the latter, the Conseil is charged with the execution of laws for protecting trade marks and registered designs, the inspection of manufactories, the execution of the laws upon the workman's *livret* or certificate, and the general laws and regulations affecting manufactures and trade. The Government can at all times call upon the Council for reports and replies to questions.

Some interesting statistics have recently appeared of the proceedings of the Councils, the scope of which has very much increased of late years. Since the establishment of the system the number of courts has largely increased, there having been 62 in 1844, and at the present time about 132. The cases heard in private sittings have fluctuated during different periods; but on the whole have had a tendency to increase, especially since 1880, in which year the figures were 39,429. Of these, 73 per cent. were disposed of in 12 manufacturing centres. Paris, with 4 Prud'homme Courts, had 16,757 cases; Lyons, 2,969; St. Etienne, 1,513; Roubaix, 1,414; Havre, 1,303; Bordeaux, 1,060; Lille, 812; Elbœuf, 737; Limoges, 782; Marseilles, 601; St. Quentin, 520; Besançon, 501; the total number of these cases being 28,969. Out of every 100 cases brought before the Court of Conciliation, 59 related to wages, 13 to dismissals, 10 to misbehaviour, 5 to disputes about apprenticeship, and 13 to various other points. On an average about a fourth of the complaints were withdrawn before hearing; but it is a subject of remark that the number of cases in which the efforts of the Court to conciliate have been successful are year by year becoming less. On the other hand there is a fair proportion of cases which are sent up to the General Court, but which are settled before they actually come on. Between 1876 and 1880, out of a yearly average of 7,955 cases put down for hearing before the General Court, 4,789, or three-fifths, were withdrawn for private settlement.

We have nothing in this country exactly answering to these *Conseils de Prud'hommes* in France. True, we often hear of an arbitrator being appointed in disputes arising about wages or hours of work affecting a large district or an entire trade. But the arbitrator is usually chosen for his public position, not from any special knowledge of the points in dispute; and, in the absence of any technical acquaintance with the matters involved, the general result is that a compromise is effected which satisfies neither party, but leads to a revival of the contention on an early day. We have also Boards of Conciliation for the hosiery trade in the Nottingham district, for the iron trade in Staffordshire and in the North of England, and for a few other industries and places. These Boards consist of representatives of employers and workmen, usually presided over by some gentleman from outside, and their chief function is to determine the rate of wages, quarter by quarter, on a sliding scale of prices and cost of production. They have done a certain amount of good in averting strikes and lock-outs, but as at present constituted and worked, they do not meet anything like the whole of the difficulties which perpetually arise. The amendment of the Labour Laws which was effected in 1875, by the passing of the Employers and Workmen Act, and of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, has simplified the legal proceedings in cases of disputes about wages and breaches of contract as between masters and servants. Yet there appears to exist some need for a quick and easy method of adjudication on all such matters, like the *Conseil de Prud'hommes*, but adapted to English feelings and habits. Each town or district might have its Arbitration Court, composed of employers and workmen conversant with the usages of the various trades, which might be more easily and appropriately grouped than is the case in France. The decisions should have the binding force of law, subject only to appeal on graver questions. These would be but few; so the workmen would come to be inspired with confidence in a tribunal composed partly of intelligent and upright men of their own order. The scale of fees should be fixed at a low rate, sufficient only to cover working expenses. The moral effect would be great and salutary, in the strengthening of mutual confidence and goodwill, and in checking the spirit of strife and jealousy which is so apt to break out between capital and labour under the existing condition of things. We are all members of the body politic, and while each has appropriate duties and functions, none can dispense with the help and sympathy of the others. Any proposal is to be hailed with pleasure and gratitude which is likely to diminish class animosities and suspicions, and to weld together all sections of the community in earnest efforts for the public good.

W. H. S. AUBREY.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

IT has been notorious for a long time past that great dissatisfaction existed in South Lancashire, and especially in Manchester, concerning the conditions under which traffic to and from Liverpool, and through the port of Liverpool to and from foreign parts, is effected. The manufacturers of Manchester and of many inland towns have been seriously revolving projects for new and improved means of transit, and have at length succeeded in getting a Bill for making a ship canal from Liverpool to Manchester read a second time in the House of Commons.

As this movement touches national as well as local interests, and as the problem "How can traffic be best facilitated and cheapened?" is one worthy to engage the attention of the whole country, it has been thought that some account of the condition of things in the neighbourhood of the Mersey may be acceptable here. Accordingly an attempt will be made in this paper to show how the complaints above alluded to have arisen, and what they are; also to give some account of the proposed remedies. And an endeavour will be made to prove that the case of South Lancashire should suggest considerations of importance to other districts, and to the country generally.

The port of Liverpool being at present the great inlet and outlet for the merchandize of Lancashire, and being by Nature the convenient, and by art and by sagacity the established and well-docked resort of the district, has for long been a source of pride for its energy and commercial achievement, and of wonder at its great and rapid growth. Yet, having attained to immense utility, and to much renown, it finds itself, in the latter half of this nineteenth century, spoken against and threatened with a rival. Perhaps Liverpool is only

undergoing the experience at which all greatness must sooner or later arrive. After being lauded and admired as a queen, she is to be complained of as an obstructive, or something like it. After ministering to and mainly helping to create the vast trade of Lancashire, she has come to be regarded by some as an incubus weighing down and stifling that trade. As it will be necessary in the course of this paper to repeat some of the depreciatory sayings which are going about to-day in regard to her, let us first, by stating a few facts as to her wonderful growth and the magnitude to which she, as a port, has attained, show that we are quite sensible of the merit through which, for a century, she has sat on the waters as a queen.

The official table, published in 1882, of the Liverpool dock duties received in each year, does not go farther back than 1752, which epoch, from the modest amount of the receipts, we may assume to mark the dawn of the town's celebrity. It is shown in Picton's "*Memorials of Liverpool*," however, that although there had not been much resort to art in harbour works previous to 1752, yet the idea of improving the natural advantages of the estuary, and of providing safe accommodation for shipping, had stirred the minds of the leading men of the port at an earlier date, and induced them to take some action in that direction. Picton tells us that in 1565 the number of ships belonging to the port was fifteen, averaging eighteen tons, and that these were manned by eighty seamen. The largest of these vessels was of forty tons burden.

A dock was projected in 1708, and opened in 1715. The results were sufficiently encouraging to beget a desire for dock-works of a more pretentious character; and, after a long interval, during which counsel and invention were continually at work, another dock was opened in 1753. This, it may be perceived, was the year following that which was above noted as marking the dawn of the town's prosperity.

In 1752 the dock duties were £1,776: ten years after they were £2,526. In 1772 they were £4,552, and in 1782 they were £4,249. A hundred years after, in 1882, they were £929,643.

Before 1812 the duties seem to have been paid on the tonnage of the ships; from 1812 to 1857 inclusive, on the tonnage of the ships and on the goods; in and after 1858 there have been duties on tonnage, duties on goods, and town dues on goods. It will be convenient to note here the changes in the imposts, because those changes have to do with the complaints now heard from the manufacturing districts of Lancashire.

In 1757, duties were paid on 1,371 vessels; in 1800, on 4,746; in 1840, on 15,998; in 1882, on 20,966.

While this rapid and great growth of the number of ships frequenting the port was in progress, exertions—many of which may

be called gigantic—were continued to keep up the dock accommodation, so that it might be equal to the requirements of the expanding trade. Dock after dock was constructed at great cost, until, from the one dock, opened, as was seen, in 1715, there are, or soon will be, on the Liverpool bank of the Mersey, about six linear miles of docks; while on the Cheshire side there is a smaller but yet an ample provision. The Cheshire (Birkenhead) docks form now part of the Liverpool Dock Estate. The Cheshire and Lancashire Dock Estates were not always united; and there are records of their separate existence and rivalry which are locally of much interest. Here, however, it is not intended to touch upon emulations or reconciliations farther than may be necessary to explain the amount of the charges levied on shipping.

To come now to the management of the Liverpool Dock Estate. It has always been in the hands of the Corporation of Liverpool, or of a Dock Committee, consisting of members of the Town Council and of members elected by the ratepayers. Thus it appears that the estate has always been a Trust for the public, and not a property out of which a company ever sought to make profit. The members of the committee performed, and still perform, their duties gratuitously. The Committee or Trust was empowered by many consecutive Acts of Parliament to borrow such moneys as might suffice for providing from time to time the shelter and accommodation necessary for the shipping as it increased. Payments for work done, for supervision of work and collection of dues, and in the form of interest to lenders, were all that the system of finance strictly required. But there are old privileges of the town, conferred on it long before docks began to be built, which have to be satisfied by charges on the shipping or the freights. There have been purchases made of foreshore on both banks of the river, and of water space, and even of finished docks at Birkenhead, which have not always proved profitable. Add to this that the Committee has deemed it wise to lay by, as a reserve fund, the sum of £1,412,000, and it will be seen that, to meet the annual demand upon the Trust, the dues must be somewhat heavy.

As to the reserve, it is objected that, as the Dock Trust is not a dividend-paying company, and as it can raise money for its requirements at 4 or $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, the reserve is unnecessary. Moreover, if it were used as capital instead of being laid by, it would enable the board to make a sensible reduction in the dues. All the works of the Trust are executed with capital which it is empowered by Act of Parliament to borrow. Its credit is excellent; therefore it is not clear why it should keep up the rate of its dues for the purpose of amassing a reserve of such doubtful utility.

The agitation for new docks inland will, one may be sure, lead

the Dock Trust to an anxious reconsideration of their finances. There is a contest coming in which they may be victors or vanquished, according to their ability to perform port duties effectually but at a lower cost than they have lately demanded. Many economical changes may be found practicable, and possibly some advantages, the results of long monopoly, may be surrendered. Liverpool dues, however, do not stand alone as the incentive to making the ship canal. There is another important interest which is said to make strongly against trade—that, namely, of the Railways.

When railways came into use, and facilities for carrying goods were, by means of them, very generally obtained, the business of Lancashire, of course, increased in a much greater ratio than before; it went forward by leaps and bounds. And as long as competition between the Lancashire railways existed, the trading public of the county might congratulate itself not only on having obtained a rapidity and power of transit exceeding the most sanguine imaginations, but also on having such rivalry between the carrying companies as sufficed to keep down charges on freights to moderate figures. But this state of things, so prosperous for the traders, was not destined to last down to the present time. It is complained now that the different railways, although their separate interests must naturally conflict, have been able, after long experience of their affairs, to arrive at an agreement concerning rates which does away with emulation, and enables each and all of them to obtain a good remuneration for the work done by them. But somebody must pay for the easy time which this understanding gives to the railways, and the merchants and manufacturers think that they are the victims. The harmony of the railways is at the expense of the traders' prosperity, as they say; it is a conspiracy against trade rather than a friendly agreement to live and let live.

It requires no argument to convince a reader of the present day that where railway traffic is once established, traffic by other means soon ceases to be available. Thus the railways, if they can combine, enjoy a monopoly. But this is writing a little too fast it is perceived.* There is a competitor which might be formidable even to railways,—namely, water-carriage. Canals and navigable rivers are cheaper to maintain than railways; and may, when they are independent, exercise a considerable influence in keeping down charges.

Now, there has been for long a water service between Liverpool and Manchester, along the streams of the Mersey and Irwell, and the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal has been another water-way. These alternative means of transit should be able to control railway charges,

* Fifteen years ago it would scarcely have been disputed that canals must give way to railways. The teaching of to-day is, however, quite different. There is a wide-spread belief that inland water carriage may compete successfully with railways, and a very strong desire to bring the former mode of transport into more extended use.

even though the different railway boards should have conspired to keep up railway rates. But those who complain of existing arrangements inform us that the water-ways are no longer independent, but have been bought up by the railway boards, or by persons who have the interests of the railways at heart, and that the charges for water carriage have been, to suit railway views, made as high as those for land carriage. Thus, practically, there is no restriction on railway monopoly.

There is a fact worth noting, while the suppression of water-ways as a means of competition is being considered, and it is this:—It seems to be admitted that the Mersey and the Irwell navigation (for the Irwell has been canalized) was suffered to get out of order, and to fall into disuse, *before* it was drafted into the great vortex of railway interests. Now, how was this? For, by the admission of every one whose opinion on the subject has been made public, the water carriage could be maintained at a far less cost than any railway, and it could make profit out of rates which would not have been remunerative to a railway! Water carriage is comparatively slow, but then speed, it is affirmed, is not an important object in respect to many classes of goods. So that the navigation, while it was yet independent, should have found competition with the railways highly favourable to it. Yet it fell into disrepair, and became little used. This decline in the navigation should not be overlooked; possibly it may be necessary again to refer to it before we close.

To return to the exposition which has been left for a moment. The railways of Lancashire monopolize the carriage of goods between Liverpool and Manchester. They lay on very heavy charges for the services which they render to trade. And, between the railways, the dock dues at Liverpool, and the cost of the short transfers between warehouse and railway, and between railway and ship, the profit which should arise from the import and export of goods is well nigh swallowed up.

So heavily do the charges press on business, that the traders of the city of Manchester, and of many of the inland towns of Lancashire, have entertained apprehensions that business would be driven away from them to stations on the coast from whence, at small cost, cargoes may be despatched to distant ports. And they are not without examples which may well be laid to heart. The author of a pamphlet* which deals with the heavy burdens on the trade of Lancashire, and the possible remedies for them, states that the production of Bessemer steel rails has been almost extinguished in some parts of this country owing to the cost of carriage; and that the rail mills must be along-

*"Facts and Figures in favour of the proposed Manchester Ship Canal: showing how to Solve the Cheap Transport Problem for the Great Import and Export Trade of Lancashire and the West Riding." By Mancuniensis. John Heywood, Manchester.

side of blast furnaces, and these hard by the sea, and in the local where the ore is found. The steel rail industry, it is said, is like to move from Sheffield to the coast of Cumberland. The same pamphlet, quoting the *Builder*, says :—

“Some of the principal trades of England are being transferred to Glasgow or to Paisley, owing to the superior cheapness in transport, both of raw materials and of finished goods, afforded by the Clyde. Pig iron has long shown this influence. Heavy iron castings from Shropshire and steel rails from Sheffield followed. Now the shoe trade is leaving Stafford and Northampton for the valley of the Clyde, and finally the cotton-thread trade is leaving Lancashire for Paisley.”

This is sufficiently startling ; yet, the pamphlet notwithstanding, it might be permissible to an objector to say, “It is quite credible that business may be bad, but it is not easy to prove that the cost of transport is the cause.” Here, however, comes in evidence stronger than that of an anonymous pamphlet, and going directly to the point under consideration. Mr. Richard Peacock, a civil engineer, of the firm of Beyer, Peacock & Co., Manchester, is reported to have said at a meeting in Manchester, held on the 26th of September, 1882:—

“When I tell you, as a Manchester tradesman having large dealings with our colonies at the opposite side of the world, that I find it cheaper and better to send my goods through Glasgow, though I pay £30 an engine more by railway to get it to Glasgow than to Liverpool, yet cheaper to send it by way of Glasgow—and I am sending the goods by Glasgow rather than Liverpool—I think that shows there must be something wrong at Liverpool, or in connection with Liverpool charges for rates and dues.”

This language tends to fasten upon the transport charges and the dues encountered on the Liverpool route the chief absorption of profits, and to prove that the costs by this route are excessive.

Mr. Forwood, while Mayor of Liverpool in 1881, said in his evidence before a Parliamentary Committee :—

“Our rate is rather more than double what it is from Manchester to Hull; it is quadruple that from Manchester to Southampton, and very nearly treble that from Manchester to London.”

The words “our rate” occurring in Mr. Forwood’s evidence can only mean the rate from Manchester to Liverpool. He certainly gives strong evidence that the transport between Liverpool and Manchester is most expensive, and the cost of it out of all proportion to charges which, it is presumed, yield a profit to companies in other parts of the kingdom. Indeed, the complaints against the charges, both to and at Liverpool, on Manchester goods would seem to be admitted by general consent of the district to be justifiable. And after noting as above the statements of men in responsible position it may be permissible to quote an anonymous writer whose assertion

is to the same purport, but who brings his facts roundly

gether without always citing authorities. This writer, calling himself "Cottonopolis," tells us as follows : *—

"The cotton trade is heavily handicapped, and industries like sugar-refining, glass-manufacturing, &c., are being driven from South-east Lancashire to places where they are more accessible to water carriage, and consequently cheap freights."

Again—

"The cost of transport and shipment at Liverpool of certain goods, such as cheap materials for paper-making, amounts to as much as 40 per cent. of the value of the materials themselves, whilst it has been publicly stated by Manchester merchants that it is cheaper to ship cotton goods to Calcutta through Aberdeen than it is through Liverpool.

"An Oldham machinist says it costs 2s. per ton more to convey mill machinery from Oldham to Liverpool, and place it on board, than it does to convey it from Liverpool to Bombay."

* * * * *

"A fact having an important bearing upon the great question of how to supply food to the toiling millions of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and surrounding country, is cited by some large produce importers, who say it costs more to convey Indian corn from Liverpool to the adjoining large inland towns than a sea freight across the Atlantic and a long railway journey before it reaches the ship in America.

"Another produce importer estimates that a quartern loaf is taxed $\frac{1}{4}$ d. more in Manchester than in Liverpool, by reason of the heavy railway and dock charges."

The actual charges have been from many sources furnished in detail; but as it is the comparative, and not the positive, cost which causes the discontent, it is not necessary here to trouble the reader with the details or the gross expenses. Certain it is that the traders in the inland towns of South Lancashire, or a large majority of them, believe themselves to be severely mulcted of their profits for the benefit of the railways and of the Liverpool Dock Estate. The consequence has been a long and anxious agitation on the transport question; and the situation has been calmly reviewed, and a remedy for the alleged grievance carefully sought. Different projects for establishing independent means of transit have been discussed; but at the last, as is clear, opinion has pronounced very decidedly in favour of a grand water-way, capable of floating large sea-going ships, from the estuary of the Mersey to Manchester. Such a water-way, it is expected, will prove a formidable rival to all the railways combined, and will enable exporters and importers to dispense with the Liverpool docks altogether; for it is contemplated to make docks at Manchester, so that that city shall itself become a port.

Now this is a very great conception. It is not the first of its kind; but it exceeds in scope former British projects. The Clyde navigation works would seem to have mainly attracted the attention

* In a pamphlet, "The Manchester Ship Canal: Why it is Wanted, and Why it Will Pay. By Cottonopolis." John Heywood, Manchester. 1882.

and admiration of the projectors, and induced them to plan an inland navigation on a far larger scale; the works on the Tyne also have no doubt seemed to them a favourable example. But as this project of the Manchester Ship Canal deals with the problem of providing for the passage of heavy ships, from the point where the Mersey ceases to be navigable for such, to Manchester—a distance of some twenty miles as the rivers now run—it must certainly be ranked among the most bold and spirited designs of the day.

The general level of Manchester is about 60 feet above the general level of Liverpool. Hence there appear to engineers to be two ways of effecting the desired object. One way is by cutting into the ground and bringing the new canal to Manchester at a terminus, the level of which shall be much below the general level of the city, and so leading the tide of St. George's Channel through the whole length of the new work; the other way is by using the beds of the Mersey and Irwell rivers (with some deviations probably) as the channels, and raising the water level by a system of capacious locks, so that the new docks may be constructed at a level differing not inconveniently from that of the city. Either method would, of course, use the deep water of the Mersey as far as it can be taken advantage of.

It is a proof of Manchester, or rather Lancashire, having been in determined earnest, and yet of having avoided precipitate action, that detailed designs of both methods were called for and considered before a course was finally adopted; and two eminent engineers, the one advocating the tidal, the other the lock scheme, were commissioned to make the necessary surveys, borings, &c., and to estimate the expense, each according to his own design. Mr. Hamilton H. Fulton submitted documents according to the tidal principle; and Mr. E. Leader Williams on that of locks.

The reports of these gentlemen are of some length, and go minutely into the processes of the undertakings. Technical accounts of them might weary the reader if given here; but general ideas of the two conceptions, if they can be given in a popular form, may possibly be of interest. An attempt will, therefore, be made at a simple description of each.

Mr. Fulton, who designs to bring the tide of the Irish Channel up to Manchester by making a water-way along which it will flow naturally,—that is to say, without the aid of locks or hydraulic engines,—as a matter of course must, at and from his Manchester terminus, cut into the ground until he reduces the surface to below the mean level of the sea. Here he will make a large basin, and he will have to sink down to the bottom of the canal and basin some 90 feet; the top of the quay walls will be, in round numbers, 40 feet below the general surface of the ground; and the bottom of the basin will be, again in round numbers, 50 feet below the top of the quay

walls. The area of the whole basin will be $128\frac{1}{2}$ acres, or a space 8,000 feet long and 700 feet wide, the whole of which will be sunk 40 feet, and the greater part of it 90 feet, below the present surface. This excavation will not be a light matter.

It is calculated that, by this arrangement, there will be in the basin 22 feet of water at low water of spring tides, and 37 feet at high water, for the rise at springs is expected to be 15 feet. Thus ships of the largest class may float in the basin. To get them there a canal will be cut at the level of the bottom of the basin from the entrance of the basin to that point in the stream of the Mersey where the requisite depth of water is naturally to be found. This great canal will follow the general direction of the Irwell and Mersey courses; it will not, however, follow loops or windings, but will approximate to a right line. It will, one sees, be far deeper than the present bed of the Irwell, especially near Manchester; and below the junction of the two rivers the course and depth of the Mersey will be artificially regulated till the deep water near Liverpool is reached. The general breadth of the canal will be 228 feet at the level of high water, and 80 feet at the bottom. Every three or four miles there will be passing places, where the canal will be three times the ordinary breadth. The rise of the spring tide at Liverpool is 27 feet 6 inches; as has been said, it is expected to be 15 feet at Manchester; and the time of low water will be two-and-a-quarter hours later at Manchester than at Liverpool.

The railways which cross the course of the proposed canal will be passed over by raised, or by swing, bridges.

The estimated cost of the work is £5,072,921.

The soundness of this project has been questioned; and it is not the method which Parliament has been asked to sanction. Let us now say a few words on the rival scheme of Mr. Leader Williams, which is the plan adopted, and which is now before the House of Commons.

The most important feature to be noted in this project is that it dispenses with the vast cutting or sinking of the ground at the Manchester terminus, and that there will be docks at a level very little below that of the streets. Instead of sinking the ground to below the level of low water of spring tides at Liverpool, Mr. Williams will, by means of locks, gradually raise the ship canal until it shall be nearly as high above the sea as the foundations of the Manchester warehouses. And he considers that this arrangement should commend his plan to the favour of the manufacturers, because to have their merchandise lowered or raised 50 feet whenever it was shipped or landed would be an intolerable inconvenience.

The docks will be formed on some level ground, part of which is now the race-course. There will be one large, and four branch docks, so arranged as to give a large amount (four miles linear) of quay space, and great facility in working. The large dock will be

70 acres in extent, and 1,350 feet at its greatest width, with gates 80 feet wide.

Over the distance of fifteen miles, from the docks at Manchester to Latchford above Warrington, there will be three large enclosures of water (called in the reports *pounds*), the levels of which will be successively lower as they approach the Mersey. The first pound, three miles long, extending to Barton, will be at the level of the water in the docks. The second, four miles long, will be at a lower level, and extend to Irlam. The third, reaching to Latchford, will be eight miles long. This last will be at the level of high water; the lock, therefore, will be partly tidal. The rise from this by lockage to the level of the docks will be 35 feet.

From Manchester to Warrington the canal will be 100 feet wide at bottom. And this great width explains why three sets of locks are provided at Barton, Irlam, and Latchford. There will be no need of special passing places, because, this breadth being maintained, it will be possible for two large ships to pass each other in any part of the canal.

The supply of fresh water from the rivers is considered to be enough to fill the canal to the required levels from Irlam to Manchester. The gates and sluices will be worked by hydraulic power.

The canal will be broader below Warrington than at Latchford; near Runcorn it will be 300 feet wide at bottom. The necessary depth will be obtained by dredging, and the channel will be kept constant by the use of training walls, instead of being allowed to shift as it is naturally disposed to do. Below Runcorn the river is of the requisite depth for large vessels.

The crossings of roads, railways, and canals are, of course, provided for. It is also shown how, at intermediate stations along the Canal, docks may be, now or at some future time, constructed in connection with it. The estimated expense of the Canal, according to Mr. Williams's design, is £5,160,000.

Whenever the necessary Act of Parliament shall have been procured, Mr. Williams will, no doubt, exert his skill in the prosecution of this gigantic work, and it may be safely predicted that he will succeed in overcoming all obstacles. The doubt, among those who have experience in such matters, is as to the completion of the work for the estimated cost, for engineers keep their estimates as low as they conscientiously can in order that promoters may not be discouraged, and large works—especially large works of an unprecedented character—are apt to entail greater expense than ever their projectors looked for. This remark is quite in place here, because the ship canal is wanted, not chiefly as a triumph of art, but as a means of cheaper transport of South Lancashire goods. Now, if the Canal should prove to be very expensive—if it should run out to £8,000,000 or £9,000,000 instead of £5,000,000—and such excesses

have occurred ere now—the rates of transport must be proportionately increased; and then what becomes of the competition with the railways?

To guard as much as possible against the Canal ever having a common interest with the railways, it should be managed by a Board or Trust similar to that which manages the Dock Estate at Liverpool. In that way it will have the best chance of being worked for the public benefit. Whereas, if it should be worked by a company which is to derive a profit from its business, the public interest would probably be postponed to the benefit of the company.

Those who may have paid attention to all that has been spoken and written on the subject of this projected Ship Canal must have perceived that it is principally Manchester that will derive benefit from it if it should succeed. Manchester will load and ship, on or from her own quays, goods from or to all parts of the world. But for the other Lancashire towns, they, if they desire to use the Canal, must reach some point in it by another conveyance. For some of them the inland transport may be as far to Manchester as to Liverpool, and, if the Canal dues should in the result be heavy (which no man can affirm that they may not be), then these towns will be in a not much better condition than they are at present without the Ship Canal.

From these last-mentioned considerations has sprouted a conception which is not unfavourably regarded by many reflecting men, and which, therefore, deserves mention. It is that a station for docks should be selected some way up the tidal portion of the Mersey—say at Warrington. If the channel to this station were deepened and widened so as to give free access to heavy ships, the cost and difficulty of the achievement might be estimated with more certainty than those of the Ship Canal to Manchester, because there would be precedents for such a work. Then, if from the principal towns in South Lancashire, canal communication by large barges could be established, the expense would again be readily measurable, and many towns might participate in the accommodation.

Water carriage is, from its comparative cheapness, once more rising very much in repute, not in England only, but also on the continent of Europe. It is looked upon as one efficient means of keeping down the cost of goods, so that, if we would not be undersold, we must, as well as our neighbours, pay attention to our waterways.*

And this reflection leads to the last, and probably the most important, deduction from the many opinions regarding traffic that have been

* Yet it must not be assumed that a canal can always underbid a railway. The original cost of construction, the tedious length, and other disadvantages, may sometimes give a canal the worst of the competition with a railway. This seems to be proved by what was said in the text concerning the decadence of the Irwell and Mersey navigation. If there could be a public control of the railways, canals need not be resorted to except in districts where they will certainly cheapen or otherwise facilitate traffic.

noticed in this paper. What Manchester and the South Lancashire towns are saying in reference to their own district is applicable to all parts of Great Britain. It is desired to free trade from every avoidable tax on shelter for ships, warehousing of merchandise, and transport of goods. Besides the traffic in her own manufactures and imports, this country, by reason of her carrying trade, is hugely interested in maintaining numerous, good, and cheap ports; and having at command ample and economical means of collecting and distributing commodities over the entire island.

Thus our interest impels us to the multiplication of canals and canalized rivers. And it would be well for us if we could see our way to having these, as well as the railways, worked solely for the public good, and not for the profit of investors. To effect such a change the public must, in some manner, buy out the proprietors. There is a wide-spread feeling of distrust of Government management, which is said by many to be more expensive and far less satisfactory than management by private companies. But that opinion ought not to be adopted without the strongest proofs of its correctness. If the Government could, by controlling the railways and canals, render transport both cheap and easy, an immense assistance would be given to the general business of the country. Where such a great interest is concerned, no traditional or prejudiced distrust should be allowed to operate; but that method should be adopted which, after calm and careful investigation, may be found to be most eligible. It would be an immense gain to trade if the railways and canals of the kingdom were all under one control, and that not a money-making one. According to present appearances, if we are to be prosperous, commerce must be the source of our wealth. We enjoy at present a large share of the commerce of the world, and so accustomed is merchandise to flow towards us that we have only to be moderately gracious to it and we may distance all competitors for its favour. On the other hand, if we should be too secure in the permanence of our commercial supremacy, and if security should breed negligence, there are, we may be sure, many nations keenly alive to the benefit to be gained by supplanting us, and who will incur expense and pains to do it. We cannot too soon begin to regard our ports and our means of transport as national possessions, not as rival establishments. That which is moving South Lancashire as an aggrieved district, should move us all as a trading nation. Cheap harbours and cheap transport are not the only things required to produce a prosperous commerce; but they are notable elements of prosperity, and prosperity will hardly come where they are not.

It will be well if out of this provincial ebullition we may gain a hint as to a national policy.

W. G. HAMLEY.

THE PROGRESS OF SOCIALISM.

WHEN Louis Reybaud—who, it appears, was the inventor of the word “socialism”—wrote his article on Socialists, in the “Dictionnaire de l'Economie Politique,” in 1854, he believed that their unhealthy hallucinations had wholly ceased to exist. “Socialism is dead,” he says; “to speak of it is to pronounce its funeral oration.” This affirmation of Reybaud's was the general opinion some few years since. Socialism was then studied merely as affording curious examples of the wanderings of the human mind.

At the present day, on the Continent, men have fallen into the opposite extreme. Socialism is said to be everywhere. The red spectre haunts the imagination of all, and it is a very general belief that we are on the eve of a great social cataclysm. Though this may be an exaggeration, it is nevertheless certain that Socialism, in a variety of forms, has spread most extraordinarily of late. In a violent form it has been adopted by town labourers, workmen in factories, &c., and is now spreading to the country. The agrarian movement in Ireland, which is now brewing in other lands, clearly owes to it its origin. In a scientific form it has penetrated into the domain of political economy, and is upheld by professors in nearly all the Universities of Germany and Italy. Under the form of State Socialism it may be found seated in the Cabinets of sovereigns; and under a Christian form it has been accepted by Catholic priests, and, more generally still, by the ministers of different Protestant denominations.

In the debates of the German Parliament, May 23rd, 1878, when a law was proposed by the Government of the Empire against Socialism, the Deputy Joerg, one of the most distinguished orators in Germany, said very rightly that “a movement, almost imperceptible when it commenced, has developed with extraordinary rapidity, and that this

prodigious development can only be accounted for by the many modifications which have crept into economic and social society." He continued: "Modern civilization has its dark side, and that dark side is Socialism, which will not disappear so long as civilization continues to be what it now is. Socialism has not infected Germany only; it has established its headquarters here, and its philosophical and scientific education is pursued chiefly in our land, but it is to be met with everywhere; it is a universal evil." In the last number of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, M. de Mazade calls Socialism the social phylloxera.

England alone seems to be preserved from it; but the extraordinary success of Mr. Henry George's recent publication, "Progress and Poverty"—of which I recently spoke in this Review*—is a clear proof that her immunity is at an end. The *Quarterly Review*, speaking of this work in its last number, says:—

"Mr. George's London publishers have lately reissued his book in an ultra-popular form. It is at this moment selling by thousands in the alleys and back streets of England, and is being welcomed there as a glorious gospel of justice. This alone would suffice to give it a grave importance, but half the story yet remains to be told. It is not the poor, it is not the seditious only, who have been thus affected by Mr. George's doctrines. They have received a welcome which is even more singular amidst certain sections of the really educated classes. They have been gravely listened to by a conclave of English clergymen. Scotch ministers and Nonconformist professors have done more than listen; they have received them with marked approval, they have even held meetings and given lectures to disseminate them. Finally, certain trained economic thinkers, or men who pass for such in at least one of our universities, are reported to have said that they see no means of refuting them, and that they probably mark the beginning of a new political epoch."

What is Socialism? What is the cause of its progress? What are its errors and what its truths? These are the points which I wish now briefly to examine.

To begin: What is Socialism? I never yet met with a clear definition, or even with any precise indication as to the meaning of this word. People are always Socialists of some special type. Since the passing of the agrarian laws for Ireland, Irish Conservatives have considered Mr. Gladstone as a Socialist of the worst description. Prince Bismarck, the friend of Lassalle and Schäffle, and the author of the abominable proposition to create a fund for pensioning invalid workmen by a monopoly of tobacco, cannot but be tinged with dark-red Socialism. The French Ministers, who recently endeavoured to convey all the railways over into the hands of the State, must also be Socialists; and since the publication of Bastiat's famous pamphlet, it is proved beyond a doubt to the satisfaction of every convinced free-trader and orthodox economist that whoever does not admit perfect liberty of commerce, must be a Socialist and a Communist. Proudhon, the author of the well-known sentence, "*Property is theft*," far from

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, NOV. 1882.

wishing to strengthen the power of the State, sought its abolition under the name of An-Archy. Was he not then a Socialist? After the "Journées de Juin" in 1848, Proudhon said to the magistrate, who questioned him that he went to contemplate "the sublime horrors of the cannonade." "But," says the magistrate, "are you then not a Socialist?" "Certainly I am a Socialist." "What, then, is Socialism?" "Socialism," replies Proudhon, "is any aspiration towards the amelioration of society." "If this be the case then," the magistrate very justly answers, "we are all Socialists." "That is precisely my opinion," adds Proudhon.

Proudhon's definition is too wide; he omits two most important characteristics of Socialism. The first is that the great aim of the system is to equalize social conditions; and the second is that it endeavours to effect this through the medium of the law or the State. The aim of Socialism is equality, and it will not admit that liberty alone could lead to a reign of justice. All reasonable economists recognize the existence of evils and iniquity in society; but they believe that both will diminish from the effects of "natural laws," and as a favourable result of freedom. Christianity condemns riches and inequality with a vehemence nowhere surpassed, but it does not refer us to the State for the establishment of a just administration.

The Socialist is a pessimist. He paints in bold relief the worst side of social conditions, and shows the strong oppressing the weak, the rich crushing the poor, inequality becoming harder and more abominable. He sighs for an ideal in which well-being will be portioned out according to the deserts of each, and as a reward for services rendered.

The Economist is an optimist. He thinks that the man who pursues his personal interest contributes as much as possible to the general interest; and that social order must be the result of free play being allowed to individual selfishness. In his opinion, the only thing therefore to be done is to do away with all obstacles, to reduce to a minimum the power of the State, to govern as little as possible. The world can get on of itself. Socialism takes its stand on justice enforced by law: the Economist counts only on personal interest individually pursued.

As soon as man had attained sufficient culture to become aware of existing social iniquities, and to be capable of raising his ideas to a more perfect order of things, dreams of social reformation must have sprung up in his mind. At all periods and in every country, when primitive equality has disappeared, there have been Socialist aspirations, in the form of protestations against existing evils, or of utopian schemes for the remodelling of the social order. The most perfect of these Utopias was Plato's Republic, that wonderful quintessence of Hellenic Spiritualism applied to the conception of the State. But the most persistent protest against inequality, and the most ardent aspirations for right and justice, that have ever stirred and roused

humanity came from Judea. The world is still alive to this influence, which has continued ever increasing during all these hundreds of years. Job sees evil triumphing and longs for justice; the prophets of Israel revile the iniquity of their age, and announce a new and better order of things; but it was reserved for the Gospel to express these ideas in language so simple and penetrating that it stirs and transforms the hearts of all who hear and understand it. The good tidings are here announced to the poor: "The last shall be first, and the first last;" "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;" "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God;" "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand;" "This generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled." And this transformation ought to take place in this world. All the early Christians believed in the Millennium, and, as a natural consequence of their faith, they established Communism. We all know well the delightful picture traced in the Acts of the Apostles the life in common of the disciples of Jesus at Jerusalem. When the full time had elapsed and it became impossible to look any longer for a Kingdom of Righteousness in this world, the hopes of Christians were turned to the next, to the kingdom of heaven. At all events the thirst for justice and equality displayed by all the prophets and in the Gospel is still to be found in the writings of the Fathers of the Church, who speak in terrible accents. Every time the people take, as it were, the Gospel in hand, and become thus imbued with its teachings, a sort of flame of reform, a levelling influence springs up. When religious sentiment includes a belief in Divine justice and a desire to see that justice carried out here below, then it is quite impossible that equalizing and socialistic aspirations should not spring up along with a strong feeling of condemnation of the present social relations.

The communistic ideas of the Millenarians and of the Cenobites were preached again during the Middle Ages by the Gnostics, by Waldo's disciples, by the Begging Friars, by the Taborites in Bohemia, by the Anabaptists in Germany, and by the Levellers in England.

These notions also led to inspired dreams of a perfect society, as for instance Joachim de Fiore's "Eternal Gospel," More's "Utopia," Campanella's "Civitas Solis," Harrington's "Oceana," and Fénelon's "Salent." As says Dante, St. Francis d'Assisi relieves poverty, which had been wholly abandoned since the days of Christ, and weds himself to it. The convent, from whence the source of all discord, the distinction between mine and thine, is banished, seemed to be the realization of the Christian ideal: *Dulcissima verum possessio communis*. The dream of all enthusiastic religious sects has always been to transform society into a community of brothers and equals.

When ideas such as these gain the suffering populations, they pro-

voke outbreaks and massacres, such as the Jacqueries in France, the insurrection of Wat Tyler in England, and that of John of Leyden in Germany.

Ideas are like *microbi*: they develop when they find a spot which suits them. Socialism has never found soil so well suited to its spread and extension as at the present day. All tends to this end: religious sentiments, political principles, and economic conditions. No one will contest that Christianity preaches the succouring of the poor and the afflicted; and it is as much against the possession of great riches as the most radical Socialist. It is needless to recall here the many instances where this subject is alluded to in Holy Scripture: the words are in the memory of all of us. Even after the Catholic Church had allied herself to absolute monarchy, listen how she still speaks to her members through Bossuet: *—

“‘I came,’ says the Saviour, ‘to preach the Gospel to the poor.’—*Evangelizare pauperibus misit me*. The rich are tolerated if they assist the poor. In the primitive Church everything was in common, so that none should be guilty of leaving another in want. For what injustice, my brethren, that the poor should bear the full burden, that the whole weight of misery should fall on their shoulders! If they complain and murmur against Divine providence—Lord! let me say it—it is not without some appearance of justice; for as we are all made in the same fashion and there is but little difference between mud and mud, why do we see on one side joy, honour, and affluence, and on the other sorrow and despair, excessive want, and often, too, thralldom and contempt? Why should one fortunate mortal live in abundance, able to satisfy his every little useless fancy, while another, every whit his equal, cannot maintain his poor family or even procure for them sufficient food to allay the gnawing pangs of hunger?”

In a sermon on “The Necessities of Life; how to provide for them,” we find again the same idea:—

“The murmurings of the poor are often just. Why should so much inequality exist? All mankind are but of dust, and the only justification of this difference is the admission that God has recommended the poor to the rich, to be relieved by the latter out of their superfluities. *Ut fiat equalitas*, as says St. Paul.”

Bossuet only reproduces what may be read on almost every page of the writings of the Fathers. “The rich are thieves,” says St. Basil. “The rich are brigands,” says St. John Chrysostom; “some sort of equality must be established by their distributing to the poor of their abundance; but it would be preferable if everything were in common.” “Opulence is always the result of a theft; if not committed by the actual possessor, it has been the work of his ancestors,” says St. Jerome; and according to St. Clement, if justice were enforced there would be a general division of property; private possession being an iniquitous thing.

We see, then, that Christianity engraves very deeply in the hearts

* Sermon on “The Dignity of the Church's Poor.”

of all ideas which tend strongly to Socialism. It is quite impossible to read attentively the Old Testament prophecies and the Gospels, and then to cast a glance at the economic conditions of the present day, without being led strongly to condemn the latter, as very contrary to the ideal of Jesus. Every Christian who understands and believes his Master's teaching has some Socialistic tendencies, and every Socialist, great as may be his hatred of all religion, possesses some unconscious Christianity. Darwinists and the economists who believe human society to be governed by natural laws which must be respected are the real opponents of both Socialism and Christianity. According to Darwin, progress is effected among living things because those best adapted to circumstances get the upper hand in the struggle for life. The strongest, the bravest, the best armed triumph, and gradually stamp out the weak and feeble, and thus races become more and more perfect. This natural optimism is also the basis of orthodox political economy. In human society, the great end to be attained is the general welfare, and this is best effected by allowing the laws of Nature to pursue their course, and not by endeavouring to introduce plans of reform invented by men. Leave things alone, let things go as they are; with free and open competition the cleverest and most dexterous will gain the first place, and this should be the desire of all. There is nothing more absurd than to employ misplaced charity to save those who are by nature condemned to disappear. By so doing an obstacle is thrown in the path of progress. Make way for the strong, for Strength is Right.

Christianity and Socialism speak in very different terms from these. They declare war against the strong,—that is to say, the rich,—and they preach the relief of the poor and the afflicted. They subject the pretended natural laws to a law of justice. We are told in the Sermon on the Mount, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

It is not easy to understand the strange blindness which leads Socialists to adopt Darwinism, which rejects their equalizing claims, and to refuse Christianity, from whence they first sprang, and which, in many instances, justifies them. At all events it may be safely affirmed that the religion under which we have all been trained, both believers and opponents, draws up the principles of Socialism in most concise terms, and that Socialist doctrines have taken the deepest root in Christian countries.

We will now proceed to examine how it was that Socialism quitted the regions of Communistic dreamings and aspirations and became a political party.

It was at the time of the Declaration of Independence in America and of the French Revolution, when the sovereignty of the people and the equality of all men were loudly proclaimed, that the principle of human

fraternity descended from its elevated utopian heights to become the watchword of the Radical party in every land, where the ideas which had triumphed in America and Paris thenceforward took root.

Equality in political rights leads inevitably to a claim for equality of social conditions; that is to say, the apportioning of well-being according to the work done. Universal suffrage almost demands that every one should be a proprietor. It is a contradiction that the people should be at once sovereign and miserable. As both Aristotle and Montesquieu insist, democratic institutions are based on a supposition of social equality, otherwise the poor elector would naturally vote for an amelioration of his own situation. But now, when equal rights are accorded to all men, the condition of the artisan and labourer is considerably altered; it becomes a dependent position, and loses its secular guarantees: while the working-man is raised in the political order to the dignity of a sovereign, he falls in the economic order to the position of a hireling. This point should be clearly grasped, for it is at the root of all contemporary Socialism.

At the close of the last century a gradual change commenced in the economic conditions of civilized society. The "capitalistic" period began. The ceaseless accumulation of capital increased many-fold the means of production and the quantity of goods produced; but at the same time it enslaved labour. Machinery multiplies its marvels, but it does not belong to the hired workman, who is its slave, instead of being its master. Things were not thus formerly. Thanks to the corporations then established, labour was property. It has now become a merchandise, the price of which rises or falls according to the demand, and which at times finds no purchaser. Wages are often higher than they were formerly, but they are always uncertain. When a stoppage, resulting from a crisis which the workman can neither foresee nor prevent, takes from him all means of subsistence, there is no one to provide for his immediate wants. He is a free agent; he has been paid his wages and must manage as best he can. The condition of the cultivator of the soil, and the portion of the fruit of his labour reserved for himself, was formerly regulated by custom. The terms established for *métayage* farming, the conditions of hereditary leases, &c., were not changed or modified; people lived secure as to the future, their existence was not dependent on the hard laws of competition. At the present day the rent of farms, like wages and salaries, is dependent on the law of demand and supply. It is true that the serf was attached to his glebe; but he had the right to live and die on that piece of land. To-day there is no legal tie between the tenant and the land he cultivates. The owner can turn him out at the expiration of each term of years, and raise his rent at every slight increase in the value of land.

Formerly the Commune was to the cultivator a sort of Providence;

it provided him with timber to prepare and warm his dwelling, with pasture for his cattle, and, not unfrequently, with land to cultivate. Each family, or each little community of families, had allotted to it a portion of the soil, subject, of course, to certain duties. The Commune was something more than a political division of territory; it was an economic institution, and its administration was in the hands of those who constituted it. For the tradesman and the worker in factories the corporation replaced the Commune. It ensured to him work, a market, and, in fact, existence. The administration of common interests, fêtes, and reunions bound all the workers at one trade in a bond of fellowship. For them also the future was secure. In the city, as in the country, the producer retained the means of production, and labour possessed capital. The modern workman, without a tie binding him to his fellow-man, without land, guarantee, or security, lives from day to day on what capital accords to him: the hireling did not even exist; but to-day this latter category is the type of the chief agent of production—viz., labour.

To be brief: while formerly the condition of those whose arms create riches was assured by custom, it now depends on the fluctuations of the market, on competition, and, in appearance, on the will of proprietors and capitalists. We are living under full liberty of contract; but in every contract he who advances the wherewithal to labour—*i.e.*, land and capital—will fix the terms he chooses, and will, of course, so fix them that the profits will be at a maximum and wages at a minimum. Now that the traditional barriers which custom had established to protect the feeble and afflicted have fallen away, the Darwinian struggle for life is carried on unimpeded in the economic world. The strongest get the upper hand, and, in this case, the strongest are the richest.

If we consider the changes which the progress of industry has effected in economic conditions, we shall see that the same economic influences which tend to equalize men's condition are productive of antagonism between masters and men, and while thus leading to the triumph of democracy they engender Socialism. Look at the woollen industry in England and Flanders, the products of which were exported all over the world, and which was the means of creating in both countries so many populous communities. Certain old manuscripts permit our penetrating into the artisan's dwelling at this period. He is seated plying his trade of weaving cloth; near him, his children prepare the distaff, and his wife spins at the wheel. His work is thus carried on at the domestic hearth. The head of the family labours with his own hands, helped by his wife and children, and sometimes by apprentices. He needed but a small capital. The education, condition, manner of life and thought of the master and his men differed but little. Corporate privileges might produce

discontent, but this could not become class antagonism, because master and men belonged to the same rank. It is true that towards the close of the Middle Ages the progress of riches and inequality led to a struggle between the big and the little, the *fat* and the *thin*, in the Communes of Flanders, and still more in Italy; but this was merely the rivalry of different trade corporations, disputing among themselves for certain political privileges, and not the radical enmity of the capitalist and labourer, nor the claim for equality of social conditions.

At the present day production presents totally different characteristics. The workmen work away from home, and are thus forced to desert their families during the entire day. They are employed all together in immense workrooms, setting in motion enormous masses of machinery, which increase human strength by ten and a hundred-fold. The factory workman, having to accomplish a merely muscular and automatic labour, has fallen below the level of the apprentice of the Middle Ages, while the director in chief of the factory has risen far above the master of the same period. Whether the works belong to him or not, he has a very large capital at his disposal, and a whole army of workmen under his command; he is either rich himself or is in receipt of a very handsome salary; he must be well up in technical knowledge, be possessed of sufficient authority and tact to exact obedience from his subordinates, understand the requirements of foreign countries and the condition of the export market, and follow attentively the fluctuations of the monetary market and commerce, not only in his own immediate neighbourhood, but all over the world; for now all countries are so closely connected by trade, that if a crisis take place in one or the other hemisphere, its effects are universally felt to a greater or less degree. His education, position, manner of life, the necessity even of exercising authority, place the head of a factory in quite another world from that occupied by his workmen. His Christian sentiments may lead him to regard them as brothers, but there can be nothing in common between them; they are strangers one to the other. He may wish to increase their wages, to ameliorate their condition; but in vain, he cannot do so. Competition obliges him, in spite of himself, to reduce as much as possible the cost of production.

The relations which the present industrial organization establishes between the capitalist and the workmen have been very clearly and accurately explained by the well-known engineer, James Nasmyth, in the evidence which he laid before the Committee of Inquiry into Trades Unions. He showed that it was to the interest of industry that many workmen should seek employment, because when that is the case the price of labour, and consequently the cost of production, falls. He added that he had often increased his receipts by replacing

able-bodied men by apprentices. When asked what became of the workmen he turned off, and their families, he replied, "I do not know. I left their fate to the natural laws which govern society." In speaking thus, Nasmyth set forth pure economic doctrines. Christianity, by the mouth of the Comte de Mun and that of the Bishop of Mayence, Von Ketteler, holds very different language. "The principle of leaving things as they are, of not interfering," say these two authorities, "gives anarchical liberty, and ensures the victory to the strong. Freedom of labour is proclaimed as the enfranchisement of the people, and what does it practically lead to? To the servitude of the workers."

Thus as industry on a large scale employs more machinery and divides labour, it betters the condition of the lower orders by offering them manufactured articles at a lower price; but at the same time it increases the distance which separates the capitalist from the workman. Artisans, small contractors, and small tradesmen are completely crushed by these immense manufactories. The lords of finance and industry are the masters of the economic world.

Yet another cause favours the development of Socialism, and this is the instability of all conditions, and the uneasiness and measureless aspirations which are the result of this. This instability is attributable to civil equality and liberty of action. In the Middle Ages every man was tied to his post, but his lot in life was assured. The workman was protected against competition by certain trade privileges. There were neither stoppages nor crises. The customers of labour were well known and invariable. The situation of shopkeepers was as secure as that of the artisans. Generation succeeded generation at the same counter, living as their fathers had done before them. Only the great traders of the Continent—as, for instance, Jacques Cœur, in France, or the Peruzzi, bankers in Italy, who were first the friends and afterwards the unpaid creditors of Edward III. of England—moved in a wider circle, and had more opportunities of making money. Far above all this the feudal nobility lived in a world quite apart and unattainable, protected by their strongholds, by their riches, and by caste prejudices. Society was thus completely enclosed in a complicated web of traditional customs. It was immovable and stable. It was a superstructure of class above class, similar to that which existed for so great a length of time in Egypt, and which left there as here such prodigious monuments. Our mediæval town-halls and cathedrals, imposing in their indestructibility, remind us of the pyramids and temples of the banks of the Nile.

Certainly the material condition of mankind at the present day is preferable. Formerly individual suffering was at times excessive, because the violence and brutality of great lords was not checked by the powerful hand of the State, and because commerce and science not sufficiently advanced to be able to combat scarcity or sick-

ess. Society was constantly agitated by local wars and decimated periodically either by famine or the plague. But in ordinary times the minds of the people were calm, and in times of trouble they were resigned. All these institutions of the Middle Ages, which were both obstacles and refuges, have been swept away. Liberty and equality, having been proclaimed for all, have levelled the land, on which universal competition is now unchained.

This competition is the cause of all progress ; it is the great force of industrial activity, the source of our power. But it is productive of an endless agitation, of permanent uneasiness, and of general instability. No one is satisfied with his lot, no one feels secure as to his future. The rich burn to acquire greater riches, and he who labours to live fears the loss of his daily bread. Every man is free, and all fulfil their destiny ; there is no class set apart, no inaccessible trade ; equality is legally established, but in point of fact inequality exists, and is the more irritating because every man may aspire to all. There are more bitter awakenings, as more lofty dreams are indulged in. All may climb to the highest step on the ladder, but few reach it ; and those who remain below curse those who are above them, while coveting their place.

Men formerly were not worried by the wish for change, because they saw no means of getting it. They were possessed of no ambition to change their state, nor of any thirst for riches ; for all this was beyond their reach. Their lot in this world was fixed, and their hopes were for the next. Now they desire happiness for this present life, and aim at destroying all that may prove an obstacle to the equal distribution of earthly joys. We must not forget that there are many reasons why men of the present day should pursue wealth with much greater ardour than formerly. In the first place, it can procure them many more enjoyments than at the period we speak of : home comforts and luxuries of every kind, the pleasure of travelling all over the world, summers passed in charming alpine resorts, and winters on the enchanting coasts of the Mediterranean—all this has replaced the monotonous existence of the feudal baron, who could only spend his superfluous revenues in entertaining his subordinates. At the present time the old feeling of good-will between masters and servants, landlords and their tenants, has wholly disappeared. The proprietor and capitalist now look only to the increase of their revenue, and in this they conform to the principle of orthodox political economy, for the greater greed with which riches are individually pursued must result in the rapid spread of general wealth. On the other hand, tenants and workmen of all classes are becoming daily more convinced of the truth of the terrible adage, ' Our master is our enemy.' The class-struggle which has broken out in Ireland in all its horror is at present an exception ; but the

sentiments which gave it birth are to be found fermenting in the breasts of nearly every rural population. In the country villages of Russia, Germany, Spain, Austria, and Italy are to be heard only words of sorrow, hatred, and revolt.

Landed property has acquired a character hitherto quite unprecedented in history. In primitive ages, land was the collective property of the tribe, and afforded each family the means of subsistence by working to cultivate it. In feudal times it was awarded to different functionaries as a reward for services, military, legal, and otherwise. At the present day, freed from every tie and every duty, it is a mere source of enjoyment to its possessor. The working classes and the owners of the soil become thus more and more estranged, and here, as in Rome, estrangement and hostility (*hostis*) are synonymous words.

It is the wages question that gives so acute and inflammatory a character to the Socialism of to-day. Formerly wages were regulated by custom, and, frequently, by an official tariff. Now they are fixed by free competition—that is to say, by the ratio existing between the number of hands and the amount of capital seeking employment. All must be subjected to Ricardo's famous law—to the "brazen law," as it is called by German Socialists—by virtue of which wages must be fatally reduced to what is strictly necessary for a workman to be able to live. When labourers began to understand this law, formulated by economists, they said: "As our pay depends on the number of hands offered, let us cease to offer them, unless we are paid more." Hence these strikes on the Continent, in America, and in England especially, which almost daily stop work or impede trade. There is a state of war permanently going on between masters and men, with all its miseries, its victories, and its defeats,—a civil war, stifled and bitter, where he who can the longest subsist without earnings is the victor,—a struggle far sharper and more cruel than any waged with cannons and rifles: furniture is pawned or sold, the small savings of better days gradually disappear, and finally misery and hunger besiege the domestic hearth, till wives and children cry for mercy.

Free trade between country and country, added to free competition in each country, led to the formation of the International League of labourers. In spite of the rivalries of dynasties and races, the relations existing between civilized countries have become so intimate, that everything partakes, more or less, of an international character. We have international exhibitions, international congresses, international institutes, international railway fares, international telegraph companies, international banks, international regattas, the universal postal union, the monetary union. The entire world is one vast workshop, one enormous market. The result is that the heads of an industry in any country could not possibly raise the wages of workmen, even did they feel so disposed, for they would increase the cost

of production of their goods, and would risk losing their customers, who would go to a foreign market. A local strike also generally ruins the industry in which it has triumphed.

Workmen understood this point, and drew the conclusion that the only way to obtain a rise in the rate of wages was to form an International League, to be joined by all the workers of the same trade in every country, so that, if need be, a universal strike might be declared. By this means an increase in wages became possible, for there would no longer be the fear of a local strike failing through foreign competition.

This league, which has ceased to exist as a regular organization, still possesses devoted and fanatical apostles, who spread its principles; and it is, thanks to their teaching, which is now open and now occult, that Socialism is at the present moment to be found in every country. It passes frontiers, bringing forgetfulness of all hostilities of race, and completely effaces patriotism. Compatriots are enemies, if they be industrial heads; foreigners are brothers, if they live by what they earn. As soon as the Republic was proclaimed in France the German Socialists held meetings and pronounced against the German army; while the workmen of London, Pesth, Vienna, and Berlin applauded the struggles and excused all the crimes of the Commune in Paris. The economic situation being very similar in all countries, Socialism finds everywhere the same grievances, the same hopes, the same inflammatory elements. Social aspirations are not local, like political revolutions. They are universal, like religious revivals, because they appeal to wants everywhere experienced, and to longings which, though may be dormant, are in nearly every human breast. Like religion, Socialism inspires the desire to proselytize, and has its apostles, who are full of a fanaticism now wild and savage and now mystical. The fierce hatred which set fire to the four quarters of Paris and raised the cry, "May all buildings which recall inequality perish in the flames!" is not dead; it still slumbers. But for how long?

In short, the situation that economic progress has created for modern society may be thus briefly summed up. It has freed workmen from all shackles, and has withdrawn them from the grasp of the corporation; it has increased their wages and their well-being, but it has also formed them into a distinct and separate body; grouping them in masses, in vast workshops and factories, in certain great centres; it has given them fresh wants and requirements, and above all it has awakened in them unlimited aspirations, and has exposed them, utterly defenceless, to all the fluctuations of business, so often severely shaken by changes in industry, by commercial crises, and by stagnation in sales. The peasant is freed from compulsory labour and from glebes, and his condition is certainly improved; but he is in constant dread of an increased rental, and this dread produces a feeling of enmity between landlords

and their tenants. When agricultural labourers and small farmers have learnt, like town workmen, to envy the lot of the rich, while they curse their own, the danger which threatens democratic society will become apparent.

This danger may be explained in two words: You grant a power to elect legislators, and therefore to legislate, to men who own no property, and whose wages are fatally reduced to what is strictly necessary; you proclaim equality of rights, while the actual inequality which still exists causes far greater suffering and is more irritating to bear. De Tocqueville, the most far-seeing of democratic theorists, when studying the subject in the United States, did not perceive this danger, which at the time, indeed, did not exist; but we may remember Macaulay's letter, which announced the arrival of a ravager more terrible than the Huns and the Vandals, which the nations themselves should have given birth to, the issue, indeed, of their own institutions. We may now truly say that this was a real prophecy.

Liberty of examination, which calls everything into question, impatience against, and contempt for, all authority, and the overthrow of religious belief, have embittered the conflict and destroyed all that might have tended to modify it. Curbed beneath a secular yoke, workmen formerly believed themselves created to support the great by their labour. But the French Revolution came, and called to them, "Arise, you are your master's equals!" and soon the question was mooted—Why this iniquitous division? Why should the idle live in opulence while the workers have nothing? Christianity, which brought notions of equality and fraternity to the Western World, at the same time taught submission and patience, for it tells the oppressed that this life is merely a term of probation: obey the powers that be, bear uncomplainingly all privations and troubles, for it will all be counted to you in the world to come, where your true treasure exists: iniquity triumphs here, but the Kingdom of Heaven is the inheritance in store for the disinherited of this world. While the Gospel thus awakens the soul to a sense of justice, sowing, too, the seed of social revolution, it averts the explosion by showing to the oppressed a perspective of endless felicity beyond the grave. At the present day, as faith disappears and people cease to believe in a heavenly compensation, they claim their share of happiness on this earth. They will have the promises realized in this world, instead of waiting for their realization in Paradise. If the unbelieving Socialist fail to receive his deserts, if he be miserable, he cannot console himself by the reflection that his sufferings, borne with resignation, will be repaid him a hundred-fold. If you attempt to prove to him that the justice he dreams of is a mere chimera, that the present division of wealth has been fixed by natural laws which cannot be upset, then in despair he cries, "May fire burn up this society, where iniquity reigns, that a new world may be raised on its ruins."

Nihilism will then be spread abroad. Those who propagate revolutionary doctrines try so hard to eradicate all religious belief because they feel that the best way to bring the people to revolt is to take from those who have been refused justice here the hope of it in another world.

Workmen are better off than formerly, but inequality is now more visible. On the one hand, capital is incessantly accumulating in the purchase of shares of all kinds—bonds, debentures, and stock of every description—and the number of people who live in idle ease is ever on the increase. On the other hand, men are always most exacting when they feel there is a chance of better days. De Tocqueville admirably explains that people do not rise in revolt when they are the most crushed, but rather when the yoke to be borne has become lighter. He writes, speaking of the close of the eighteenth century in France :—

“As prosperity develops, men’s minds are less confident and seem more uneasy. Public discontent becomes embittered, and a hatred of all ancient institutions rapidly grows. The nation is marching visibly towards a revolution. . . . One would almost feel tempted to say that the French found their position the more intolerable as it improved. This is astonishing, but history furnishes us with many similar instances.”*

Is not this a true picture of what is now taking place?

It was at one time imagined that the teaching of political economy would serve to combat Socialism. But, on the contrary, this science has provided contemporary Socialists with its most formidable weapons. Instead of rejecting economic conclusions, after the example of their predecessors, they accept them without reserve, and bring them forward in proof of their statement that present social conditions are opposed to the principles of right and justice. Economists have proved that all value and all property is derived from labour. Then, add the Socialists, it evidently follows that wealth ought to belong to those whose labour creates it, and that all value—*i.e.*, all the produce—should be the remuneration of its producer. Ricardo, Mill, in fact all the representatives of orthodox science, show that with free competition, in a country where both the population and wealth are on the increase, the revenues of proprietors will also steadily increase, while wages will fall to what is strictly necessary. And Socialists demand whether such a division as this, said to be the result of supposed natural laws, is in accordance with the principles of distributive justice? Political economy has thus furnished Socialism with a scientific basis, and has been the means of its quitting the region of Communistic aspirations and Utopian schemes.

Another reason why Socialism has latterly made such progress is that it is gradually gaining ground amongst the higher and more educated classes. Many Conservative novels, pieces of poetry, newspapers, are imbued with a Socialistic spirit, and this often unconsciously,

* “*L’Ancien regime*,” &c., chap. xvi.

the authors being themselves adverse to these doctrines. Among the "favoured ones" of Society, as it exists at the present day, the number of those who believe that the "natural laws," if left to themselves, will set all things to rights, is daily diminishing. Nearly all admit that something may be done to improve the condition of the working classes. Those who think, with Gambetta, that there is no social question, are rare. Listen to the words spoken in private or on solemn occasions by sovereigns, ministers, or the chiefs of parties in England, Germany, or Italy; all admit that the social question demands the study of every legislator. It would indeed be hard not to recognize the insufficiency of remuneration of the country labourer and city workman. The rich man in ancient times might enjoy his wealth and say with Aristotle (*Polit.* 1, 3), "There exist in the human species men as inferior to others as the body is to the soul, or as animals are to men. Useful for mere bodily labour, they are incapable of a higher occupation. These men are by nature destined to slavery, as there is nothing better for them than obedience to a master." In the Middle Ages the teachings of Christianity were not yet understood, and the feudal lord considered his serfs as beasts of burden, predestined to labour for him by divine order. Now that the equality of all men as to nature and rights has penetrated the brains and hearts of us all, we must be possessed either of inhuman selfishness, or be most profoundly ignorant, not to feel stirred by the claims of the working classes. To be able to judge of the impression these claims make on minds yearning for justice and the ideal, one ought to read such books as "Unto this Last," or "The Crown of Wild Olive," by Ruskin. I will quote but one passage here: "For most of the rich men of England it were indeed to be desired that the Bible should not be true, since against them these words are written in it: 'The rust of your gold and silver shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire.'"

The great difference between the present situation and any analogous one of which history furnishes us with examples, is that the spread of Socialism is prodigiously favoured by education and by the press. Instruction is offered to all, and even enforced, and all learn to read. Thus books, pamphlets, cheap newspapers, penetrate everywhere, spreading notions of radical reforms. In the Middle Ages a revolt of peasants was a merely local event, speedily put down. The same may be said of those of the sixteenth century. Once fairly crushed, these aspirations for equality disappeared as though drowned in blood. To-day this is no longer the case. The energetic repression of the "Journées de Juin" in 1848, and of the Paris Commune in 1871, only served to spread still further abroad the principles it was desired to stifle, and to give them deeper root in the hearts of the working classes. If Socialism is to be done away with, it must be attacked in its origin and in its means of diffusion. Forbid

Christianity ; burn the Bible ; teach, with the philosophers of old, that natural inequality justifies slavery ; above all, do away with national education and newspapers. If the present inequality of conditions be necessary and permanent, then the spread of the gospel, the founding of a school, the opening of a printing-office, and the extension of the suffrage, are all so many attempts to disturb social order.

Wars, rivalries, and the immense armies maintained by Continental States tend also to accelerate the propagation of that Socialism which it is their mission to combat, and this they do in two ways. In the first place, they increase inequality, on the one hand, by their consumption of productions which would otherwise go to improve the workman's condition ; and, on the other hand, loans have to be raised to pay the expenses of wars and armaments, and the interest of these admits of more persons living idle. Secondly, obligatory service draws the youth of the provinces to the great centres, which are more or less strongly imbued with Socialistic tendencies, and thence these new ideas are carried back to the most remote hamlet, where formerly the faith and belief of the past remained unshaken from generation to generation. I do not think that at present the majority of soldiers are Socialists ; far from it ; but this is the great danger to be dreaded for the present social order, which indeed leans on the support of the bayonet. If this rampart were withdrawn, a terrible overthrow would become inevitable.

Let us now endeavour to separate what truth Socialism contains from the falsehood. The basis of all Socialistic claims is the affirmation that the present social order increases inequality, the workmen's condition becoming daily harder, while the wealth of capitalists and large proprietors is steadily on the increase.—This statement is only true to a certain extent. It is an incontrovertible fact that capital accumulates incessantly in every society in a state of progress, and that the number of those who live on their revenue also increases. The rate of interest and profit tend then to fall ; but as the means of production become more and more improved, and immense amounts of machinery of all kinds, representing fixed capital, bring the owners handsome revenues, it follows that the total of interest received and profits gained by the upper classes rapidly increases. To assure oneself that this is indeed a fact, it suffices but to cast a glance at the prodigious display of wealth and luxury to be found in all countries, which is indeed a characteristic of the age. But it is not true that the condition of working men is worse than it was formerly. They have to a great extent benefited by the cheapness of manufactured goods due to the introduction of machinery. Save in very large towns they are better housed, they are invariably better clothed, they have many more articles of furniture of every description. Their diet is more varied, although it has become, for the great majority, almost vegetarian, for the number of domestic animals not having

increased to the same extent as the population, meat is too dear. It can no longer be said of our populations, as Cæsar said of the Germans :—*Major pars victus eorum in lacte, caseo, carne consistit* (De Bel. Gal. vi. 22). The real Socialistic grievance, which unfortunately is too well founded, is this : that the workmen's condition does not proportionately improve with the increase of production, and that their share in the extraordinary development of riches which has taken place during the century has been far too small. I will cite but two testimonies in support of this, but both from the country where capital has accumulated with the greatest rapidity. Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, as long ago as February 14th, 1843, said :—

"It is one of the sad sides of the present social order in our land that the steady increase of wealth of the upper classes and the accumulation of capital should be attended with a diminution in the people's power of consumption, and with a larger amount of privation and suffering among the poor."

On April 16th, 1863, he again reproduced the same idea in the House. He said :—

"From the year 1842 to 1853 the receipts from the income tax increased 6 per cent. in England, and from 1853 to 1861, 20 per cent. It is an astonishing fact, but it is nevertheless true, that this prodigious increase of wealth benefited solely the well-to-do classes."

Mr. Fawcett expresses himself to a similar effect thus :—

"Production has increased quite beyond the most sanguine hopes, and yet the day when the workman shall obtain a large share of this increase seems as far distant as ever, and in his miserable abode the struggle against want and misery is as hard as it ever was. The result of this is to create a feeling of profound hostility to the fundamental principles on which society is based."*

When we look with an unprejudiced eye at the present division of this world's goods, and see, on the one hand, the labourers for their daily bread earning barely what is needful,—less, indeed, than the wherewithal to live if there be the slightest possible crisis,—and then turn our eyes to the other side of the picture, and see the owners of property yearly adding to their estates, and living in ever-increasing ease and comfort, it is quite impossible to bring this into conformity with notions of justice, and one can but exclaim with Bossuet : "The complaints of the poor are just. Wherefore this inequality?" True, the reply may be made : "It has always been thus, and cannot be otherwise." But this argument can only satisfy those whose privileges it legitimizes. Let us call to mind the stirring words of John Stuart Mill, who spoke like Bossuet on this subject :—

"If therefore the choice were to be made between Communism, with all its chances, and the present state of society, with all its sufferings and injustices—if the institution of private property necessarily carried with it, as a consequence, that the produce of labour should be apportioned, as we now see it, almost in an inverse ratio to the labour, the largest portion to those who have

* "Essays and Lectures on Social and Political Subjects. By Henry Fawcett and Millicent Garrett Fawcett." 1872. Pp. 4-8.

never worked at all, the next largest to those whose work is almost nominal, and so in a descending scale, the remuneration dwindling as the work grows harder and more disagreeable, until the most fatiguing and exhausting bodily labour cannot count with certainty on being able to earn even the necessities of life—if this or Communism were the alternative, all the difficulties, great or small, of Communism would be as dust in the balance.”*

Socialism claims for the labourer the integral produce of his labour. Nothing apparently can be more just than that claim.—But if the produce be obtained with the help of two other agents, land and capital, which do not belong to the labourer, the latter cannot then retain it for himself in its entirety.

Socialism says: Labour is now subject to capital; the reverse ought to be the case. Capital, properly speaking, ought to be subject to labour.—Certainly, but for this to be the case, the labourer must be in possession of the means of production; land must belong to the cultivator, and tools and machinery to the artisan. The difficulty would be to arrive at this, now that all industry is carried on on so extensive a scale.

Socialism considers that riches should be no longer the privilege of the idle, that they who do not sow should not be allowed to reap. This is exactly the teaching of St. Paul: “If any will not work, neither shall he eat.”

Man, like every animate being, has wants, and certain means of providing for them. Thanks to artificial laws, which permit of a portion of mankind living at the expense of others, he may satisfy his wants without employing the means given him. But in so doing he commits an offence against the natural law. All this appears clear; but these facts are to be attributed to quiritarian property and to the present laws of succession.

Unless, then, something better can be suggested, present institutions are indispensable in order to stimulate production. What ought to be found, then, is an order of things where—according to the teaching of St. Paul, to justice, and to natural order—ease and comfort shall increase according to the zeal and industry displayed, and shall diminish for the idle.

Machinery, say the Socialists, was to have given workmen greater liberty, and diminished working hours. The reverse is the case. Machinery enriches its owners, but renders the tasks of their work-people harder. The larger the capital engaged in an undertaking, the more necessary it becomes that there should never be any stoppage. Formerly the night brought sleep to all, and Sunday was invariably a day of rest; now on railways, on steamers, in mines, and often in warehouses, factories, and offices, there is no lull in the whirl of business—no repose. Machinery will not fulfil its promise and bring rest to man until it belongs to the labourers who set it going. On

* “Principles,” b. ii, c. i., § 3.

this point Socialists may invoke the opinion of John Stuart Mill, who says: "Machinery has not at present shortened by one single hour the work of a single human being."

Socialists affirm that the means of production are already sufficient to furnish all with enough to live in ease, if the produce were more equally divided. And, indeed, when one thinks of the vast number of useless and superfluous, if not hurtful, articles which are manufactured, and which must occupy so many hours of labour, one is led to believe that if this same time were devoted to the creation of merely useful things there would be sufficient to largely satisfy everyone. Inequality induces luxury, which turns aside the productive forces from producing necessities; hence the destitution of the multitude.

Socialists reproach the present order with pouring all the advantages accruing from social ameliorations into the hands of proprietors, in violation of the principle, generally admitted, that labour is the source of property; and they base their complaint on the theory as set forth by economic science. Here again they might appeal to Mill, for he claims that every increase of revenue not resulting from the owner's personal efforts—*unearned increment*, as he calls it—should be handed over to the State. But Socialism reserves its most bitter attack for free competition. This, they say, reduces workmen's pay to a minimum, lowers the quality of the object sold, and creates hostile interests, while it does not even ensure the promised compensation—viz., cheapness; for large industries run the smaller ones down, and thus having acquired the monopoly, take advantage of their situation and raise the prices. Mill admits that, if competition is the best security for cheapness, it is by no means a security for quality; but he proves beyond a doubt that if, at times, competition lowers wages when hands are in excess, it also raises wages when capital increases faster than the population, and that it at least possesses one most decided advantage, which is, that it reduces the prices of manufactured articles, which must be purchased and paid for with the wages gained by workmen, and therefore, as these go farther, it is as if wages were higher. If there were no competition, it would be as Socialists such as Marx predicted—the full profits gained by the machinery would go to the owners; while now, thanks to competition, the public benefit by the cheapness of goods. Competition is mere liberty in economic relations. It is the most powerful and only efficacious setter-in-motion of all productive activity, of all economic administration, and, more especially, of every amelioration. True, laws and institutions may modify the conditions under which competition is carried on; they may place the competitors on more equal terms, and so arrange matters that each man, possessing the wherewithal to labour, need not be forced to accept insufficient remuneration for his work to avoid dying of hunger. True freedom of contract would then be established, and competition, which is the real

strength of the economic world, would no longer be productive of the disastrous consequence, now attributed to it.

The historian Ranke shows that the attacks made by the Protestants upon the Roman Catholic Church led to the introduction of reforms in the latter, which infused new life into her. In the same way, the most learned economists of the day admit that the criticisms, at times exaggerated, but often well-founded, directed by the Socialists against the present state of society, have been the means of political economy making decided progress. For instance, economists affirmed formerly that our social organization was the result of natural laws, and indeed constituted a *natural order*. It followed that, as says Cairnes, "the well-to-do part of the community retained a comfortable sense that political economy gave them a handsome ratification of the existing form of society as approximately perfect;" and they consequently dismissed any idea of an organization superior to the one in existence as a chimera. (At the present day, the majority of economists recognize that everything concerning the division of riches is dependent on laws and customs, which vary from time to time, and that a more rigid application of justice would introduce a great amelioration. Until recently economists studied chiefly the increase of production; they described the distribution of wealth without seeking to discover whether it was just and right. Now it is daily more and more widely acknowledged that the most important of all questions is that of distribution; that in every problem the ethical and judicial side is the one to be principally considered; and that in the labour question the remuneration of the labourer is of paramount importance. One of Germany's most learned economists, Professor Schönberg, writes: "Socialism has forced political economy to recognize that it is something beyond a mere natural science of human selfishness, and that it owns to be a system of moral administration (*ethische Wirtschaft*) of social interests."

The great error of the majority of Socialists is, that they do not sufficiently take into consideration the fact that the great incentive to labour and economy is individual interest. True, minds under the influence of the elevated sentiments of religion or of philosophy will obey impulses of charity, devotedness, and honour; but the stimulant of personal interest and responsibility is necessary to the regular production of wealth.

It follows, then, that a Communistic administration would be always an exception. On the contrary, an organization realizing the desire of all Socialists—the *full fruit of his labour to each labourer*—would at the same time be the most powerful stimulant and the most just reward for economic activity.

Another Socialist error, which is still more disastrous for the cause they advocate than the one we have just considered, is the belief that a triumphant insurrection would lead to a new order of things

being established by law. A revolutionary assembly can easily do many things; it may confiscate property, cut off people's heads, and even seize upon all revenue as a sort of land-tax. But the introduction of a collective method of carrying on industry, the setting of trade on a co-operative footing, is beyond its power. As Mill admirably shows in his Chapters on Socialism, reforms such as these necessarily suppose workmen to be possessed of higher intellectual and moral culture than they can possibly acquire otherwise than by slow degrees. The powerlessness of a triumphant Socialist revolution, as far as economic reforms are concerned, was amply demonstrated by the absolute sterility in this respect of the Paris Commune of 1871, and of the Spanish Communes of Carthagená and Seville of 1873.

Mr. William Graham, in his book, "The Creed of Science" ("To the Poor," p. 280), pictures the triumph of a Socialistic revolution, and says:—

"After temporary social chaos, invading all order, extending to all departments of life, exhausted society would joyfully hail any self-styled saviour, promising deliverance from the unendurable delirium and horror of social anarchy. Things after their temporary wrench would revert to their old grooves, society being the sadder, the wiser, but scarcely the better, from the costly and not bloodless experience."

The Russian Socialist, Herzen, in his last letter to the father of Nihilism, Bakounine, writes:—"If even the *bourgeois* world were to be blown up, after the smoke had disappeared and the ashes been swept away, a new but still a *bourgeois* one, would reappear."

If the progress of humanity be not a mere idea, as that of democracy is, according to De Tocqueville, "the most ancient, the most continuous, and the most permanent fact in history," it follows that there will in future be greater equality amongst men; but violence will never be the means of the accomplishment of social transformations. Attempts at insurrections rather prevent these than otherwise, for they lead to a renewal of despotism, and to the enforcement of stricter and harder laws. The German regicides, Hödel and Nobiling, did their cause great harm. If the Socialists expound their views with persistency, and at the same time with moderation, bringing forward in support of them the powerful arguments of economic science, after the example of Mill and of the ex-Austrian Minister, Albert Schäffle, they would gain the ear of the upper classes, for it is quite impossible to ignore the sentiments of equality and justice which the Gospel places in the hearts of all. The Irish agrarian laws which Mr. Gladstone wrung from the House of Lords are a clear proof that Socialism may obtain most decisive conquests by peaceful means.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

IRISH MURDER-SOCIETIES.

ORGANIZED murder, as a factor in what some Irish patriots call the "politics of despair," is not by any means a novelty in Ireland. The "Invincibles" of our days have had their prototypes, who have appeared at intervals from a rather remote past down to the present time. The "finest peasantry in the world,"—who are also believed by their admirers to be the most supereminently virtuous, —though declared to be animated with a lively horror of secret assassination, would, nevertheless, seem, from recent revelations, to take kindly to it when, by its means, they can gain anything, or when—to put the most charitable construction on their motives—driven to desperation by unendurable wrongs. What is new as to the society of the "Invincibles" is, that it is said to have been specially organized for the murder of the higher Government officials.

Hitherto the secret conductors of assassination associations have been content to order the "removal"—as murder is delicately designated in "Invincible" phraseology—of landlords, "renegade" tenants, bailiffs, and lesser limbs of the law, either by way of reprisals for, or as deterrents against, landlord exactions; but never till now did they design to make British government impossible by the murder of the administrators of its laws.

Agrarian combinations, in fact, were not, as a rule, at all political,—that is, no change of the ruling power, or even reform of abuses, was expected or sought,—but merely defensive, retaliatory, or deterrent. The Land-League-Fenian-Invincible Confederacy, on the contrary, proposes the abolition of an influential class of the Irish people, and the establishment of a native Government.

Unlike that of the present combination, the record of the revolutionary societies of the remote and immediate past—that of the

"United Irishmen," the "Young Irelanders," and the "Fenians"—is almost entirely unstained by agrarian murders and outrage. The insurgent excesses of '98 were the outcome of the mad delirium of a brief and almost un hoped-for success of the rebel arms, and the murder of Lord Kilwarden, on the occasion of a later *émeute* organized by the United Irishmen, was the work of a frenzied subordinate, and gave much concern to the leaders. Young Ireland's precarious vitality evaporated in heroic poetry and a harmless "rising;" and although some Fenian "traitors" were assassinated by their betrayed confederates, the period of that society's most active existence was remarkable for the total absence of agrarian murders or other crimes. Not till the present time, in fact, have men professing to be high-principled patriots been open to the suspicion of the most remote alliance or connection with the suborners of secret assassination.

The murder-societies of the past—the "Peep o' Day Boys," "Heart of Oak Boys," "Heart of Flint Boys," "Heart of Steel Boys," "Twelve o'Clock Boys," "Whiteboys," "Carders," "Threshers," "Ribbonmen," "Orangemen," and others—all, more or less remotely, had their origin in the tyranny of oppressive laws, and had no political objects whatever.

Curiously enough the earliest of them was a confederacy of Protestants. The Peep o' Day Boys was a Protestant society established in the north in the year 1772 for the extirpation of Catholic settlers. In that year the Earl of Donegal and other landlords in the county of Antrim evicted numbers of their tenants, who refused to assent to an increase of rents, and put their farms up for letting to auction. Several Catholics became tenants of these farms, most of the former occupants of which emigrated. The tenants who remained, and their sympathizers, combined to drive off the new occupiers, and founded a society called indifferently the "Peep o' Day Boys," and the "Heart of Steel Boys," while the Catholics set on foot an organization which they designated the "Defenders," for their own protection. Between these opposing factions a deadly feud long raged, which culminated in a set collision between the strength of their forces, known as the "Battle of the Diamond," that resulted in establishing the supremacy of the Protestant party. Their object, which is also that of the "Moonlighters" of our day, was chiefly to deter tenants from occupying derelict farms,—that is, farms from which Protestant tenants had been evicted,—and to compel those who had taken such farms to surrender them; and their victory enabled them to a very great extent to realize their intentions. Soon after, the Peep o' Day Boys gave way to the formidable society of Orangemen, the objects and means of which were in many respects similar to those of the parent society.

The troubles connected with the collection of tithes were the

fruitful source from which sprang other secret associations for murder and outrage. The Carders, the "Threshers," the "Oak Boys," and other confederacies, were constituted to resist the payment of this tax. The Carders collected in large bodies and went about at night armed, forcing the peasantry to take oaths not to pay tithes to proctors. The penalty of refusal was sometimes death, but more frequently the horrible torture of "Carding"—that is, the back of the unfortunate victim was lacerated by a strong and sharp steel comb, used in carding wool, being drawn over it. In the year 1784, in the Irish Parliament, which was then engaged in the enactment of measures of coercion far more severe than any which of late years the British Parliament has passed for Ireland, the Attorney-General described the *modus operandi* of the Threshers as follows:—

"The commencement," he said, "was in one or two parishes in the county of Kerry, and they proceeded thus:—The people assembled in a Catholic chapel, and there took an oath to obey the laws of Captain Right, and to starve the clergy. They then proceeded to the next parishes on the following Sunday, and there swore the people in the same manner; with this addition, that they (the people sworn) should on the ensuing Sunday proceed to the chapels of their next neighbouring parishes, and swear the inhabitants of these parishes in like manner. . . . Bodies of 5,000 of them have been seen to march through the county unarmed, and if met by any magistrate, they never offered the smallest rudeness or offence; on the contrary, they had allowed persons charged with crimes to be taken from amongst them by the magistrate alone, unaided by any force."

This is not greatly different from the "passive resistance" recommended to the peasantry for adoption in the early days of the Land League.

And it was an Irish Parliament which was responsible for the iniquitous impost which occasioned such grave crimes and tumults. A vote of the Irish House of Commons in 1735 decreed that the tithes, which constituted a considerable part of the income of the Protestant clergy, should be levied off the corn, cattle, pigs, poultry, and potatoes of the Catholic cottiers, thus specially exempting the opulent graziers and Protestant proprietors. This law declared in effect that the established clergy should get nothing from the parks and demesnes of the Protestant nobility and gentry, the proprietors of the whole country, but that they might mulct the poor Catholic cottier of one-tenth of the substance of his starving family. The clergy generally employed an agent, or proctor, who, immediately before harvest, valued the standing crops and fixed the sum to be paid to his spiritual superior, who was, moreover, minister of a religion different from that held by the unfortunate tenant. Nor could the latter appeal to law for redress against exaction with any hope of success. That was a luxury reserved for the rich. "The peasant,"

wrote Mr. J. W. Croker, secretary to the Admiralty in 1822, "oppressed or defrauded to the amount of £10 cannot bring even a claim of redress in the lottery of the laws for less than £60. By victory or defeat he is equally irremediably ruined."

Such oppression as this naturally produced outrages, and the secret societies of the time waged war against tithe proctors and police, as well as against landlords and Orangemen. The wrongs they endured, and the tyranny to which they were subjected, drove the people to despair; and, banded together, they wreaked indiscriminate vengeance on the upper classes, and perpetrated, without doubt, many horrible crimes.

Not only were the small farmers ground down by tithes and other oppressive taxation, but they were the bond slaves of their landlords. Their religion was proscribed, and they were not permitted to educate their children. At the beginning of the present century the population of the country was estimated to stand at about five millions and a half, of whom at least two millions lived in a state of absolute serfdom under half a million slave-owners—that is landlords and aristocrats.

"The domineering aristocracy," said Arthur Young, "of five hundred thousand Protestants feel the sweets of having two millions of slaves;" and, sustained by the British Government, they were able to preserve their power and exert their privileges through many a dreary round of weary years. Twenty years after, these miserable serfs had multiplied amazingly. In 1820, the population had increased to seven millions, of whom six millions were Catholics. And their condition grew worse with increased numbers. In no country in Europe were the people so completely degraded.

"The landlord of an Irish estate," wrote Arthur Young, "inhabited by Roman Catholics, is a sort of a despot, who yields obedience in whatever concerns the poor to no law but his own will. A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order which a servant, labourer, or cottier dares to refuse to execute. Nothing satisfies him but an unlimited submission. Disrespect, or anything tending towards sauciness, he may punish with his cane or horsewhip, with the most perfect security; a poor man would have his bones broke if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence. Landlords of consequence have assured me that many of these cottiers would think themselves honoured by having their wives or daughters sent for to the bed of their master; a mark of slavery that proves the oppression under which such people must live. Nay, I have heard anecdotes of the lives of people being made free with without any apprehension of the justice of a jury."

Further details are too distressing for narration. Never were a people subjected to a more galling or intolerable tyranny. They were powerless for open resistance, and had no resource save in secret conspiracy. They were guilty, no doubt, of many savage acts of atrocity, which were encountered and revenged by ferocious enactments. "Acts," said Mr. Young, "were passed for their punishment which seemed calculated for the meridian of Barbary. This arose to such a

height that, one by one, they were hanged, under certain circumstances without the formality of a trial." Still more violent outrages naturally followed, and the murder-societies grew fiercer in their reprisals, until their operations attained to almost the dimensions of a rebellion, and it was with difficulty, and not till after a considerable time had elapsed, that they were suppressed. But it was a rising of people almost literally for leave to live, and no thought of influencing legislation stimulated or at all moved them.

Redress, however, came, but slowly and grudgingly. The Catholics were emancipated to avert a civil war, tithes were commuted into a rent-charge payable by landlords, and some minor concessions made; but the landlords' privilege to plunder their tenants and confiscate the fruits of their labours remained practically intact until quite recently—until, in fact, the passing of the Land Act of 1881.

The population continued to increase, until the famine of 1847, wholesale evictions, and emigration reduced it in something more than a quarter of a century by three millions. And the decrease still continues. The Ribbon Society first grew formidable after the famine. Its operations were directed against the "land grabbers" rather than the hereditary landlords, who, as a rule, were not over-exacting. The evictions of this period were marked by much wanton caprice and great cruelty. "The right," wrote Mr. Froude, "in these evictions lay with the tenants; the wrong with their oppressors." This is quite true. Oppression alone produced outrage, and outrage was relied upon to justify the exceptional severity of coercive laws and their vigorous administration; but not till our time were similar laws accompanied by measures for the redress of admitted and grievous wrongs. British Governments, Whig and Tory, seemed to hold landlord rights as too sacred to be at all infringed upon—to consider that, as Lord Palmerston phrased it, "tenant right meant landlord wrong."

In this obstinate refusal to remove the abuses which affected the rights, feelings, and even existence of the great bulk of the population, lay the power of Ribbonism. It had its ramifications all over the country. In the North it had also to encounter the Orangemen; in the West and South its operations were confined to acts of retaliation for the exactions of "felonious" landlordism. It was responsible for every outbreak of agrarian crime from the famine time, when first it became formidable, down to that which took place in county Westmeath in 1871, when the Westmeath Act may be said to have given it its *coup de grâce*. Since then it has ceased to exist as an organized body. Emigrants carried its principles to America, and there founded, so long ago as 1848, the "Ancient Order of Hibernians," which still lives, but chiefly only as an agency for the collection of subscriptions for the support of the semi-agrarian, semi-political, and really wholly

anti-national League organization. The "intensity of Fenianism" it was that first awakened a powerful British Minister to the gravity of the causes which gave birth and strength to these murder-societies and before the vigorous legislation devised and carried by his Protestant ascendancy went down, and a strong curb was placed on landlord rapacity. And when, later, another and a successful effort to secure to the tenant the full fruits of his labour and entire protection against unjust exaction — which, in fact, raised him to co-proprietorship with the landlord in the soil — at the very time when every cause that could palliate the disorders, tumults, and outrages of the past had been removed, they again broke out with infinitely greater intensity and more murderous virulence than ever before. Now, why was this?

The reason is found in the legacy of an evil past. The expatriated Celt, whom landlord greed and oppressive laws drove out of his native land, as a rule, prospered beyond the Atlantic. He there nourished his hate for the oppressors of his country, born of a sense of the bitter wrongs endured at their hands. He constituted the mainstay of Fenianism, Land Leagueism, and will continue to support any other "ism" which gives promise of proving troublesome to the British "enemy." He is never so happy as when he is permitted to subscribe his money to any association or combination which proposes to make the British Government in Ireland difficult, if not impossible. He is ever ready with his dollars when called for on behalf of the "old land," but though he does not inquire too closely what precisely is done with them, he naturally likes to have some value for his money. Tumult and disorder, murder and outrage in Ireland give him unalloyed gratification; and these provided, he is a perfectly inexhaustible mine of wealth to the professional patriots who trade on his bitter irreconcilability to British rule in his native land. It is his good opinion, and not that of Englishmen, whether sympathizers with Ireland or not, that the League leader has frankly confessed he sets store on possessing. And with reason: without his money the League cannot live. At the same time he is mainly responsible for the murders and atrocities of the last three years in Ireland, as we shall see.

After the collapse of Fenianism our typical emigrant Celt for a brief period lapsed into the quietude which succeeds foiled expectancy, and was long a prey to morose melancholy, for want of a "cause" to sustain which he could empty his pockets of his superfluous cash. At last one was provided for him. The Fenian "rising" proved to Irish patriots that in "honourable warfare" Ireland was no match for England. Plainly, therefore, there was nothing for it but dishonourable warfare. Accordingly a notable plan was designed which proposed to blow up, burn, and destroy whenever and wherever it was

found to be practicable, British ships, public buildings, dockyards, and, as a last resource, to murder British ministers. By this means it was hoped that the dense intellects of the people of Great Britain and of its rulers would become convinced that, after all, ruling Ireland against the wishes of its people was quite too costly and troublesome an enterprise to persevere with, and that they would, once for all, give over the Emerald Isle to its own people. To sustain this plan, of course money, which is the root of all Irish agitation, as it is of all evil, was needed, and a "Skirmishing Fund" was established, into which the dollars of our Transatlantic Celtic exemplar flowed freely. Soon a large amount was realized; but, sad to say, no "skirmishing" was effected. At last the contributions ceased, and the subscribers began to raise a clamour. They wanted some account of their money. There was absolutely nothing to show for it. They were quieted with the assurance that, at all events, the money was safe. It was vested in trustees of high honour, and so forth; but, like the League Fund in Ireland, no account could be published of its expenditure. Some discontented subscribers thereupon formed an "investigating" committee, and published a report. This document, read in connection with events which occurred previous and subsequent to its publication, throws much light on the revelations of the "Invincible" informers.

As I have said, the Ribbon Confederacy was stamped out in 1871 by the Westmeath Act. From that date until the murder of the Earl of Leitrim in the month of April, 1878, there was a notable absence of serious agrarian crime. That crime, however, was evidently the work of an organization of men accustomed to the ways of conspiracies, so carefully was it planned and carried out, and so perfect was the obliteration of all trace of the assassins. From the report of the Skirmishing Fund investigating committee, we learn that, at the time of its commission, one of the trustees of the fund was in Ireland on "special business," and had obtained a large sum for his expenses. From certain oblique hints and insinuations which appeared in the Irish American papers afterwards, the conclusion might be drawn that the murder was arranged, carried out, and paid for by the Skirmishing Fund trustees; that failing other means of satisfying the longings of the subscribers for results, they had taken in hand the "removal" of especially obnoxious Irish landlords. However that may be, there is no doubt at all that the crime was the work of an organization presumedly having its location in America, since none such was known to exist in Ireland. Moreover, at this time there was no land agitation and no incendiary oratory to instigate individuals to its commission; unruffled calm, not to say stagnation, was the chief characteristic of the political life of the country. Nevertheless, the Earl of Leitrim

was slain at the same time that an emissary of an Irish American confederacy to obtain freedom for Ireland from British rule, and which included in its means of working the murder of Irish landlords, was in the country.

Shortly after, in October, 1878, the Skirmishing Fund trustees publicly made overtures to Mr. Parnell for an alliance between the American Fenian party and that which acknowledged his lead in Ireland. They invited him to set an agitation on foot for the acquisition by the tenants of the ownership of their farms, which the Fenians would support. Whether the invitation was accepted or not does not clearly appear. But we learn from the Skirmishers' Report that Mr. John Devoy, another of the trustees, came to Ireland early in 1879, with the avowed object of establishing a *modus vivendi* between the extreme and moderate Nationalists—the Fenians and non-Fenians that is ; and that his mission was successful would appear from the facts that the Land agitation soon after was set going, and that amongst its most prominent leaders were well known Fenians. But whether actually in alliance or not, there is no doubt at all that the two parties acted in concert to attain the same ends—that is to say, the party of agitation and the party of murder and outrage both operated on parallel lines to produce the same results—namely, perennial tumults, perpetual disorder, and prolonged terrorism, with the view of “starving out” the landlords, and ultimately of rendering British rule in Ireland impossible.

How the agitators succeeded, by appeals to the greed of an ignorant and therefore credulous and impressionable people, in inducing repudiation of lawful obligations, and exciting class hatred and social confusion, is now an old and shameful story, as is the manner in which they were sustained by their reputed confederates, the murderers and outrage workers. Of course, the so-called “legal and constitutional” patriots professed to be quite shocked at the atrocities perpetrated by their co-workers. They attributed them to the spontaneous “exasperation” of an enraged people—that is, of a people who had had granted them by the Imperial Parliament every reasonable concession asked in their name—at refusal of redress. No doubt, on their side, the murderers would urge that they murdered for the general good, in order to obtain the concession of impossible demands from the British Government. The Land Act, if allowed to exercise its healing influence, would have quite spoiled the game of both : therefore they united to condemn it. The “exasperation,” in truth, was made to “order ;” the murders suborned and paid for in “current coin.”

The circumstances attending the issue of the “no rent” manifesto make this quite clear. No rent was ordered to be paid until “the suspects were released.” Non-payment of rent produced evictions ;

evictions, murders and outrages. That the latter are directly traceable to the combination of Leaguers and Fenian "Invincibles," the Kilmainham revelations leave no manner of doubt whatever. And the murders and outrages in Dublin itself were plainly meant as reprisals in the first instance for the imprisonment of Land League leaders, and, later on, for the execution of assassins who perpetrated murders in enforcement of Land League decrees.

It is, therefore, plain that the recent outbreak of crime, outrage, and disorder was deliberately excited and stimulated by a number of unscrupulous men—designing knaves and sham patriots—some of whom make their living by professing patriotism, and duping ignorant people, and others of whom lust for political influence, and for whom tranquillity means obscurity; and was in no sense the result of exasperation, as is pretended. They succeeded in exciting by turns the greed, the hopes, and the fears of the peasantry. By holding out the expectation that by not paying rent, they would ultimately obtain their land for nothing, and have no rent to pay ever after, and of material support in the event of their temporarily losing their farms by eviction, they induced too credulous men to set all law at defiance. And by threats of "social ostracism"—which in League *argot* means Boycotting, the most odious form of social tyranny—they compelled obedience to their decrees. Moreover, their influence was immensely strengthened by the concessions which were made to appear as having been won by them for Ireland from the present Parliament, and by the indiscriminate support accorded them by some of the leading lights of the philosophical radicalism of England.

The moral of all this is so plain that all "who run may read." It teaches that Irish crime and outrage and incitements thereto must be rigidly suppressed; that it must be made clear that beneficial legislation for Ireland is not undertaken under pressure of anarchy and disorder; and that the very worst and most deadly enemies of Ireland are her patriots and those in high places who countenance and insensibly assist them in carrying out their machinations. When British Ministers resolve to be guided by these facts, Irish Americans will soon learn that there is no reasonable chance of having their money's worth of trouble for England in Ireland, and will cease to subscribe to the League Fund. Patriotism being then found to be no longer profitable will be abandoned by its professors, and Ireland be at peace.

RICHARD PIGOTT.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT: ITALIAN POLITICS.

“**W**HAT is the real state of parties in Italy? It is so difficult for us in England to see exactly how matters stand, that we should be glad to have them clearly and briefly explained to us.” This is an inquiry often put to us by English friends, but one to which it is by no means easy to reply. It is hard to make clear an uncertain and changeable state of affairs. We must rather describe how it came into existence, and the causes of its confusion and mutability. Our readers can then form their own judgment about it.

The real origin of the present state of affairs dates from 1870—the year of the Franco-German war, and of our entry into Rome. From that moment everything in Italy began rapidly to change, and the fall of the Moderate party, which had governed Italy since 1859, soon became inevitable. This party had maintained its supremacy by resisting the pressure of foolhardy impatience, and by prudently directing the revolution towards the constitution of Italian unity and independence. This object was now achieved. The Moderate party had been the ally of the French Empire, and been effectively helped by it. The Empire had now fallen; humiliated France had lost her preponderance in Europe, and was becoming a Republic. While engaged in the war of independence and the establishment of national unity, the Moderate party had been compelled to incur enormous expenses and liabilities. The settlement of these debts and the re-organization of our finances, made it necessary to burden the country with taxes, weighing most heavily on the poorer classes of our population. We succeeded in balancing our finances, but the party so long in power had forfeited the popular favour, and was doomed to defeat.

In March, 1876, a Railway Bill afforded the desired opportunity;

the Left overthrew the Right, and assumed office. An appeal to the country resulted in the decided victory of the Left, and reduced the opposite party to a small minority. But the strength of the Left was unequal to its numerical superiority. Having for many years steadfastly opposed every Government measure, its numbers had continually grown by the accretion of the most divergent and contradictory elements, which now proved to be totally lacking in cohesion. There were the Centres, differing but slightly from the Moderates, with whom they had often voted. There were the ex-Republicans, who had been converted by the logic of facts and the triumph of the Monarchy in Italy, and the Republicans, who were resigned to patience, in the hope that the development of the Monarchy would consist in its dying a natural death. There were also a few Intransigent Republicans, a few Radicals, and some members of the Clerical, or Reactionary party, who had joined the Left in order to fight the Government. The result of this state of things was a series of Ministries, in which each of the principal groups alternately held power, without being able long to keep it. It was speedily seen that none of these groups had sufficient strength and weight to maintain its predominance over the rest. All were agreed and unanimous when there seemed to be any danger of the Right returning to power; but as soon as the danger was past, their dissensions broke out again; and the Right, which had taken shape by continually supporting the Government, continually preaching moderation, was now enfeebled and disheartened, and seemed totally incapable of any organized or vigorous resistance.

It was during this time of confusion that Signor Depretis gradually became a prominent personage. Having established his position by the exercise of a sort of parliamentary dictatorship, his nomination to the Presidency of the Council followed as a natural result. His influence over parties has occasionally been greater than that formerly wielded by Count Cavour. Nothing, however, could be more dissimilar than the power of the one and the other statesman. Cavour created his party, was its leading spirit, and guided it to its predestined goal. Depretis, on the contrary, achieved power by showing that he could manage the fluctuating majority of the House better than any one else, and that he was ready to follow its lead, while keeping it back from perilous extremes. Having been long in Parliament, and being, after Rattazzi, the most influential member of the Left, he had also held office in several Moderate Cabinets, and thus acquired much administrative and parliamentary experience. A statesman of thoroughly monarchical convictions, and bent upon maintaining order in the country, he has a most accurate knowledge of the leaders of the various groups and parties, and of their individual passions. Whatever the subject of debate, he is able, by a rapid glance at the aspect of the House—by touching its pulse, as it were—to divine with magical accu-

racy its actual current of thought and feeling, and what must be said or proposed in order to obtain an overwhelming majority. And he is willing to say or do anything—provided it be of no immediate harm to the country—without troubling himself about the remote future. And in any case of pressing danger he shows no less ability in temporizing and procrastinating, in order to gain time, and alter the state of affairs and parties in the House, by suitable concessions and compromises. Herein lies the secret of both his strength and his weakness. He is a parliamentary dictator, but a dictator continually compelled to trim his bark to steer it clear of the reefs, and continually obliged to change his course. Thus he is frequently driven into some strange port at a great distance from that for which he was bound. As a natural result his Ministry was as weak, uncertain, and changeable as the majority upon which it depended. Worse still, owing to the necessity for continual compromise, the pressure of parliamentarism was brought to bear upon every branch of the Administration. The weakest, basest, or most audacious characters occasionally met with a totally undeserved success. A political or party colouring had to be given to all measures, without even excepting those that should be entirely independent of politics. Besides, undue and, as many believed, very dangerous indulgence had to be shown towards the extreme parties whenever it was expedient to win their suffrage. Signor Depretis was openly taxed in the Chamber with all these offences, and did not attempt to deny them. He merely asked, in what other way Government could be carried on with a House “of all the colours of the rainbow.” And it would have been difficult to contradict him. Down to the recent elections his home policy may be described as follows:—Opposition to the Right, consolidation of the power of the Left, exclusion from office of all Radicals, and also of such Monarchists as were too closely allied with them. To avoid, nevertheless, all open warfare with these two parties, and to seek to conciliate them by timely concessions and by rousing their fear of the return of the Right to power. But this did not suffice. The country expected great reforms from the Left, and above all a notable decrease of taxation. These hopes had been long kindled, and were difficult to fulfil; but something had to be done to prevent being crushed by the weight of unredeemed promises.

Accordingly, first came the Bill for Compulsory Instruction, which was passed in 1877. This made instruction compulsory only on children of the lowest elementary classes—*i.e.*, on those between the ages of six and nine years. Unfortunately this law is still little more than a dead letter, and the steady growth of our schools is rather owing to the increasing need for them felt by the people than to the prescriptions of the law. The percentage of illiterates is still very high in Italy.

Next came the abolition of the Grist Tax, and it was upon this

that the hottest conflict was waged. Here was an oppressive tax that, nevertheless, had been sanctioned, was tolerated by the country, and yearly returned eighty millions of francs to the exchequer, which was at last enabled to balance its accounts. The suppression of the Grist Tax upon Indian corn was carried by a large majority, although not without furious opposition. Hotter still was the debate when it was proposed to immediately remove a fourth of the Grist Tax upon wheat, and to abolish it entirely in the year 1884. Our budget, as was proved by the Right, was then in no state to face such a reduction. Who could foresee our condition in 1884? We should be taking a leap in the dark! But all that could be done was to delay the passing of the Bill, which was anxiously desired by the country, and which the Left had converted into a party question. However, our budget continued to improve, and in 1880, by the addition of certain new taxes, one fourth of the Grist Tax was suppressed, and its total abolition decreed for the year 1884.

Nor was this all. Immediately after came the proposal to do away with the paper currency, by which our trade was hampered, our credit depressed, and our Government forced to procure at a heavy discount the gold required for payments abroad. The Minister Magliani brought forward this Bill with consummate dexterity. But, when stripped of oratorical device, it consisted in negotiating a loan of 644 millions of francs, at five per cent. interest, in order to obtain the gold required to replace the paper currency. It was an operation of the simplest kind. A new and heavy debt was to be incurred immediately after the abolition of the Grist Tax. Although in itself a beneficial and necessary measure, the suppression of the paper currency may have very serious consequences for Italian trade and commerce at the moment of its accomplishment. By means of the paper currency our banks have largely increased their floating capital. A bad harvest may compel us to make large importations that have to be paid in gold; rumours of war, or of a political crisis abroad, would depreciate our stock in foreign countries, and return it on our hands in exchange for gold, which would thus be drained from the country as quickly as it had come in. We are at present obliged to receive silver as legal currency, yet its value is much depreciated, and we may be flooded by it to the loss of our gold. Naturally, all these points have been duly considered and calculated by our Minister of Finance, and he has provided every safeguard—as far as it is possible to do so in a matter of this kind.

But however indisputable the necessity of abolishing the paper currency, it would certainly have been higher prudence to do only one thing at a time; to have awaited the results of the suppression of the Grist Tax before venturing on a fresh enterprise. But the abolition of the paper currency formed part of the programme of the Left; the Right, being exhausted by the struggle on the Grist Tax, no

longer strong enough to prevent the approval of a law so grateful to the country at large, and confined its efforts to the insertion of certain improving clauses. Therefore, save in the unforeseen event of war, or other forcible impediment, the disappearance of the paper currency, fixed for the 12th of April of the present year, will be followed by the total abolition of the Grist Tax in 1884. It is too soon to prognosticate the economic and financial results of two such highly important measures, but of late years our budget has certainly shown far greater elasticity than it was previously thought to possess. Whether from the economic development of the country, or because new taxes do not at once yield the returns of which they are capable, it is a fact that they now give a much higher revenue than was expected. Nevertheless, the Ministry will undoubtedly be obliged to impose additional burdens, and in the face of strong opposition.

We have certainly been too ready to spend. On one occasion, when a Railway Bill was before the House, the efforts of certain deputies to obtain a line through their part of Italy inspired others with a similar eagerness. So, to satisfy everyone, a general Bill was brought in for new railways in various parts of the country, to be laid down within a few years at a cost to the nation of more than a milliard of francs over and above the quota contributed by the provinces. The requisite funds could be procured here by the issue of fresh stock. Railways are productive capital, it was said, and can afford to pay interest on a new loan. But, on the other hand, we know how little profit Italian railways yield to the State, which has to disburse many millions yearly in kilometrical guarantees. And the new lines about to be made through districts of little importance will seriously add to the burdens of the State.

We now come to the new electoral law, which has totally altered the political basis in Italy. The franchise was formerly limited to citizens above the age of twenty-five years, who could read and write, and who paid yearly taxes amounting to forty francs. In twenty-eight millions of inhabitants there were only 638,874 electors. It was clearly necessary to extend the franchise. As early as 1872 the Left had proposed a Bill giving electoral rights to all citizens above the age of twenty-one years who were able to read and write. An enlargement of the franchise based upon capacity rather than upon a property qualification soon became an essential item in the programme of the Left. The Radicals started an agitation in favour of universal suffrage, but it was opposed, not only by Depretis, but even by Zanardelli, the most advanced member of the Cabinet. Both were willing to give votes to all who had gone through the highest class of elementary instruction; but this would not even have doubled the number of electors. However, the opposition of the Right had the effect of pushing things much further.

It was urged by the Right that scholars of the fourth elementary

classes were only to be found in the towns. Thus, the rural districts would gain nothing by the proposed extension, and the dangerous element would have an undue preponderance. To attain justice, to avoid making the law a party measure, the property qualification must be further diminished. Universal suffrage itself would be decidedly preferable to the Ministerial project. At least the interests of all classes would then be represented, and the Conservative element in the rural districts would balance the Radicalism of the towns. This language from very influential members of the Right was most embarrassing to a Ministry that shrank from appearing to be less advanced than the Moderates. Thereupon an extremely complicated law was drawn up, which, while trying to assure the advantage of the Left, was framed so as to repel attack by embracing every class of society. It concluded by proposing to grant the suffrage to all males over twenty-one years of age, able to read and write, who were either certificated scholars of the second elementary class or could prove the payment of 19 francs, 80 centimes, in taxes. Even with these extensions the number of electors was little more than doubled.

But the infinite care and pains bestowed by Signor Zanardelli on the compilation of this Bill were almost entirely thrown away. At the last hour, when the House was weary, the more advanced members of the Left succeeded in carrying a provisional clause, which for some years will be virtually the electoral law of the land. This clause, known as article 100, and copied from a Portuguese law of 1878, provides that for two years, dating from the time the Bill itself passed, every citizen over twenty-one years of age may become an elector by making a written demand for the privilege in the presence of three witnesses and a notary. By means of this clause, in 1882 the number of electors was suddenly trebled, although many qualified to vote failed to record their names before the elections. However, they have still a year in which to repair the omission. As a standard of intelligence this clause is worthless; as a system it is exposed to every species of fraud. Nevertheless, article 100, which practically signified almost universal suffrage, was carried by a triumphant majority. So, in conclusion, during this generation at least, every one able to present his claim in writing, and with his own signature, will be entitled to the franchise, if he fulfils these preliminaries within the prescribed term. In the recent elections the number of voters rose from 638,874 to 2,145,180—namely, from 22 to 73 in every thousand inhabitants. The proportion of electors varied in different parts of the kingdom—from Piedmont, which gave an average of 100 in the thousand, to the Basilicata, which only gave 49 in the thousand.

To this law was joined that of the *scrutin de liste*, according to which electoral colleges no longer return a single deputy, but two,

three, or even five; and every elector is entitled to vote for as many as four candidates. The supporters of this law affirm that the *scrutin de liste* lessens the influence of petty local celebrities, and favours the return to Parliament of men of wider reputation. They also declare that the Government will have much less power over the elections, and that deputies will be less subject to the importunities of their constituents. But the opponents of the law assert that elections will now be managed by organized caucuses in the towns, which will impose their decisions on the rural districts. The Government, it is said, will have more power over these caucuses, and electoral corruption will be made easier than before.

What, then, are the consequences of these two laws, which may be regarded as one? During the political struggle we have described, the Ministry and the Right have gradually drawn nearer together. It was feared that the new law would greatly augment the number of Radicals and Republicans in Parliament. The prospect of this danger made the Moderates and Signor Depretis feel the necessity of a closer alliance. And the Ministerial speech at Stradella, in which Depretis openly avowed his determination to lean no longer upon the Radical party, gave birth to a new political situation. The Right, and that portion of the Left which supported the Government, were still divided, but they combined to attack the Radicals. This arrangement assured a large majority to the Ministry, without any Government pressure upon the elections, which, indeed, were left freer this time than on previous occasions. It must also be remembered that these last elections have been accomplished under the provisions of a new law, of which the precise value cannot as yet be appreciated. Accordingly, it is impossible to foresee whether the same results will be obtained on a future occasion.

At all events, neither of the two anticipated results of the *scrutin de liste* has been to its advantage. In some of the electoral colleges all four candidates, even when of very different shades of politics, joined forces to assure their return, and success was obtained. This was certainly no triumph for political morality. As to the importunities of constituents, the statistics of the Parliamentary post-office show a vast increase in the number of letters from constituents to deputies, and a consequent increase of correspondence between deputies and Ministers. As to the number of voters, the official list is not yet published, but the proportion between registered electors and voters seems to have remained what it was before. In certain districts barely half of the registered electors exercised their right. Then, as to the presumed improvement of the moral and intellectual standard of the Chamber to be accomplished by the *scrutin de liste*, we have as yet no proof of such a result. For on this head the new Chamber differs little from the old.

So far the only real and visible difference consists in the increase

of Radical and Republican members, who are now about forty—*i.e.*, double the number comprised in the previous Parliament. Certainly this is no considerable quota in an Assembly of 508 Deputies. But both Radicals and Republicans are in favour with the advanced section of the Monarchical Left, and are frequently in unison with it. They are very daring, and they vote in a way to make the weight of their influence felt. In Tuscany and Southern Italy they met with scanty success. But in Northern Italy, particularly in Venetia and Lombardy, the Republicans obtained more than one decided victory, notably at Milan, where nearly all their candidates were returned; and although defeated in many places, they always ran their adversaries close. The Socialists in Romagna had a similar experience. The actual number of Radicals and Republicans elected in those provinces is small, but it is somewhat alarming to see how many votes they recorded: it is reckoned that their party gained a third of the total of votes. And there is every reason to believe that at the next general election they will obtain many more and less scattered votes. This causes great anxiety for the future.

How is it that the Republican party, which after 1859 was nearly extinct, should be once more gaining ground among us? How is it that a Socialist party has suddenly sprung up, when it has been so persistently asserted that Socialism could not exist in Italy? And what is the cause of the geographical distribution of these different parties? It is easy to understand why the monarchical tradition should be strongest in Piedmont, although even there the new tendencies are beginning to make way in the chief manufacturing towns. In Tuscany there are old Conservative traditions, and there are no great operative centres; the country is mainly agricultural, and the peasantry enjoy a comparatively exceptional prosperity, owing to the prevailing *metayer* system, which is specially favourable to their interests. Accordingly, the subversive doctrines of the Socialists have made no way in the rural districts. In Venetia, Lombardy, and nearly the whole of Southern Italy, the condition of the peasantry is extremely wretched. Badly housed, badly clothed, and worse fed, sometimes their daily earnings barely suffice to keep them alive. And in certain places their condition is worse now than before Italy became a kingdom. This may seem improbable, but unfortunately it is an undeniable fact. The paucity of large manufactures, and the increase of population, which is often excessive, cause a surplus of labour, and prevent any rise in the rate of wages. And the improved facilities for the export of produce, and the ever-increasing taxation, have raised both house rent and the price of food.

For instance, take some village in the interior of Sicily. Under the Bourbon rule there was great poverty and great barbarism. The absence of roads prevented the sale of corn, fruit, and wine. Consequently, even the poorest inhabitants could afford to consume them.

The Kingdom of Italy brought tax-collectors and railways. The price of all things was doubled and trebled, the peasants' wages only remained the same. The general progress was their ruin. The goatherds of the Apennines had lived for ages in a semi-savage condition, and desired nothing better, because too ignorant to have an idea of any other state of society. Now their municipal authorities bid them attend school, teach them to read and write, instruct them in the duties and rights of man. The Government makes soldiers of them, teaches them cleanliness, accustoms them to eat meat, to drink wine and coffee, to smoke cigars; teaches them to think and to make themselves respected. After three years' service these goatherds are dismissed to their mountains to share the life of their flocks. Is it wonderful that these men should sometimes resort to brigandage, sometimes lend willing ears to Socialistic agents, who first raise their hopes by projected division of the land, and end by bidding them vote for the Radicals?

So far the only valid remedy for these evils consists in emigration, which is, in fact, increasing to an alarming extent, particularly in the south. But our policy is so shortsighted with respect to this question, that the majority refuse to regard emigration as the effect of a social evil, but rather as an evil in itself that must be positively stamped out. So it has not yet been possible to pass a Bill favouring emigration, but protecting emigrants from the iniquities of agents who are mere traders in human flesh, and often subject their victims to treatment worse than that of slaves. On the contrary, year after year our Home Office issues circulars ostensibly dictated in the interests of humanity, but really intended to prevent emigration. But, instead of diminishing, they only succeed in rendering it clandestine, and our emigrants now embark from Marseilles, to the manifest injury of our own shipping interest. Nor has any other law yet been made to afford any remedy to the agrarian and social problem in Italy.

Certainly this is not the way to lighten the sufferings of the peasantry, who are the majority of the nation. And if Radicalism and Socialism have not yet taken root in the south, it is from no lack of misery and discontent. For centuries those provinces have been part of a Monarchy, and have no Republican traditions. As we have seen, there has been less increase there in the number of electors; the more ignorant portion of the peasantry is the most submissive to the rule and authority of the landowners, but regards them with a bitter and silent hatred. All revolt and reaction against poverty and oppression in those parts had generally taken the shape of brigandage rather than of a lawful struggle in the name of new political or social doctrines. However, there is good reason to believe that, if political agitators should begin to canvass the peasants

of the south as they have canvassed in Lombardy, they would easily gain an equal number of adherents.

But at present there is no great danger. If the Republican party were unsustained by the vicinity of France, and were confronted by a stronger Government, it would be less aggressive. Nevertheless, the present state of things cannot be long continued without peril: thoughts of the future begin to disturb men's minds, and to influence the new condition of parties in the Chamber. Signor Depretis is not deaf to the murmurs reaching him from all sides. He seems resolved to separate himself from the extreme parties, and is certainly very determined to keep the country in order. Feeling respect for this attitude, the Right has not only suspended all opposition, but, with praiseworthy unselfishness, has renounced the formation of a separate party, in order to support the Government in this path. Thus Depretis has an enormous majority, and an unbounded authority in the Chamber. All this should seemingly pave the way to a strong and powerful administration, and to the utmost harmony and mutual confidence. Unfortunately, strength and confidence are alike wanting, and the new Chamber already shows signs of decrepitude. There is every prospect of a transformation or recomposition of parties; but it is a very slow process. Old dislikes and distrusts cannot be annihilated, nor ancient loves forgotten in a day. Signor Depretis is an old man; he can neither easily change his nature, nor suddenly forsake the course that has made him indispensable to the government of the country, and placed him at its head. Several of his colleagues in the Cabinet have an unconquerable antipathy for the members of the old Right, and refuse to abandon their own friends. While they retain office they will prevent any decided adherence to a new line of action, and were they to resign they would collect fresh followers and go to swell the ranks of the Opposition. Thus a perpetual uncertainty is maintained, and as yet there is no possibility of a decided policy of any kind. This state of affairs is loudly deplored by some who are specially adverse to the desired transformation of parties. They prophesy the greatest danger from a tendency which must finally lead to the division of the House into Monarchists and Anti-monarchists. This they allege to be the negation of parliamentary government, which is based on the existence of two legitimate parties, each holding power in turn. If the new Opposition, now in course of formation, were to come into power, would it have to change the form of government? Or would it remain a perennial minority that could never hold power? In that case we should have only one party eligible for office, and this would split into groups waging a warfare, not of opposing principles, but of personal ambitions. Rather, they say, let us try to reconstitute the Right as a Conservative party, and the Left as a Progressist party,

leaving aside all those who transgress the limits of the Constitution. This would be the sole means of maintaining a genuine parliamentary government. But, unluckily, these parties do not exist, and cannot be created on purpose to fulfil the theory of constitutional law! Even the English Government has not been always a government by parties, and if Whigs and Tories continue to draw together as they have of late, there would be no absurdity in supposing that, even in the great home of parliamentary government, the day might come when the two parties would be fused, and a change of constitution be the inevitable result. But we cannot deny that for centuries it has been founded and built up on the existence of two parties, and that the lack of similar parties on the Continent is the chief obstacle that prevents representative government from flourishing there. We Italians have no political aristocracy; the *bourgeoisie* is the only governing class, and, excepting the adversaries of the present form of government, we have all substantially the same aims and desires. We may be divided for a time on certain questions of importance, but these once settled, essential differences disappear.

During the establishment of the Italian kingdom some desired a revolutionary and some a governmental initiative, and two separate parties were formed. But even then one party alone ruled, and successive cabinets were chosen from its ranks. Many deplored this necessity, but it was unavoidable. On the achievement of unity and independence both parties ceased to exist, and we now have many parliamentary groups but no great parties. No one holds this to be a profitable state of things.

It has been proposed and attempted to constitute a Conservative party of a more or less clerical tendency, in order to confer greater strength and authority on the Church. As has been justly said, this party exists in the country, and should therefore be represented in parliament. It would restore some members to the benches of the Right, send others to the Left, and lead to the formation of a powerful Liberal party. Thus the theory of constitutional government would be assured. But of course the Pope would be the natural chief of a similar Conservative party, since it is at his bidding that the clericals vote or abstain from voting. Now the Pope has not renounced his pretensions to the temporal power in Italy, nor would it be possible for him to renounce them without provoking serious opposition and protest from the Ultramontanes in France and Germany. Yet any attempt to re-establish the temporal power would endanger the very existence of Italy, and this party, therefore, would be outside the limits of the constitution. Some, indeed, have attempted to form it, keeping silence as to the main point, and in general terms professing their respect for existing laws. But they never succeeded in satisfying their friends, and discord speedily broke out in their ranks. The

more liberal Catholics declared in favour of the Italian kingdom, the reactionary section declared against it, and the attempt to establish a new constitutional party fell to the ground. And this was inevitable in a country like Italy, where political is far stronger than religious feeling.

On what other question are our opinions divided? There is a diversity of interest and temperament between the North and the South, but any one daring to suggest a geographical division of the Chamber would be stigmatized as an enemy to his country. There is the Social question—the need for promoting, by efficient legislation, the vast economic and moral interests of the masses, hitherto sadly neglected by us. And if, after the consolidation of the kingdom, the Moderate party had seen the necessity of attacking this great question, and tried to apply some effective remedy, it might certainly have prolonged its own existence. Certain individual efforts were made to bring forward the question, but met with no support, either from the Right or the Left. The middle classes, who alone were the real authors of our revolution, failed to comprehend that the question would, ere long, assume threatening proportions, if no provision were made to meet it. The extension of the franchise has now brought it forward in a new shape. In the name of the people the Republicans and Radicals are attempting its solution, the former by means of wider political reforms, the latter by means of Socialist theories and measures. This also serves to promote the fusion of the Right with the Left, by inducing both to prepare bills for the relief of the poorer classes without any detriment to the finances or the constitution of the State.

The Social question is now becoming a favourite topic. No member of the Right or the Left, however lukewarm, now refuses attention to the subject. So there is no longer scope for division, even on this point. Our form of government presupposes the existence of two parties, yet these cannot succeed in establishing their footing while the great majority that supports the Government lacks homogeneity, and is neither organized nor disciplined. Thus the Ministry is enfeebled; parliamentarism is on the increase; political intrigues breed distrust in the Chamber, discontent in the nation, and give a fair field to the enemies of the Monarchy, who lay all ills to the account of monarchical institutions. If Signor Depretis, at his advanced age, can display the vigour required to dispel these uncertainties and to become master of the position, he will benefit his country, and his name will be added to the roll of genuine statesmen. If, on the contrary, he continues to hesitate, a crisis of more or less danger may soon be inevitable.

This state of things necessarily reacts upon the whole of our home and foreign policy. Foreigners sometimes ask us, "How is it that,

with so many internal troubles, you spend so much upon your war establishment? Why should you require so large an army, so many big ships? Could you not turn your money to better account by improving your agriculture and commerce, and could you not lower your taxes? So long as you remain quiet, you are threatened by no one."

Will these foreign well-wishers kindly consider what is Italy's position from the international point of view? We stand between Austria and France, and are on all sides exposed to invasion. Austria runs a wedge into Lombardy by means of the province of Trent, and Susa is almost within range of the French guns. We have an immense coast line, and many cities easily to be bombarded by a French or Austrian fleet. Austria is the ally of Germany, who is always on a war footing with regard to France; and France is always preparing for conflict at some more or less distant date. Furthermore, both give us to understand that, in case of war, we must declare whether we are friends or foes.

With which power ought we to side? In the abstract our sympathies are with France. We are all acquainted with her tongue; there is much affinity of race between us; French literature, dating from the eighteenth century, has had a large share in our education; almost the whole of our export trade is with France; Italians fought under Napoleon I.; the French rule in Italy left us many useful reforms and great public works; and Napoleon III. shed the blood of Frenchmen to aid in the liberation of Italy. A war with France would be almost a fratricidal war; but, unfortunately, such wars are not without precedent in history. And in actual fact France has too often tried to treat us as her dependants. She is now a Republic, and both voluntarily and involuntarily is an incarnate propaganda against the Monarchy, upon which our unity depends. We hear whispers of a secret understanding between Italian Republicans and Radicals and the French. In certain instances such an understanding has been publicly proved to exist. More than once it has been said in France, "We must make Italy republican before she can be our genuine ally." And it is an undoubted fact that our Republicans are ardent promoters of a French alliance; nor was their desire for it abated by the affairs of Tunis and Marseilles. It is no less certain that their party, which was very weak here a few years ago, has been greatly strengthened by the sympathy of France. And if the Republic had met with a real success there, it would have exercised an immense influence in our country, where French ideas and institutions have always been diffused with extraordinary rapidity. All this may amply account for the anxiety felt by the great Monarchical party in Italy.

Then, too, it is impossible to foresee the changes that may suddenly take place in French politics. The clerical party is very powerful

in France, and must be taken into account under every Ministry and every form of Government. It daily threatens some attempt to re-establish the temporal power of the Pope, and therefore would favour any attack upon Italy. Either a Legitimist success, or any other sudden change, might prove a grave danger to us. Was it not Republican France that brought an army against us in 1849, in order to restore the temporal power of Rome? Did not Napoleon III. support that power by force of arms? And even without going to the point of making war upon us, France may easily proceed to other acts, like the events at Marseilles, of which no one can foresee the ultimate results.

Nor is this all. Exactly because we are close neighbours French and Italian commerce are everywhere in contact. France has naturally the preponderating weight, and having but little liking for free trade drives us—and not always too gently—from the field. Therefore, notwithstanding our national sympathy for France, she daily reminds us that there is no respect for the weak; and we feel the increasing necessity to put ourselves in a state of defence, to keep up our army and gain allies, in order not to be entirely isolated at the moment of peril.

With whom, then, should we make alliance? We shall always be on friendly terms with England, but it would not suit her to form Continental alliances that might engage her in wars opposed to the interests of the nation. Our choice lies between France and Germany, and Germany is already allied to Austria. And either power immediately asks us: "How many men can you bring into the field in case of war?" The Berlin Government in particular is by no means sentimental, and can feel no sympathy for a Government so democratic and so changeable as our own. It mainly reckons the numbers, strength, and discipline of our army, and inquires what force we could lead into action, without being satisfied with our being in a state of defence. And from our reply will depend the amount of consideration it will have for us—the importance attributed to our alliance. Even this urges us to arm. Italy cannot be defended by land, unless she can also be defended by sea. This must account for the vast expenditure of our war office, which burdens our people with taxes and augments its poverty. The necessity for emigration increases, and likewise the necessity for spreading in some way beyond our frontiers in search of profit and commercial employment.

It is neither the hope of founding colonies, nor, still less, the thirst for conquest, that makes us turn such anxious eyes to North Africa. But we have vital interests concerned there, and to see them going to ruin is a positive source of danger to Italy; for it drives back to the mother-country certain elements of progress, that at home may instead be elements of peril. During the whole of the Eastern question it was the interest of Italy to maintain the *status quo* until it

should be resolved by agreement among the Powers of Europe. But, since the Berlin Congress, every Power has pressed forward to gain some advantage, with the exception of Italy, whose interests have often been endangered by these changes. Austria took possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina, England of Cyprus; while the French aggression in Tunis was destructive to Italian interests, which were not only intrinsically important, but were very considerable in proportion to our commercial strength. And this event, with the addition of the riots at Marseilles, was a potent motive of alienation from France. For it proved the wish of that country to possess itself of the whole north coast of Africa, and to convert the Mediterranean into a French lake, without the smallest regard for Italian commerce.

This is why the current urging us to an alliance with Germany set in with so much force. Signor Depretis' journey to Vienna was undertaken with great reluctance. He knew the difficulties of his position; he was aware of the violent opposition of the Republican party, which was anxious for an alliance with France. All this made him hesitate; but public opinion forced him on, and he went to the Austrian capital. He was able to do little, however, and did not bind himself to any decided course. The Radical party raked up all the most odious reminiscences of the Austrian rule in Italy; and as the best obstacle to an alliance with our former enemy, used every effort to promote the Irredentist movement. Consequently, disturbances broke out among us, which were easily suppressed, and served to alienate Depretis from the Radicals.

Then came the Egyptian question. The Italian colony in Egypt stands second as regards numbers, the Greek first. Men's minds were already stirred by the affair of Tunis, hence their attention was on the alert. It was impossible to join with France after all that had occurred, and after the recent mission to Vienna. The union of France and England was thought by many to imply our exclusion from North Africa, our impotence on the Mediterranean. In this state of things it was not strange that public opinion should be decidedly unfavourable to the enterprise, and disposed to credit Arabi's rebellion with a far higher importance than it actually possessed. A good portion of the European press took a similar view. It was our interest to desire the independence of Egypt; and this desire accorded with our convictions, and with our sympathy for the principle of nationality by which our own freedom had been won. Thus, many of us regarded Arabi as the leader of a national movement, as the representative of a just cause. The numberless complications of Egyptian politics were not generally understood in Italy. But we knew that the people had been long trampled upon and ill-treated by the Europeans, and had seen proofs of this in the sudden enrichment of sundry Italian adventurers, who had gained their wealth by courses that were not entirely unknown. We were also

acquainted with the disgraceful history of the Control. And all this fostered the irritation against the French and English enterprise. When England came forward alone, and after much hesitation bombarded Alexandria, and speedily dismantled its forts, public opinion, still undecided in Italy, began to waver, and was further puzzled by the weakness of Arabi's defence. If England had at once landed a force sufficient to establish order, and disavowed all intention of undertaking the permanent conquest of Egypt, that would have certainly checked the anger then displayed in so many of our public prints.

But the bombardment was followed by sanguinary excesses on the part of the Egyptians, which the English were unable to prevent. Thousands of Italian families were instantaneously ruined, and many, after beholding the slaughter of their nearest and dearest, survived to find themselves beggared. Our vessels were thronged with fugitives; husbands, whose wives had been massacred under their eyes; mothers, who had seen their children perish in the flames; a multitude of sufferers, almost maddened by their unexpected calamities. And it was piteous to see the state of these wretched crowds in the Italian ports where they had been landed. They were to be seen lying in the streets, for until public and private charity came to their aid they had no means of procuring food or lodging. They had a horrible tale to tell; they laid the blame of everything upon the English, whose guns, they said, had provoked the savage vengeance of the natives. Neither charitable funds nor public nor private benevolence could give sufficient relief to the swarms of sufferers. Hence, to a great extent, the cause of the violent attacks of our press upon England. At that moment all our chief public men, including the Cabinet Ministers, were out of town, or travelling abroad, and could exercise no soothing influence over the newspaper fury.

Before long England plainly made known her intentions, and again asked for our co-operation. There was then every reason for us to accept the invitation. But our Government seemed not to understand the new position of affairs until it was too late, and felt itself bound in loyalty to refuse to stir, unless Germany and Austria stirred too. As a matter of fact, we were completely free to act as we chose, and it was our interest to join England. Our Foreign Minister, however, had entered on a course from which it was difficult to draw back. He had launched into a proclamation of abstract principles of right and justice, which, although undeniable, had no practical bearing on the actual state of affairs, excepting perhaps that of trying to act as a check upon England, who was resolved to go on, and had already obtained the sanction of Germany and Austria. No one contradicted our Minister, but events followed their course. We had let the right moment slip, and it was now too late to seize it.

The sudden close of the war proved the inefficiency of Arabi's

revolt; proved, too, that whatever judgment might be passed on the primal cause of the English enterprise, England had no wish to convert it into a conquest, and was decided to re-establish order and justice with all possible speed. And when it was likewise made clear that England had acted with the consent of all Europe, and particularly of Germany, then Mancini was severely blamed in Italy, and he will have to justify himself before Parliament. Naturally the English press vigorously resented the blows of Italian journalists. But there was some misapprehension on the part of England. It was a mistake to regard the utterances of certain Italian newspapers as the manifestation of a general and permanent national feeling. And it was forgotten that many causes had combined to produce this irritation at a given moment. The anger against the French aroused by the expedition to Tunis was in no wise allayed by the victories of France, and continues to alienate us from her. The ill-feeling produced by the Egyptian expedition seemed much stronger after the bombardment, yet it has now vanished without leaving any trace of antipathy for the English. The difference of effect implies a difference of cause. Nevertheless, the safeguarding of our interests in the East and on the African coast is undoubtedly a question of vital importance to us. Let me repeat that it is not the intrinsic value of these interests that constitute their importance to us, but, on the contrary, their relative value, and the fact of their being indispensable to the economic development of our country. The state of Europe compels Italy to enlarge her army and to overburden the people with taxes. We exact a duty upon house property sometimes amounting to fifty per cent. of the rents received. We impose a tax of 55 centimes the kilo on salt, and we keep up the lottery. If at the same time our country is to be hemmed in on all sides, and excluded from those ports and commercial outlets where she might best increase her wealth, and find profitable employment for the surplus energies for which there is no vent at home, it certainly cannot be a factor of peace and order in Europe. Italy will suffer from increased internal disturbances, will see extreme parties gain discipline and strength, will remain hopelessly involved in the present state of parliamentary confusion, and will have to endeavour to extricate herself from it by resort to strange and unforeseen measures. The question is not whether we are in the right or in the wrong. The essential point is to realize the danger of persisting much longer in the present path. And, if our efforts to escape are frustrated on all sides, we may confidently expect not only a continuation of the present unsettled state of parties, but also the increase of the Republican and Socialist parties. This would be a serious hindrance to our prosperity, and hardly advantageous to Europe.

P. VILLARI.

MRS. CARLYLE.

“THOSE who live in glass houses,” says the proverb, “should not throw stones.” We do not make proverbs in the nineteenth century, but the temper of the age is such that we might well add to that injunction of experience, and beg for the sake of humanity, that those who have thrown stones with much efficacy and force in their lifetime, should make some arrangement before their death by which their executors and assignees should be prevented from placing a horrible palace of glass over their bones, at which every comer may be free to send a volley in his turn. The Carlyles—he in public, she in private—had a deep-rolling, universally-effective artillery of their own, and used it without sparing, with many a resounding discharge and sharp ping, of individual criticism—character, humour, dyspepsia, nerves, and perhaps nationality, having given to both of them a propensity to use sharp language, and speak forth, more freely than is usual, their opinion of their fellow-creatures. And perhaps it is not unjust, as human justice goes, that there should have been reserved for these two people a fate which would be ruefully comic, if it were not tragical. An exposure almost unexampled in the range of literature, of everything about them—their most private thoughts and feelings, their quarrels, faults, compunctions, their uneasy tempers, and unsatisfied and unsatisfiable wishes—all set forth in a sort of pale electric light, so that every man he ever grazed, and all the multitudes who gaped at him, and who are always glad to find out that the preacher before whom they are forced to tremble is after all a faulty mortal like themselves, might fling and spare not. This man, and the helpmeet, most meet for him, whose entire life has been turned outside in for our edification, were of natures such as bear ill to be exposed to unfriendly eyes. They were both of the order

of those sword-like souls that wear out the scabbard. Life went on for them under very strange conditions. They were both entirely without that natural greatcoat, nay wall of defence, the tough skin with which most of us are endowed by Nature. They had no skin to speak of upon their quivering nerves; they were full of cranks and whims and endless susceptibilities: they were without the wholesome balance of natural cares—without children or any domestic argument against self-analysis and examination; without, too—though they were unconscious of their exemption—sorrows, or real misfortunes, to bring them to the solid footing of humanity. Of all people in the world to be exposed in more than nakedness to the common gaze, every crevice and corner of their house turned outside in, and the fiercest lime-light, magnesium wire—whatever is most scathing and unsympathetic—a glare that would have driven them frantic, poured down upon them, they were the very last. And yet who shall say the last? Which of us could bear that pitiless revelation? To have all the secrets of our closest relationships laid bare, all the hasty words we have ever said, and repented, of those most dear to us; all the complaints and repinings that have burst from our lips when the burdens of life have been too many for us—all set forth that he who runs may read, which of us could bear it? Let him, or her, who has never been anything but amiable and just, never said an ill-advised word, never indulged a bitter thought, never fancied him or herself neglected, unappreciated, unloved, throw the first stone at the Carlyles. But for us and others who have by turns thought ourselves better than our fate, who have quarrelled and kissed again with tears, who have said a hundred things we would rather have left unsaid, who have sometimes called on heaven and earth to witness that the sun for us would never shine again, yet lived to see him as bright as ever—let us be thankful we are common persons, too little distinguished from the crowd to make our history important to the world, and not worth the while of any biographer of genius who might construct our lives into a tragedy, and betray every secret of our existence for the instruction of mankind.

Mrs. Carlyle, the writer of the letters now given to the world in three large volumes, following in the wake of four other large volumes—all given to the elucidation of a portion of the life of a great writer, to whom very few things ever happened—has had a cruel fate since the death of her husband deprived her of her last bulwark against that Nemesis known amongst men by the name of Froude. Her fate is all the harder that she really has done nothing to deserve it. She narrated freely all the events of her life as they occurred, according to the humour of the moment, and the gift that was in her: which was a very rare and fine gift, but one that naturally

MRS. CARLYLE.

“**T**HOSE who live in glass houses,” says the proverb, “should not throw stones.” We do not make proverbs in the nineteenth century, but the temper of the age is such that we might well add to that injunction of experience, and beg for the sake of humanity, that those who have thrown stones with much efficacy and force in their lifetime, should make some arrangement before their death by which their executors and assignees should be prevented from placing a horrible palace of glass over their bones, at which every comer may be free to send a volley in his turn. The Carlyles—he in public, she in private—had a deep-rolling, universally-effective artillery of their own, and used it without sparing, with many a resounding discharge and sharp ping, of individual criticism—character, humour, dyspepsia, nerves, and perhaps nationality, having given to both of them a propensity to use sharp language, and speak forth, more freely than is usual, their opinion of their fellow-creatures. And perhaps it is not unjust, as human justice goes, that there should have been reserved for these two people a fate which would be ruefully comic, if it were not tragical. An exposure almost unexampled in the range of literature, of everything about them—their most private thoughts and feelings, their quarrels, faults, compunctions, their uneasy tempers, and unsatisfied and unsatisfiable wishes—all set forth in a sort of pale electric light, so that every man he ever grazed, and all the multitudes who gaped at him, and who are always glad to find out that the preacher before whom they are forced to tremble is after all a faulty mortal like themselves, might fling and spare not. This man, and the helpmeet, most meet for him, whose entire life has been turned outside in for our edification, were of natures such as bear ill to be exposed to unfriendly eyes. They were both of the order

"From birth upwards she had lived in opulence;"—repeated in these volumes; but then Carlyle described his little house in Chelsea as made into a sort of palace by her exertions, which Mr. Froude and all his friends are aware was a good deal more than the fact. The "opulence" of the country doctor's daughter was something of the same kind. Modest comfort, even luxury in a sober way, the highest estimation, and all the petting and pleasures that an only beloved child could be surrounded with, she no doubt had. But life in Haddington in the first quarter of this century was no like life in South Kensington in the present day. The woman's share of the world's work was very distinct, and was despised by no one. There is no evidence that Dr. Welsh was ever rich—so far, indeed, is the evidence against this, that his daughter had to make over the little property of Craigenputtock, in order to secure her mother's independence, leaving herself penniless. But even had she been left with a *dot* proportioned to her position, and had she married one of her father's assistants, or a neighbouring minister—her natural fate—there is no reason to suppose that she would have been much more elevated above the cares of common life than she was as the wife of Thomas Carlyle. In such a case, she would have begun her housekeeping with one maid-of-all-work, and all the affairs of the house to overlook and aid in, just as she did in reality. A more placid husband would no doubt have diminished her cares, and a more considerate one would have lightened the burden of them; but when we have said that we have said all. The primitive offices of life, the making, mending, cleaning, cooking (which we dare to challenge Mr. Froude no true woman, even in South Kensington, and at this day, would allow to be ignoble or unworthy, or would not in her secret heart find ideally fit, when exercised for those she loved), at which we are asked to hold up our hands in horror, were nothing extraordinary, nothing to be dismayed at, to Dr. Welsh's daughter. When the worry and harass broke down her impatient, sensitive spirit, and fatigued her never very strong physical frame, she darted forth by times a complaint, as most of us do, of our fate, now and then, whatever that fate may be; but only not with that voice of genius which makes the complaint worth remembering. But in reality there would have been just as much to do in a moorland manse as in Craigenputtock; and if the minister had been cranky, like Carlyle, just as much to put up with. The wife of the Rev. Amos Barton was still less well off. The present writer, though of a later generation than Mrs. Carlyle, was trained to believe that a woman should be able to "turn her hand" to any domestic duty that might be necessary. And the pathetic picture of an elegant young lady descending from her elevated sphere to make the bread, and even to mend the trousers of her husband, which has touched

the sympathetic public to such indignation, is ludicrous to those to whom the fact of both positions is known.

This, however, is by the way, a protest which we cannot deny ourselves. It is too late to return upon that branch of the subject. The volumes before us begin with the life of the Carlyles in London, when the pair settled down there in the same small house, trim and neat and not unlovely, in which they spent all the rest of their lives. Mrs. Carlyle was at this time thirty-three, at the very height and prime of life, fully developed in mind, with no diminution of beauty or high spirits, notwithstanding the loneliness of Craigenputtock and the early struggles of poverty: a woman of genius scarcely inferior to that of her husband, of observation far more lively and keen, of whimsical humour, and a gift of self-revelation as rare as it is delightful. Her account of what she saw and heard and did, if it were only an encounter with a washerwoman, or a tramp, would keep half-a-dozen men of letters—the best of their time, Mill, Darwin, Forster, many more—in delighted attention. She saw nothing that she did not extract some interest out of, some gleam of reflection or sparkle of discovery. Charitable she was not, at least in words, but tender, sympathetic, pitiful to the bottom of her heart. To see her coax and subdue a semi-madman out of his misery, making him in the very jaws of hell “pass an agreeable evening,” and cultivate the small gifts of the little “peasweep” of a plaintive child-servant, and at the same time pronounce sharp judgment on the bores that troubled her, and keenly characterize in a few contemptuous, amusing words even the old friends for whom she had at bottom a kind of regard, places at once before us the paradox of the woman, full of intolerance and patience, of kindness, irritability, quick anger, love, enthusiasm, cynicism—all the most opposed and antagonistic qualities. It was this that made her so full of interest, so amusing and delightful, if sometimes also a puzzle and pain to her hearers, who could not see in this infinite variety of moods the very essence of her being, and concluded her to be permanently possessed by the last variation of feeling in which she had written and spoken. Here we have her in all the variety of these changing dispositions, making everything brilliant, lifelike, interesting, that her hand touches, feeling intensely whatever that mood dictated, yet changing in the twinkling of an eye from one to another. Haddington is hateful to her—a place to be abandoned at all hazards: yet with what exquisite pathos and tenderness does she tell the story of her return *incognita* to visit the old home of her youth! Her heart melts altogether when she is taken into the kind arms of her old friends there: yet even with the tear in her eyes, she is caught by a sudden sense of the ludicrous, and shoots forth her sharp-pointed arrow of laughter in the midst of her weeping. She describes it as a

mark of her heavenly temper on one occasion that her mother and she had been a few days together without quarrelling, then desires that mother, and weeps her loss with almost tragic passion. Thus she goes on through all her life at Cheyne Row; by times the tenderest mother-mistress to her servants; by times an indignant fury, sweeping them forth before her. Monotony, one would say, was the sole thing she could not endure. Her house-cleanings, even, are a drama; her nervous illnesses run through every note of the gamut, from keen self-ridicule to lyrical strains of despair. And to come to the central interest of her life—that one in which she has been most severely judged, and, we think, most cruelly belied—she is at one moment never so happy as when her husband is out of the house, at the next overwhelmed with anguish because the post has not brought her the longed-for letter, and filled with all the exasperation of a disappointed lover, when a newspaper arrives as a sign of his welfare, instead of the communication for which she thirsts; at one moment making us the most amusing semi-bitter (if not altogether bitter) sketch of him, the restless and never satisfied, stalking about the house all night long because the cocks will crow and the dogs bark, always in the valley of the shadow of some piece of terrible work or other. But when we turn the page we find her chattering to her Good (masculine of Goody, her pet name, one of the love-titles of that little language which we all in our foolish days resort to) of everything in heaven and earth, with a hundred little phrases which he has to explain, and of which he and she alone knew the meaning—idioms of Italian Mazzini, fussy speeches of brother John, the proverbs of the house—supplying what he evidently desires before all things, her own intimate brilliant comment upon all that happened, with now and then a word of love, reticent, delicate, worth volumes of endearments. We confess for our own part that the manner of mind which can deduce from this long autobiography an idea injurious to the perfect union of these two kindred souls is to us incomprehensible. They tormented each other, but not half so much as each tormented him and herself; they were too like each other, suffering in the same way from nerves disordered and digestion impaired, and excessive self-consciousness, and the absence of all other objects in their life. They were, in the fullest sense of the word, everything to each other—both good and evil, sole comforters, chief tormentors. “Ill to have but waur to want,” says the proverb, which must have been framed in view of some such exaggerated pair; perhaps since the proverb is Scotch the condition of mind may be a national one. Sometimes Carlyle was “ill to have,” but it is abundantly evident that he was “waur to want,”—i.e., to be without—to his wife. To him, though he wounded her in a hundred small matters, there is no evidence that she was ever anything else than the

most desirable of women, understood and acknowledged as the setter-right of all things, the providence and first authority of life.

If these two remarkable people had been, like others, allowed without any theory to tell their own story, and express their own sentiments, what we should now do would be to give our readers a glimpse, tranquilly, of the domestic economy of that little house, of which its mistress was justly proud, as a triumph of her own exertions, and its master somewhat grandiloquent upon, as something in itself more beautiful and remarkable than any house in Cheyne Row could ever be. We would tell them of her tea-parties, her evening visitors, of the little Peaswep of a maid who insisted upon bringing up four teacups every evening, while Mrs. Carlyle and her mother were alone in the house, with a conviction, never disappointed, that "the gentlemen" would drop in to use them; of how she bought her sofa, and adapted an old mattress to it, and made a cover for it, and so procured this comfort, at the small cost of one pound, out of her own private pocket; of how the cocks and hens next door, and the dog that would bark, and even the piano on the other side of the party-wall, were "written down" by appeals to the magnanimity of the owners, on behalf of the unfortunate man of genius who could not get his books written, or even by bribes cleverly administered when persuasion and reason both failed. The pages teem with domestic incidents in every kind of ornamental setting, all told with such an unflinching life and grace, that, had the facts themselves been of the first importance, they could not have charmed us more; and we do not grudge the three big volumes so filled, in which there is not from beginning to end an event more important than new painting and papering, new maid-servants, an illness or an expedition. But as circumstances stand, the reader is not sufficiently easy in his mind to be content with these, but has been so fretted and troubled by Mr. Froude and his theories, and the determination which moulds all that gentleman's thoughts to make out that Carlyle was a sort of ploughman-despot, and his wife an unwilling and resentful slave, that we must proceed first to find foundations for the house, of which we know more in all its details than perhaps of any house that has been built and furnished in this century. Was it founded on the rock of love and true union, or was it a mere four walls, no home at all, in which the rude master made his thrall labour for him, and crushed her delicate nature in return?

The only way to come to any conclusion on this point is to see what she herself says—"God keep you, my own dear husband," she says (the first absence we find recorded), "and bring you safe back to me. The house looks very empty without you, and my mind feels empty too." "I expect with impatience the letter that is to fix your return." "Your letter has just come," she says another

time; "I thank you for never neglecting me. Dearest, the postman, presented me with your letter to-night in Cheyne Walk, with a bow extraordinary. He is a jewel of a postman; whenever he has put a letter from you into the box, he both knocks and rings, that not a moment may be lost in taking possession of it." "Thanks for your constant little letters: when you come back I do not know how I shall learn to do without them; they have come to be as necessary as any part of my daily bread." On her part she is distressed beyond measure when by accident of posts or importunity of visitors there is any breach in the constant succession of her letters to him, fearing he will be "vaixed" (Scoticè, distressed, not angered), and will write him a scrap, to "keep your mind easy by telling you that I have a headache," lest he should think there was something worse that she did not tell. How provoked is she when brother John (untidy, fussy person, turning her orderly rooms into chaos, "born in creaking boots") announces his arrival before her husband's return. "I had set my heart on your hauselling the clean house yourself, and that there would have been a few days in peace to inspect its curiosities and niceties before he came plunging in. . . . Howsomdever! only when you come I shall insist on going into some room with you, and locking the door till we have had a quiet, comfortable talk about 'Time and Space,' untormented by his blether." Then there is a little matter of a birthday recollection, which runs lightly through many pages, and culminates in such a letter as is in itself enough for our purpose. Carlyle had known nothing about birthdays, the large rustic family to which he belonged being altogether out of the way of such delicacies; which, indeed, were little enough thought of in the somewhat sternly-mannered Scotland of his time. But with the instinct of the heart he had divined (the ill-tempered tyrant!) that the first birthday after her mother's death his Jane would miss one tender habitual greeting. He "who dislikes nothing in the world so much as going into a shop to buy anything," "actually risked himself" on this occasion in uncouth tenderness. "I cannot tell how *wae* his little gift made me as well as glad," she writes to another correspondent; "it was the first thing of the kind he ever gave me in his life. In great matters he is always kind and considerate, but these little attentions, which we women attach so much importance to, he was never in the habit of rendering to any one. And now the desire he has to replace the irreplaceable makes him as good in little things as he used to be in great." There is a great deal more about this, which throws much light upon their relations. On one occasion, she being absent on a succession of visits, he asks where she is to be on this anniversary. "My dear, in what view do you ask," she says; "to send me something? Now, I positively forbid you to send me anything but a letter, with your blessing. It is a positive worry for

you, the buying of things. And what is the chief pleasure of a birthday present? Simply that it is evidence of one's birthday being remembered; and now I know, without any birthday present, that you have been thinking of it, my poor Good, for ever so long before. So write me a longer letter than usual, and leave presents to those whose affection stands more in need of vulgar demonstration than yours." But this harsh husband, this thoughtless and gloomy despot, paid no attention to the tender prohibition. "Oh, my darling," she writes a few days after, "I want to give you an emphatic kiss rather than to write. But you are at Chelsea, and I at Seaforth, so the thing is clearly impossible for the moment. But I will keep it for you till I come, for it is not with words that I can thank you adequately for that kindest of birthday letters and its small enclosure. I cried over it, and I laughed over it, and could not sufficiently admire the graceful idea—an idea which might come under the category of what Cavaignac used to call *idées de femme*, supposed to be unattainable by the coarser sex." The climax of all is in the following letter, which in the point of view of an unhappy marriage—love worn out on one side, never existent on the other—is as unaccountable, we should imagine, as any undiscovered hieroglyphic ever was:—

"SEAFORTH, Tuesday, July 14, 1846.

"Oh, my dear husband, fortune has played me such a cruel trick this day! and I do not even feel any resentment against fortune for the suffocating misery of the last two hours. But you shall know how it was.

"Not a line from you on my birthday, the postmistress averred! I did not burst out crying, did not faint, did not do anything absurd so far as I know; but I walked back again without speaking a word, and with such a tumult of wretchedness in my heart as you, who know me, can conceive; and then I shut myself in my own room to fancy everything that was most tormenting. Were you finally so out of patience with me that you had resolved to write to me no more at all? Had you gone to Addiscombe, and found no leisure there to remember my existence? Were you taken ill, so that you could not write? That last idea made me mad to get off to the railway and back to London. Oh mercy, what a two hours I had of it!

"And just when I was at my wits' end I heard Julia crying through the house: 'Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle! are you there? Here is a letter for you!'

"And so there was after all! The postmistress had overlooked it, and had given it to Robert when he went afterwards, not knowing we had been. I wonder what love-letter was ever received with such thankfulness. Oh, my dear! I am not fit for living in the world with this organization. I am as much broken to pieces by this little accident as if I had come through an attack of cholera or typhus fever; I cannot even steady my hand to write decently. But I felt an irresistible need of thanking you by return of post. Yes, I have kissed the dear little card-case; and now I will lie down awhile and try to get some sleep, at least to quiet myself. I will try to believe—oh, why cannot I not believe it once for all—that with all my faults and follies I am 'dearer to you than any earthly creature.'

"Your own,

"J. C."

Many a sober matron of forty-five, who has never doubted of her

friendship and admiration. She found them one evening "mortally stupid." Then there is a bishop discreetly (for once in a way, with a prudence to which we begin to be unaccustomed in biography) disguised in a — and who is profanely called by the Carlyles "Cuittikins," a Scotch adaptation of Gaiters, who is an infliction almost beyond bearing. One night, suddenly, Alfred Tennyson appears, and that is an honour! but alas! there was Dr. John already there, and excellent Professor Craik, both of them it may easily be supposed too happy to meet the poet. "Craik prosed and John babbled for his entertainment, and I, whom he had come to see, got scarcely any speech of him." "The exertion, however," she adds, "of having to provide him with tea, through my own unassisted ingenuity (Helen being gone for the evening), drove away my headache, also perhaps a little feminine vanity at having inspired such a man with the energy to take a cab on his own responsibility and to throw himself on Providence for getting away again." The Sterlings, as a family, both sons and the father, the old Jupiter of the *Times*, were devoted friends and servants, the elder man making a sort of fatherly claim upon her services. And if, perhaps, she was invited to some great houses, naturally enough, not for herself but as her husband's wife, there were scarcely any of his most prized associates who did not very soon distinguish and identify the second member of that co-partnership bringing to her often their secrets and troubles, and always their cordial brotherhood. Certainly anything less like effacement or absorption in a greater could not be. She had to talk so much, she declares, on some of these evenings, that she was good for nothing next morning. And she had no respect for anybody, she who found Darwin "mortally dull" on occasion. When she went to see those theatricals which opened a kind of new career to Dickens, revealing, as every one has said, his wonderful gift for dramatic representations, her opinion was different from the judgment of the world.

"How did the creatures get through it?" Too well and not well enough. The public theatre, the scenes painted by Stansfield, costumes 'rather exquisite,' together with the certain amount of proficiency in the amateurs, overlaid all idea of private theatricals; and considering it as public theatricals, the acting was most insipid, not one performer among them that could be called good, and none that could be called absolutely bad. Douglas Jerrold seemed to me the best, the oddity of his appearance greatly helping him. Forster as Kitely, and Dickens as Captain Bobadil, were much on a par; but Forster preserved his identity even through his loftiest flights of Macreadyism, while poor little Dickens, all painted in black and red, and affecting the voice of a man of six feet, would have been unrecognizable by the mother that bore him. On the whole, to get up the smallest interest in the thing one needed to be always reminding oneself 'all these actors were once men,' and will be men again to-morrow morning."

There are times, however, when this keen-sighted critic, so independent and outspoken in her judgment, is touched by an enthusiasm

which overmasters her. And of all persons in the world to have this effect upon her, Father Matthew was the man. She makes a long pilgrimage in an omnibus "to Mile End," wherever that may be, and penetrates with beating heart through the audience, "thousands of people all hushed into awful silence," until she reaches with her companion the neighbourhood of the priest and apostle.

"He made me sit down on the only chair a moment: then took me by the hand as if I had been a little girl, and led me to the front of the scaffold to see him administer the pledge. From a hundred to two hundred took it, and all the tragedies and theatrical representations I ever saw melted into one, could not have given me such emotions as that scene did. There were faces both of men and women that will haunt me while I live, faces exhibiting such concentrated wretchedness, making, you would have said, its last deadly struggle with the powers of darkness. . . . And in the face of Father Matthew, when one looked from them to him, the mercy of heaven seemed to be laid bare. . . . I was turning sick and needed to get out of the thing, but in the act of leaving him—never to see him again through all time, most probably—feeling him to be the very best man of modern times (you excepted), I had another moment of youthful enthusiasm which you will hold up your hands and eyes at. Did I take the pledge then? No; but I would have thought, if I had not feared it would be put in the newspapers. No, not that; but I drew him aside, having considered if I had any ring on, any handkerchief, anything that I could leave with him in remembrance of me; and having bethought myself of a pretty memorandum-book in my reticule, put it into his hand and bade him keep it for my sake, and asked him to give me one of his medals to keep for his! And all this in tears and in the utmost agitation. Had you any idea that your wife was still such a fool? I am sure I had not. The Father got through the thing admirably. He seemed to understand what it all meant quite well, inarticulate though I was. He would not give me a common medal, but took a little silver one from the neck of a young man who had just taken the pledge for example's sake, telling him he would get him another presently, and laid the medal in my hand with a solemn blessing. I could not speak for excitement all the way home. When I went to bed I could not sleep, the pale faces I had seen haunted me, and Father Matthew's smile; and even next morning I could not anyhow subside into my normal state until I had sat down and written Father Matthew a long letter, accompanying it with your 'Past and Present.' Now, dear, if you are ready to beat me for a distracted gomeril, I cannot help it. All that it was put into my heart to do. *Ich konnte nicht anders.*"

This capacity for generous enthusiasm had seldom such large utterance in her. With her constant caustic, sharp-biting criticism, her indisposition to run in the rut of ordinary opinions, her jibes and satirical vein, it is strange indeed to see her so entirely mastered by her emotion. But upon this point of high philanthropy she was always approachable. She was the confidante in general of people in trouble, and when there was somebody to be helped out of the fearful pit and miry clay, whether a poor maid-servant tempted by drink, or friend on the brink of despair, would spare no pains upon the work, though making little pretence to charity in deed, and still less to charity in speech. As we are

about it we may add another instance of this little appreciated side of Mrs. Carlyle's character, the fervid-sympathetic—in which her enthusiasm finds a vent in so characteristic, so delightful and womanly a way (though sadly against Mr. Froude's theory), that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting it. She had been taken by Mr. W. E. Forster to a meeting at Bradford "for Roman liberty," whatever that may mean: and found the Bradford gentlemen, "like Ben Stodart's legs, no great things," but "the Bradford men, who filled the hall to suffocation, a sight to see!"

"And I must tell you 'I aye thought mickle o' you,' but that night 'I thought mair o' you than ever.' A man of the people mounted the platform and spoke: a youngish intelligent looking man, who alone of all the speakers seemed to understand the question, and to have feelings as well as notions about it. He spoke with a heart-eloquence that 'left me warm.' I never was more affected by public speaking. When he ceased I did not throw myself on his neck and swear everlasting friendship; but I assure you it was in putting constraint on myself that I merely started to my feet and shook hands with him. Then 'a sudden thought' struck me. This man would like to know you; I would give him my address in London. I borrowed a pencil and piece of paper and handed him my address. When he looked at it he started as if I had sent a bullet into him, caught my hand again, almost squeezed it into 'immortal squash,' and said: 'Oh, it is your husband! Mr. Carlyle has been my teacher and master, I have owed everything to him for years and years.' I felt it a credit to you to have had a hand in turning out this man: was prouder of that heart-tribute to your genius than any amount of reviewer-praises or aristocratic invitations to dinner."

That the wife, and such a wife, should think of this supreme reward for the speaker who pleased her, "this man would like to know you," is pretty, as Carlyle himself would have said; so pretty that it makes the heart swell with sympathetic emotion.

Space fails us, however, for all the extracts which we are tempted to make. If Carlyle, in the remorseful misery that seized upon him (in some great measure unnecessarily, in our opinion), had not felt every scrap from her hands to be precious, his judgment, no doubt, would have curtailed a great deal that we find here of the domestic economy of Cheyne Row. We need not have had all the vicissitudes attending all the maids, nor all the house-cleanings, nor in such full detail those nervous sufferings which laid her prostrate and the remedies she took to ameliorate her state—all quite natural and befitting as addressed to correspondents, all of whom had the interest of kindred or the most intimate friendship in everything that concerned her, but unnecessary here. Notwithstanding these repetitions, there is not a dull page in the book: but it would have been more perfect without them. And it is, perhaps, the polemics that have arisen about the history of this pair that make us seek the passages that concern their mutual relations rather than the many independent pictures of the most vivid kind in

which these home scenes are set, and which are better adapted for the public eye. There would not be, for example, a more effective picture than that of the rural rectory at which she visited one memorable August, the home of the youngest of the Bullers, an "utterly stupid, somnolent reverend incumbent," according to Carlyle's usual mode of description. The household seems to have been a strange enough one. The father and mother accomplished people of the world, of little, if any, religious belief; the son one of those parsons, of a school that is happily almost extinct, to whom the routine of their office suffices. Here is the Sleepy Hollow of a place, in the haze of the August heat and sunshine:—

"It stands in the midst of green fields and fine tall trees; with the church (if such a dilapidated old building can be called a church) within a bowshot of it. Around the church is a little quiet-looking churchyard, which, when the sun is shining on it, does not look sad. A footpath, about half a yard wide and overgrown with grass and strewn with fallen apples, cuts across the bit of green field between the church and the rectory, and being the only road to the church, one may infer from it several things: I went into the church last night with Reginald while Mrs. Buller was having her dinner; and when I looked at *him* and at *it*, and thought of the four hundred and fifty living souls who were to be saved by such means, I could almost have burst into tears. Anything so like the burial-place of revealed religion you have never seen, nor a rector more fit to read its burial service. The church bell rings night and morning with a plaintive clang. I asked was it for prayers. 'No; it was to warn the gleaners that it was their time to go out and come in.' . . . I feel already quite at home and almost wishing you were rector of Troston; what a blessed exchange would it be for those poor people whom I hear at this moment singing feckless psalms. I could almost find it in my heart to run over to the old tower and give them a word of admonition myself. . . . The service went off quite respectably; it is wonderful how little faculty is needed for saying prayers perfectly well! But when we came to the sermon! greater nonsense I have often enough listened to,—for, in fact, the sermon, Mrs. Buller with her usual sincerity, informed me before I went, 'was none of his; he had scraped together as many by other people as would serve him for years, which was much better for the congregation;' but he delivered it as daft Mr. Hamilton used to read the newspaper, with a noble disdain of anything in the nature of a stop, pausing just when he needed breath at the end of a sentence or in the middle of a word, as it happened. . . . And this was the Gospel of Jesus Christ I was hearing—made into something worse than the cawing of rooks."

The woman who speaks thus, evidently had enough of Scotch feeling about her to object to the game of chess which concluded the Sunday evening; "decidedly improper, but I could not refuse," she says.

Among these, and many more sketches, the description of her first going to Haddington *incognita*, is the one perhaps which will most touch the heart of the reader. Twenty-three years after she had left the home of her youth, her mother being dead in the meantime, and all her early life disappeared like the mists, although still some dear friends remained, and many inhabitants of the place cast

wistful looks at her, divining a personality they knew, she arrived suddenly in a July afternoon at the George Inn, "alone amid the silence of death," coming apparently to see whether she could bear it before she made herself known to her dear old friends.

"I sat down quite composedly at a window, and looked up the street towards our old house. It was the same street, the same houses, but so silent, dead, petrified. It looked the old place just as I had seen it at Chelsea in my dreams, only more dream-like. Having exhausted that outlook, I rang my bell, and told the silent landlord to bring tea and take orders about my bedroom. The tea swallowed down, I notified my wish to view 'the old church there,' and the keeper of the keys was immediately fetched in. In my part of stranger in search of the picturesque, I let myself be shown the way which I knew every inch of; shown the schoolhouse, where myself had been bred; the playground, the 'boolin' green, and so on to the churchyard, which, as soon as my guide had unlocked for me, I told him he might wait there, I needed him no further. The churchyard had become very full of graves: within the ruin were two smartly got-up tombs. His (her father's) looked old, old, was surrounded by nettles, the inscription all over moss, except two lines which had been quite recently cleared—by whom? Who had been there before me, caring for his tomb after twenty-nine years? The old ruin knew, and would not tell me. That place felt the very centre of eternal silence—silence and sadness world without end! When I returned, the sexton, or whatever he was, asked, 'Would I not walk through the church?' I said, yes, and he led the way, but without playing the cicerone any more; he had become pretty sure there was no need. Our pew looked to have never been new lined since we occupied it; the green cloth was become all but white from age. I looked at it in the dim twilight, till I almost fancied that I saw my beautiful mother in her old corner, and myself a bright-looking girl in the other. It was time to 'come out of that!' Meaning to return to the churchyard in the morning to clear the moss from the inscription, I asked my conductor where he lived—with his key. 'Next door to the house that was Dr. Welsh's,' he answered, with a sharp glance at my face; then added gently, 'Excuse me, me'm, for mentioning that, but the minute I set eyes on you at the George, I jaloused it was her we all looked after whenever she went up or down.'

She went then in the lingering Scotch twilight to the front of the house in which her old friends lived, and wondered what they would think did they know of her presence there, and longed but feared to enter: then kissing the familiar gate, went back to her inn in silence, "the silentest inn on the planet, nothing stirring." In this stillness she wrote to her husband, then in Ireland, but as her letter was "all about feelings," she tore it up in the morning when, before the world was awake, she was up and out again, looking wistfully at the closed and sleeping house which had been her home: then took her way to the churchyard, where, impatient of waiting, the slim, light creature, a girl still, though she was approaching fifty, climbed the wall rather than wait for the key, feeling herself to breathe freer there "with the bright morning sunshine streaming down upon it, than near that so-called habitation of the living," the doctor's old house: where "it was difficult to me to realize to myself that the people inside were only asleep, and not dead—dead since many years."

In the churchyard she found the names which, it had struck her painfully, had disappeared from the signboards.

"It was strange the feeling of almost glad recognition that came over me in finding so many familiar figures out of my childhood and youth all gathered together in one place; but still more interesting for me than these later graves were two that I remember to have wept little innocent tears over before I had a conception what real weeping meant—the grave of the little girl who was burnt to death while drying her white muslin frock at the fire; and that of the young officer (Rutherford) who was shot in a duel. The oval tablet of white marble over the little girl's grave was as bright and spotless as on the first day—as emblematic of the child's existence it commemorated; it seemed to my somewhat excited imagination that the youthfulness and innocence there buried had impregnated the marble to keep it snow-white for ever."

There she now lies in her turn, by her father's side, restored to him in death, though one grudges to think so far apart and separated from him who was the companion of her life.

How she ventured at last to the house of the old ladies whom she loved, and was recognized by them; how the town woke up to recognize her, and the old servant Jamie knew her before he saw her. "Then you were told it was me?" "No; they told us just we was to speak to a lady at the George, and I knew it was Mrs. Carlyle." "But how could you tell, dear Jamie?" "Hoots, who else could it be?" There could not be a more pathetic story, though all so simple. The little town so still, the schoolroom door open in the early brightness of the new-born day, showing her the place where "at seven in the morning James Brown found me asleep after two hours' hard study, asleep between the leaves of the great Atlas;" the houses all shut up, but gradually awakening to life and knowledge. She went back frequently afterwards, visiting her old friends, and recognized by everybody, and gradually the pathos and the wonder died away.

In Edinburgh, there were aunts, loved, but gently caricatured, and Betty—Betty, the beloved servant-woman of old, to whom she was always the "dear bairn," whom she sent the writer once to see in a little roadside hamlet out of Edinburgh, an old woman with a still wise face that had seen many a sorrow, in the still, little room, with its spark of fire, and the house-door which admitted straight into it open to the summer air. Is she there still, one wonders, in her close cap and grey gown, and patient gravity and love? There seems no reason why such an example of the antique world should ever die. She outlived her mistress, her "bairn," at least, so far as our recollection goes.

This sweet and tender picture it would be well to end upon: but in the painful circumstances of the case it will not be for such touching episodes as this that reviewers or critics will look, but

for something that will throw light upon the canker of this woman's life, so full of impassioned feeling as she was. And such passages will not be far to seek. The canker was chiefly in herself—in the self-tormenting faculty which never existed in greater perfection in any woman, though that is saying much. Those keen and passionate souls each with the sharp two-edged sword of speech, cutting this way and that, each so intolerant, so impatient, so incapable of endurance, all nerves and sensation, and nothing but themselves to try their spirits—would they have been better apart, each perhaps sheathed in the silky tissues of a milder and softer nature? We doubt it much. The milder partner would have bored them both, whereas in swift change of mood, in infinite variety, in passions of misery and recovered happiness, there was no weariness. "I am always wondering," she says, after one of her bad moments, "how I can, even in my angriest mood, talk about leaving you for good and all; for to be sure were I to leave you to-day on that principle, I should need absolutely to go back to-morrow to see how you were taking it!" Most true and certain! There were times when they could with difficulty live together; and yet there was never a time when they could have done without each other. It was always "Ill to hae, but waur to want."

We must, however, before leaving this publication, do what is odious to us if it were not necessary, and that is, call the attention of the reader to what we cannot call less than a deliberate outrage upon a helpless dead woman, with neither son nor champion to stand up for her. These volumes were announced as prepared for publication by Carlyle himself, and so they were in great part, with many interjected notes which we can scarcely call less than foolish, besides some valuable explanatory details. But in the midst of this mass of letters, thus prepared (enough of them, Heaven knows! to have been by good judgment, one would have said, pared and weeded a little rather than increased), Mr. Carlyle's executor found certain brief extracts which he did not quite understand. This set his curiosity to work, and he once more examined the mass of papers left to him by the fond old man who trusted him, and found therein a diary of Mrs. Carlyle's which explained the matter. The matter was that there had once crossed that self-tormented spirit a cloud of bitter but visionary jealousy: the word is too strong—of hot intolerance rather, impatience, bitter irritation, called forth by the pleasure her husband took in the company of a certain great lady, a brilliant woman of society, whom she did not herself love, but whose charm and influence fascinated him. There were none of the features of ordinary jealousy in this dark fit, no possibility of unfaithfulness, unless it might be intellectual—a preference for the

talk, the dazzle of a witty circle in which worship was paid to him, and the still more flattering devotions of its presiding spirit. This fascination drew him night after night away from home, depriving his wife of his society, and suggesting to her over again by that whisper of the devil at her ear, which she was always too ready to listen to, that she had ceased to be the first and only woman in the world to him. Such a breath of hell has crossed and withered many a blooming life; in this case the fit was temporary, lasting but a short time, and buried in the tender *rapprochement* of the later chapter of life. The discovery of this bit of writing was a godsend to the biographer, who must have felt by this time that the mass of the letters were by no means so conformable to his theory as might have been desired. He sent it off at once to Miss Jewsbury to have her elucidations, the only person living who could speak with authority on the subject. Neither the one nor the other seem to have asked themselves what right they had to spy into a secret which the husband had respected. Geraldine, good and kind as woman ever was, but romantic and officious, and pleased too in a regretful way at the discovery, did her part, as may be imagined. "The reading has been like the calling up of ghosts. It was a very bad time with her then, no one but herself, or one constantly with her, knows what she suffered, physically as well as morally," Miss Jewsbury says. And here is produced triumphantly between them this little basket of fragments, with a preface from the male friend, historical and philosophical, "married him against the advice of friends," "worked for him like a servant," all over again: and a postscript from the female friend, sentimental and descriptive: "She was bright and beautiful, with a certain star-like radiance and grace. She had gone off into the desert with him. The offering was accepted, but like the precious things flung by Benvenuto into the furnace when his statue was molten, they were all consumed in the flames: he gave her no human help and tenderness." So Geraldine in a piece of fine writing—words as untrue as ever words were, as every unprejudiced reader of this book will see for himself, and entirely contrary to that kind soul's ordinary testimony. Not a critic, so far as we are aware, has ever suggested that this proceeding was unjustifiable, or outside of the limits of honour. Is it then permissible to outrage the memory of a wife, and betray her secrets because one has received as a gift her husband's papers? She gave no permission, left no authority for such a proceeding. Does the disability of women go so far as this? or is there no need for honour in respect to the dead? "There ought to be no mystery about Carlyle," says Mr. Froude. No, poor, foolish, fond old man! there is no mystery about him henceforward, thanks to his own distracted babble of genius, first of all. But how about his wife?

Did she authorize Mr. Froude to unveil her most secret thoughts, her darkest hours of weakness, which even her husband passed reverently over? No woman of this generation, or of any other we are acquainted with, has had such desperate occasion to be saved from her friends: and public feeling and sense of honour must be at low ebb indeed when no one ventures to stand up and stigmatize it deserves this betrayal and exposure of the secret of a woman's weakness, a secret which throws no light upon anything, which does not add to our knowledge either of her character or her husband, and with which the public had nothing whatever to do.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

THE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THERE are not wanting among observant public men those who think that the House of Commons has become unmanageable, and may become unserviceable. There cannot be a doubt that the history of that great assembly during the last few years has not added to its reputation, either at home or abroad; and it is distressing to hear, both on the Continent of Europe and in the United States of America, remarks as to its loss of prestige and its legislative impotence. There is an impression widely prevalent out of doors—a very false one, but not at all to be wondered at considering what has taken place—that the Parliament elected in 1880 is, in point of *personnel*, inferior to its predecessors, and one constantly hears such observations as “The House of Commons is not what it once was;” “What a change, to be sure, has taken place in the House—such a set of fellows now compose it!” This idea is quite a mistaken one. The highest authorities are of opinion that, take it all in all, there has never been a more able, honest, and high-minded Parliament than that now sitting, notwithstanding that certain influences have paralyzed its action, and rendered it comparatively powerless properly to carry on the business of the nation.

The origin of the evil was, that statesmen on both sides failed to see long ago that the constitution of the popular branch of the legislature had, in the hands of the householders, entirely changed, and that new rules and forms of procedure had become absolutely necessary in order to get through the work. In former times members consisted, to a very large extent, of men about town, frequenters of the clubs, younger sons—who attended generally only on great occasions, few of whom took part in the debates, and who were governed by a sort of unwritten law; now these have been displaced

by zealous, earnest politicians from the country, taking a deep interest in legislative measures, and having no notion of sitting "mute and inglorious" during the discussion of the great questions of the hour. One principal cause of the arrears in public business is the desire of these gentlemen to hear, in season and out of season, their own sweet voices—some of them, by the way, are not very sweet; and it would be interesting to the nation in general, and instructive to their constituents in particular, if the hours thus wasted by what the Tories facetiously call Liberal Obstruction could be set out in a Return. It must be kept in mind, however, that the great bulk of the Liberals are by no means open to such a charge; on the contrary, many among them, both old members and new, have recently studiously avoided making speeches, as others seemed as studiously to employ themselves in thus wasting the public time. These patriotic orators are encouraged and stimulated by the new practice of local newspapers reporting in full the speeches of their representatives, who may be found once or twice a week addressing a select audience of, say a dozen, in St. Stephen's, while nobody is listening to a word they say except the reporter of the leading journal in the town they have the honour to represent. The London dailies would do good service by greatly curtailing their reports of the harangues of well-known and acknowledged bores, men of weak intellect and fluent speech whose names appear every day, or every second day, in the Parliamentary columns of the *Times*. It was suggested a quarter of a century ago that some limits should be imposed upon these misplaced addresses, and year by year the evil has increased in magnitude, until it has now become almost insupportable. There are two other parties who have mainly contributed to the legislative dead-lock, and whom it will require much more drastic measures to restrain than those which were adopted in November 1882. A strong body of Irishmen have combined for the avowed purpose of preventing the work of the British Parliament being done, as long as the union with their country is preserved in its integrity, and they receive more or less open aid from those Tories who are least in accord with the spirit of the times. One of the latter said to me, "I like the Parnellites;" and on my inquiring the reason, answered "Because they effectually put a stop to all that——legislation."

Few people have adequately realized the increase of work which recent changes in our political system have imposed upon the House of Commons. Every step taken towards equality leads to new proposals for the advantage of the masses; and the more democratic a representative assembly becomes, the more bills for the introduction of social changes it will be called upon to consider; and therefore, instead of a greater, a less display of oratory must be encouraged, if any progress at all is to be made.

Much of the business now transacted by Parliament ought never to come before a great imperial assembly ; some of it would be more suitably transacted in a vestry, and one of the leading problems of the day, with which sooner or later a Cabinet must grapple, is the delegation to local bodies, provincial councils, of many matters which now improperly occupy the time of the High Court of the nation.

Those interested in that question of paramount importance—how the business of the House of Commons is to be carried on, cannot fail to have noticed the extraordinary development lately of the practice of asking questions. Sometimes there are from fifty to sixty of them on the Notice Paper for a single sitting, and a great many more are asked without notice. A very bad custom has crept in of member after member starting up and asking a question which they say arises out of the one just answered, but which very often does nothing of the kind ; and there is a set of men who, night after night, jump up like jacks-in-a-box and put a series of rapid interrogatories, with no other purpose than to annoy and confuse the Ministers. A vast number of the questions are about the veriest trifles, which ought not to be permitted to occupy a moment of the time of the House, at all events, until inquiry had been made privately at the department of Government interested, and the information thus obtained been found unsatisfactory by the inquirer. Another class of questions relates to foreign affairs. There is a knot of members who seem to glance their eye over all the morning newspapers, and glorify themselves by asking next day about the truth of the most improbable reports sent by correspondents all over the earth. The House now often spends two hours a-day in this delectable exercise. The reading of the questions has been at last dispensed with. Could not the same thing be done with the reading of the answers, and both printed on a board, or in a daily return, for the benefit of the few concerned ? In any case it is impossible, with due regard to the business of the nation, that the present system in this respect can be allowed to go on unchecked.

It is remarkable with what pertinacity men of all political opinions in the House of Commons stick to old usages which are not adapted to present times. Why should that body be the only legislative assembly in the world which sits during the night instead of during the day ? That arrangement was originally made for the benefit of the merchants and lawyers of London, who formerly constituted a large proportion of the members, and who desired to attend to their own business in the morning and to make the House an evening lounge. The country is hardly aware of the ridiculous appearance which the empty benches present, even in the most important debates, during the dinner hour, from half-past seven to ten o'clock, and in what a careless, perfunctory manner business is frequently con-

ducted during the small hours of the morning, when the few members attending are weary, sleepy, and inattentive, and when all decent people ought to be in their beds. There is no insurmountable obstacle of any kind to prevent the House meeting at noon, and separating at such an hour as to put an end to the during dinner and after dinner performances.

Some enthusiastic but not very well-informed or considerate people have been writing lately in favour of increasing indefinitely the length of the sessions. This would be the worst plan of all. If the House met every year early in January, and sat, with, say, a fortnight's holiday in May, until the end of July, or seven months in the year, it would spend as long as, if not a longer time than, any other legislative body; and to impose any serious extension of such a period on fagged and wearied members would not be conducive to wise and beneficent legislation.

Whilst it would be most undesirable to prolong the period during which the House is in session, the constituencies have a right to expect that no portion of that period should be wasted as it is now. Tuesdays and Fridays are set aside as private members' nights, and the order of precedence is balloted for a month before. The House, as a body, is not consulted as to the subjects to be discussed; that is left entirely to the chance of the ballot-box; and when an uninteresting or disagreeable topic, or an unpopular member, obtains in this haphazard manner the first place, the consequence very often is a count out during the dinner-hour and the loss of an entire evening. There is a variety of matters of importance and of great interest in the eyes of the public which ought to be debated, but many of them are shut out by the operation of a plan which gives an equal opportunity to nostrums and hobbies about which the nation cares not a straw. On Wednesdays, Bills brought in by private members are considered, and the order in which they are taken is fixed in a similar manner by lot, so that many of these days are simply wasted in discussing measures of the least possible importance, whilst others, loudly called for by the constituencies, are shelved for the year by the unfortunate result of one day's ballot. Thus three days in the week may be, and sometimes are, lost for the purposes of useful legislation. Why should not the general sense of the House be taken in regard to what motions and what Bills should have precedence? The country is scarcely aware of the number of hours wasted in debating matters of little practical value. No doubt it is desirable that private members should be enabled to bring forward their proposals, but it would be far better to give up to the Government a part of the time at present allotted to them, rather than have it frittered away as it is under the existing arrangement.

It would tend very much to expedite public business if Govern-

ment would announce fewer Bills at the commencement of each session, and only bring in others when considerable progress has been made with those of primary importance, at the same time resolutely setting their face against all attempts to make them reveal their subsequent intentions or to force their hand. A surprising number of precious minutes is annually wasted in fishing interrogatories of this kind, and motions having a similar object on going into Committee of Supply.

There has recently been developed a new kind of obstruction of a somewhat refined and perplexing nature, with which it is not very easy to deal, but which threatens to prove a serious obstacle in the path of any Administration desirous of giving effect to the popular mind in their legislative programme. Gentlemen who do not see the extreme danger of playing pranks with Parliament, and thus thwarting the popular desire for certain reforms, have begun to talk against time on Bills and motions preceding, among the orders of the day and in the notices, those which they desire to stop. Of course, under the New Rules of Procedure adopted last year, the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees, as the case may be, would be entitled when this intention was avowed, or when it was too clumsily concealed not to be apparent to everyone, to interfere and stop the discussion; but it is quite possible to conduct the operation in such a deft and delicate manner as to baffle the best efforts of the presiding officer, at all events until much mischief has been done.

In the cause of decency and order it was very proper to invest him, as was done last November, with additional powers, and all the proceedings then adopted were in a right direction, with a view of restraining, not liberty, but undue license of debate, and giving time for that legislation which the country demands; but it has long been my opinion that much more drastic steps will require to be taken, and that many more years cannot be allowed to elapse without an entire re-arrangement of the business of the House, so as to make it more of a legislative machine and less of a debating society. Many of us advocated the Closure long before it came prominently into notice: it is a power which is possessed by most assemblies, and ought to be possessed by all; but the great evil of which we complain at present, is not the inordinate length of debates, but the excessive number of opportunities given to vain men, and bores, and obstructives, to stop the business of the nation; and most reformers will soon find out the truth of an observation of mine made in the course of the Closure debate, and much jeered at at the time by the opponents of Her Majesty's Government, that the New Rules were of a very mild character indeed.

Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the present procedure with respect to the principal measures of the Session, which, instead

of being discussed continuously on their various stages, are put down for a Monday, resumed on the Thursday, perhaps on the Monday afterwards, perhaps not for a fortnight or three weeks, the House meantime being engaged in listening to orations from bores, or debating Bills believed in only by the gentlemen whose names are on their backs, sometimes not even by all of them.

As a consequence of the very unsatisfactory manner in which the business of the House of Commons has been conducted for a series of sessions, the absence of any considerable progress in passing measures desired by the people, the substitution of debates on Ireland for legislation for Great Britain, and the general squandering of time, it is expected that the next general election will witness a greater change in the *personnel* than has taken place during this century. No one need be surprised that many members interested in social and political reforms, and anxious to see Bills passed to meet the changing wants of the people at large, should feel disinclined to spend so much of their time in an assembly which seems, to a great extent, to have lost its power of doing work, and in other respects to have fallen from its high position of influence and dignity.

It would tend greatly towards the more rapid and efficient conduct of public business if the members of the House of Commons were reduced, and great would be the gratitude which the country at large ought to feel towards any Government which had the courage to make such a proposal in connection with the re-distribution of seats. It used to be said of the Commons that there was safety in a mob under competent leaders, but of late years the rank and file are not so ignorant and careless as they used to be. Most of them now attend assiduously in their places, think for themselves, and want to speak, and their very numbers impede the work which they are sent there to perform. It is not in the least necessary when small boroughs are disfranchised to bestow their members upon other constituencies; the little villages in Ireland, for example, which have separate representatives, should be thrown into the counties, and the same course ought to be taken with many places, nearly if not quite as insignificant, in the South of England. There could not be the slightest difficulty in thus bringing down the number to 500 or even 450, and in my view that would constitute a much more manageable, workmanlike, and, in all probability, efficient and respected House of Parliament.

It is hoped and believed that the institution of Grand Committees will go a long way towards restoring the working power of the House of Commons, and enabling it to overtake some portion of that legislation which has been so long neglected, but the magnitude of the arrears is too great to be removed by a single beneficial change. This is the fourth session of the present Parliament, and as yet only

the fringe has been touched of the programme announced by Mr. Gladstone as the exponent of the nation's mind ; and if we are to go on at this rate, it will take many years and many Parliaments to carry it out in its entirety. It must furthermore be kept in mind that most of the Bills recently so stoutly obstructed have not been of a political character. What amount of opposition and delay may we expect to measures affecting the representation of the people? The running with footmen has wearied us, how shall we contend with horsemen? If we have found commercial and agricultural subjects anything but "a land of peace," is it not likely that the re-distribution of seats will prove the "swelling of Jordan?"

Of course, after the work of the autumn session, there is a natural disinclination to reopen questions of procedure in the meantime and until it is seen what, if any, practical effect has been produced by the changes then made ; but there are those who have long thought that the disease lies deeper than can be reached by the medicine lately prescribed, and that as time goes on, and the multiplying wants of a community of such varied interests as ours demand a prompter response to the will of the people, it will be found necessary, having regard to the foregoing premises, to make greater alterations in the mode of conducting the business of the House of Commons.

WILLIAM EDWARD BAXTER.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT OF 1833.

A WISH has been expressed that, as one of those who took part in the well-known movement of 1833, I should place on record my own reminiscences of its commencement. Unwilling as I am to obtrude upon notice a name which possesses little claim to attention, I yet could not resolve to refuse compliance with a suggestion which might possibly have some better result than the gratification of curiosity; and it seemed, too, that there would be less difficulty than formerly in complying with such a wish, because few indeed are left who can now be affected for good or ill by what may be said. The originators of that movement, with the exception of Cardinal Newman and myself, are no more. Even the disciples of the former have been outlived by their far-famed master. Thus I have to speak on a subject which can at present awaken few susceptibilities in the church of which I have the honour to be a member. I think that in treating of the subject under consideration nothing will escape me which may cause pain to any one now living, or involve the necessity of controversy. Opinions must necessarily be expressed on various points which will not coincide with those which may be entertained by some of my readers; but opinions are free, and in expressing my own I lay no claim whatever to infallibility.

In these days a new generation has arisen—the sons and grandsons of those who were in their prime in 1833. They see the Church of England as it now is; but few men living have before their mind's eye the condition of the Church half a century since. I have thought that, looking to the times which may be before us—to the dangers, the trials, the sorrows perhaps, which the Church may have to encounter, it may be well that the voice of experience should remind those whose lot may be cast in troublous times, of trials which happened

in their fathers' days, when hope was nearly extinguished—when help was apparently far off—when, deserted as it was by friends, neglected, despised, hated, apparently drawing near to dissolution, the Church of England unexpectedly rose from apathy, despondency, and deep alarm, and commenced afresh a career which men thought to be on the point of closing.

Few positions can be more discouraging than that of the Church of England in 1833. At that time a revolution had taken place in the relations of Church and State; political revolution had followed, and society, and Christianity along with it, seemed in danger of subversion. The signal for revolutionary change had been given by the Conservative or Tory rulers of the State. Reversing the policy which for three centuries had intimately connected the Church with the State—a policy which had been handed down from the introduction of Christianity—the Government of that day had made up its mind to ally itself to the foes of the Church. That change of policy on the part of the State involved at once the further result that the powers of the State over the Church, which had always hitherto been guided by influences friendly to the Church, became at once subject to influences essentially and necessarily hostile to her, and thus the system of the union of Church and State, which had so long worked beneficially for the Church's interests, became open to a new and a dangerous influence, full of evil omen to her in every way.

We can now look back from the vantage-ground of time upon the agitating contests from 1812 to 1829 connected with the grant of Emancipation. We can smile at the notion that men could have been so deeply moved by such a question as that of the grant of political power to Roman Catholics. It seems to us that the concession of their claims to Parliamentary seats was one of those measures which must have commended itself to the assent of all rational and thinking men, upon the commonest principles of justice. And we can wonder at the illiberality of those who for so long a period contested a claim which is so generally admitted to be equitable. There are, however, two sides to most questions, and in this case a very serious alternative presented itself to the minds of Churchmen. They saw that the grant of political power to the Church of Rome meant the use of that political power against the Church of England. They were convinced, by the experience of ages, that the exaltation of the former meant the injury, perhaps the destruction, of the latter. They were assured that no such results could ensue—that "history was an old almanac"—that the grant of political power to Rome would only strengthen and secure the Church of England, and its branch in Ireland. Experience has unfortunately shown that they were right, and that those who ridiculed their fears were no prophets.

The unbounded triumph of the See of Rome and the Ultramontane party throughout Europe, and their predictions of the speedy conversion of England and fall of Protestantism, added to the depression which all zealous churchmen felt at the defeat of their long-continued struggle. Their anticipations were most gloomy.

Nor did events fail to confirm their worst expectations. Emancipation had passed in 1829. In the year after the passing of a measure which was to hold out the olive branch to contending parties, the entire of the Irish peasantry (at whose instigation may be easily conjectured) entered into a conspiracy to despoil the clergy of their tithes. Whoever ventured to levy tithes was doomed to death. Several of the clergy were accordingly murdered, and the rest reduced to starvation. The end of the Church had come sooner than was expected. The clergy would have no remedy except to escape to England.

The lesson which English statesmen had given in 1829 in remodelling constitutions, and the commotions which thence arose, had had their effect upon other countries. France, in 1830, threw off the yoke of the Bourbons, and elevated to the throne the Citizen King, who had to keep his electors in order by discharges of grape-shot. Belgium revolted against the King of the Netherlands. Revolution followed in every part of Europe; and, amongst the rest, England was placed in the furnace. The policy of statesmen had reacted against themselves in England. England at once found itself in a revolutionary vortex. The Reform Bill was resisted. It was enforced, and carried by threats of rebellion. The mob rose and burned down the Castle of Nottingham, the owner of which had made himself obnoxious. The palace of the Bishop of Bristol was set fire to by the mob. Bishops were liable to insult and violence if they appeared in the streets. At Oxford the inhabitants were in alarm, for it was understood that the Unionists, 100,000 strong, were about to march from Birmingham and raze the colleges. In London great bodies of revolutionists were under regular military training, preparatory to an outbreak in the event of the Reform Bill being rejected; and it was a matter of uncertainty whether the House of Lords or the Crown would survive the crisis, and whether the next year might not find England a republic. So violently were men's passions excited, that an inconsiderable event might, like a spark applied to a barrel of gunpowder, have led to a fatal explosion.

The House of Lords was forced to pass the Reform Bill by a threat to make new peers for the purpose of swamping it by numbers. When the Bill passed, and a new Parliament was summoned and met, its character was apparently revolutionary. Only about 100 members were returned whose principles were Conservative and decidedly friendly to the Church. The rest consisted of men whose principles

could not be depended upon, or who were either hostile to all religion, or pledged supporters of Roman Catholic or Dissenting plans for the subversion of the Church. The House of Commons was prepared for any course of action, however dangerous. There was an increasing attack upon the Church of England in every direction, and few indeed, and weak, were the voices which in timid deprecation were raised on its behalf. The press, with a few exceptions, was ranged on the side of revolution, and hostility to the Church.

The press groaned beneath the perpetual issue of pamphlets, treatises, discourses, as numerous as the motes in sunshine, all bent on the reformation and correction of the Church, from head to foot. To open one of these profound, zealous, and authoritative disquisitions, which undertook at a week's notice to correct all the anomalies of the world, and present a spick-and-span new creation, in which imperfection was to be unknown, you might suppose that the Church of England was a mass of corruption, folly, and bigotry. Everything was wrong, and required a radical change. Nothing could be hoped for, except after the expulsion of bishops from the House of Lords, the overthrow of Chapters, the abolition of religion in the Universities, the radical reform of the worship and the doctrine of the Church in a liberal direction. The Prayer-Book was to be divested of its antique rubbish—swept clean of the supernaturalism which had descended from the Middle Ages—relieved of those continual professions of belief in the Trinity, the Deity of Christ, the belief in Divine Providence, and other points which so greatly troubled the delicate consciences of those Christians who were anxious to fraternize with Unitarianism and infidelity. The Church of England of the future was to become a congeries of sects, at utter variance with each other in doctrine and discipline, each preserving its distinctive peculiarities—the single exception being the present Church of England, which, by authority of Parliament, and without any reference to the wishes of its bishops, clergy, or people, was to be arbitrarily remodelled and vitally changed.

The Church of England was regarded as a *caput mortuum*—a log without life or will—a thing without conscience, or reason, or affection, which men of the world might dispose of at their mere will and pleasure—a thing which alone, amidst the religious communities of the world, was to have no conscience, no option in religious questions, was to abandon its primary principles and convictions, and its most deeply cherished institutions, to suit the convenience of politicians, or to forward the designs of foes.

The new principles of the State, too, began to bear abundant fruit. The alliance with the Papal priesthood, formed in the vain hope of conciliating Irish discontent and closing the agitating career of O'Connell, who had been permitted for so many years to keep that

country on the verge of rebellion, had rapidly borne fruit. A clergy plundered, and threatened with assassination; the withdrawal of all support from Church institutions; the open and violent demands for the legal abolition of the Irish Church; the transfer of Irish education from Church management to other hands; all indicated the change which was rapidly passing over the relations of Church and State.

But the most startling illustration of the new attitude of the State and of Parliament towards the Church of England, and of the character of measures which had now become possible under the pretence of reform, was afforded at the beginning of 1833, when the Ministry of the day, professedly for the benefit and reform of the Church in Ireland, introduced a measure conceived in the full spirit of those wild schemes of reform which in England had been agitating the public mind, and in utter disregard and contempt for the wishes and rights of the Church itself. The Government, amidst other plans, proposed to abolish the "Church Cess"—a rate for the repair of churches—upon the pretence of affording relief to Roman Catholics; and how was the deficiency (amounting to £70,000 per annum) to be provided for? The Church, as a matter of course, was to be mulcted in order to relieve Roman Catholic cess-payers; it was politically weak, and therefore had to share the fate of the weak. Hands were laid upon its most sacred rights and privileges which could not be purchased by money, or estimated by material considerations. They introduced their Bill for the extinction of ten bishoprics and two archbishoprics in Ireland. Churchmen were told that they had reason to be thankful that the entire episcopate had not been swept away, with the exception of four, or even one bishop; that they were to consider themselves fortunate in being allowed to retain bishops, or clergy, or churches, at all; that, after all, the titles of the bishoprics were preserved, if the bishoprics themselves were extinguished!

The Church itself offered to the Government to surrender the income demanded, provided the spiritualities of churches were not interfered with, and the episcopate was left unmutated. It was prepared to see a considerable reduction in the provision for the support of the bishops. The spiritual privileges and rights of the churches now doomed to invasion and mutilation had descended, in many cases, for twelve and fourteen centuries; they were privileges and rights which had been originally conferred by the Church, and not by the State; they were privileges which were not held as the gift or the emanation of State or temporal power—privileges which the Church has held in ages when the State was hostile, and when the exercise of those privileges was forbidden by law and maintained by conscience. It was these universal, these essential, these inalienable rights of churches to their spiritual privileges to the full

extent, that were violated and trampled upon by the Government measure of Church reform. That measure appeared, in fact, to be the result of a Roman Catholic influence, seeking to degrade, to mutilate, to destroy the Church, by affording a demonstration of the truth of the unceasing charge against that Church that it was a mere slave of the State, devoid of faith, and capable of being moulded into any form at the State's pleasure.

If I speak with warmth, I would plead in excuse that the position of churchmen at that time was most deeply painful and agitating. I employ the term "churchmen" in the sense of men who took deeply to heart the welfare of the Church of England as a precious and faithful branch of a religion founded by no human power and supported by no human strength. They saw this Church, in which their belief and their hopes were deeply—nay, intensely—engaged, threatened in every direction, from within and from without, subjected to influences beneath which settled convictions appeared to be dissolving. Everything seemed to be sinking beneath them; the State—so long a potent and a zealous friend—fast changing into a tyrant and a foe; principles destructive of the Church, spiritually as well as temporally, in the ascendant; no voice uplifted, no effort made, to check the headlong career of folly, imbecility, treason, and unbelief which was pouring from all directions upon the devoted Church of England, like some promontory beaten by storms and waves from every side.

The climax of our distress was reached when the Bill for the suppression of half the Episcopate of the Church in Ireland was introduced and pressed through Parliament. That Act brought matters to a crisis; its result was the Oxford movement.

Various notions have been propounded by opponents of that movement which are not derived from a knowledge of the facts of the case. It has been supposed to have arisen from some secret conspiracy to introduce changes and innovations into the Church of England. It really sprang from necessity—the need felt by various minds, agreeing in their essential feeling towards the Church of England and its principles. It became evident to them at once that something required to be done, in order to meet dangers which had become tangible, and which threatened to become intolerable. Upon that strong impression they acted. If in any quarter there was a development of innovations of any kind, it sprang from the conceptions of individuals as to the best mode of carrying out the common object—but that object was defence, not innovation.

Under these circumstances, a few individuals to whom the interests of religion in the Church of England were superior to all other considerations, were thrown into union by the calamities of the times.

When they came into contact, they had no need to enter into discussion about first principles. They could not meet men of like minds without conversing earnestly on subjects with which their hearts were full, subjects on which they all felt and thought with equal intensity.

There are men now, members of the Church of England, who can coolly and calmly think upon questions which concern the very existence of their Church—men who do not trace events to their principles and their consequences, nor realize the effects which a deviation from great principles involves. There have been, and there will always be, numbers of good and earnest men whose thoughts are engaged in the present with its difficulties and its trials, many who are willing to view matters in the most favourable light; others again who are not easily moved, uninterested or apathetic. But those who initiated the movement of 1833 were not of the number. They may have been mistaken, rash, ill-informed; but they were driven into the course they adopted by a keen and intense interest in the preservation of Christianity as the national religion, and especially its maintenance in the Church of England. Circumstances brought them together, and they felt themselves brethren, bound by a common relation to their mother Church.

I can now scarcely remember the precise date when our movement commenced. It had doubtless for years been preparing in the mind of all, for they could not but feel the uncertainty of all around them and a longing for sympathy with kindred minds. For one, I can say that, while residing in Oxford during the troubled years from the political apostacy of Peel to 1833, and while thoroughly sympathizing with the high and steadfast principle which the University as a body exhibited during those years of peril, I had not happened to meet others who felt with me on matters affecting the Church, especially that part of it which was exposed to the bitterest trials—the Church in Ireland. Even when the Bill for the suppression of half the episcopate of that Church was passing through Parliament, I found a widespread apathy on the subject. Sound scholars and orthodox churchmen, who would not have tolerated the presence of an Evangelical, seemed to be indifferent to the suppression of half the episcopate of a sister Church, and some perhaps were even disposed to approve it.

I had been engaged in literary pursuits for some years. In 1827 I had commenced a work on the origin of the English ritual, the "*Origines Liturgicæ*," which induced me to fix my residence in Oxford in 1828, and which (after a year's interruption caused by finding the then Bishop of Oxford engaged in the same work) I resumed in 1829, and which was published by the Delegates of the University Press in 1832. This work, which obtained a degree of credit far exceeding my anticipations, had the agreeable result of

making me known to some men, of whose acquaintance, indeed, any one might well have felt proud.

I may say, I trust without any offensive egotism, that at that period my own opinions upon the most important topics had been formed after due inquiry during four years after graduating. I had been convinced by the arguments on behalf of the Divine origin of the Christian revelation. My reason was satisfied with arguments which still seem to me to outweigh objections, which are usually founded on a mere assumption—the impossibility of miracles. I had become deliberately satisfied, after full examination, of the truth of the Articles of the English Confession, and the cardinal articles of the Christian faith. I had been led by a controversy, in which the Roman argument seemed to outweigh the Protestant, to subject to a close and critical investigation the controversial arguments of Bellarmine, Bossuet, and other great Roman controversialists. I had been enabled to refute their arguments, and to detect the systematic forgeries by which they were sustained. My principles were fixed, after close examination, in opposition to Rome.

I may, perhaps, be pardoned for these details. In the course of time, when the movement was at its height, I found myself charged with immobility, or a too rigid orthodoxy. I was held up as a Pharisee of the Pharisees, one who was incapable of moving with the progress of theology. But the simple fact is this; that I had examined both sides of the important questions under consideration; that I had deliberately made my choice after sufficient inquiry, and that having made that choice, I was not prepared to commence the work again with no more prospect of success. Inquiry must somewhere have an end; and I was satisfied that mine had been sufficient. And as regards the Church of Rome, I have had little or nothing to learn since, except the variations which its theologians have adopted in their mode of vindicating its claims. One lesson, however, I learnt by close examination of the Roman argument—the necessity of suspending the judgment when statements are made, or arguments propounded, by the controversialists of Rome; for it occasionally requires close analysis, or knowledge only acquired by reading and experience, to detect the fallacy or the mis-statement which is occasionally involved in Roman arguments. The great work of Barrow, however, on “The Pope’s Supremacy” is a sufficient example of the ease with which arguments, apparently plausible, are refuted, when sufficient patience and knowledge are brought to bear.

It was with opinions thus firmly settled, and in the direction commonly called “High Church,” that I formed the acquaintance in 1832 of Hugh James Rose, and others to be mentioned. My opinions were known, for I had vindicated the Church of England upon these principles in the work above mentioned, the “*Origines Liturgicæ*,” and no one could doubt what those principles were.

From Hugh James Rose, soon after the publication of my book in 1832, I received a communication, asking my aid as a contributor to the *British Magazine*, a periodical just established by the leaders of the orthodox or "High Church" section of the English Church, with a view, not to the promotion of any party interests, but to the support and vindication of the Church of England generally. To that periodical I accordingly contributed a series of articles in reply to the truculent attacks of the political dissenters, showing from dissenting authorities the evils existing in dissent itself. Rose, a year or two later, determined to pay a visit to Oxford, with a view to obtain writers for his magazine, and I had the pleasure of introducing him to Newman.

The publication of my "*Origines Liturgicæ*" had the gratifying result of introducing me to the acquaintance, amongst others, of Newman, who was then reputed to be one of the most rising men in Oxford, and also to the acquaintance of Froude, whose reputation as a scholar and a man of genius stood very high. Both were Fellows and Tutors of Oriel College. I felt greatly honoured by the acquaintance of men of such calibre; but that acquaintance had no time to ripen, for just as it seemed likely to increase, Newman and Froude were induced, by the state of Froude's health, to spend the winter in a southern climate, and I saw and heard no more of them till the following spring. I had no one then to communicate with upon the most interesting subjects, except Hugh James Rose.

Rose, with whom of all men living I most deeply sympathized, and in whom I placed the most entire confidence (as far as confidence in man is allowable), was in his time a bright and shining light of the Church of England. He had been Christian Advocate of the University of Cambridge. He was the most powerful and most followed preacher there. He was a profound scholar, an eloquent orator, a deep thinker (as his work on "*The State of Protestantism in Germany*" testified), and an admirable theologian. When we add to this, accomplishments the most varied, judgment the most enlightened, and manners the charm of which were universally felt, we have a combination which has been rarely if ever excelled in the Church. The only drawback was declining health. This highly gifted and admirable man was a victim to perpetual suffering, which in a brief space consigned him to the sick chamber and to death. Even when I first knew him, his tall, bending, and attenuated form, and aquiline features—which, amidst their intellectual and commanding character, gave evidences of deep suffering—indicated but too truly the sad presence of decline. But in society that grave, and even sad and solemn expression, gave way at once to the radiance of intellect, benevolence, and wit. Had this noble man lived, he would have been the greatest ornament and the most trusted leader of his Church.

Rose became Dean of Bocking, Rector of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then retired to die on the southern coast.

It was through Rose's introduction that I at this time became acquainted with the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Philip Perceval, Rector of East Horsley, Surrey, and one of the Royal Chaplains. He was advised by Rose to apply to Hook, to me, and others, to revise a "Catechism of Church Principles," containing a summary of arguments on behalf of the Church of England, supplementary to the Church Catechism, and which he hoped might be generally adopted. Mr. Perceval had been a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and had been a pupil of Keble, from whom he had doubtless derived much of his principles upon ecclesiastical subjects. He was a brother of Lord Arden (who afterwards succeeded to the family Earldom of Egmont), and he was married to a niece of Lord Dartmouth. Thus aristocratically connected, Perceval had one great object in life—the welfare and defence of the Church of England; and it may be truly said of him that he devoted his powers to the uttermost to that cause. Whoever had the privilege of his acquaintance, could not fail to see the depth and intensity of his feelings upon that topic. In Perceval I found a spirit which seemed to me worthy of the importance of the subjects on which he dwelt, an unconquerable zeal, a sound judgment, an adequate knowledge, an earnest piety. In the coming movement he appears; but in a short time (somewhat like myself and Rose) he disappears from view. As Perceval resided in Surrey, our intercourse could only be carried on by letter, except on one occasion, when, by his invitation, I was his visitor, and conferred with him on the alarming and almost hopeless state of the Church.

But, as I have said, the worst fears of the friends and servants of the Church reached their climax in 1833, when the essential spiritual rights and privileges of the Church were attacked and trampled upon by the Government of the day. It was a time when men were at a loss in what direction to look forward. Human aid seemed far away. We knew not where to place reliance without the prospect of betrayal, apostacy, treachery, hollow-heartedness. Apathy girded us round on every side. Our protests were weak—the unnoticed and unregarded cries of a few obscure individuals, whose souls were stirred to their depths by the mortal dangers of objects in which their strongest feelings were bound up. In Oxford I could appreciate the indignation and alarm which were felt by all true Churchmen. Rose and Keble, Newman and Froude, and Perceval, and all who thought with them, were of one heart upon the subject, and I myself was as deeply affected as any.

In this state of things, equally threatening from without and from within, the first question which presented itself necessarily to every

one was, What is to be done? What remedy is there for a state of things so intolerable? Are we to stand by with folded hands, and see the destruction of the Church—not in her temporalities (for that we counted as but a small matter), but in her most vital and essential essence? Who could tell the moment when, the way having been prepared by a flood of publications and demands, the conciliation of the day might find it convenient to introduce a Bill for a new Reformation, upon the principle of Infidelity and Nonconformity? Could the bishops or heads of the Church oppose any effectual opposition to such a Bill, isolated as they were, and dependent upon the State? Could the Church oppose it, fettered and utterly voiceless as she was, her convocations and synods suppressed, no means existing by which her strength and her will might make themselves felt? No one could tell: the futurity of Christianity in the Church of England was hanging on a chance.

We were loudly accused of advocating principles subversive of the union of Church and State, or the royal supremacy acknowledged by the Church of England. We merely declined to accept that sense of the supremacy which entitled it to override Christianity—to substitute another religion for revealed truth. The Church of England always acknowledged the obligation of the State to protect religion, and to exercise many acts of authority for that purpose; but it never meant that the State was entitled to exercise those powers for the subversion or the vital change of religion. The simple fact of the case was this: The English Government and governing classes had made up their minds to reverse the national policy, and to extend its support to the Church of Rome and to Nonconformity. When that change took place, and liberty was given to other Christian denominations, the Church should have been equally left at liberty to promote her own interests. Otherwise an injustice was done her. In the present day the principle is freely admitted. It is felt that it is but reasonable that the Church should not be precluded from advancing the cause of religion in her own way while other societies are free to promote it in theirs. In the political application of such an equitable principle will be found the true remedy for discontents arising from the changed attitude of the State in relation to religious societies. The Oxford movement only sought for the readjustment of that relation in correspondence with the altered principles of the State. While the Bill for the mutilation of the Irish episcopate was being urged through the House of Commons, and vigorously opposed by Peel, Inglis, Shaw, and others, Froude arrived in Oxford from the Continent, and conferences immediately began between him and myself, and correspondence with Keble, Rose, and Perceval, upon the dangers impending over the Church, and their remedies. At this time Newman had not returned from the Continent, and was travel

ling in the south of Europe. He did not return till the month of July, and Froude and myself anxiously awaited his return.

Froude was the only one in the party then in Oxford besides myself. We met continually, and compared our information and correspondence, but as yet had no formed plan of action, though both feeling the necessity for the adoption of some course speedily. If the Church or the world could have seen two young men, without influence or station, thus attempting to lay the foundation of a movement in defence of the Church of England, they would have smiled at the insignificant instruments which were at work. Yet Froude was destined to make his mark upon the times in which he lived. In speaking of him, I will employ the language of another of our colleagues, Mr. Perceval :

"That fervent zeal and high-minded enthusiasm which shone from his eagle eye, and formed the charm of his conversation, and has left so deep an impression of affection to his memory in the minds of all who had the privilege of his friendship, while they prompted him to a noble course of great exertion, at the same time led him frequently to express himself, as is apparent from his letters, hastily, upon imperfect information, and without due consideration of all the bearings of the point before him. He was open to conviction, and ever ready to embrace that modification or alteration of any view he might previously have entertained, which, after due examination, he was persuaded approached nearer to the truth. This is plain from the letters published in his '*Remains*.'"

Froude had, with Newman, while travelling in Italy, been anxious to ascertain the terms upon which they could be admitted to communion by the Roman Church—supposing that some dispensation might be granted which would enable them to communicate with Rome without violation of conscience. They were soon undeceived, for they learnt from Dr. Wiseman, the then head of the English College at Rome, that they must accept all the definitions of the Council of Trent as a preliminary ; upon which Froude's notions of union with Rome were immediately dissipated, and he became what is called "a strong Protestant." The incident, of which I was not aware, but which is related in Froude's "*Remains*," is illustrative at once of the absence of elementary knowledge of the Roman Catholic system, and of the disposition to form ingenious hypotheses upon the most important practical subjects, which were at times discernible in the subsequent life of this remarkable man. It is gratifying, however, to know that his opinions were only in the course of formation and settlement ; and in the following year, when approaching death, he declared his view of the question between England and Rome in these terms, recorded by Mr. Perceval : "If I was to assign my reason for belonging to the Church of England in preference to any other religious community, it would be simply this, that she has retained an apostolical clergy and exacts no sinful terms of communion ; whereas

on the other hand, the Romanists, though retaining an apostolical clergy, do exact sinful terms of communion; and on the other hand, no other religious community has retained such clergy"—language which at least shows that this bold and adventurous reasoner, whose sole object was Truth, wherever it might be found, was to the last a faithful adherent of the Church of England; that no fatal and withering doubt shook his fidelity to the system in which he had been trained; that in his case, as well as that of Rose, Keble, Perceval, the Church of England as a religious system stood the test of the fullest and freest inquiry. Only one of our company parted from his brethren.

When the month of June, 1833, arrived, those friends who had been in correspondence upon the prospects of the Church, from Surrey, Suffolk, Hampshire, and Oxford, felt that the time had come for personal conference and comparison of views upon the all-important subject which occupied their thoughts. The suggestion for a meeting presented itself contemporaneously to several minds, and Rose took the initiative by inviting Froude, Perceval, Keble, Newman, myself, and those who thought with us, to a conference at Hadleigh Rectory, to meet in the latter part of July. We met there on July 25 for the transaction of business. Those present were, Hugh James Rose, Richard Hurrell Froude, Arthur P. Perceval, and myself. Keble had been expected to be present, but he did not appear. Newman had arrived from the Continent a fortnight before, but neither did he attend our meeting. I was not aware of any objection on their part, or indisposition to unite in the attempt. They both co-operated before and subsequently. But Keble was constitutionally shy and reserved; and Newman has since stated that he had no confidence in committees and meetings. We, however, met at Hadleigh, to do what we might towards the defence of the Church.

Our conference lasted for three days, for two or three hours each morning. Each in turn stated his views of the danger impending over the Church, and of the remedies to be adopted. We spoke much on the necessity of enlightening the popular mind by the composition of works or tracts in defence of the Church of England, with the hope of reviving attachment to her upon sound principles, and generally on the use of the press. But in what particular mode these purposes were to be carried out we did not so clearly see. It was suggested also that it was a matter of extreme importance that the meaning of the promise of canonical obedience to the bishops should be closely examined, inasmuch as that obligation of canonical obedience was likely to be the sole means of preserving the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, through the apprehended action of the State in severing itself wholly from the Church. No action was taken upon this. It was felt that the consideration of the subject

needed to be adjourned, in order to give time for further examination of the course to be pursued. The publication of tracts was much discussed, but we did not see our way to the practical solution of the difficulties connected with it, although we felt its extreme importance and necessity.

The further prosecution of the matter was then adjourned to Oxford, where Newman, Froude, and myself would be assembled, with aid from Keble, and from correspondence with others. The month of August, 1833, had come, and we commenced our labours at Oxford, at Oriel College. Those who there met were overshadowed by the superior influence and authority of Keble, whose lightest word, whether he was present or absent, was received with an indescribable veneration. Froude had been the pupil of this great and good man; and Newman had, upon his election as Fellow of Oriel, some nine or ten years before, felt the influence of such a character, and been drawn to the acceptance of those principles, in a great degree, which Keble favoured. Keble was the guide and the authority upon whom these young and highly-gifted minds depended. I was unfortunately not within the circle of his intimates. His shyness and reserve, together with his non-residence in Oxford, combined with my indisposition to intrude on one so justly honoured, permitted me but little of the privilege of his acquaintance. It was, perhaps, not in the nature of things that I should entertain towards him exactly the same description of feelings as those who, like Newman and Froude, had been permitted to enjoy his intimacy. In principles, however, we entirely agreed—with this exception, that Keble (in which he was followed by Froude, and by others in the Church of England) adopted the views of the Nonjuring writers to a greater extent than I could do. I had paid much attention to these writers, and while admitting their value in many respects, I had not been able to enter fully into their views as to the relations of Church and State, or with reference to the Reformation, being of opinion that their views on the latter were founded on too narrow a basis, and on the former were not warranted by the practice of the Universal Church. At the same time I felt that these are topics on which churchmen may agree to differ. I thought that I traced to this source, however, Froude's sentiments of hostility to the Reformation, and the anxiety to revive certain forms prescribed by the first, and omitted by the second, Prayer Book of Edward VI., and which created much misapprehension and opposition. I traced these difficulties to the Nonjuring principles which had so much weight with Keble, and were zealously approved by Froude.

In our conferences upon the Church and religion, which commenced in August, at Oriel College, in continuance of the conference at Hadleigh, Keble took part by letter. Froude and Newman were

his representatives. It appeared to me that the desideratum at the moment was some plan by which our efforts might be combined and given a practical direction, lest our expressions of opinion in common should issue in smoke without flame. With this purpose, on the resumption of the conferences I ventured to suggest the formation of an association, based on definite principles, for the promotion of those objects which all sincere churchmen cherished in common. The suggestion was entertained and approved by my colleagues, and it was agreed that a declaration of principles should be drawn up to define the objects and purposes of our association or movement.

Keble, as I have said, was in continual correspondence with Newman and Froude, and he favoured us with his advice and support. He drew up more than one statement of principles and objects, embracing a series of articles more or less theological. He proposed that we should put forward the doctrine of apostolic succession as our basis, together with the exclusive validity of the Eucharist administered by a ministry preserving that succession; the unlawfulness of the interference of persons or bodies external to the Church in matters spiritual, and other points. I fear that I was guilty of an unwarrantable presumption in venturing to suggest that declarations of this kind, however true in themselves, were calculated to narrow the scope of our influence, by introducing topics upon which the opinions of sound and zealous churchmen were by no means united; and that it would be desirable to adopt a broader basis, calculated to meet the specific dangers which presented themselves to the minds of all true churchmen, and comprising a minimum of theological detail upon which hostile ingenuity might fasten itself. These views obtained the acceptance and approval of my distinguished colleagues; and I was ultimately permitted to draw up a new form of association, with a view to avoid unnecessary offence, while retaining what was essential. This form was revised by Newman and Froude, and was accepted by Keble, and it was adopted as the basis of the movement. The paper was immediately printed, and circulated widely, but privately, amongst all churchmen whose principles were known, or probably ascertained, to be those of attachment to the Church. Of the effects I shall speak presently.

The document which had thus been prepared was entitled, "Suggestions for the Formation of an Association of Friends of the Church." It commenced by reminding churchmen of recent events calculated to inspire deep uneasiness—the privilege possessed by persons of different faith and communion of legislating for the Church of England—their avowed hostility and increasing efforts against her—their alliance with infidelity, and the lax principles of many nominal churchmen—the assiduous attempts to prepare the way for alterations in the Church's doctrine and discipline, with a view to a

total change in our most elementary principles—the excessive danger arising from the proneness of the public mind to adopt sudden and extreme innovations. It concluded with the statement that a few members of the Church in various parts of the kingdom had agreed to form an association on a few broad principles of union, calculated by their simplicity to commend themselves to the approbation and support of churchmen at large, and which might serve as the grounds of a defence of the Church's best interests against the immediate difficulties of the day. Churchmen, both clergy and laity, were invited to take part in the effort. The "objects of the association" were stated to be—

"1. To maintain pure and inviolate the doctrines, the services, and the discipline of the Church—that is, to withstand all change which involves the denial or suppression of doctrine, a departure from primitive practice in religious offices, or innovation upon the apostolical prerogatives, orders, and commission of bishops, priests, and deacons.

"2. To afford churchmen an opportunity of exchanging their sentiments, and co-operating together on a large scale."

Thus far our attempt had succeeded. We had laid the foundation of a combination of churchmen in defence of their threatened institutions and religion. Our feeble voice had gone forth to the Church. It was the first sign of life, of will, of fixed and determined principle, that had manifested itself on behalf of the Church of England.

How were our Declaration and Resolution received by churchmen? The appeal was met by earnest and hearty approbation from all quarters. Churchmen hailed our Declaration as the echo of their own opinions and feelings, and rejoiced in this sign of reviving vitality, too long needed, and too late realized. They pressed their aid and co-operation upon us, but they asked from all quarters, What are we to do in order to co-operate with you? What do you ask us to do? We are ready and willing to respond to your summons. Name to us the course which we are at once, and unanimously, to adopt.

Our movement had involved so much discussion and consideration in its initial stages, that we had not as yet been able to consider the details of the plan. We left these details open to future consideration. What was first wanted was to rally our forces—to unite churchmen; when united they could be easily organized, and a plan of action defined. But we were at once called upon for action, in order to satisfy the general demand.

Under these circumstances I proposed, and the suggestion was approved, to unite the whole body of the faithful clergy of the Church of England in a Declaration confirmatory of that which we had issued, and to invest it as far as possible with a formal and public character, by addressing it to the spiritual head, the Primate of the English Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was felt that such a declaration of the wishes and principles of the clergy of the

Church would be a strong argument against the adoption of wild and organic changes in the Church of England, then apparently imminent.

The colleagues with whom I was acting concurred in this view, and I was permitted to draw up an Address to the Primate, to be proposed for signature to the clergy of England. It was a bold undertaking. There had been no instance of a similar movement. The clergy had only acted in their respective dioceses, as petitioners to Parliament, and under the direction of their bishops. We were assuming to elicit from all dioceses an expression of united opinion. Our action was not authorized by the precedents of preceding centuries. There was but one excuse for it—necessity.

We had no means of approaching the bishops. The hierarchy were too far above us to be within the range of our proceedings. Their responsibilities were so great, their official dignity so high, that we could not appeal to them for support. We could only call upon the clergy to bear witness to their faith, and their steadfast adherence to their Church; and we could address them as equals.

In the Address to the Primate of the English Church now put in circulation, after the expression of personal respect and confidence, we noticed the growth of latitudinarianism, and ignorance of the spiritual claims of the Church, as the ground of our voluntary declaration of attachment to the apostolical polity of the Church, and her venerable Liturgy, embodying the primitive and orthodox faith; our depreciation of rash innovations in spiritual matters, but our willingness to co-operate in measures for improvement, on the principle of reviving the ancient discipline, strengthening the unity and promoting the purity and efficiency of the Church. Our object was in fact to support the essential doctrines and principles of the Church, without shutting the door against well and maturely considered improvement.

It became immediately our effort to circulate the Address to the Primate in every part of England, and to procure signatures by the clergy. The Declaration explaining the objects of the association had prepared the way for the hearty acceptance of the Address which was its first result. My colleagues cordially co-operated in the work; and in London and several parts of England their friends, I think, undertook to carry out the plan. Such was the state of the public mind at that time, that we did not attempt to advertise our Address. The work had to be done by private correspondence and individual applications, and explanations had to be given at every town, with replies to hypercritical remarks on particular expressions. I may say, in this part of our movement I took the labouring oar. I received a hundred letters in a day on this business; and I was invited by bodies of clergy to visit them at Coventry, Winchester, and in London, to expound the principles of our movement. Hook at Coventry received

me with his characteristic warmth. The clergy there, and wherever else I had an opportunity of meeting them, were as one man in their hearty approval of our objects and their earnest desire to promote them. My colleagues were in Oxford, and engaged in the same objects, but I was chiefly absent from Oxford, engaged in carrying out the details of the movement, especially from London as a centre.

Great opposition was encountered in some quarters, and jealousy was felt by some of the bishops, as if the Address to the Primate had been intended to imply some distrust in them. But upon explanation being given, those unfavourable impressions were removed, and the clergy in every part of England united to an unparalleled extent in the signature of the general Address to the Primate. Even those prelates who had been at first opposed to the Address were satisfied of the integrity of our purposes, and honoured us by their encouragement. At the beginning of 1834 the Address (to which fresh signatures were coming in by hundreds daily) had been signed by 8,000 clergy—the greatest combination hitherto known in the Church of England—and was presented to the Primate by a deputation, consisting of deans, archdeacons, professors of divinity, proctors in Convocation, heads of houses, and university officials (amongst whom was our colleague, Mr. Keble, then Professor of Poetry at Oxford).

During the circulation of the Declaration of the Association and the Address to the Archbishop, the laity in many parts had expressed a strong desire to take part in the movement on behalf of objects in which they were as deeply interested as the clergy. It was impossible to resist this touching appeal. I was in London commissioned to arrange this part of the movement, and in conference with Joshua Watson and other heads of the churchmen of London, it was agreed to appoint a committee of laymen to promote the circulation and signature of a lay declaration and address echoing the sentiments of the clerical address. These documents were chiefly drawn up by Joshua Watson, and I was enabled to put the committee in communication with energetic churchmen in almost all important towns in England.

The circulation of these documents amongst the lay churchmen of England imparted a new character to the events of the day. Meetings were summoned in every town in England; but such was the alarm and the state of disturbance, that admission was only in general given by tickets. The effect was remarkable. From every part of England, and every town and city, there arose a united, a strong, an emphatic declaration of warm, and zealous, and devoted loyalty to the Church of England. The national feeling, long pent up, depressed, despondent, had at length obtained freedom to pour forth; and the effect was amazing. The Church suddenly came to life. The

journals daily were filled with reports of meetings, in which sentiments long unknown to the columns of newspapers were expressed—sentiments such as in former days had animated the British people when men wept and knelt in prayer, blessing the Seven Bishops. The Church, to its astonishment, found itself the object of warm popular affection and universal devotion. Its enemies were silenced.

Presently, the courage and the hope of churchmen, which had been so greatly revived by these outpourings of national affection and feeling, were to receive a fresh impulse. The prelates of England, according to custom, presented an address to the King on occasion of his royal birthday, in May, 1834. In his reply, the King employed language long unheard on similar occasions. He solemnly declared, in the presence of that God before whom he must shortly stand, attachment to the Church "from the deepest conviction," and a "fixed purpose, determination, and resolution to maintain the religion of the country and the Church of England and Ireland." His Majesty declared that he had spoken more strongly than usual, "because the threats of those who are enemies of the Church make it the more necessary for those who feel their duty to that Church to speak out." The King was observed to be deeply affected in delivering this speech to the bishops.

In describing the first movements to which our conferences gave rise, and which here terminated, I have left comparatively little space for speaking of results of another description, and of the deepest importance, which immediately ensued. I allude to the distinct movement inaugurated by Newman, and from which what has been termed "Tractarianism," or by some "Puseyism," took its rise. Newman had returned from the Continent in July, as he informs us in the "Apologia," with an impression that he was predestined to accomplish some great and remarkable work for God. Those who conversed with him were not aware of this; nor did they know that while in Italy he had sought, in company with Froude, to ascertain the terms on which they might be admitted to communion with Rome, and had been surprised on learning that an acceptance of the Decrees of the Council of Trent was a necessary preliminary. Had I been aware of these circumstances, I do not know whether I should have been able to co-operate so cordially as I did with this great man.

But Newman was one of those who, with a remarkable degree of firmness in opinions once formed, was eminently tolerant of differences of opinions in others, and willing to sympathize with them to an unusual extent. His own opinion or line of action was one that could not be affected by any difference of opinion on the part of others. If others were not prepared to adopt his views, or were inclined to dispute them, he simply ignored them, and followed his

own views (as he has informed us), in amicable and charitable indifference to the apprehensions of others. Undoubtedly, if any man ever was entitled by natural abilities and acquired knowledge to feel this calm self-confidence, it was Newman. His gifts were rare, probably unrivalled, and he has left the marks of his genius deeply impressed on the history of his times. Nor were his intellectual qualities superior to his social and moral. No one ever surpassed him in kindness and geniality, in courtesy and natural refinement; in sympathy for others; in all those charms which establish an influence over the souls and hearts of men. He was a born leader of men; qualified to exercise the deepest influence upon the age in which he lived. There are many men to be found at all times (and at this time their number at Oxford was great) who, with excellent abilities and considerable attainments, require to have their opinions guided by some leader of superior power, and who, in fact, as regards the exercise of independent thought or judgment, are in a state of pupillage. They can adopt with ardour the opinions of others. They can carry them out brilliantly to all their consequences, legitimate or illegitimate; but they are made to be disciples.

To a large class of men like this, including some of high distinction, a teacher of Newman's capacity was precisely the desideratum which their nature demanded. He accordingly became the centre of a society which was united to him by ties of admiration, affection, implicit obedience, utter devotion, such as has been seldom witnessed, except in the case of founders of religions.

Newman's commanding genius and firm self-reliance excepted him from all ordinary rules, and qualified him to be a leader, not to be a co-operator with others. When our movement in the autumn of 1833 was occupied in getting up declarations and addresses, and while Newman and Froude were alone in Oxford, Newman resolved to promote the common cause in his own way, by the publication of tracts upon Church principles, which were undoubtedly greatly needed.

The publication of such tracts had very much occupied our attention, but we had not as yet determined the conditions of their publication, when Newman, without any previous consultation with others, and *mero motu*, suddenly compiled and put in circulation in all parts of the country, a body of tracts upon Church principles generally. He was of course entitled to do so if he pleased. Those tracts were in many respects excellent. They were simple, ingenious, argumentative, original, bold in tone and in principle. They met to a considerable extent existing wants. They were directed against prevalent errors; but they showed a want of practical knowledge of the systems advocated by Rome and by Nonconformists. With all their varied attainments, Newman and Froude were not at home in

these branches of theology, and were not aware of the necessity of caution in their choice of arguments and use of language. The consequence was, that Newman, and others who were similarly circumstanced, made use of incautious language in the tracts, which gave wide offence in the Church, and created unmerited suspicions.

I became aware of this unfavourable impression, and this rising hostility, in the course of extended intercourse with the clergy, who complained of the language made use of in the tracts—language for which they supposed that the entire movement was responsible. It was impossible to convince them that these publications, while confessedly issued from Oxford, and from the same source which had produced our Declaration and Address, were, what they were in fact, the mere expressions of the opinions of individuals, unauthorized by any association or society, and published entirely upon the responsibility of their writers. Their anonymous and serial form combined with other circumstances to invest them with a formal and official character.

Finding the great dissatisfaction expressed by many sound churchmen at the expressions and notions occasionally occurring in the tracts, and being myself satisfied that a moderate degree of caution and some slight supervision would be sufficient to obviate such inconveniences, I repeatedly pressed upon Newman the desirableness of some system of revision before publication. As it happened, Newman had adopted, as a fundamental principle, that the tracts ought to be issued by individuals on their own responsibility, without any revision or correction whatever by others; that each individual willing to co-operate was to be invited to advocate whatever theories or views might commend themselves to his private judgment. Such, too, appeared to be the opinion of Froude and Keble. It was held that in the event of any check upon the boldest and freest handling of all subjects connected with the Church, all spirit and vigour would evaporate; writers would be disgusted; zeal would disdain to be bound by any rules; and the whole attempt would degenerate into an exhibition of stiff and formal orthodoxy. To such reasoning I was ill prepared to answer. The die was cast: Newman had adopted the principle of unfettered freedom in the publication of tracts; there was to be no check whatever on the liberty of speculation, theorizing, or expression. Whatever I could allege to the contrary was unavailing.

Newman at once became the sole leader of the movement; and, as I have said, no one could dispute the palm of qualifications which marked him out as the natural head of a great religious party. He did not in any degree seek to hold dominion over others. His position fell to him by default, as a matter of course. There was no one to dispute its possession with him.

For myself I must confess that I could not without some uneasiness contemplate the unguided production of great numbers of popular essays by young men, undirected, on the most serious subjects. It seemed to me somewhat of a haphazard system. It had the unpleasant consequence of making many responsible for opinions in which they took no share. They were left no alternative, except to protest openly against points which they did not approve of; but they were precluded from taking this course by friendship, regard to great principles held in common, and unwillingness to take part in what they believed to be grounded on principles which they could not approve. They had, therefore, to bear, as they best might, a very unpleasant responsibility. For myself, I was happy to resume studies too long interrupted, and became engaged in researches preparatory to writing my "Treatise on the Church of Christ," which occupied four years, and in which I endeavoured to place Church principles on a solid basis of argument.

It is not my purpose to enter on the history of the "Tractarian,"—*i.e.*, Newman's—movement. In the main principles of that movement, rightly understood, I cordially concurred, but there were minor points on which I reserved my judgment. It seemed to me that the unbounded freedom of speculation and argument which formed the basis of the system, did not very well harmonize with the dogmatic and objective basis upon which it rested; and that, as it was identical in essence with the spirit of the philosophic systems of the nineteenth century, so it might have the result of converting Christianity itself into another form of philosophy. It seemed to me, I confess, that the rational character of Anglican theology, the solid reasoning, the acute logic, of elder writers, too often gave way to new methods derived from philosophic speculation, the bold assumption, the brilliant theory, the far-fetched analogy, the needless concession which springs from over-confidence in the power of intellect, the rejection of sound logic and accurate reasoning as too tame and trite to meet the demands of an ambitious dialectic, which has been described as an "intellectual legerdemain."

Those inconveniences presented themselves as the movement progressed. At times I was apprehensive of the result; nor, indeed, were those apprehensions without ground. The unfortunate secession of Newman, and with him of others, whom we could ill spare, verified unhappily the painful anticipations which had been formed. But events which seemed destined to work irretrievable injury to the Church, happily disappointed our expectations. The great principles held in common by churchmen were widely proclaimed and widely received. If they were accompanied by teaching which led to division, it was hoped that such teaching would eventually pass away. Nor was this hope disappointed. The inherent vigour of the

Church's faith threw off by degrees these less healthy adjuncts. Truth found its level in the midst of strong discussion. The apprehensions of many were not realized. Such aberrations have providentially proved to be but trials, however sore these trials may have been. Such trials are dreaded. They arrive; they pass away; and they leave us stronger than before. We recognize in them the protection and the blessing of a Higher Power. They only confirm us in our convictions, and prepare us for whatever trials may yet be in reserve. The work of Newman was the revival of the Church of England; and a nobler work no man could accomplish.

If we look at his career, there is one, and only one, great work for religion that he has accomplished—the awakening of the English Church. He applied to it a most powerful stimulus. His modes and methods were startling and perilous. But he was eminently successful. He brought out the mind of the Church of England. He involved the Church in a sea of discussion, and Truth was the result. The consequence gradually ensued. The Church awoke to a sense of its corporate life; it began to act as a Church. Convocation revived. Synods were restored; and general conventions and conferences of the Church's representatives once more reappeared, to bear testimony to the Church's faith and aspirations. And thus the office of individual leaders of religious party came to an end as a semi-authoritative institution. A living Church became its own best interpreter.

And what was unhappily to be the end of him who had in his time done so much towards reviving the Church of his baptism? It was, alas! to be in another communion. As it were to warn men not to place their trust in human agencies, but to look above them to the revealed will and the protecting hand of God, this great leader of a religious party, while enabled to persuade himself of his own absolute consistency from beginning to end, rejected his earlier principles and purposes, and transferred to the Church of Rome those intellectual energies which had been so long applied to the regeneration of the Church of England. His utmost perseverance was employed for nearly forty years in the effort to undo the work which he had accomplished, the revival of the Church of his baptism—to pervert its system into support of that which was contrary to it—to sustain the cause, extend the influence, and augment the number of those who aimed at its spiritual destruction—such was the lamentable end of one who had laboured for the Church, imprudently indeed, but zealously, and whose faith gave way before a too intense feeling that he had been treated with ingratitude, and a natural incapacity for recognizing the possibility of mistake or want of judgment on his own part.

His high and valuable services were thus lost to the Church, and

transferred to a hostile communion; and boundless was the exultation of Rome upon receiving so distinguished a proselyte. It was thought that the last hour of the Church of England had come.

But these bright anticipations were not realized. The faith of churchmen was made of more stubborn materials; it bore the strain, and held fast. Save a handful of personal friends and devotees, no one followed the example. Newman was unable to undo his own work: it held fast even against himself. Though for forty years he lavished all the wealth of his eloquence, fancy, speculation, and dialectic powers upon the attempt, the result has been insignificant. The Church of Rome has dwindled from a third to a seventh of the population; and the Church of England has flourished to an unprecedented degree, and is daily progressing.

The only great work that Newman accomplished was the revival of the Church of England. His work in the Church of Rome has been arduous, but its fruits have been but inconsiderable. It has been brilliant, striking, celebrated; but it has not produced any considerable result. For the last forty years it has made no impression upon the clergy or people of England. Converts are curiosities, distinguished more by rarity than value. The Church increases by hundreds of thousands, while a few hundreds of Papal proselytes are won with difficulty, and by the use of contrivances of all sorts. It is in vain that Newman has endeavoured to subvert his own work. There has been a Higher Power controlling the event. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." It was ordained that "the gold and silver and precious stones" of Newman's teaching should survive, and the "wood, hay, and stubble" should be rejected; that what he and his disciples had derived from the masters of English theology should endure, and that what they had gathered from private speculation, Nonjuring or Roman sources, should be gradually forgotten. What was good has accordingly been preserved, and what was evil has been rejected.

Strange it is, that the great work to which this most highly gifted man was predestined (if his own belief in such a personal predestination was correct), was the accomplishment of a work which, after accomplishing, he devoted himself to overthrow. How sad to see such a reversal of a work which, had it been consistently carried out, would have merited and received a nation's gratitude. How sad that an incapacity for submission to a temporary censure should have closed such a career, and given another Tertullian and another Lamennais to the world.

WILLIAM PALMER.

ON RADIATION.*

* SCIENTIFIC discoveries are not distributed uniformly in time. They appear rather in periodic groups. Thus, in the two first years of this century, among other gifts presented by men of science to the world, we have the Voltaic pile; the principle of Interference, which is the basis of the undulatory theory of light; and the discovery by William Herschel of the dark rays of the sun.

Directly or indirectly, this latter discovery heralded a period of active research on the subject of radiation. Leslie's celebrated work, "On the Nature of Heat," was published in 1804, but he informs us, in the preface, that the leading facts which gave rise to the publication presented themselves in the spring of 1801. An interesting but not uncommon psychological experience is glanced at in this preface. The inconvenience of what we call ecstasy, or exaltation, is that it is usually attended by undesirable compensations. Its action resembles that of a tidal river, sometimes advancing and filling the shores of life, but afterwards retreating and leaving unlovely banks behind. Leslie, when he began his work, describes himself as "transported at the prospect of a new world emerging to view." But further on the note changes, and before the preface ends he warns the reader that he may expect variety of tone, and perhaps defect of unity in his disquisition. The execution of the work, he says, proceeded with extreme tardiness; and as the charm of novelty wore off, he began to look upon his production with a coolness not usual in authors.

The ebb of the tide, however, was but transient; and to Leslie's ardour, industry, and experimental skill, we are indebted for a large body of knowledge in regard to the phenomena of radiation. In the

* A "Friday Evening Discourse," recently delivered in the Royal Institution.

prosecution of his researches he had to rely upon himself. He devised his own apparatus, and applied it in his own way. To produce radiating surfaces, he employed metallic cubes, which to the present hour are known as Leslie's cubes. The different faces of these cubes he coated with different substances, and filling the cubes with boiling water, he determined the emissive powers of the substances thus heated. These he found to differ greatly from each other. Thus, the radiation from a coating of lampblack being called 100, that from the uncoated metallic surface of his cube was only 12. He pointed out the reciprocity existing between radiation and absorption, proving that those substances which emit heat copiously absorb it greedily. His thermoscopic instrument was the well-known differential-thermometer invented by himself. In experiment Leslie was very strong, but in theory he was not so strong. His notions as to the nature of the agent whose phenomena he investigated with so much ability are confused and incorrect. Indeed, he could hardly have formed any clear notion of the physical meaning of radiation before the undulatory theory of light, which was then on its trial, had been established.

A figure still more remarkable than Leslie occupied the scientific stage at the same time—namely, the vigorous, penetrating, and practical Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford, the originator of the Royal Institution. Rumford traversed a great portion of the ground occupied by Leslie, and obtained many of his results. As regards priority of publication, he was obviously discontented with the course which things had taken, and he endeavoured to place both himself and Leslie in what he supposed to be their right relation to the subject of radiant heat. The two investigators were unknown to each other personally, and their differences hardly rose to scientific strife. There can hardly, I think, be a doubt that each of them worked independently of the other, and that where their labours overlap, the honour of discovery belongs equally to both.

The results of Leslie and Rumford were obtained in the laboratory; but the walls of a laboratory do not constitute the boundary of its results. Nature's hand specimens are always fair samples, and if the experiments of the laboratory be only true, they will be ratified throughout the universe. The results of Leslie and Rumford were in due time carried from the cabinet of the experimenter to the open sky, by Dr. Wells, a practising London physician. And here let it be gratefully acknowledged that vast services to physics have been rendered by physicians. The penetration of Wells is signalized among other things by the fact recorded by the late Mr. Darwin, that forty-five years before the publication of the "*Origin of Species*," the London doctor had distinctly recognized the principle of Natural Selection, and that he was the first who recognized it. But Wells is

principally known to us through his "Theory of Dew," which, prompted by the experiments of Leslie and Rumford, and worked out by the most refined and conclusive observations on the part of Wells himself, first revealed the cause of this beautiful phenomenon. Wells knew that through the body of our atmosphere invisible aqueous vapour is everywhere diffused. He proved that grasses and other bodies on which dew was deposited were powerful emitters of radiant heat; that when nothing existed in the air to stop their radiation, they became self-chilled; and that while thus chilled they condensed into dew the aqueous vapour of the air around them. I do not suppose that any theory of importance ever escaped the ordeal of assault on its first enunciation. The theory of Wells was thus assailed; but it has proved immovable, and will doubtless continue so to the end of time.

The interaction of scientific workers causes the growth of science to resemble that of an organism. From Faraday's tiny magneto-electric spark, shown in this theatre half a century ago, has sprung the enormous practical development of electricity at the present time. Thomas Seebeck in 1822 discovered thermo-electricity, and eight years subsequently bars of bismuth and antimony were first soldered together by Nobili so as to form a thermo-electric pile. In the same year Melloni perfected the instrument and proved its applicability to the investigation of radiant heat. The instrumental appliances of science have been well described as extensions of the senses of man. Thus the invention of the thermopile vastly augmented our powers over the phenomena of radiation. Melloni added immensely to our knowledge of the transmission of radiant heat through liquids and solids. His results appeared at first so novel and unexpected that they excited scepticism. He waited long in vain for a favourable Report from the Academicians of Paris; and finally, in despair of obtaining it, he published his results in the "*Annales de Chimie*." Here they came to the knowledge of Faraday, who, struck by their originality, brought them under the notice of the Royal Society, and obtained for Melloni the Rumford medal. The medal was accompanied by a sum of money from the Rumford fund; and this, at the time, was of the utmost importance to the young political exile, reduced as he was to penury in Paris. From that time until his death, Melloni was ranked as the foremost investigator in the domain of radiant heat.

As regards the philosophy of the thermopile, and its relation to the great doctrine of the conservation of energy, now everywhere accepted, a step of singular significance was taken by Peltier in 1834. Up to that time it had been taken for granted that the action of an electric current upon a conductor through which it passed was always to generate heat. Peltier, however, proved that, under certain circum-

stances, the electric current generated cold. He soldered together a bar of antimony and a bar of bismuth, end to end, thus forming of the two metals one continuous bar. Sending a current through this bar, he found that when it passed from antimony to bismuth across the junction, heat was always there developed, whereas when the direction of the current was from bismuth to antimony, there was a development of cold. By placing a drop of chilled water upon the junction of the two metals, Lenz subsequently congealed the water to ice by the passage of the current.

The source of power in the thermopile is here revealed, and a relation of the utmost importance is established between heat and electricity. Heat is shown to be the nutriment of the electric current. When one face of a thermopile is warmed, the current produced, which is always from bismuth to antimony, is simply heat consumed and transmuted into electricity.

Long before the death of Melloni, what the Germans call "*Die Identitäts-Frage*," that is to say, the question of the identity of light and radiant heat, agitated men's minds and spurred their inquiries. In the world of science men differ from each other in wisdom and penetration, and a new theoretic truth has always at first the minority on its side. But time, holding incessantly up to the gaze of inquirers the unalterable pattern of Nature, gradually stamps that pattern on the human mind. For twenty years Henry Brougham was able to quench the light of Thomas Young, and to retard, in like proportion, the diffusion of correct notions regarding the nature and propagation of radiant heat. But such opposing forces are, in the end, driven in, and the undulatory theory of light being once established, soon made room for the undulatory theory of radiant heat. It was shown by degrees that every purely physical effect manifested by light was equally manifested by the invisible form of radiation. Reflection, refraction, double refraction, polarization, magnetization, were all proved true of radiant heat, just as certainly as they had been proved true of light. It was at length clearly realized that radiant heat, like light, was propagated in waves through that wondrous luminiferous medium which fills all space, the only real difference between them being a difference in the length and frequency of the ethereal waves. Light, as a sensation, was seen to be produced by a particular kind of radiant heat, which possessed the power of exciting the retina.

And now we approach a deeper and more subtle portion of our subject. What, we have to ask, is the origin of the ether waves, some of which constitute light, and all of which constitute radiant heat? The answer to this question is that the waves have their origin in the vibrations of the ultimate particles of bodies. But we

must be more strict in our definition of ultimate particles. The ultimate particle of water, for example, is a *molecule*. If you go beyond this molecule and decompose it, the result is no longer water, but the discrete *atoms* of oxygen and hydrogen. The molecule of water consists of three such atoms held tightly together, but still capable of individual vibration. The question now arises: Is it the molecules vibrating as wholes, or the shivering atoms of the molecules, that are to be considered as the real sources of the ether waves? As long as we were confined to the experiments of Leslie, Rumford, and Melloni, it was difficult to answer this question. But when it was discovered that gases and vapours possessed—in some cases to an astonishing extent—the power both of absorbing and radiating heat, a new light was thrown upon the question.

You know that the theory of gases and vapours, now generally accepted, is that they consist of molecular or atomic projectiles darting to and fro, clashing and recoiling, endowed, in short, with a motion not of vibration but of translation. When two molecules clash, or when a single molecule strikes against its boundary, the first effect is to deform the molecule, by moving its atoms out of their places. But gifted as they are with enormous resiliency, the atoms immediately recover their positions, and continue to quiver in consequence of the shock. Held tightly by the force of affinity, they resemble a string stretched to almost infinite tension, and therefore capable of generating tremors of almost infinite rapidity. What we call the heat of a gas is made up of these two motions—the flight of the molecules through space, and the quivering of their constituent atoms. Thus does the eye of science pierce to what Newton called “the more secret and noble works of Nature,” and make us at home amid the mysteries of a world lying in all probability vastly further beyond the range of the microscope than the power of the microscope, at its maximum, lies beyond that of the unaided eye.

The great principle of radiation, which affirms that all bodies absorb the same rays that they emit, is now a familiar one. When, for example, a beam of white light is sent through a yellow sodium flame, produced by a copious supply of sodium vapour, the yellow constituent of the white beam is stopped by the yellow flame, and if the beam be subsequently analyzed by a prism, a black band is found in the place of the intercepted yellow band of the spectrum. We have been led to our present theoretic knowledge of light by a close study of the phenomena of sound, which in the present instance will help us to a conception of the action of the sodium flame. The atoms of sodium vapour synchronize in their vibrations with the particular waves of ether which produce the sensation of yellow light. The vapour, therefore, can take up or absorb the motion of those

waves, as a stretched piano-string takes up or absorbs the pulses of a voice pitched to the note of the string. This action of sodium vapour may be shown by an experiment which startled and perplexed me on first making it, more than twenty years ago. The spectra of incandescent metallic vapours are, as you know, not continuous, but formed of brilliant bands. Wishing, in 1861, to obtain the brilliant yellow band produced by incandescent sodium vapour, I placed a bit of sodium in a carbon crucible, and volatilized it by a powerful voltaic current. A feeble spectrum overspread the screen, from which it was thought the sodium band would stand out with dominant brilliancy. To my surprise, at the very point where I expected this brilliant band to appear, a band of darkness took its place. By humouring the voltaic arc a little, the darkness vanished, and the bright band which I had sought at the beginning was obtained. On reflection the cause was manifest. The first ignition of the sodium was accompanied by the development of a large amount of sodium vapour, which spread outwards and surrounded, as a cool envelope, the core of intensely heated vapour inside. By the cool vapour the rays from the hot were intercepted, but on lengthening the arc the outer vapour in great part was dispersed, and the rays passed to the screen. This relation as to temperature was necessary to the production of the black band; for were the outside vapour as hot as the inside, it would, by its own radiation, make good the light absorbed.

An extremely beautiful experiment of this kind was lately made here by Professor Liveing, with rays which, under ordinary circumstances, are entirely invisible. Professor Dewar and Professor Liveing have been long working with conspicuous success at the ultra-violet spectrum. Using prisms and lenses of a certain kind, and a powerful dynamo-machine to volatilize our metals, like Professor Liveing, I cast a spectrum upon the screen. Far beyond this terminal violet, waves impinge upon the screen which have no sensible effect upon the organ of vision; they constitute what we call the ultra-violet spectrum. Professor Stokes has taught us how to render this invisible spectrum visible, and it is by a skilful application of Stokes' discovery that Liveing and Dewar bring the hidden spectrum out with wondrous strength and beauty.

A small second screen is at hand, which can be moved into the ultra-violet region. Felt by the fingers, the surface of this screen resembles sandpaper, being covered with powdered uranium glass, a highly fluorescent body. Pushing the movable screen towards the visible spectrum, at a distance of three or four feet beyond the violet, where only darkness existed before, light begins to appear. On pushing in the screen, the whole ultra-violet spectrum falls upon it, and is rendered visible from beginning to end.

The spectrum is not continuous, but composed for the most part of luminous bands derived from the white-hot crucible in which the metals are to be converted into vapour. I beg of you to direct your attention to one of these bands in particular. Here it is, of fair luminous intensity. My object now is to show you, with Professor Dewar's aid, the reversal, as it is called, of that band, which belongs to the vapour of magnesium, exactly as a moment ago you were shown the reversal of the sodium band. An assistant will throw a bit of magnesium into the crucible, and you are to observe what first takes place. The action is rapid, so that you will have to fix your eyes upon this particular strip of light. On throwing in the magnesium, the luminous band belonging to its vapour is cut away, and you have, for a second or so, a dark band in its place. I repeat the experiment three or four times in succession, with the same unfailing result. Here, as in the case of the sodium, the magnesium surrounded itself for a moment by a cool envelope of its own vapour, which cut off the radiation from within, and thus produced the darkness.

And now let us pass on to an apparently different, but to a really similar result. Here is a feebly luminous flame, which you know to be that of hydrogen, the product of combustion being water vapour. Here is another flame of a rich blue colour, which the chemists present know to be the flame of carbonic oxide, the product of combustion being carbonic acid. Let the hydrogen flame radiate through a column of ordinary carbonic acid—the gas proves highly transparent to the radiation. Send the rays from the carbonic oxide flame through the same column of carbonic acid—the gas proves powerfully opaque. Why is this? Simply because the radiant, in the case of the carbonic oxide flame, is hot carbonic acid, the rays from which are quenched by the cold carbonic acid gas, exactly as the rays from the intensely heated sodium vapour were quenched a moment ago by the cooler envelope which surrounded it. Bear in mind the case is always one of synchronism. It is because the atoms of the cold acid vibrate with the same frequency as the atoms of the hot that the pulses sent forth from the latter are absorbed.

Newton, though probably not with our present precision, had formed a conception similar to that of molecules and their constituent atoms. The former he called corpuscles, which, as Sir John Herschel says, he regarded "as divisible groups of atoms of yet more delicate kind." The molecules he thought might be seen if microscopes could be caused to magnify three or four thousand times. But with regard to the atoms, he made the remark already alluded to:—"It seems impossible to see the more secret and nobler works of Nature within the corpuscles, by reason of their transparency."

I have now to ask your attention to an illustration intended to

show how radiant heat may be made to play to the mind's eye the part of the microscope, in revealing to us something of the more secret and noble works of atomic Nature. Chemists are ever on the alert to notice analogies and resemblances in the atomic structures of different bodies. They long ago pointed out that a resemblance exists between that evil-smelling liquid, bisulphide of carbon, and carbonic acid. In the latter substance, we have one atom of carbon united to two of oxygen, while in the former we have one atom of carbon united to two of sulphur. Attempts have been made to push the analogy still further by the discovery of a compound of carbon and sulphur which should be analogous to carbonic oxide, where the proportions, instead of one or two, are one to one, but hitherto, I believe, without success. Let us now see whether a little physical light cannot reveal an analogy between carbonic acid and bisulphide of carbon more occult than any hitherto pointed out. For all ordinary sources of radiant heat the bisulphide, both in the liquid and vaporous form, is the most transparent, or diathermanous, of bodies. It transmits, for example, 90 per cent. of the radiation from our hydrogen flame, 10 per cent. only being absorbed. But when we make the carbonic oxide flame our source of rays, the bisulphide shows itself to be a body of extreme opacity. The transmissive power falls from 90 to about 25 per cent., 75 per cent. of the radiation being absorbed. To the radiation from the carbonic oxide flame the bisulphide behaves like the carbonic acid. In other words, the group of atoms constituting the molecule of the bisulphide vibrate in the same periods as those of the atoms which constitute the molecule of the carbonic acid. And thus we have established a new, subtle, but most certain resemblance between these two substances. The time may come when chemists will make more use than they have hitherto done of radiant heat as an explorer of molecular condition.

The conception of these quivering atoms is a theoretic conception, but it is one which gives us a powerful grasp of the facts, and enables us to realize mentally the mechanism on which radiation and absorption depend. We will now turn to a more practical view of the subject. It is pretty well known that for a long series of years I conducted an amicable controversy with one of the most eminent experimenters of our time, as regards the action of the earth's atmosphere on solar and terrestrial radiation. My contention was that the great body of our atmosphere—its oxygen and nitrogen—had but little effect upon either the rays of the sun coming to us, or the rays of the earth darting away from us into space; but that mixed with the body of our air there was an attenuated and apparently trivial constituent which exercised a most momentous influence.

That body, as many of you know, is aqueous vapour, the amount of which does not exceed 1 per cent. of the whole atmosphere. Minute, however, as its quantity is, the life of our planet depends upon this vapour. Without it, in the first place, the clouds could drop no fatness. In this sense the necessity for its presence is obvious to all. But it acts in another sense as a preserver. Without it as a covering, the earth would soon be reduced to the frigidity of death. Observers were, and are, slow to take in this fact, which nevertheless is a fact, however improbable it may at first sight appear. The action of aqueous vapour upon radiant heat has been established by irrefragable experiments in the laboratory; and these experiments, though not unopposed, have been substantiated by some of the most accomplished meteorologists of our day.

I wished much to instruct myself a little by actual observation on this subject, under the open sky, and my first object was, to catch, if possible, states of the weather which would enable me to bring my views to a practical test. About a year ago, a little iron hut, embracing a single room, was erected for my benefit upon the wild moorland of Hind Head. From the plateau on which the hut stands, there is a free outlook in all directions. Here, amid the heather, I had two stout poles fixed firmly in the ground eight feet asunder, and a stout cord stretched from one to the other. From the centre of this cord a thermometer is suspended with its bulb four feet above the ground. On the ground is placed a pad of cotton wool, and on this cotton wool a second thermometer, the object of the arrangement being to determine the difference of temperature between the two thermometers, which are only four feet vertically apart.

Permit me at the outset to deal with the subject in a perfectly elementary way. In comparison with the cold of space, the earth must be regarded as a hot body, sending its rays, should nothing intercept them, across the atmosphere into space. The cotton wool, is chosen because it is a powerful, though not the most powerful, radiator. It pours its heat freely into the atmosphere, and by reason of its flocculence, which renders it a non-conductor, it is unable to derive from the earth heat which might atone for its loss. Imagine the cotton wool thus self-chilled. The air in immediate contact with it shares its chill, and the thermometer lying upon it partakes of the refrigeration. In calm weather the chilled air, because of its greater density, remains close to the earth's surface, and in this way we sometimes obtain upon that surface a temperature considerably lower than that of the air a few feet above it. The experiments of Wilson, Six, and Wells have made us familiar with this result. On the other hand, the earth's surface during the day receives from the sun more heat than it loses by its own radiation, so that

when the sun is active, the temperature of the surface exceeds that of the air.

These points will be best illustrated by describing the course of temperature for a day, beginning at sunrise, and ending at 10.20 P.M. on the 4th of last March. The observations are recorded in the annexed table, at the head of which is named the place of observation, its elevation above the sea, and the state of the weather. The first column in the table contains the times at which the two thermometers were read. The column under "Air" gives the temperatures of the air, the column under "Wool" gives the temperatures of the wool, while the fourth column gives the differences between the two temperatures. It is seen at a glance that from sunrise to 9.20 A.M. the cotton wool is colder than the air; at 9.30 the temper-

Hind Head, Elevation 850 feet. Sky cloudless. Hoar frost. Wind light, from north-east. Course of Temperature, March 4, 1883.

Time.	Air.	Wool.	Difference.
6.50 A.M. (sunrise)	31°	25°	6°
7.20	32½	24½	8
7.40	34	25	9
8.5	35	27	8
8.20	35	30	5
9.15	40	38	2
9.20	41	40	1
9.30 (intersection)	41	41	0
9.40 (inversion)	41	42	1
10.15	42½	45	2½
11.	45	52	7
11.30	47	55	8
12. noon	50	58	8
12.30 P.M.	50	59½	9½
1.	50	57½	7½
2.	49	60	1
2.30	48	58	10
3.	49	56	17
3.30	48	52	4
4.	47	48	1
4.5 (intersection)	47	47	0
4.10 (inversion)	47	45	2
4.15	47	43	4
4.30	46	41	5
7.	35	26	9
7.30	35	25	10
8.30	34	24½	9
9.40	33	24½	8½
10.20	32	24	8

Glacial wind from north-east. Stars very bright.

atures are alike. This is the hour of "intersection," which is immediately followed by "inversion." Throughout the day and up to 4 P.M. the wool is warmer than the air. At 4.5 P.M. the temperatures are again alike; while from that point downwards the loss by terrestrial radiation is in excess of the gain derived from all other sources, the refrigeration reaching a maximum at 7.30 P.M., when the difference between the two thermometers amounted to 10° Fahr. When the observations are continued throughout the night, the greater cold of the surface is found to be maintained until sunrise, and for some hours beyond it. Had the air been perfectly still during the observations, the nocturnal chilling of the surface would have been in this case greater; for you can readily understand that even a light wind sweeping over the surface, and mixing the chilled with the warmer air, must seriously interfere with its refrigeration.

Various circumstances may contribute to lessen, or even abolish, the difference between the two thermometers. Haze, fog, cloud, rain, snow, are all known to be influential. These are visible impediments to the outflow of heat from the earth; but we have now to deal with the powerful obstacle to that outflow to which reference has been already made, and which is entirely invisible. The pure vapour of water, for example, is a gas as invisible as the air itself. It is everywhere diffused through the air; but, unlike the oxygen and nitrogen of the atmosphere, it is not constant in quantity. We have now to examine whether meteorological observations do not clearly indicate its influence on terrestrial radiation.

*January 16.—Extremely serene. Air almost a dead calm.
Sky without a cloud. Light south-westerly air.*

Time.	Air.	Wool.	Difference.
P.M.			
3.40	43	37	6
3.50	42	35	7
4.	41	35	6
4.15	40	34	6
4.30	38	32	6
5.	37	28	9
5.30	37	30	7
6.	36	32	4
6.30	36	31	5
7.	36	28	8
7.30	35½	28	7½
8.	35	26	9
8.30	34	25	9
9.	35	27	8
10.	35	28	7
10.30	35	29	6

With a view to this examination, I will choose a series of observations made during the afternoon and evening of a day of extraordinary calmness and serenity. The visible condition of the atmosphere at the time was that which has hitherto been considered most favourable to the outflow of terrestrial heat, and therefore best calculated to establish a large difference between the air and wool thermometers. The 16th of last January was a day of this kind, when the observations recorded in the annexed Table were made.

During these observations there was no visible impediment to terrestrial radiation. The sky was extremely pure; the moon was shining; Orion, the Pleiades, Charles's Wain, including the small companion star at the bend of the shaft, the North Star, and numbers of others, were clearly visible. After the last observation, my note-book contains the remark, "Atmosphere exquisitely clear; from zenith to horizon cloudless all round."

A moment's attention bestowed on the column of differences in the foregoing table will repay us. Why should the difference at 6 P.M. be fully 5° less than at 5 P.M.; and again 5° less than at 8 and at 8.30 respectively? There was absolutely nothing in the aspect of the atmosphere to account for the approach of the two thermometers at 6 o'clock—nothing to account for their preceding and subsequent divergence from each other. Anomalies of this kind have been observed by the hundred, but they have never been accounted for, and they did not admit of explanation until it had been proved that the intrusion of a perfectly invisible vapour was competent to check the radiation, while its passing away re-opened a doorway into space.

It is well to bear in mind that the difference between the two thermometers on the evening here referred to varied from 4° to 9° , the latter being the maximum.

Such observations might be multiplied, but, with a view to saving space, I will limit the record. On the evening of January 30, the atmosphere was very serene; there was no moon, but the firmament was powdered with stars. At 7.15 P.M. the difference between the two thermometers was 6° ; while at 9.30 P.M. it was 4° , the wool thermometer being in both cases the colder of the two. On February 3rd observations were made under similar conditions of weather, and with a similar result. At 7.15 P.M. the difference between the thermometers was 6° ; while at 8.25 P.M. it was 4° . On both these evenings the sky was cloudless, the stars were bright, while the movement of the air was light, from the south-west.

In all these cases the air passing over the plateau of Hind Head had previously grazed the comparatively warm surface of the Atlantic Ocean, where it had charged itself with aqueous vapour to a degree

corresponding to its temperature. Let us contrast its action with that of air coming to Hind Head from a quarter less competent to charge it with aqueous vapour. We were visited by such air on the 10th of last December, when the movement of the wind was light from the north-east, the temperature at the time being very low, and hence calculated to lessen the quantity of atmospheric vapour. Snow a foot deep covered the heather. At 8.5 A.M. the two thermometers were taken from the hut, having a common temperature of 35° . The one was rapidly suspended in the air, and the other laid upon the wool. I was not prepared for the result. A single minute's exposure sufficed to establish a difference of 5° between the thermometers; an exposure of five minutes produced a difference of 13° ; while after ten minutes' exposure the difference was found to be no less than 17° . Here follow some of the observations:—

December 10.—Deep snow; low temperature; sky clear; light north-easterly air.

Time.	Air.	Wool.	Difference.
A.M.			
8.10	29	16	13
8.15	29	12	17
8.20	27	12	15
8.30	26	11	15
8.40	26	10	16
8.45	27	11	16
8.50	29	11	18

During these observations, a dense bank of cloud on the opposite ridge of Blackdown virtually retarded the rising of the sun. It had, however, cleared the bank during the last two observations, and, touching the air thermometer with its warmth, raised the temperature from 26° to 27° and 29° . The very large difference of 18° is in part to be ascribed to this raising of the temperature of the air thermometer. I will limit myself to citing one other case of a similar kind. On the evening of the 31st of March, though the surface temperature was far below the dew point, very little dew was deposited. The air was obviously a dry air. The sky was perfectly cloudless, while the barely perceptible movement of the air was from the north-east. At 10 P.M. the temperature of the air thermometer was 37° , that of the wool thermometer being 20° , a refrigeration of 17° being therefore observed on this occasion.

From the behaviour of a smooth ball when urged in succession over short grass, over a gravel walk, over a boarded floor, and over ice, it has been inferred that, were friction entirely withdrawn, we should have no retardation. In a similar way, when under atmospheric condi-

tions visibly the same, we observe that the refrigeration of the earth's surface at night markedly increases with the dryness of the atmosphere, we may infer what would occur if the invisible atmospheric vapour were entirely withdrawn. I am far from saying that the body of the atmosphere exerts no action whatever upon the waves of terrestrial heat; but only that its action is so small that, when due precautions are taken to have the air pure and dry, laboratory experiments fail to reveal any action. Without its vaporous screen, our solid earth would practically be in the presence of stellar space; and with that space, so long as a difference existed between them, the earth would continue to exchange temperatures. The final result of such a process may be surmised. If carried far enough, it would infallibly extinguish the life of our planet.

JOHN TYNDALL.

CAIRO: THE OLD IN THE NEW.

I.

IN the present paper I shall consider Cairo as the parent city of Arabic culture, and seek all through it under the modern for the ancient and the most ancient of all. It is no part of my aim to describe the wonderful charm of this remarkable city. She, the precious diamond in the handle of the green fan of the Delta, has been celebrated in song and flowing prose both by the East and by the West. The delightful poet, Beha-ed-din Zoher, who lived at the Court of Cairo as Secretary to the Sultan Melik-eç-Câlech, a grand-nephew of Saladin's, is never weary of celebrating in animated verses the picturesqueness of the place, the power of her princes, the beauty of her women, the charming mildness of her nights, which brought soft dreams to the heart of the poet when he was alone, and which he had often passed happily right on till morning in garden parties, Nile trips, and drinking bouts with bands of merry friends. In the "Thousand and One Nights," many a dwelling-place of mortal men is invested, by the transfiguring power of the imagination of the narrator, with an inconceivable and more than earthly glory, but none of all these pearls shines with a purer water or is counted rarer and more beautiful than Cairo. The oldest of the interlocutors—*i.e.*, the one who had seen most and whose judgment is of most value, speaks in these enthusiastic words: "He who has not seen Cairo has not seen the world. Its earth is gold, its women are bewitching, and its Nile is a wonder." On the following night Scheherezade praises the charms of the city of the Pyramids in these terms: "As compared with a sight of this city, what is the joy of setting eyes on your beloved! He who has seen it will confess that there exists for the eye no higher enjoyment, and when one remembers the night on which the Nile comes to its height, he gives back

the wine-cup to the bearer full, and makes water flow up to its source again." That is as much as to say, there is nothing more left that he can do. And to the interlocutors in these tales Cairo was no picture in a dream, no inaccessible island of the blest, no distant Golconda, for there is no manner of doubt that it was in the very Cairo we see, and in the time of the Mameluke Sultan El-Ghuri that this treasure of old Moslem tales, which has for centuries circulated in small gold pieces from hand to hand, from people to people, was originally collected and minted into those very forms in which they are at this hour familiar to all the nations of the earth. God has granted to the writer of these lines the favour of sending him into the wide world, and letting him wander over land and ocean, and see many towns and countries; but when he now travels backwards in thought, and sweeps over the whole realm of recollection lying behind him, he discovers no city on the face of the earth that seems to him more charming than Cairo.

The tourist who visits the place, without previous preparation, under the guidance of a tour-contractor, is as unable to escape its charm as the scholar who is familiar with every phase of its development and with every movement of its life. The artist finds himself embarrassed with the abundance of the materials and the richness of the colours which surround him, and for the musing dreamer, the looker-on at the play of life, there is no more favourable spot than this. To open the eyes means here to receive new impressions, to look about is to learn, and stimulated by the abundance of picturesque forms and scenes, even the most indolent feels himself compelled to be always viewing things. For the investigator, who is permitted to touch with the hand the thing he has brought with him to the Nile as a mental possession, other enjoyments still are always in store in Cairo. We children of northern cities would be repaid by a journey to the Nile, were it by nothing else than breathing on a clear winter morning the pure spicy air of the desert, or seeing from the citadel on a fine evening the sun go down behind the Pyramids, and the cupolas and minarets of the town glittering in airy robes of rose and violet, and finally sinking under the dark shroud of night.

Who has joined in the crowd at the bazaars, who has allowed the venerable monuments of the time of the Pharaohs to work upon his mind, and has regretted his decision of visiting Egypt? The advice to make a pilgrimage to Cairo is good advice, and the sooner one follows it the better; for the city of the Caliphs is already far from being what it was a few lustra ago, when it was first our privilege to visit it; and if we remain another decade in the country, we shall see similarly disappear one feature after another of all that to-day gives the place its special charm. The more firmly Western influence establishes itself in Egypt, the more sensibly do its assimilating power

and the sober practical sense of utility characteristic of our civilization make their presence apparent. What grows organically among us is transplanted right off into this foreign soil and starts up quite remarkably. It is oftentimes like uprooting the palms of the Nile and planting firs and apple-trees in their place. The absurdity of many of the improvements every one has felt who has formerly walked under the shadow of the houses in the narrow lanes of Cairo, and now finds himself in broad squares and wide streets completely unprotected from the fiery darts of the sun of the south. This change is lamented by every traveller who has seen, in other days, riders, carriages, camels, and foot-passengers passing like a full stream over the soft roadway of the Muski, with many a call and cry, but without either rustle or tramp or clatter, and who has now his word drowned at his mouth by the deafening din of wheels, hoofs, and footsteps that rises from the glowing pavement. The shade-dispensing boards and awnings which in many places covered the most frequented streets of the town have been removed, because such things are not to be found in any Western metropolis. In the dwellings of the well-to-do Egyptians, European furniture has supplanted the native outfitting of the rooms, which is so picturesque and which originated in its suitability to the manners and customs of the Moslem. Imagine a bearded turban-wearer sitting cross-legged, not on a broad divan, but on a Paris or Vienna armchair! Gone, too, is the old arrangement of the dwelling-house, so well suited at once to the Egyptian climate and to the peculiarities of the Moslem family. He who builds now wishes to build cheaply and rapidly, and in a sort of European style, and so, from never being considered, the wonderful art of the mason, which delights the connoisseur in many of the old houses, has been entirely lost. The picturesque lattice-windows of the Meschrebijen, whose thousand finely moulded pieces seem like a veil of woven wood before the women, enabling them to see everything doing in the streets without themselves being seen, are now, in many cases, replaced by the Venetian blinds of Europe. Fine examples of the old lattice-work find ready purchasers, and they may be often enough met with in rooms fitted out in Arabian style in England, France, and Germany. The same is true of the Kursis, desks, posts, and doors, inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and various woods; and ancient implements are very eagerly sought after by collectors of art and antiquities. In my library stand two old Arabian jugs, which Frank Dillon, of London, the excellent painter of Oriental landscapes and architecture, found in an oil-ship, with twelve others, and bought for an old song. I saw an American family send whole shipfuls of old Arabian ware to the New World, and I know that not less than seventy finely executed old fauns from one of the most famous mosques were sold right off to tourists.

Said Pasha, predecessor of the deposed Khedive Ismail, dressed in Eastern garb, and his subjects imitated him. At present this light, soft dress, so well adapted for the climate of Egypt and at the same time so becoming, has fallen into disrepute. Government servants are forbidden to wear it, and only the shopkeepers and lower middle classes still retain it. The truncated cone of the tarboosh has superseded the gaily-coloured, many-folded turban, which lent dignity to the presence and protected the shaven head from chills when the cold of night came suddenly down. A heavy, single-breasted black cloth coat, with stiff collar, has replaced the light and beautifully coloured silken or woollen robes. Whoever can afford it, discards the pretty and comfortable slippers, which can be so quickly put off in the house or the mosque, and forces his feet into polished leather boots, on which the sun burns, and which require some trouble to take off. In the bazaars there are far more articles of light gold jewellery of foreign manufacture than of artistic native handicraft; far more chains and other things from England and Saxony than of beautiful Arabian workmanship. Sheffield and Solingen have far outstripped Damascus. The locomotive is taking the place of the horse, the camel, and the ass; and a tramway will soon be laid through Cairo. How long will it be before factories are built on the cheap ground of the desert, and befoul with coal-smoke its most precious air, which you can to-day enjoy the moment you leave the gates of the city? It is certainly right to pay some attention even here to hygiene, which has made such marked progress in Europe; but in the process of sanitation, what has not gone to nought in Cairo? The Khedive Ismail has vied with the Prefect Hausmann in the demolition of venerable buildings and ancient quarters of the town, and every sin he committed in this matter was laid at the door of the public health.

The injury is simply shocking which has been done to the noblest specimens of Arabian architecture by the monarch just mentioned. The ancient architects followed the plan of laying over a foundation of yellow stone another layer of freestone of delicate natural colour, and they got thereby a splendid effect; for this plan enlivened the most extensive surfaces, and lent them a harmonious aspect. When the invitations were issued for the opening of the Suez Canal, the Khedive began to lose taste of the old weather-beaten walls, to whitewash the mosques; and in order not to give up altogether the idea of the alternate layer of stones, to daub them with long stripes of red and yellow. But what a choice of colour! The yellow was the yellow of the buttercup, the red was the red of new-burnt tiles. It offended eye and heart alike to look on the harlequin costume in which the most precious works of art were dressed up. And then how carelessly were those monuments allowed to fall into decay, and

in what a barbarian manner were their restorations conducted, without so much as guarding against the danger of their falling in. There was nowhere a fond or even intelligent regard for the historical, and the noblest works in wood and stone that had to be removed, were with shocking want of piety delivered over to destruction and suffered to perish.

These enormities ought to be prevented by the influence of England. They were criticized severely at the Oriental Congress, held in London in 1874, by the learned Consul Rodgers, well known as an authority on Oriental coins; but nevertheless much evil has been done in this matter, even since my last visit to Cairo, as I perceive from a recent and stirring paper of Rhone's. There are almost no old mosques in the city of the Caliphs that are not in a crazy state.

But to say the truth, we cannot attribute this lamentable circumstance exclusively to the negligence of the Government. We have pointed out in another place how much of all the ills of the country must be laid at the door of Oriental habits of thinking. Whatever brings no profit, is in their eyes deserving of nothing but destruction. They are entirely wanting in what we call the "historical sense." The past and its works have small value for them. God gives the present, and what is to come lies in His hand. When a noble monument of antiquity falls to pieces, they comfort themselves with the proverb of Lebid: "Know, O soul, that everything in the world that is not God, is doomed to perish." The Mussulman Cairene despises what dates from the time of the Pharaohs; to him it is through and through *kupri*, or heathenish; if it disappear from the earth—just so much the better! Unfortunately, too, the architects of the age of the Caliphs must bear part of the blame of the rapid decay of their masterpieces, for they built with an unaccountable carelessness which is certainly calculated to fill their colleagues of the present day with an aversion to come to the rescue.

"Time mocks all, but the Pyramids mock time," says an Arabian proverb. They have been used as quarries, and they have only not been blown into the air, because danger to the town was apprehended from the explosion; the face of the Great Sphinx has served as a target for the guns of the Mamelukes; but these remains of the age of the Pharaohs have nevertheless survived, and will maintain their place even when everything that is venerable for age or beauty in the noble metropolis of the heyday of Mussulman life shall have perished and when Cairo shall be no more than a cluster of miserable hovels like a modern Italian town.

The father has survived the son for thousands of years, for although Cairo was founded by Arabs, it yet stands, not only outwardly but even inwardly, in a relation of sonship to Memphis. The history of the foundation of Cairo, together with the anecdotes that belong to

it, has been narrated a hundred times, but no one has yet attempted to show how much many sides of its rapid and brilliant development owed to the Hellenized, Christianized, but still genuinely Egyptian city of the Pyramids on the other bank of the Nile. A handful of those Moslem heroes who, in the fresh inspiration of their new faith, and penetrated with moral earnestness and the sanctity of their cause, threw down kingdom after kingdom, conquered Egypt on their way. True, they found a powerful ally in the religious hatred that separated the monophysite Egyptians from the orthodox Byzantine authorities, and this hatred was so great that to the Copts it seemed more tolerable to go into subjection to infidels than to be ruled by Greek Christians of another rite from their own, who besides were farther from them by race than their Arabian neighbours. One of their own pastors, Bishop Benjamin, of Alexandria, induced them to conclude an alliance with the infidel, in the same way as in recent times the Bishop of Kū has got his Coptic congregation to go over with him to Protestantism. The commander of the Moslem army knew well what he was about when he detained the Egyptian ambassadors in his camp, in order to show them the moral earnestness of his soldiers, and the lofty piety that animated them. After the sword had decided in favour of the adherents of the Prophet, and the Greeks had lost the day, Mukankas, a Copt, who was Governor of the Nile Valley, exclaimed, after receiving an unfavourable despatch from his imperial master in Constantinople: "By God! these Arabs, with their smaller numbers, are stronger and mightier than we, with all our multitudes; a single man of them is as good as a hundred of us; for they seek death, which is dearer to them than life, and is a positive joy: we cannot hold out against them." And those fearless heroes, whose gallant deeds on Egyptian fields are chronicled in history, were at the same time statesmen of remarkable sagacity.

No other place seemed at that time to be entitled to be the capital of the Nile Valley except Alexandria, and the Commander 'Amr was disposed to recognize it as such, but the Caliph Omar ordered him to look elsewhere, for he could not conceal from himself that this restless maritime city that continually lent itself to insurrectionary movements, and was situated besides at the extreme verge of the new province, was but ill-adapted to constitute the centre of the life which he wished to plant in the Nile Valley. A place as yet unreached by the threads of party, and the bloody religious disputes in which the age abounded, should be chosen for the seat and centre of the home and foreign administration of the newly conquered country. The new capital was accordingly founded on a well-situated spot, opposite Memphis, on the banks of the still undivided Nile, and according to a well-known story, it was founded

on the very site where the tent of the commander-in-chief had stood. When 'Amr was to go to Alexandria, and gave orders for his tent to be struck, he was told that a pair of pigeons had settled on the roof of it. "God forbid," he exclaimed, "that a Moslem should refuse his shelter to a living being, a creature of God, that has committed itself in confidence to the protection of his hospitality." The tent was forbidden to be touched, and when 'Amr returned from Alexandria victorious, he found it there still, occupied it, and made it the centre from which he proceeded in founding the new capital, which was called Fostat—*i.e.*, the tent. As the town grew, the Arabic name of Egypt, Misr or Masr, was transferred to it, and among the present Moslem inhabitants of the Nile Valley and the Cairenes themselves, it is still called nothing else but Masr-Kahira. The Arabic form of Cairo came to be added to the old name 300 years after the foundation of the city, and though Europeans use the later name exclusively, it is very seldom heard among the natives. Many of them at the present day would understand as little what you meant if you asked them about Cairo or Kahira as a Saxon peasant would understand if you asked him about the "Florence of the Elbe" (Dresden). Dschōtar, the commander of the Fatimide Muizz, who added to Fostat the new quarter which forms the Cairo of to-day, gave to this quarter the name of Masr-el-Kāhira, because the planet Mars (El-Kāhir) crossed the meridian at the very time when the foundation-stone of the walls that surrounded it was laid. Since El-Kāhir means the victorious, Masr-el-Kāhira may be rendered Masr the Victorious. The foundation of Fostat, now old Cairo (in Arabic, Masr-el-Atīka), took place in the year 638, so that it belongs by right to the younger towns of the world.

Its outward, and still more its inward, development proceeded with remarkable rapidity. When we consider that this town owes its origin entirely to illiterate children of the desert, and then reflect that not two hundred years after its foundation Harun-er-Raschid's son Māmūn († 833), found here in full bloom a rich scientific life which embraced all, including even the most difficult, disciplines, we are in presence of a phenomenon which has been hitherto noted and ascribed to the fine and susceptible mind of the Arabs, but which, on closer inspection, becomes simply inexplicable, unless we take into account the non-Moslem factors that co-operated in this rapid development. We shall direct our special attention to these factors, and try to show how the Arabs have contrived in Cairo to build the house of their peculiar culture out of Egyptian wood.

Cairo is not so modern as it seems. The Fostat which 'Amr founded is connected with the Fort Babylon which was certainly erected in prehistoric times. One legend relates that prisoners of

war of the great Ramses—and another that the Babylonians in the army of Cambyses, which conquered Egypt in 525 A.D.—founded it as a “New Babylon;” and history records that among the Romans one of the three legions that occupied Egypt had their quarters here. But this fort existed long before the Persian invasion, and even before Ramses II. Early writings call it Cher or Cheran (Battle-town), and in a text in the temple of Kurna, dating from the fourteenth century B.C., we are told of it that the Lower Egyptian Nile began there, that it was measured there, and that from thence it sought its way in the arms of the Delta. It further appears from the inscription of the Ethiopian Pianchi, that a street of Memphis (across the Nile) led to Cher (Babylon), and from thence to Heliopolis. This route must have passed through the island Rōda, which, at the time of the Moslem invasion, was connected with both banks of the river by a bridge of boats; Memphis was thus closely joined to Babylon. The water-mark, measuring the height of the stream, that stands on the island Rōda (exactly opposite Babylon), and still indicates to the Cairenes the fall of the flood of the Nile, appears to have existed at the time of the Pharaohs, and perhaps it was carried at a later period from the mainland to the island.

The town which was the base of the Fostat of ‘Amr was by no means unimportant, whereas the streets and quarters which the governor erected under four building inspectors, and distributed among his soldiers according to their tribes, must have been at first small and thinly inhabited. Among the Christian churches in Old Cairo (Babylon), there are some which must certainly have existed before the foundation of Fostat. The most remarkable of them, the Coptic church of St. Mary, was in its main parts not built before the eighth century after Christ; but it contains much that shows it to have been originally a Greek temple of a very early period. From Babylon there stretches out a fertile, well-cultivated, and thickly populated plain, full of garden-trees and vineyards, as far as Mokattam; and high above the houses and villas of the Egyptians rises the lighthouse-tower (Kaer esch-Schama), in which the Roman and Greek governors resided when they visited the district before the conquest of the country. The inhabitants of this town and its vicinity enjoyed great comfort, and ‘Amr’s reports of the Caliphs are full of the plenty in which the peasantry lived and the wealth with which many Egyptian towns were blessed. A Copt of the name of Peter, who kept his riches obstinately concealed, was on friendly terms with a monk in El-Tūr (Sinai Monastery). ‘Amr sent to this monk and demanded in a letter, sealed with the ring of Peter, and in Peter’s name, the delivery of the goods entrusted to him. The messenger brought back a soldered case, and when this was opened it was found to contain a letter on which was written that the money was deposited

under the largest water tank. On search there were found there fifty-three large measures (more than twelve millions of denarii) of coined gold.

On the whole the Egyptians were mildly treated, and so they did not fear building close to the skirts of the garrison town. Thirty-seven years after the foundation of that place, so many Copts had settled in it that the Governor Maslema had to permit them to build a church of their own. Fostat and Babylon got completely united, and the new place soon became the central seat of the Government, and by its fresh energetic growth cast the venerable, but back-going and age-enfeebled, Memphis on the other bank of the Nile completely into the shade. The celebrated city of the Pyramids had been a populous Court city down to the end of the reign of the Ptolemies, and even under the Romans and Byzantines it might still be called a great town. But its old fame was gone; Christianity had dispersed the great fraternities of heathen priests; and Egyptian learning, which had been cultivated for thousands of years in the temples of Ptah, Imhotep, and other divinities, had lost its peculiar character; it had, in great part, perished altogether, and where it was still cultivated by individuals, had accommodated itself to circumstances by the assumption of new forms. Greek art had completely supplanted the old national Egyptian; Alexandria had absorbed the trade of Memphis; and what Alexandria left of it was diverted by the new and active town on the other bank of the river. The sinking man always makes for the side of the strong swimmer, and so it came about that the Memphites left their own declining town in thousands, and sought for more favourable conditions of life in Fostat. The excellent Arabic writer, 'Abdellatif († 1232), found on the site of Memphis nothing but deserted ruins; but these remains were still so extensive that he calls them a world of walls, which confused the mind and baffled the descriptive powers of even the most accomplished writer. He concludes, from a glance at the popular belief, that the ancient Egyptians were long-lived giants, who were able to move heavy blocks of stone from one spot to another by the use of their magical wands. The only inhabitants of these ruins are said to have been bands of robbers, who were employed by commercial companies to search the fallen edifices and vaults for gold, silver, and other treasures.

Memphis soon sank into complete oblivion; even her wonderful ruins disappeared from the earth, and to-day green asters and palm-groves occupy the place where once stood one of the most ancient and celebrated cities of the world. Only the monuments in the city of the dead, the great graveyard of the Memphites, many miles long, have escaped destruction. The city of the living, the colossal temples of their gods, the "white walls" of the famous fort of the town, and

the other public buildings which once raised proud heads, have vanished from the face of the earth. The rapidly extending Cairo needed hewn stones, freestones, and columns, and the devastated Memphis was the rich quarry from whence she got them. The same fate befell Heliopolis on the same bank of the river, to the north of the new metropolis. This famous city of scholars, the centre of Egyptian sunworship, has also disappeared from the earth, and was already in the time of El-Makrizi († 1442) no more than a country town containing some ruins of dismantled sanctuaries. A great part of the obelisks brought from the Nile to the countries of Western Europe originally stood in this place, in front of the gateways of the temples of the Sun; and among others, the so-called Cleopatra's Needle, now in London, and its twin-sister, transported to America. Hewn stones were easily carried to Fostat by water, or by the old road which connected Heliopolis with Memphis through Babylon; and so one may assume that the houses and palaces of this town rest in good part on ancient Egyptian foundations. More than one building has been discovered in Cairo containing stones inscribed with hieroglyphics. Among these a mighty Stele (stone table) of black granite, that was found during the excavations made at the foundation of a house that was pulled down, acquired special celebrity. It contains a perfectly uninjured inscription, which was devoted to the honour of Ptolemy Soter before his official recognition as successor of Alexander II., and establishes by first-hand evidence that he restored to the priests of this place the lands in the northern part of the Delta that had been taken from the temple of Bulo; other stones, carved with hieroglyphics, were appropriated in the building of mosques; and who has visited the mosques of Cairo, and not observed the great number of pillars from old heathen buildings that are employed in their construction?

In the mosque of 'Amr, the oldest in all Egypt, stands a forest of pillars. Every one of them supports a capital, which owes its origin to Greek, Roman, and Byzantine masons. Most of these appear to have come from Memphis. It is remarkable that the Arabs have nowhere made use of pillars fashioned in the old Egyptian style, although they could have found them in any quantity they liked at Memphis and Hieropolis. They must have been thoroughly against their taste, for the simple reason that they imitated the forms of plants, and their religion forbade all recognizable likenesses of organic beings. But they could bear with pleasure the sight of Greek and Roman pillars of the most variegated form.

The Moslem ruled the land, and Fostat was a genuine Moslem town; but the Arab understood how to turn to account the superior knowledge and capacity of his numerous Egyptian fellow-citizens. They were superior to him in numbers, and many of them were

scholars, immigrants from Memphis and Heliopolis, who went over to the new religion, and, as Moslems among Moslems, continued their scientific labours and worked as teachers.

The wonderfully quick apprehension, and the keen, nimble mind of the Arab, enabled him to appropriate rapidly the scientific treasures he found among the conquered Egyptians. The Moslems not only acquired foreign learning, but assimilated it to their own ways of thought, and followed out every discipline that seemed to them worth working at, with success, energy, and intellectual acuteness.

Just as their towns and mosques had a character of their own, although they were put together for the most part out of stones and building materials that owed their origin to foreign art, so their science may be said to be genuinely Arabic, although it can be shown that here, too, the stately ship has been built from planks found ready made at Egyptian wharves. Of course the arcana of Egyptian science had long since grown less and less, for Greek learning was deeply studied in the Nile Valley, and cast the priestly wisdom of the age of the Pharaohs into the shade. But precisely in the sphere of the so-called exact sciences to which the Arabs devoted themselves with preference, the Egyptians at the time of the foundation of Fostat had still much material in the form of traditions, although they had for centuries abandoned their obsolete complicated system of writing and had accustomed themselves to the use of Greek letters. Even the rude speech of earlier times was essentially altered and enriched by Greek words. The Coptic, a dialect whose syntactic pureness delights the linguist, stepped into the place of her mother, the ancient Egyptian; but every educated Copt was able also to speak Greek, and the libraries of Memphis could not have been wanting in the most eminent works of Greek literature.

This is no mere guess, for if fragments of a great library, including Greek MSS., which do not seem to have been produced very long before the foundation of Fostat, have been found in the unimportant Krokodilopolis in Fajjum, and parts of the "Iliad," and of the lyric poet Alkman, in the neighbourhood of a small town in Middle Egypt, then it may be safely assumed that libraries full of Greek MSS. must have existed in the half Hellenic metropolis, Memphis. The treasures of the famous Alexandrian library were destroyed, sold to Constantinople, stolen, and scattered long before 'Amr came to Egypt. The famous story that this commander heated the baths of the town with costly books, because they deserved destruction if they taught anything different from the Koran, and were unnecessary if they taught the faith, belongs demonstrably to the region of fable.

GEORG EBERS.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF UNBELIEF:

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THREE RATIONALISTS.

“**A**ND finally,” asked Vere, “what do you think is likely to have been the result of Monsignore’s wonderful sermon?”

He had gone to meet his two friends in the late summer afternoon; and as they walked slowly towards the old farm on the brink of the common, they had been giving him an account of the sermon which they had just been to hear; a sermon probably intended to overcome the last scruples of one Protestant in particular, a lady on a visit to the neighbouring Catholic Earl, but ostensibly delivered for the benefit of Protestants in general—that is to say, of as many countryfolk and stray visitors as could be collected in the chapel of Rother Castle.

“The result,” answered Rheinhardt with that indefinable cosmopolitan accent, neither French nor German, which completed the sort of eighteenth-century, citizen-of-the-world character of the great archæologist; “the result,” answered Rheinhardt, “is that Baldwin and I have spent a most delightful and instructive afternoon, and that you would have done so too, Vere, had you not scornfully decided that no Catholicism more recent than that of St. Theresa deserved the attention of the real æsthetic pessimist.”

Vere laughed. “What I want to know is, whether you suppose that Monsignore has succeeded in making another convert?”

“I think he must have succeeded,” answered Baldwin; “he had evidently brought that soul to the very brink of the ditch which separates Protestantism from Catholicism; his object was to make the passage quite insensible, to fill up the ditch so that its presence could not be perceived. He tried to make it appear to Protestant listeners that Catholicism was not at all the sort of foreign, illiberal, frog-eating, Guy-Fawkesy bugbear of their fancy; but,

on the contrary, the simple, obvious, liberal, modern, eminently English form of belief which they think they have got (but in their hearts must have felt that they have not) in Protestantism. And I really never saw anything more ingenious than the way in which, without ever mentioning the words Catholicism or Protestantism, Monsignore contrived to leave the impression that a really sincere Protestant is already more than half a Catholic. I assure you that, if it had not been for the awful sixpenny chromo-lithographs of the Passion, the bleeding wooden Christs, the Madonnas in muslin frocks and spangles, and all the pious tawdriness which makes Rother Chapel look like some awful Belgian or Bavarian church, I might almost have believed, for the moment, that the lady in question would do very wisely to turn Catholic."

"I wonder whether she will?" mused Vere, as they walked slowly across the yielding turf of the common, which seemed in its yellow greenness to be saturated with the gleams of sunshine, breaking ever and anon through the film of white cloud against which stood out the dark and massive outline of the pine clumps, the ghost-like array of the larches, and the pale-blue undulation of the distant downs.

"She may or she may not," answered Rheinhardt, "that is no concern of mine, any more than what becomes of the actors after an amusing comedy. What is it to us unbelievers whether one more mediocrity be lost by Protestantism and gained by Catholicism? 'Tis merely the juggler's apple being transferred from the right hand to the left; we may amuse ourselves watching it dancing up and down, and from side to side, and wondering where it will reappear next; that's all."

Vere was fully accustomed, after their three weeks' solitude together, correcting proofs and composing lectures in this south-country farm, to Rheinhardt's optimistic Voltairean levity, his sheer incapacity of conceiving that religion could be a reality to any one, his tendency to regard abstract discussion merely as a delightful exercise for the aristocracy of the intellect, quite apart from any effect upon the thoughts or condition of the less gifted majority. He admired and pitied Rheinhardt, and let himself be amused by his kindly sceptical narrowmindedness.

"Poor woman!" replied Vere, "it does seem a little hard that her soul should be merely an apple to be juggled with for the amusement of Professor Rheinhardt. But, after all, I agree with you that it is of no consequence to us whether she turn Catholic or remain Protestant. The matter concerns only herself, and all is right as long as she settles down in the faith best adapted to her individual spiritual wants. There ought to be as many different religions as there are different sorts of character—religions and irreligions, of course; for I think you, Rheinhardt, would have been miserable had you lived before the

invention of Voltaireanism. The happiness of some souls appears to consist in a sense of vigour and self-reliance, a power of censuring one's self and one's neighbours; and Protestantism, as austere and Calvinistic and democratic as possible, is the right religion for them. But there are others whose highest spiritual *bien être* consists in a complete stripping off of all personality, a complete letting themselves passively be swung up and down by a force greater than themselves; and such people ought, I think, to turn Catholic."

Rheinhardt looked at Vere with a droll expression of semi-paternal contempt. "My dear Vere," he asked, "is it possible that you, at your age, can still believe in such nonsense? Ladies, I admit, may require for their complete happiness to abandon their conscience occasionally into the hands of some saintly person; but do you mean to say that a man in the possession of all his faculties, with plenty to do in the world, with a library of good books, some intelligent friends, a good digestion, and a good theatre when he has a mind to go there,—do you mean to tell me that such a man can ever be troubled by the wants of his soul?"

"Such a man as that certainly would not," answered Vere, "because the name of such a man would be Hans Rheinhardt."

"It is very odd," remarked Baldwin, "that neither of you seem to consider that the lady's conversion can concern anybody except herself; Rheinhardt looks upon it as a mere piece of juggling; you, Vere, seem to regard it in a kind of æsthetic light, as if the woman ought to choose a religion upon the same principle upon which she would choose a bonnet—namely, to get something comfortable and becoming."

"Surely," interrupted Vere, "the individual soul may be permitted to seek for peace wherever there is most chance of finding it?"

"I don't see at all why the individual soul should have a right to seek for peace regardless of the interests of society at large, any more than why the individual body should have a right to satisfy its cravings regardless of the effect on the rest of mankind," retorted Baldwin. "You cry out against this latter theory as the height of immorality, because it strikes at the root of all respect for mine and thine; but don't you see that your assumed right to gratify your soul undermines, what is quite as important, all feeling of true and false? The soul is a nobler thing than the body, you will answer. But why is it nobler? Merely because it has greater powers for good and evil, greater duties and responsibilities; and for that very reason it ought to have less right to indulge itself at the expense of what belongs not to it, but to mankind. Truth——"

"Upon my word," put in Rheinhardt, "I don't know which is the greater plague, the old-fashioned nuisance called a soul, or the newfangled bore called mankind." And he pushed open the gate of

the farm-garden, where the cats rolled lazily in the neatly gravelled paths, and the hens ran cackling among the lettuces and the screens of red-flowered beans. When they entered the little farm-parlour, with its deep chimney recess, curtained with faded chintz, and its bright array of geraniums and fuchsias on the window-ledge, they found that their landlady had prepared their tea, and covered the table with all manner of home-baked cakes and fruit, jugs of freshly cut roses and sweet peas.

"It is quite extraordinary," remarked Rheinhardt, as he poured out the tea, "that a man of your intelligence, Baldwin, should go on obstinately supposing that it can matter a jot what opinions are held by people to whom opinions can never be anything vital, but are merely so many half-understood formulæ; much less that it can matter whether such people believe in one kind of myth rather than in another. Of course it matters to a man like Monsignore—who, quite apart from any material advantage which every additional believer brings to the Church of which he is a dignitary—is fully persuaded that the probable reward for Protestants are brimstone and flames, which his Evangelical opponents doubtless consider as the special lot of Papists. But what advantage is it to us if this particular mediocrity of a great lady refuses to be converted to the belief in a rather greater number of unintelligible dogmas? Science and philosophy can only gain infinitely by being limited strictly to the really intelligent classes; the less all others presume to think, the better——"

"Come now," objected Vere, "you are not going to tell me that thought is the privilege of a class, my dear Rheinhardt."

"Thought," answered Rheinhardt, "is the privilege of those who are capable of thinking."

"There is thinking and thinking," corrected Baldwin; "every man is neither able nor required to think out new truths; but every man is required, at least once in his life, to take some decision which depends upon his having at least understood some of the truths which have been discovered by his betters; and every man is required, and that constantly, to think out individual problems of conduct, for which he will be fit just in proportion as he is in the habit of seeing and striving to see things in their true light. The problems which he has before him may be trifling and may require only a trifling amount of intellect; but of such problems consists the vast bulk of the world's life, and upon their correct decision depends much of the world's improvement."

"The world's improvement," answered Rheinhardt, "depends upon everything being done by the person best fitted to do it; the material roads and material machinery being made by the men who have the strongest physical muscles and the best physical eyes, and the intel-

lectual roads being cut, and the intellectual machinery constructed, by the men who have the best intellectual muscle and sight. Therefore, with reference to conversions (for I see Baldwin can't get over the possible conversion of that particular lady), it appears to me that the only thing that can possibly concern us in them is, that these conversions should not endanger the liberty of thought of those who can think; and this being gained (which it is, thoroughly, nowadays), that they should not interfere with the limitation of thought to those whose it is by rights. That religious belief is the best which is most conducive to complete intellectual emancipation."

"But that is exactly why I am sorry that Monsignore should make any converts!" cried Baldwin.

"And for that reason," continued Rheinhardt, fixing his eyes on Baldwin with obvious enjoyment of the paradox, "I think that we ought to hope that Monsignore may succeed in converting not only this great lady, but as many ladies, great and small, as the world contains. I beg, therefore, to drink to the success of Monsignore, and of all his accomplished, zealous, and fascinating fellow-workers!" And Rheinhardt drank off his cup of tea with mock solemnity.

"Paradoxical as usual, our eighteenth-century philosopher," laughed Vere, lighting his pipe.

"Not paradoxical in the very least, my dear Vere. Look around you, and compare the degree of emancipation of really thinking minds in Catholic and in Protestant countries: in the first it is complete—confession, celibacy of clergy, monasticism, transubstantiation, Papal infallibility, Lourdes water, and bits of semi-saintly bones in glass jars, as I have seen them in Paris convents, being too much for the patience of an honest and intelligent man who reads his Voltaire and his Renan. With your Protestant your case is different, be he German or English: the Reformation has got rid of all the things which would stink too manifestly in his nostrils; and he is just able to swallow (in an intellectual wafer which prevents his tasting it) the amount of nonsense the absorption of which is rewarded by a decent social position, or perhaps by a good living or a professorship; meanwhile he may nibble at Darwinism, Positivism, materialism, be quite the man of advanced thought; for, even if he be fully persuaded that the world was not created in six days, and consider Buddha and Socrates quite as divine as Christ, he will yet allow that the lower classes must not be too rudely disturbed in their belief of the story of the apple and its fatal consequences. And this merely because a parcel of men of the sixteenth century, without any scientific reasons for doubt and up to the ears in theology, chose to find that certain Romish dogmas and practices were intolerable to their reason and conscience; and therefore invented that disastrous *modus vivendi* with Semitic and mediæval notions which we

call Protestantism. And then we men of the nineteenth century are expected to hold Luther and Calvin centenaries, to make fine speeches and write enthusiastic passages about them, and cry 'Long live religious toleration.' No, no; give me the Council of Trent, the Bull Unigenitus, Loyola, Lainez, and Pascal's Jesuits; give me Lourdes water and silver ex-votos, and slices of the Pope's slipper, and Capuchins and Trappistes; give me Monsignor Russell, because in so doing you are giving me Voltaire and Diderot, and Michelet and Auguste Comte!"

"But," put in Vere, "you seem, by your own account (for you know I don't regard Catholicism as you do, and I don't think it matters what a man believes as long as his belief suffices to his soul), to be buying the total emancipation of a few minds at the expense of the slavery and degradation of an enormous number of men. If Catholicism is so bad that no one who has the option will compromise with it, have you a right to prescribe it to the majority of mankind?"

"Progress, my dear Vere, exists only in the minority. The majority may receive an improved position, but it cannot improve itself; so secure the freedom of the minority before thinking of anything else."

"That is all very well," answered Baldwin, who had been leaning upon the table, eagerly following Rheinhardt's words, and watching for an opportunity of interrupting him; "that's all very well as long as you go upon the supposition that the only thing of value in this world is scientific truth, and the only improvement which can be wished is the increased destruction of error. But there is something more valuable than scientific truth, and that is, the temper which cannot abet falsehood; there is something which it is more urgent to demolish and cart off than mere error, and that is, all the bad moral habits, the habit of relying on other folks' judgment, the habit of not sifting the evil from the good, the habit of letting oneself be moved instead of moving oneself, the habit of sanctifying low things with high names; all the habits of spiritual sloth, spiritual sybaritism, spiritual irresponsibility. In this is the real degradation, the real danger. And Protestantism, which you call a *modus vivendi* with falsehood, merely because the men of the sixteenth century rose up against only as much error as they themselves could discern,—Protestantism meant the refusal to abet falsehood and foulness, the effort to disentangle good from bad, to replace mysticism by morality; it meant moral and intellectual activity, and completeness and manliness. It meant that in the sixteenth century; and, say what you will, it means that still nowadays. The men who arose against the Papacy in the time of Luther are naturally not the men who would still be mere Protestants in the days of Comte, and

Darwin, and Spencer; as they preceded and 'dragged on their inferiors then, so they would seek to precede and drag on their inferiors now; they would be, what they were, pioneers of truth, clearers away of error. But those are Protestants nowadays—that is to say, possess a religion expunged of the more irrational notions and demoralizing institutions of the Middle Ages, a religion less mythological and more ethical—but for the Reformation, would still be morally starving, and from starvation contracting all the loathsome moral diseases and degrading moral palsies which we observe in their Catholic forefathers before Luther, in their Catholic contemporaries of Spain, and Italy, and France. The Reformation may have done nothing for the thinking minority, it may even, as Rheinhardt insists, have made that minority smaller, but to the small minority the Reformation gave a vast majority, which is not, as in Catholic countries, separated from it by an unbridgeable gulf. The number of completely emancipated minds may be less in Protestant countries; but behind them is a large number of minds which are yet far from being utterly cramped and maimed and impotent, which have not gone very far on the right road, but have not gone far on the wrong one; minds possessing at least rudimentary habits of inquiry, of discrimination, of secular morality, and which, little by little, may be influenced, improved, enfranchised, by those who are more fully developed and more completely free. This is what Protestantism has done for us; and the highest thing that we can do, is to follow in the steps of those first Protestants, to clear away what appears to be error in our eyes, as they cleared away what appeared to be error in theirs."

"The Reformation," persisted Rheinhardt calmly, "was a piece of intellectual socialism. It consisted in dividing truth so that each man might have a little scrap of it for himself, and in preventing all increase by abolishing all large intellectual capital."

"I have never doubted," remarked Vere, "that the Reformation was, for all the paradoxes of this Voltairean of ours, a most necessary and useful revolution. It swept away—and this is what I most regret—the last shreds of Pagan purple, the last half-withered flowers of Pagan fancy, out of Christianity, and left it a whitewashed utilitarian thing—a Methodist chapel, well ventilated and well warmed, but singularly like a railway waiting-room or a warehouse. But of course such a consideration can have no weight. Protestantism (excuse my confusion of metaphors) may be called the spiritual enfranchisement of the servile classes; it turned, as Baldwin says, a herd of slaves and serfs into well-to-do artisans and shopkeepers. I think, therefore, that Protestantism was an unmitigated blessing for what Rheinhardt calls the intellectual proletariat, for the people who neither increase intellectual wealth nor enjoy intellectual luxury. There is something as beautiful in the rough cleanness of belief of a

Scotch or Swiss artisan as there is in a well-soured deal table and a spotless homespun napkin; and I often have felt, talking with certain French, Italian, and Austrian peasants, that, spiritually, they live in something between a drain and a cellar. So that, if I were a great landed proprietor, or a great manufacturer, or any other sort of modern leader of men, I should certainly feel bound to put every obstacle in the way of a conversion of my tenants and operatives by a man like Monsignore; I should feel as if they were going to sell their solid and well-drained cottages in order to live in mere mud cabins without drains and without chimneys. But when it comes to the upper classes, to those who have a certain secured intellectual life, the case would be different." And Vere puffed away at his pipe, as if he had settled the question.

"Really," cried Baldwin, "I don't see at all why you should be indifferent to the aristocracy of intellect (as Rheinhardt calls it) living in what you describe as a spiritual dwelling partaking of the cellar and of the drain."

"I am not indifferent," answered Vere, "but I see that a certain standard of intellectual and moral wealth having now been attained, there is not the faintest chance of a man living in a cellar or a drain. Given a certain amount of intelligence and culture, which one may nearly always assume among our educated classes, our spiritual dwellings are sure to be quite healthy enough; and I can't see, therefore, why each man should not be permitted to build his house to please his fancy, and fill it with whatever things may give him most pleasure. He is doing no harm to anybody, and no one has any right to interfere with him. Oh, I know you, Baldwin! you would be for forcing your way into a man's spiritual house and insisting (with a troupe of Positivistic policemen and sanitary inspectors at your heels) that every room must have a given number of cubic feet of air and a given number of windows, and that wall-papers must be made to wash, flowers be carefully restricted to the hothouse, and that an equal temperature, never rising much above the moral and intellectual freezing-point, should be kept up. Now, I happen to consider that this visit of yours, although most benevolent, would be a quite unjustifiable intrusion; and that you would not have the smallest right to tear down the curtains of a man who enjoys a subdued light, still less to pitch his flowers and incense-burners out of his bedroom window. Joking apart, I think there is no greater mistake than to interfere with the beliefs of people who belong to a class which has secured quite enough spiritual freedom; let them satisfy their own nature, and remember that the imaginative and emotional wants, the spiritual enjoyments of each man, are different from those of his neighbour——"

"That is exactly my view," put in Rheinhardt: "let the imbeciles keep out of my way, and I certainly won't get into theirs. Let us

enjoy our own intellectual ambrosia, and leave them to their beer and porridge, which they think every bit as nice;" and he threw his cigarette into the fire.

"I understand," said Baldwin, overlooking Rheinhardt's remark, and addressing himself directly to Vere, "according to you the class which possesses the highest intellectual life, has, like the governing social body, a right and an obligation to interfere in the spiritual mode of life of such classes as might, if left to themselves, become a public nuisance."

"That is rather a hard way of putting it," answered Vere, "but such in the main is my principle."

"You wish your lower classes to be Protestant for the same reason that you would wish your lower classes to live in sanitary-regulation houses, because a condition of spiritual darkness and dirt would produce nasty spiritual diseases, which might spread to your upper class, and would at all events fill the streets with sights and smells quite unendurable to your upper class, which is of course as æsthetical as it is humane. The unfortunate hardworking creatures who save us from manual labour must be looked after and taught how to be decent, spiritually as well as physically, both for their own sake and for ours. So far I completely follow your ideas. But I confess my inability to follow, in the sense of understanding its justifiableness, the rest of your theory. From your manner of speaking, and your allusion to men building their spiritual homes to suit their fancy, and excluding the light and scenting the air as they please, I presume that in your opinion a man who has inherited the means of living in leisure, untroubled by the necessity of earning his bread or of liberating his conscience (his ancestors having given their labour and their blood for that), need think of nothing beyond making his life as agreeable as possible to himself."

"I wonder, Baldwin, you can be so grotesque as to suppose that I am an advocate of anything of the sort," interrupted Vere rather angrily.

"Why not?" asked Rheinhardt, "'tis the height of wisdom; and for that reason, indeed, cannot be your idea, Vere."

"You are not an advocate of this theory when applied by fashionable numskulls, certainly, my dear Vere. Of the men who think of nothing but enjoying themselves by eating dinners at a guinea a head, sitting up till six in the morning in ball-rooms or playing cards at the club, driving four-in-hand, and having wives dressed out by Wörth and collections of bad pictures and apocryphal *bric-à-brac*; of such men, or rather beings, you have as bad an opinion as myself. Indeed, I dare say you have a considerably worse one than I have, because I am always ready to admit that the poor devils whom we revile as the corrupt of the world, are in reality acting for the

best according to their lights, being totally unable to conceive of a higher mode of existence or a more glorious destiny. But the case changes when a man's leisure consists not merely in his no longer being required to earn his bread, but in no longer requiring to free his mind from the painful restrictions and necessities of former days; when his inherited wealth consists not merely in estates and cash, but in intellect and knowledge. What are we to think of this new sort of favourite of fortune, if he employ that intellectual leisure and those intellectual riches merely in feeding his mind with exotic spiritual dainties (among which, even as with the more material epicure, rottenness constitutes a great attraction); in playing games of chance with his own beliefs and emotions; in bedecking himself and attitudinizing in the picturesque rags and tags of effete modes of feeling and antiquated modes of thought, because he enjoys making himself look interesting, and enjoys writing sonnet sketches of his poor maimed and crippled soul decked out in becoming purple, and grey and saffron and sad green of paganism, and asceticism, and Baudelaireism, and Schopenhauerism;—what shall we say of the man who does this, while nine-tenths of his fellow-men are slaving at mechanical labour; who refuses to employ his leisure and his powers in doing that other kind of work without which mankind cannot exist, the work of sowing and grinding the grain which must make the spiritual bread of the world? To me it seems as if this man were but a subtler and less conscious robber; keeping in barren mortmain, even as the clergy before the Revolution kept the fruitful acres of France, that which ought to keep and strengthen and support a thousand morally starving and anæmic wretches."

"What!" interrupted Rheinhardt, "a man is not to enjoy his own intellectual advantages, but must consider himself the steward of all the imbeciles, *proletaires*, and paupers of the intellectual world! This is Socialism, my good Baldwin, of the rankest and most intolerable description!"

"It may be Socialism to you, Rheinhardt, and it may be a private pet Socialism of my own; but it has nothing to do with what other folks call Socialism, which defeats not only its own, but still more my own object. Understand me rightly—all progress (and I think you will have to agree with me), all diminution of misery and increase of happiness, is in direct proportion to the utilization of the various sorts of capital—physical, intellectual, and moral—land, money, muscles, brains, hearts, which we possess; and the more we put our capital to profit, the more do we enable the putting to profit of such capital as has lain dormant; hence progress must increase at a constantly greater ratio. For instance, think of all the energies of mind and heart and hand which must have been wasted in the cast-civilizations and in the feudal system; think of all the precious qualities which

must be wasted nowadays owing to the still imperfect exchange of individuals among the various classes of society, which may keep a man with a great financial endowment making bad tables and chairs, and a man with a genius for carpentering ruining his partners with imbecile speculation."

"That is very true," remarked Vere; "but," he added, not perhaps without a touch of satisfaction in his voice, as if unconsciously pleased at any want of connection in Baldwin's ideas, "I don't see that these remarks, however interesting, have much to do with your onslaught on the poor mortals who venture to retain doubts and habits and love of old faiths which your philosophy happens to condemn."

"They have everything to do with each other, since one is but the other's logical consequence. Rheinhardt has just called me a Socialist; well, I don't think you would get many Socialists to agree in my belief that all progress depends upon the existence of a class quite above all necessity of manual labour and business routine, which, while the majority of men are keeping the world going by supplying its most pressing bodily wants, may separate the true from the false, and gradually substitute higher aims and enjoyments for lower ones; in short, do the work of improvement, if not by actually discovering new truth, or even by promulgating it, at least by storing it ready for need."

"All improvement must come from the minority," remarked Rheinhardt, "since improvement means the development of special and rare advantages."

"In short," went on Baldwin, "I hope for a fair division of labour between the upper and lower classes, the one working for the other, and neither idle. Of course, this is but a distant ideal, itself possible only as the result of infinite progress; still, it is clear that we are tending that way. At present the great proportion of what we call the upper classes are quite incapable of any work that could not be performed by the lower; their leisure is, and must be, mere idleness. But, as I said just now, within the upper classes there is an upper class; the men who can originate, or at least appreciate, thought, the nucleus of my real upper class of the future. These have not merely leisure, but also the faculties to render it profitable; and their leisure, as I said before, means not only that they have been saved the trouble of supplying bodily wants, but also, which is much more important, that they have been saved the trouble of ridding themselves of so many erroneous modes of thought which are still heaped up in the path of the inferior classes. This is the class of men whom you, Vere, say we have no right to interfere with; who, as we may be sure that they won't elect to live in cellars and drains, ought to be permitted to build their spiritual dwellings in accordance with their own fancy, and to fill them with whatsoever

mental and moral *bric-à-brac* and stage property may give them most pleasure, turn them into little pleasure palaces of the *Imitation of Christ*, the *Positive Philosophy*, or the *Fleurs du Mal* style of spiritual decoration. With the unfortunate rich numskull, too stupid to do intellectual work, too stupid to know that there is any to do; too helpless to have responsibilities; with him I can have patience, I can even sympathize. But with this other man who has not only leisure and education, but intellect and conscience, I have no patience, I have only indignation: and it is to this man that I would say—‘What right have you to arrange your spiritual house merely to please your fancy or your laziness? What right have you to curtain out the intellectual light from eyes which are required to see for others as well as for yourself? What right have you to enervate with mystical drugs the moral muscle, which must clean out not your own conscience merely, but the conscience of others? Above all, what right have you to bring up in this spiritual dwelling of your fancy, in this confusing penumbra, and amid these emasculating fumes those for whose souls you are most responsible, your children; that not only your mind and heart, but theirs, should be mere waste and vanity for all the world?’”

Baldwin had gradually grown earnest and excited; and what had been at first but an abstract discussion, became, as the thought burned stronger within him, almost a personal attack; in speaking the last words he had risen from his chair, and instinctively fixed his eyes on Vere, where he sat in the dusk of the twilit room.

The latter did not look up; he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and remained seated, watching the smouldering fire. There was a moment's silence, during which the ticking of the clock and the cackling of the poultry outside were painfully distinct.

“If there is a thing I detest,” muttered Rheinhardt, “it is the militant, humanitarian atheist; no priest ever came up to him for spoiling a pleasant chat.” He felt that the discussion had long ceased to be academic; and to him, who engaged in controversy as a sort of æsthetic pleasure, nothing could be more utterly distasteful than a discussion taken too much in earnest. He suddenly broke the silence by exclaiming—

“Just look what an odd sky.”

The room was by this time getting rapidly dark, so that Rheinhardt, who was at bottom the most sympathizing of men, could feel rather than see the excited face of Baldwin, the gentle and melancholy, but slightly ironical, just a little pained, expression of Vere. In the midst of the duskiess, the window blazed out white and luminous, with the sash-bars, the stems and leaves of the flowers, the bushes outside, the distant firs and larches bounding the common sharp and black against a strange white light. He stepped into the garden.

"Do come out," he cried, "and look at this preposterous sunset; it is worthy the attention of æsthetical creatures like you, and Vere may write a fine splash-dash description of it."

The two men rose, and followed Rheinhardt out into the garden, and thence on to the road, which wound behind the stables and hayricks of the old farm. Before them was a sea of gently undulating hillocks, steeped in a broad and permeating white light, the mere consciousness of which, as it were, dazzled and dazed. A brilliant light which seemed to sink out of the landscape all its reds and yellows, and with them all life; bleaching the yellowing cornfields and brown heath; but burnishing into demoniac energy of colour the pastures and oak woods, brilliant against the dark sky as if filled with green fire. Along the roadside the poppies, which an ordinary sunset makes flame, were quite extinguished, like burnt-out embers; the yellow hearts of the daisies were quite lost, merged into their shining white petals. And, striking against the windows of the old black and white chequered farm (a ghastly skeleton in this light) it made them not flare,—nay, not redden in the faintest degree, but reflect a brilliant speck of white light. Everything was unsubstantial, yet not as in a mist; nay, rather substantial, but flat, as if cut out of paper and pasted on, the black branches and green leaves, the livid glaring houses, with roofs of dead, scarce perceptible red (as when an iron turning white hot from red-hot in the stithy, grows also dull and dim). The various ranges of hills projecting beyond each other like side-scenes covered with uniform grey; the mass of trees towards the distant downs, bleached white against the white sky, smoke-like, without consistence; while the fields of green barley and ripening wheat trembled, and almost vibrated with a white, white-hot light.

"It looks like the eve of the coming of Antichrist, as described in mediæval hymns," remarked Vere: "the sun, before setting never more to rise, sucking all life out of the earth, leaving it but a mound of livid cinders, barren and crumbling, through which the buried nations will easily break their way when they arise."

Baldwin had no intention of resuming their discussion, but to his surprise, and Rheinhardt's annoyance, Vere himself returned to the subject of their former conversation. As they were slowly walking home, watching the strange whiteness gradually turning into the grey of twilight, he said, as he passed his arm through Baldwin's—

"My dear Baldwin, I see very plainly that you think you may have hurt my feelings, and that you are sorry for it. But don't worry yourself about that, because you haven't really done so. I am, excuse my saying so, sufficiently your elder, not merely in years, I think, but in experience of the world, to understand perfectly that to

you everything seems very simple and obvious in this world, and that you haven't had time to find out how difficult it is to know right from wrong. It seems to you that you have written me down, or rather have compelled me to write myself down, a selfish and cowardly wretch; and you are sorry for me now that it should have happened;—nay, don't try to deny it. But I know very well that I am nothing of the sort; and I can understand your position sufficiently to understand why you think me so; and also, considering your point of view, to like you all the better for your indignation. But tell me, has it never struck you, whose philosophy consists in checking the waste of all the good and useful things in the world—has it never occurred to you to ask yourself whether you may not, in this instance, be wasting, ruthlessly scattering to the four winds of heaven, something quite as precious as this leisure to think and this power of thought of which you make so much—wasting a certain proportion of the little happiness which mankind has got?"

"I don't hardly see what you are driving at, Vere," answered Baldwin, pushing open the wicket which separated the farmyard from the common.

"The happiness of mankind—that is to say, of the only part of mankind worth taking into account," put in Rheinhardt, with a malicious pleasure in intruding his own jogtrot philosophy among what he considered the dreams of his two friends—"depends upon its being able to discuss abstract questions without getting red in the face, and telling people that they are vile."

"There is some truth in that also," laughed Vere, "but that was not in my mind. What I mean is this: has it never occurred to you that instead of increasing the happiness of mankind, as you intend doing by insisting that every one who can should seek for the truth in spiritual matters; you would in reality be diminishing that happiness by destroying beliefs, or half-beliefs, which afford infinite comfort and consolation and delight to a large number of men and women?"

"I have never doubted," answered Baldwin, somewhat bitterly, "that it must have been very distressing for the French nobles to have their domains confiscated in the Revolution, and for the poor, elegant, chivalric planters to have their negroes emancipated for them. Still, such distressing things have to be done occasionally."

"You misunderstand me again," answered Vere, "and you might know better than to continue fancying that I am a kind of spiritual æsthete or sybarite. The universe, as religion shows it, is not equally true with the universe as it really exists; but in many cases it is much more beautiful and consoling. What I mean is this: since at the bottom of the Pandora's box which has been given to mankind, and out of which have issued so many cruel truths, there exists the faculty

of disbelieving in some of them, of trusting in good where there is only evil, in imagining sympathy where there is indifference, and justice where there is injustice, of hoping where there is room only to despair—since this inestimable faculty of self-delusion exists, why not let mankind enjoy it, why wish to waste, to rob them of this, their most precious birthright?"

"Because," answered Baldwin, "increasing truth is the law of increasing good; because if we elect to believe that which we wish instead of believing that which is, we are deliberately degrading our nature, rendering it less excellent and useful, instead of more so, than it was; and because by being too cowardly to admit that which is, we are incapacitating ourselves, misleading and weakening others, in the great battle to make the kingdom of that which is into the kingdom of that which should be."

"I leave you to fight out your objective and subjective worlds," said Rheinhardt, taking up a book and settling himself by the lamp.

Vere was silent for a moment. "Every one," he said, "is not called upon to battle in life. Many are sent in to whom it might be merely a tolerably happy journey. What right have we to insist upon telling these things which will poison their happiness, and which will not, perhaps, make them any the more useful? You were speaking about the education of children, and this, which to you is a source of bitterness and reproach, has been to me the subject of much doubt and indecision. And I have come to the conclusion that I have no right to take it for granted that my children will necessarily be put in such positions as to require their knowing the things of which I, alas! have had the bitter certainty; that should such a position be awaiting them, disbelief in all the beautiful and consoling fictions of religion will come but too soon, and that I have no right to make such disbelief come any earlier."

"In short you deliberately teach your children things in which you disbelieve?"

Vere hesitated. "I teach them nothing; their mother is a firm believer, and I leave the children's religious instruction entirely in her hands. I have never," he added with some pride, "made the slightest attempt to undermine my wife's belief; and shall not act differently towards my children."

Baldwin fixed his eyes searchingly upon Vere. "Have you ever really cared much about your wife, Vere?" he asked.

"I married her for love; and I think that even now, I care more for her than for any one else in the world. Why do you ask?"

"Because," answered Baldwin, "it is perfectly inconceivable to me that, if you really love your wife as I should love a wife if I took one, not as my mere squaw, or odalisque, or as the mother of my children,

but, as you say, more than any one else in the world, you can endure that there should exist a subject, the greatest and most solemn in all the world, upon which you and your wife keep your thoughts and feelings secret from each other."

"I have friends,—men, with whom I can discuss it."

"And you can bear to be able to open your whole soul to a friend, while keeping it closed to the person whom you say you love best in the world? You can bear to feel that to your highest thoughts and hopes and fears there is a response in a man, like me, scarcely more than a stranger to you, while there is only blindness and dumbness in this woman who is constantly by your side, and to whom you are more than the whole world? Do you consider this as complete union with another, this deliberate silence and indifference, this growing and changing and maturing of your own mind, while you see her mind cramped and maimed by beliefs which you have long cast behind you?"

"I love my wife, and I respect her belief."

"You may abet her belief, Vere, but if, as you say, you consider it mere error and falsehood, you cannot respect it."

"I respect my wife's happiness, then, and my children's happiness; and for that reason I refrain from laying rough hands upon illusions which are part of that happiness. Accident has brought me into contact with what you, and I, call truth. I have been shorn of my belief; I am emancipated, free, superior—all the things which a thorough materialist is in the eyes of materialists; but," and Vere turned round upon Baldwin with a look of pity and bitterness, "I have not yet attained to the perfection of being a hypocrite, a sophist to myself, of daring to pretend to my own soul that this belief of ours, this truth, is not bitter and abominable, arid and icy to our hearts."

Rheinhardt looked up from his book with a curious expression of wonder. "But, my dear friend," he said, very quietly, "why should the truth be abominable to you? A certain number of years employed as honourably and happily as possible, and after that, what preceded this life of yours; what more would you wish, and what evil is there in this that you should shrink from teaching it to your children? I am not afraid of death; why should you be?"

"You misunderstand me," answered Vere; "Heaven knows I am not afraid of death—nay, more than once it has seemed to me that to lie down and feel my soul, like my body, grow gradually numb and number, till it was chilled out of all consciousness, would be the greatest of joys. The horror of the idea of annihilation is, I think, to all, save Claudios, the horror not of our own annihilation but of the annihilation of others; this Schopenhauer overlooked, as you do, Rheinhardt, when he comfortably argued that after all we should not know whether we were being annihilated or not, that as long as we

ourselves are awake we cannot realize sleep, and that we need only say to ourselves, 'Well, I shall sleep, be unconscious, never wake.' In this there is no horror. But Schopenhauer did not understand, having no heart, that Death is the one who robs us, who takes away the beloved, leaves us with empty arms. The worst of death is not the annihilation of ourselves;—oh, no, that is nothing; no, nor even the blank numbness of seeing the irremediable loss;—it is the sickening, gasping terror, coming by sudden unexpected starts, of foreseeing that which will inevitably be. Poets have said a great deal, especially Leopardi, of Love and Death being brothers, of the desire of the one coming along with the presence of the other; it may be so. But this much is certain, that whatever may be said of the brotherhood of Love and Death, Love, in its larger and nobler sense, is the Wizard who has evoked for us the *fata morgana* of an after life; it is Love who has taught the world, for its happiness, that there is not an endless ocean beyond this life, an ocean without shores, dark, silent, whose waters steam up in black vapours to the black heavens, a rolling chaos of disintegrated thoughts and feelings, all separate, all isolated, heaving up and down in the shapeless eternal flood. It is Love who has taught us that what has been begun here will not for ever be interrupted, nor what has been ill done for ever remain unatoned; that the affection once kindled will never cease, that the sin committed can be wiped out, and the good conceived can be achieved; that the seed sown in life will yet bloom and fructify in death, that it will not have been cast too late upon an evil soil, and the blossom of promise will not for ever have been nipped, the half-ripe fruit not for ever have fallen from the tree; that all within which is good and happy, and for ever struggling here, virtue, genius, will be free to act hereafter; that the creatures thrust asunder in the world, vainly trying to clasp one another in the crowd for ever pushing them apart, may unite for ever. All this is the wonderful phantasmagoria of Love; Love has given it to mankind. What right have we to sweep it away; we—" and Vere turned reproachfully towards Baldwin—"who have perhaps never loved, and never felt the want of such a belief?"

Baldwin was silent for a moment, then answered, as he struck a shower of sparks out of the dull red embers,—

"I have never actually had such a belief, but I have experienced what it is to want it. I was brought up without any religious faith, with only a few general notions of right and wrong; and when I first began to read and to think for myself, my ideas naturally moved in a rationalistic, nay, a materialistic path, so that when in the course of my boyish readings I came upon disputes about an after life, it seemed to me quite impossible to conceive that there could be one. When I was very young I became engrossed in artistic and archæo-

logical subjects: it seemed to me that the only worthy interest in life was the beautiful; and, in my Olympian narrowness of sympathy, people who worried themselves about other questions seemed to me poor, morbid, mediæval wretches. You see, I led a life of great solitude, and great though narrow happiness, shut up among books, and reading only such of them as favoured my perfect serenity of mind. But little by little I got to know other men, and to know somewhat more of the world; then things began gradually to change. I began to perceive the frightful dissonances in the world, the horrible false notes, the abominable harmonies of good and evil; and to meet all this I had only this kind of negative materialism, which could not suffice to give me peace of mind, but which entirely precluded my accepting any kind of theory of spiritual compensation and ultimate justice; I grew uneasy, and then unhappy. Just at that moment it so happened that I lost a friend of mine to whom I was considerably attached, whose life had been quite singularly unfortunate, indeed appeared to be growing a little happier only a few months before his death. It was the first time that death came near me, and close before my eyes. It gave me a frightful moral shock, not so much perhaps the loss of that particular individual to myself as the sense of the complete extinction of his personality, gone like the snuffed-out flame or the spent foam of the sea, gone completely, nowhere, leaving no trace, occupying no other place, become the past, the past for which we can do nothing."

Rheinhardt had put down his book for a moment, and listened, with a puzzled and wondering look. That people should be haunted by thoughts like these seemed to him almost as incomprehensible as that the dead should arise and join in a ghastly dance round the gravestones; nor would this latter phenomenon have seemed to him much the more disgusting of the two; so, after a minute, he settled down again and pulled out of his pocket a volume of Aristophanes.

"You have felt all this, Baldwin," said Vere, "and you would nevertheless deliberately inflict such pain upon others? You have felt all the misery of disbelief in a future life, and you are surprised that I should be unwilling to meddle with the belief of my wife and children?"

"I am surprised at your not being almost involuntarily forced into communicating what you know to be the truth; surprised that, in your mind, there should not be an imperious sense that truth must out. Moreover, I think that the responsibility of holding back truth is always greater than any man can calculate, or any man, could he know the full consequences thereof, could support. We have been speaking of the moral discomfort attendant upon a disbelief in a future life; a moral discomfort, which, say what we may, is nowadays only momentary, does not outlive our first grief at death, for we moderns have not a very vital belief in a future state. Well, we ought also to

think of what was the state of things when such a belief thoroughly existed, when what you call the phantasmagoria of love was a reality ; —bring up to your memory the way in which the mystics of the Middle Ages, and, indeed, the mystics of all times, have spoken of life—as a journey during which the soul must neither plough nor sow, but walk on, its eyes fixed upon heaven, despising the earth which it left barren and bitter as when it came. “*Servate tanquam peregrinum et hospitem super terram, ad quem nihil spectat de mundi negotiis,*” that is what the *Imitation* bids us do. Ask yourself which is the more conducive to men making the world endurable to others and themselves, to men weighing their wishes and thoughts, and bridling their desires, and putting out all their strength for good,—the notion that there is a place beyond the grave where all is perfect, where all sloth and unkindness, and repented folly and selfishness may be expiated and retrieved ; or the notion that whatever excellence there can be, man must make with his own hands, that whatever good may be done, whatever may be felt, repaired, atoned for, must be done, felt, repaired, and atoned for in this world. Even were I logically convinced of the existence of a future life, I should be bound to admit the enervating effect thereof on our sense of responsibility and power of action. I should regret the terrible moral tonic of the knowledge that whatever of good I may do must be done at once, whatever of evil I have done, be effaced at once also. But let this be, and answer me, Vere, do you believe that a single individual has a right to hide from others that which he believes to be the truth ? Do you seriously consider that a man is doing right in destroying, for the sake of the supposed happiness of his children, the spark of truth which happens to be in his power, and which belongs neither to him nor to his children, but to the whole world ? Can you assert that it is honest on your part, in order to save your children the pain of knowing that they will not meet you, or their mother, or their dead friends again in heaven, to refuse to give them that truth for which your ancestors have paid with their blood and their liberty, and which your children are bound to hand on to their children, in order that this little spark of truth may grow into a fire which shall warm and light the whole world ?”

“There is something more at stake than the mere happiness or unhappiness of my children,” answered Vere, “at all events than such happiness as they might get from belief in an after life. There is the happiness, the safety of their conscience.”

“Do you think you can save their conscience by sacrificing your own ?”

“I should not be sacrificing my conscience were I doing that which I felt bound to do, Baldwin. Would you have me teach my children that this world, which they regard as the kingdom of a just and loving God, whose supremest desire is the innocence and happiness

of His creatures, is in reality the battlefield or the playground of physical forces, without thought or conscience; nay, much worse, is the creation either of a principle of good perpetually allying itself to a principle of evil, or of a dreadful unity which permits and furthers good and evil alike? What would you think of me were I to tell my children that all that they had learned of God and Christ is falsehood; and that the true gods of the world are the serenely heartless, the foully bloodthirsty gods of early Greece, of Phœnicia, and Asia Minor? You would certainly think me a bad father. Yet this old mythology represents with marvellous accuracy the purely scientific view of the world, the impression given by the mere contemplation of Nature, with its conflicting and caballing divinities, good and bad, black and white, resisting and assisting one another, beneficent and wicked, pure and filthy by turns. The chaos, the confusion, the utter irresponsibility, which struck the framers of old myths, is still there. All these stories seem to us very foolish and very horrible: an omniscient, omnipotent Zeus, threatened by a mysterious, impersonal Fate, looming dimly behind him; a Helios who ripens the crops and ripens the pestilence; a Cybele for ever begetting and suckling and mutilating; we laugh at all this. But with what do we replace it? And if we look at our prosaic modern nature, as is shown us by science, can we accuse the chaotic and vicious fancy of those early explainers of it? Do we not see in this nature bounty and cruelty greater than that of any early gods, combats more blind than any Titan's battles, marriages of good and evil more hideous than any incests of the old divinities, monster births of excellence and baseness more foul than any Centaur or Minotaur; and do we not see the great gods of the universe sitting and eating the flesh of men, not unconsciously, but consciously, serenely, and without rebuke?"

"That's a curious observation of yours," put in Rheinhardt; "but it would appear as if there had here been a difference between the two generations; that with the Semitic the feeling of right and wrong, of what ought or ought not to be in the abstract, entirely overshadows mere direct perception, scientific perception of Nature, and considerable phenomena, not with respect to their necessity, but with reference to their ethical propriety; while, as you remark, the Aryan race——"

But Rheinhardt's generalizations were altogether wasted upon his two friends.

"Such is Nature," pursued Vere, with impetuosity; "and in it your scientific minds bid us to seek for moral peace and moral safety. How can we aspire, as to the ideal of moral goodness, to that which produces evil—ineffable, inevitable evil? How measure our moral selves against this standard; how blush before this unblushing god? How dare we look for consolation where our moral sense, if

enlightened, must force us to detest and to despise? Where, then, shall we seek the law, the rule by which to govern our lives? And the horror of horrors lies in this—that we are forced to conceive as evil all that which is at variance with the decrees of Nature, of this same Nature which is for ever committing evil greater than any of us could commit,—herein, that we cannot rebel. As long as Nature meant the Devil, it might be opposed; but we know that for us there can be no good save in obeying Nature—obeying that which is not good in itself; it has, as if with intentional malice, forced us to bend, to walk in its ways; if we refuse solidarity with it, we are sucked into a worse evil still. The sight of individual misfortune can never bring home this horrible anomaly as does a study of the way in which whole peoples have been sacrificed first to sin, then to expiation; of the manner in which every rebellion against this evil-polluted nature, every attempt of man to separate himself, to live by a rule of purity of his own, has been turned into a source of new abominations. Am I to show all this to my children, and say to them: Only Nature is good; and Nature is the evillest thing that we can conceive, since it forces to do evil and then punishes. Would a belief in Ashtaroth or Moloch not be as moral as this one?"

Baldwin waited till Vere had come to an end.

"I can quite understand all that you feel, because I have felt it myself," he said, unshaken by his friend's vehemence. "I was telling you of the terrible depression which gradually came over me as I perceived what the world really was; and which, for a couple of years at least, made me live in constant moral anguish, especially after the death of that friend of mine had, as I told you, brought home to me how the disbelief in a future life took away the last possibility of believing in a just and merciful Providence. I revolved in my mind every possible scheme for conciliating the evil inherent in the world with our desire for good. Christianity, Buddhism, Positivism, they all assumed to quiet our conscience with the same hollow lie; Positivism saying that the time would come when Nature and good would be synonymous; Christianity reminding us that man may have but a moment wherein to become righteous, while God has all eternity; always the same answer, the evil permitted or planned in the past is to be compensated by the good in the future, agony suffered is to be repaid in happiness, either to the worn-out, broken soul in another world, or to the old, worn-out humanity in this. Such answers made me but the more wretched by their obvious futility: How efface the indelible? can God himself undo the accomplished, cancel that which has been committed and suffered? Can the God of religion, with His after-death, Paradise joys, efface the reality of the agonies endured upon earth? Can the inconceivable of Positivism efface with the happiness of the men of the twentieth century the misery of the men of the nineteenth? Can good cause evil in the

same individual,—the warmth and honour of the old man cancel the starvation and cold and despair of the youth? Can evil suffered be blotted out, and evil committed be erased? Forgiven perhaps; but effaced, taken from out of the register of the things that have been, never. This plea of the future, whether in this world or another, what is it, but a half-hour which the mercy of man gives to his God wherein to repent and amend and reprieve; a half-hour of centuries indeed, but a half-hour none the less in eternity, and to expiate the evil done in a lifetime of infinitude?"

"What is the use of going on like that?" asked Rheinhardt; "why cannot you two be satisfied with the infinite wickedness of mankind, without adding thereunto the wickedness of Nature? As Wolfram von Eschenbach remarked already six centuries ago,—'Ihr nöthigt Gott nichts ab durch Zorn'—try and reform man, but leave God alone. But in truth all such talk is a mere kind of rhetorical exercise, brought into fashion by Schopenhauer, who would have been horrified at the waste of time and words for which he is responsible."

"We shall certainly not make Nature repent and reform by falling foul of her," answered Vere; "but at all events, by protesting against evil, however inevitable, we shall prevent ourselves being degraded into passive acceptance of it."

"I was going to say," went on Baldwin, "that I went through all these phases of moral wretchedness. And while they lasted, the temptation to have done with them, to free myself by a kind of intellectual suicide, was constantly pursuing me; it seemed as if every person I spoke with, every book that I opened, kept repeating to me,—'Disbelieve in your reason, and believe in your heart; that which may be impossible to your logic, may yet be possible to God's goodness.' It seemed to me as if I would give everything to be permitted to lay down my evil convictions, to shut my intellectual eyes, to fall into spiritual sleep, to dream—to be permitted to dream those beautiful dreams which consoled other men, and never again to wake up to the dreadful reality. But I saw that to do so would be mean and cowardly; I forced myself to keep awake in that spiritual cold, to see things plainly, and trudge quietly forward upon that bleak and hideous road. Instead of letting myself believe, I forced myself to doubt and examine all the more; I forced myself to study all the subjects which seemed as if they must make my certainty of evil only stronger and stronger. I instinctively hated science, because science had destroyed my belief in justice and mercy; I forced myself, for a while, to read only scientific books. Well, I was rewarded. Little by little it dawned upon me that all my misery had originated in a total misconception of the relative positions of Nature and of man; I began to perceive that the distinction between right and wrong conduct had arisen in the course of the evolution of mankind, that right

and wrong meant only that which was conducive or detrimental to the increasing happiness of humanity, that they were referable only to human beings in their various relations with one another; that it was impossible to explain them, except with reference to human society, and that to ask for moral aims and moral methods of mere physical forces, which had no moral qualities, and which were not subject to social relations, or to ask for them of any Will hidden behind those forces, and who was equally independent of those human and social necessities which alone accounted for a distinction between right and wrong, was simply to expect one set of phenomena from objects which could only present a wholly different set of phenomena: to expect sound to be recognized by the eye, and light and colour to be perceived by the ear. In short, I understood that man was dissatisfied and angry with Nature, only because he had accustomed himself to think of Nature as only another man like himself, liable to human necessities, placed in human circumstances, and capable, therefore, of human virtues and vices, and that I had been in reality no wiser than the fool who flew into a rage with the echo, or the child who strikes the table against which it has hurt itself."

"I see," said Vere, bitterly, "your moral cravings were satisfied by discovering that Nature was not immoral, because Nature had never heard of morality. It appears not to have struck you that this utterly neutral character of Nature, this placid indifference to right and wrong, left man in a dreadful moral solitude; and might make him doubt whether, since morality did not exist for Nature, it need exist at all; whether, among all these blind physical forces, he too might not be a mere blind physical force."

"On the contrary," answered Baldwin, "when I came to understand why morality was not a necessity for Nature, I also understood why morality was a necessity for man; the rule of the road, the rule that each coachman must take a particular side of the street with reference to other coachmen, could certainly not exist before the existence of streets and of carriages being driven along them; but without that rule of the road, gradually established by the practice of drivers, one carriage would merely smash into another, and the thoroughfare be hopelessly blocked. Thus it has been with morality. Rules of the road are unnecessary where there are neither roads nor carriages; and morality would be unnecessary, indeed inconceivable, where there are no human interests in collision; morality, I now feel persuaded, is the exclusive and essential qualification of the movements of an assemblage of men, as distinguished from an assemblage of stones, or plants, or beasts, the qualification of man's relation, not with un sentient things, but with sentient creatures. Why go into details? You know that the school of philosophy to which I adhere has traced all distinctions of right and wrong to the perceptions, enforced upon man by mankind, and upon mankind by man, of the

difference between such courses as are conducive to the higher development and greater happiness of men, and such other courses as are conducive only to their degradation and extinction. Such a belief, so far from leaving me in moral solitude, and making me doubt of my own moral nature, brings home to me that I am but a drop in the great moral flood called progress; that my own morality is but a result of the morality of millions of other creatures who have preceded me and surround me now; that my morality is an essential contribution to the morality of millions of creatures who will come after me; that on all sides, the more society develops, there is a constantly increasing intricacy of moral connection between the present, the past, and the future. If I refuse to press on in the ranks of good, there will be so much the less havoc made in the ranks of evil; if I fall, those on either side of me will be less united and less vigorous to resist, those following after me will stumble; I must therefore keep in my place, be borne by the current mass of moral life, instead of being passed over and trampled by it."

Vere did not answer. He looked vaguely towards the window, at the ghostly billows of the downs, dark blue, bleak, unsubstantial, under the bright cold windy sky. The wind had risen, and went moaning round the farm, piping shrilly in all its chinks and crannies, and making a noise as of distant waters in the firs of the common. Suddenly in the midst of the silence within doors, there came from the adjoining room a monotonous trickle or dribble of childish voice, going on breathless, then halting suddenly exhausted, but with uniform regularity.

"It is Willie reading the Bible to his grandmother," remarked Rheinhardt; "the old lady is left alone at home with him on Sunday evenings, while her husband goes to the village. It is a curious accompaniment to your and Baldwin's pessimistic groanings and utilitarian jubilations."

"I think," remarked Baldwin, after a moment's fruitless listening to catch the words from next door, "I think in some matters we unbelievers might take a lesson from our neighbours. I was very much struck to-day, while listening to Monsignore's sermon, with the thought that that man feels it his duty to teach others that which he believes to be the truth, and that we do not."

"It is a priest's profession to preach, my dear Baldwin," put in Rheinhardt; "he lives by it, lives off his own preaching and off the preaching of all the other priests that live now or ever have lived."

"We unbelievers—I should rather say we believers in the believable"—answered Baldwin, "should all of us be, in a fashion, priests. You say that Monsignore lives off his own preaching and the preaching of all Catholic priests that ever have been. Well; and do we not live spiritually, do we not feed our soul upon the truth which we ourselves can find, upon the truth which generations of men

have accumulated for us? If, in the course of time, there be no more priests in the world, I mean in the old sense, it will be that every man will be a priest for his own family, and every man of genius a priest for the whole of mankind. What I was thinking of just now is this: that this Monsignore, whom we consider a sort of clever deluded fool, and this old peasant woman, whose thoughts scarcely go beyond her village, are impressed with the sense of the responsibility incurred by the possession of what they consider superior truth—the responsibility of not keeping that truth to themselves, but participating it with others; and that herein they both of them assume a position far wiser, far more honest, far nobler, than do we unbelievers, who say, ‘What does it matter if others know only error, as long as ourselves know truth?’”

“You forget,” answered Rheinhardt, “that both Monsignore and our landlady are probably persuaded that unless they share their spiritual knowledge with their neighbours, they will be responsible for the souls of those neighbours. And if you remember what may, in the opinion of the orthodox, happen to the souls of such persons as have been slightly neglected in their religious education, I think you will admit that there is plenty to feel responsible about.”

“You mean that there is nothing for us to feel responsible about. Not so. Whatever may happen to the souls of our fellows will indeed not happen in an after-world, nor will they suffer in a physical hell of Dante, or enjoy themselves in a physical Paradise of Mahomet. But there is, nevertheless, for the souls which we know, for the souls which look up to us for instruction and assistance, a hell. A hell of moral doubt and despair and degradation, a hell where there is fire enough to scorch the most callous, and ice enough to numb the warmest, and mud to clog and bedraggle the most noble among us. Yes. There is a hell in the moral world, and there is heaven, and there is God; the heaven of satisfied conscience, the God of our own aspirations; and from this heaven, from the sight of this God, it is in our power to exclude those most beloved by us. Shut them out because we have not the courage to see them shiver and wince one moment in the cold and the light of truth; shut them out and leave them to wander in a world of phantoms, upon the volcano crust of that hell of moral disbelief, unaware of its existence or, aware too late, too suddenly of the crater opening beneath their feet. That old woman in the next room is teaching, feels bound to teach, her child the things which she looks upon as truth. And shall a man like you, Vere, refuse to teach your children what you know to be true? Will you leave them to believe that the world and man and God, the past and future and present, are wholly different from what they really are; or else to discover, unaided, with slow anguish or sudden despair, that all is different from what they thought, that there is falsehood where they relied on truth, and evil where they

looked up to good; till falsehood and evil shall seem everywhere and truth and good nowhere? You spoke of the moral happiness and safety of your children; will you let them consist in falsehood, and depend upon the duration of error? Will you let your children run the risk of losing their old faith, without helping them to find a new one? Will you waste so much of their happiness for themselves, and of their usefulness for the world?"

Vere did not answer; he remained as if absorbed in thought, nervously tearing the petals off a rose which stood in the glass before him.

"Do please leave that flower alone, Vere," remonstrated Reinhardt; "that is just the way that all you pessimists behave—pulling to pieces the few pleasant things which Nature or man has succeeded in making, because the world is not as satisfactory as it might be. Such a nice rose that was, the very apple of our landlady's eye, who picked it to afford you a pleasant surprise for supper, and you have merely made a mess of it on the tablecloth. That's what comes of thinking too much about responsibilities. One doesn't see the mischief one's fingers are up to."

And Rheinhardt, who was a tidy man, rose, and carefully swept the pink petals and the yellow seeds off the table into his hand, and thence transferred them into a little earthenware jar full of dry rose leaves, which he kept, in true eighteenth-century style, on his writing table.

"That is the difference of our philosophies," he remarked, with satisfaction; "you tear to pieces the few roses that are given us, and we pick up their leaves, and get the pleasant scent of them even when withered."

"The definition is not bad," put in Baldwin, throwing a bundle of faggots on the fire, and making it crackle and flare up lustily, flooding the room with ruddy light.

Vere turned away his face from the glow, and looked once more vaguely and wistfully, into the bleak blueness of common and downy lying chill and dim in the moonlight.

"What you have been saying, Baldwin," he at last remarked, "may perhaps be true. It may be that it would be wiser to teach my children the things which I believe to be true. But you see I love my children a great deal; and— Well, I mean that I have not the heart to assume the responsibility of such a decision."

"You shirk your responsibilities," answered Baldwin, "and in doing so, you take upon yourself the heaviest responsibility of any."

VERNON LEE.

NATIVE COUNCILS IN FIJI.

("NA VEIMBOSE VAKA TURANGA.")

1875-80.

THE communal polity, and system of government by councils, with which we are all familiar from Indian and other examples, does not prevail among races of Aryan descent alone; and when, with the unwilling assent of Her Majesty's Government, the islands of Fiji, some nine years ago, passed into the possession of the British Crown, such a system was found in vigorous existence there.

Always regarding himself as one of a community, the Fijian has been accustomed in all his acts, and even in all his thoughts, to move in concert with his fellows,—with his immediate family, his village, his sept, his tribe, his district, as the case requires. Even the highest chiefs recognized their position as members of the tribe, and, arbitrary as their acts towards individuals occasionally were, they invariably acknowledged, in matters of general policy, the superior authority of the councils, which they indeed called together, but in which, when assembled, they only bore a part, and the decisions of which they were unable to disregard.

Nothing was done in the way of communal work, nothing of importance was ordered by any chief, without a previous Veim Bose, or discussion. Every village had, in addition to its chiefs and hereditary office-bearers, a council of elders. The chiefs of villages discussed, with the Buli of the district, all matters of general interest to the tribe, and the Bulis themselves formed a council to the Roko Tui, or kinglet of the province. Such was at least, roughly speaking, the general theory, modified in practice by many causes, and by none more profoundly than by the residence in the group of white men, whose influence was invariably exerted either to strengthen the despotism of the chief, who protected them, or to replace all other authority by their own.

The missionary and the trader had soon been followed to Fiji by the cotton planter and the settler. Large areas were between 1860 and 1870 purchased and partially occupied by white men, and more than one attempt to give to the settlers the control of the government had, during that time, been made, and had failed.

In 1871 a more serious, and apparently more successful, effort was made to establish a sovereignty over the group, nominally vested in the great chief Thakombau, but to be in fact exercised by Ministers named by the settlers themselves. There can be no doubt that the Fijian constitution of 1871 was framed with the intention of conducting the government according to the dictation and for the exclusive benefit of the "superior race," but the Ministers quickly perceived (and it is creditable to their sagacity that they should have done so), that if in compliance with these anticipations they attempted to govern without regard to the susceptibilities and position of the chiefs, or to the interests of the people in whose hands all physical force rested, the attempt must end in failure: if, on the other hand, they elected to consult native interests, and to govern through native agency, they cut away from under them the support of their own countrymen who formed the "Parliament," which had placed and kept them in office, and voted the supplies which enabled them to exist. Through so perilous a strait it would have been difficult for the ablest man to steer, and (with one remarkable exception) the Ministers of Thakombau were men of but moderate capacity, and limited experience. Still, though shipwreck was in any case imminent, it is clear that, for the moment, the European Ministers of Thakombau would have rendered their position more secure by yielding to the pressure of the settlers, and it is to their honour that they adopted an opposite course. The legislation proposed by them was of a far more intelligent character than has usually distinguished attempts to introduce the forms and phraseology of civilized States among races unfitted to receive them, but after making the somewhat *naïve* discovery that to commit all administrative and legislative power to a legislature of foreigners elected by foreign residents was scarcely compatible with any theory of national independence, the Government fell into bad odour with the settlers, who clamoured for annexation to Great Britain. The King was advised to yield to this clamour so far as to inquire whether such an offer would be accepted. The inquiry was no doubt made in the anticipation that the offer of cession would be refused, as it had been fifteen years previously, and that the settlers, having thus ascertained that their wishes could not be realized, would reconcile themselves to the inevitable.

When it appeared, however, that the cession would, if again tendered, be on certain conditions accepted, considerable hesitation was shown as to the renewal of the offer, and but for the exercise of

pressure certainly not contemplated by Her Majesty's Government, Thakombau would have elected to retain his sovereignty. Whether such a Government would, under any circumstances, have lasted, may very reasonably be doubted. Speculation, however, on this point is idle. Thakombau and the other High Chiefs of Fiji, on the 21st of March, 1874, absolutely surrendered their sovereignty to the Queen, and on the 10th of October in that year signed a formal Deed of Cession, which made them British subjects, thus raising again the question—one which has seldom been answered in any satisfactory manner—how a large native population should be governed by a handful of white aliens?

Fortunately on this occasion, policy, and indeed necessity, pointed in the same direction as right and justice. The white settlers in Fiji had not colonized an empty waste, or cultivated for the first time land until then only roamed over by nomadic savages. The estates of the planters were scattered here and there among a large and industrious settled population, owners and cultivators of the soil, and possessing a complex social and political organization in vigorous activity. Where this is the case, and when a native population also outnumbers, by more than fifty to one, the strangers dwelling among them, it is not safe, even if it be practicable, to deny to the natives a large measure of self-government.

Such an acknowledgment, indeed, might have been grudgingly accorded, and accompanied by a jealous reluctance to extend such privileges one hair's breadth beyond the narrowest limits within which, consistently with safety, they could be confined, but this was not the spirit in which the question was approached, either by those in authority at home, or those to whom the practical direction of affairs in the new colony was entrusted.

They were well aware that it was not enough to abstain from seeking hastily to replace native institutions by unreal imitations of European models, but that it was also of the utmost importance to seize the spirit in which native institutions had been framed, and develop to the utmost extent the capacities of the people for the management of their own affairs, without exciting their suspicion or destroying their self-respect. Every effort was therefore made to preserve the traditional laws and customs, to maintain in authority the local chiefs, and in all possible ways to utilize the existing native organization.

As regards the Councils, of which mention has before been made, little more was required than to define with somewhat greater accuracy their method of procedure, and to regulate their times of meeting. The District Councils, or *Bose ni Tikina*, which meet once a month, under the presidency of the *Buli*, nominate the chiefs of towns, and may suspend them from office. They also discuss and regulate all local matters, such as the cleansing and scavenging of villages, the management of animals belonging to

the different communities, the maintenance of roads and bridges, the control of public bathing places. They also superintend the payment, out of local rates, of the village constables. The Bosevaka Yasana, or Provincial Council, meets half-yearly, under the presidency of the Roko Tui. In its presence every Buli is compelled to reply to a series of questions as to the state of his district, and to it has been assigned the discussion of all provincial affairs, and the imposition of provincial rates, subject, of course, to the Governor's approval.

The chain connecting the village authorities with the Government has been completed by the institution of an annual meeting of the Roko Tuis themselves, and of representatives chosen from all districts of Fiji, presided over by the Governor. This assembly has however been called into being almost undesignedly, and has assumed its present social and political importance rather by natural development than of set purpose.

At the urgent request of Thakombau, the Governor consented to receive the assurances of fealty of the principal chiefs of Fiji after their own native fashion, at Bau, the native capital, in September, 1875. All the Roko Tuis and other great chiefs assembled to attend that ceremony, and after its close various questions were submitted by the Governor to their consideration. The chiefs thus collected had not been brought together for this special purpose, but advantage was taken of their accidental presence to consult them.

In answer to the questions put to them, they shortly explained the nature, and showed the necessity for the preservation, of "Lala"—the peculiar institution which may be variously regarded as a tenure of land by service, or (in my opinion more correctly) as a communal duty imposed on all members of the commune; and they suggested limitations on its exercise which were afterwards adopted by law. They made sensible recommendations as to the modification of the law of marriage and divorce, and requested time more minutely to examine the other laws of the old Fijian Government which had been submitted to them. They approved generally of the scheme suggested for native taxation in kind; and called attention to the abuses which attended the recruiting of labourers for service in provinces distant from their homes. They recommended the appointment of a Roko Tui to the province of Mathuata, and the return to their homes of the chiefs who, for political reasons, had been detained under surveillance by the former Government. They also made suggestions as to various ceremonial matters, such as the title to be borne by the Queen in Fiji, and the forms of salutation to be observed towards the Governor.

This meeting had been purely experimental, but the result was such as to encourage the summons, in the following year, of a more formal gathering, and one was accordingly held in December, 1876,

at Waikava, in the island of Vanua Levu. The Roko Tuis, native stipendiary magistrates, and two Bulis from each of the fourteen provinces in the group, were summoned to attend this meeting, which lasted seventeen days.

Each Roko Tui gave in a report, sometimes written, but more generally oral, the contents of which were freely discussed by the whole assembly, questions being asked and explanations given with respect to any point raised by it. In this manner the condition of each province was brought under review, and every topic of interest submitted for debate. After the reports of the Rokos were concluded, the code of native laws in force under the old Fijian Government was carefully gone through and commented on, with a view to revision and amendment. But though questions put were duly answered, and topics brought before the meeting fairly discussed, there was an absence of life and spirit in the proceedings. Accustomed during the past few years to constant changes, the chiefs felt uncertain as to the continuance of the meetings, and seemed to doubt whether they were really intended to wear a permanent character, or to exercise any real influence on the administration of affairs.

A marked advance was, however, visible when the Council met in the following year at Rewa, where it sat twenty-five days. There was no longer the same passive waiting for suggestions which had been shown on previous occasions. Questions were freely put, and new subjects of discussion broached; and for the first time the idea that the Bose had become a permanent institution seemed to be grasped by those taking part in it.

In the following three years this improvement in the character and business habits of the assembly became yet more marked. The body was evidently alive, and showed its life by taking shapes which had not been looked for, and spontaneously adapting itself to the requirements of the time. Before I left the colony, in 1880, the functions of the different Councils—the District Council, Bose ni Tikina—the Provincial Council, Bose vaka Yasana—and the Great, or literally *Chiefly*, Council, Bose vaka Turaga—had been fixed by law, and the order of proceedings at the Great Council had taken what may, I believe, be considered a permanent shape.

The meeting, which is held each year in a different province, is opened, as are all solemn native gatherings, by the formal preparation of *yanggona*. A speech from the Governor follows.

The members of the Council usually hold three sittings each day, morning, afternoon, and evening. In the morning, before other business, questions are put on all sorts of subjects; afterwards the reports of the Roko Tuis are delivered in order, commencing with that of the Roko Tui in whose province the Council is assembled.

According to European ideas, the proper course would be for each

of these reports to be wholly delivered without interruption, and subsequently discussed. If this were, however, attempted, it would be found that points would be forgotten, or that an unwillingness, arising from politeness, to revive a subject of difference would probably prevent discussion altogether. The Fijian fashion is therefore followed of noticing each point as it arises, so that the discussion of a single report, and of the motions founded on it, sometimes occupies several days. In this manner local grievances and disputes are brought under the consideration of the Council more certainly than would otherwise be the case, and are dealt with by a body which, more or less roughly, represents the whole of Fiji—an incalculable advantage in the administration of affairs. When the reports are concluded, and all the motions founded on them (which probably form three-fourths of the labours of the Council) are disposed of, the subjects mentioned in the Governor's speech are considered, and resolutions with regard to them adopted. A letter to the Queen is also prepared and signed by the principal chiefs.

Usually all the members of the Council sit together, but when matters arise which particularly concern the community at large, the minor chiefs consult together under a president, one of themselves, not a Roko Tui, specially named for the occasion, and report to the general body. This may perhaps be looked on only as the formation of a sort of large committee, but it really more nearly resembles an elementary separation of the assembly into two "houses"—the more remarkable because perfectly natural and spontaneous.

At the last sitting the resolutions of the meeting are read over, and as each is read the Governor makes a reply to it. If it relates to some executive matter, he at once gives his decision; if it is of a legislative character, and meets with his approval, he promises to bring it before the Native Regulation Board. Should he disapprove, he explains the reasons for his dissent.

This Great Council possesses no legislative power. Its resolutions are mere recommendations. If the Governor thinks it expedient to adopt them, they are brought before a Board, composed partly of Europeans, and partly of Natives, which has the power of enacting Regulations which possess, subject to approval by the Legislative Council, the force of law. But though possessing no direct legislative authority, it is impossible not to see that such a body as the Veimbose vaka Turaga wields far more influence on the course of legislation than can be enjoyed by half a dozen natives sitting as members of a legislature otherwise wholly composed of white men, as is the case in New Zealand. Very many, indeed most, of the recommendations of the Bose have become law, by being embodied either in Ordinances of the Legislative Council or in Regulations adopted by the board above referred to.

The Native Lands Ordinance of 1880 is mainly based on resolutions which, after much patient elaboration at three previous meetings, were finally adopted by the Bose vaka Turanga in January, 1880, and form one of the most curious and valuable records which ever emanated from such a source. The Industrial Schools Ordinance is almost wholly the work of the Bose vaka Turaga, and the legislation with respect to Native Indentured Labour has been largely influenced by its deliberations.

If the action of the Council with regard to this subject—in itself an interesting one—be followed up in some detail, it will probably give a better idea of its working than a more cursory notice of a greater number of the topics dealt with.

It is not generally understood in this country that there is within the limits of the colony of Fiji itself a labour traffic, not very different in some respects from that which exists in the more remote regions of the Western Pacific.

The earlier settlers in Fiji cultivated their plantations with the aid of the natives living on the land they had purchased. In most cases, however, this arrangement was found not to answer. The natives seldom fully comprehended that the new proprietor had acquired exclusive rights over the land. If he had bought from the chief, he was supposed to have purchased the chief's rights only. If, on the other hand, the vendors were the "Taukeis," or occupants of the soil, the buyer was held to have acquired nothing more than a right of occupation such as the vendors themselves possessed, a right to be exercised in conjunction with them, and not to their own exclusion. Disputes arose, and the settlers in many cases forcibly expelled the natives from the whole of the land they had purchased, and burned the villages which stood within its boundaries.

The natural resource of the planter, when he had driven off the population from his own estate, was to purchase labour from the nearest local chief. The planter gave a present to the chief, and the chief gave the planter men in return for a longer or shorter period. But this arrangement did not prove much more satisfactory than the employment of the original occupants of the land. When local labour was thus employed, and the labourers were still in the immediate neighbourhood of their homes, the presence there of their wives and children, and the desire to keep their own gardens in good order, induced them to be more frequently absent than was agreeable to their employers, and promoted habits of greater independence than suited the planter's wishes. The native labourers, moreover, were still in the vicinity and under the eye of their local chief, and were able to appeal to him in case of ill-usage. Moreover, it is undoubtedly the case that, for reasons which are easily explained, but of which it is impossible within the limits of this article to

treat, the Fijian is, when at home, more inclined to work for himself and his commune than for strangers. The planters accordingly began to import labour from other parts of Polynesia, from the New Hebrides, the Line Islands, the Solomon group, and elsewhere.

It soon, however, occurred to some that the same system might be conveniently applied to Fiji itself, and that if men were brought from the more distant islands of the group they would be practically as far removed from home influences, and as completely under the absolute control of their masters, as if they had been brought from the New Hebrides or more distant islands, whilst the expense of introducing them would be considerably less.

A power of commanding the services of the chief's own Qali (*Gens*) no doubt existed, but the degree to which that power could be carried was limited by well-settled custom, and any arbitrary extension of it not unfrequently cost a chief his life: nor can a trace be found of any custom which authorized the chief to sell the services of his people, or send them from their own lands to labour for another, and the assumption of such power only began about twenty years ago.

At first, the planter, or his manager, used to go over and personally purchase from the chiefs the services of the number of men he required. This, however, was soon found to take up time, and to be otherwise objectionable. It was more convenient to receive labourers delivered by others without asking embarrassing questions, and the trade soon fell almost wholly into the hands of men styled recruiters, or labour agents, who either purchased men on their own account for the purpose of retailing them to planters at a higher price, or executed orders received from the planters for a given number of men.

Upon the establishment of British authority in Fiji, the chiefs were informed that the practice of sending out their people in this manner must cease, as in future no man could be allowed to work except by his own free will and consent.

The immediate result was, as might have been anticipated, a diminution in the supply of "native labour." The purchase of labourers, however, as opposed to their voluntary engagement, was not thus put an end to; although the bribes hitherto given openly were now tendered in secret, or paid through indirect channels.

In some cases Rokos and Bulis have been offered secretly a sum of money for every man the planters succeed in hiring. The personal and official influence of the chiefs being thus brought into play, many natives have been compelled to choose between the inconvenience of leaving their homes, or of offending their superiors.

In other cases men have been induced to enter into contracts of service in return for presents nominally given to the individual engaged, but in reality given to his relatives, friends, or village superiors.

The success of the recruiting agent in such a case depends upon the wants of heads of families, village elders, and others having either patriarchal, personal, or official influence. A man may not wish to leave home, but his father, his uncle, or elder brother wants an axe, his women-folk want print or calico; he is asked to go, and sometimes threatened. Should he consent, there is an end of the matter; should he disclose unexpected resolution and refuse to do so, ridicule and reproach are heaped upon him. His friends become angry at his "want of love for them," and his position becomes very uncomfortable.

Few stand this ordeal; they go with the recruiter, but to say they go willingly is not correct. The men are unfairly influenced by their friends and elders, and the friends and elders are influenced by a trade transaction.

There are others who leave home for different reasons, such, for instance, as jealousy or anger in regard to their wives, or because they have been guilty of some offence against native law, and anticipate exposure. Large numbers engage because they have been summoned before the magistrate to answer complaints. If the man summoned thinks he is likely to be punished, he avails himself of the first opportunity to remove himself to a distance.

There are no doubt also a certain number who go perfectly voluntarily, and without any discreditable reason, or probably any reason at all except a desire to "see the world."

At the first meeting of the Council at Draiba it was suggested that all children should be prevented from going to work out of their own district; that the custom of making presents to chiefs for labour should be strictly prohibited; that the allotment by chiefs of men to go and work in other provinces, should be forbidden, and that it should be a matter for the people's own choice whether or not they would engage to work. "Let them volunteer."

In the following year it was urged that all generally should be at liberty to work for hire in their own districts, but that women, married men, and children should be forbidden to leave their province for that purpose; that of the unmarried men, not more than half should be absent at once; that all going to work should inform the Buli, who should send them before the Roko, who should send them before the European magistrate to engage if they were free to do so; that none but owners or their overseers should engage labourers; and that labourers should be returned to their village immediately on the expiration of their term of service.

In writing to the Queen, they said:—

"One thing we wish to say about our common people. It is the habit of your own people here to take them away from their homes to other provinces to work. The white man takes them and sells them to owners of plantations.

They work their term of labour, but when the time comes at which they ought to leave and return to their homes, they find no means of doing so, and are not then able to leave or return to their towns, and, in consequence, their relatives, their wives, their children, and their old people are left in a most pitiable condition. We tell this that you may know the distress that our people suffer from the ways of the natives of your land."

In 1877 an Ordinance was passed regulating the traffic in native labour, which put a stop to its most evident abuses, and in that year no resolution on the subject was adopted by the council; but the law was in various ways evaded, and in 1878 we find the Veimbose representing that—

"This going away to labour is the root of evil in some provinces, for it produces famine among the people of the land. The strong and able-bodied men go to work; the weak—old men and women, boys and girls—are left behind unprotected.

"In the province of Ba this evil has been greatest. There none but the aged have been left behind, and as these could not plant, famine has been the result. A hurricane alone could have produced worse results."

The Council also made suggestions as to a remedy which they substantially repeated in 1879.

"Prohibit the giving and receiving of 'yaqona' by anyone concerned, either the labourers desiring to work, or any of their friends. Let the people be given their pay when they have finished their work. Let all children, women, and married men be prohibited from going. Let the young men only go, and out of every three let one go, if willing, but let two remain at home. Let the Buli know of every person who leaves his district. Let him write to the Roko to whom the labourers should be taken, and who from the census returns will know if the number from the district or town has exceeded those who may lawfully go to work. If it exceeds that number, let the Roko return them to their homes. From the Roko let them go to the white stipendiary magistrate to be passed and indentured in due form."

And in 1880 they adopted the following resolution *respecting labourers going to work out of their province* :—

"We have discussed this every year, and it would appear as if nothing could be done to improve the working of the system, or bring to an end the evils connected with it, for they continue and increase. If a measure is passed to improve it, it is hardly tried before some new course is pursued which nullifies it. And now people are being taken by stealth on board the vessels by night, women and children. It is a source of vexation and trouble to the friends of the people, and an exceeding difficult matter for us officials, and we fear trouble, which may result in injury to persons, for which some may be punished. This is one thing. And, secondly, when labourers are taken away properly, they are not returned to their homes at the end of their engagements. Again, when their time has expired, they are sometimes not returned to their town, but to the first land to which the vessel puts in. They are landed there, often a long distance from their town, and suffer in carrying their goods overland. We again, with importunity, pray that you may not be offended with us, but hear us once more. Can nothing be done to put a stop to the evils of the system?"

Similar representations have been since made, and an Ordinance

lately passed has given substantial effect to the views of the Veimbose.

The Regulations of the Native Regulations Board, which is by law obliged to meet within a month of the rising of the Bose vaka Turaga, show, as might be expected, far more distinct traces of the Council's influence than the Ordinances of the Legislative Council. A mere gleaning from the titles will suffice to show the great variety of the topics with which they deal. As we casually turn the pages we see the headings, "Respecting Magistrates' Courts," "Regarding Service Tenure," "For the better Prevention of Fires," "Respecting the Trespass of Animals," "Regarding Theft," "For the Prevention of Evil-speaking," "Regarding Assaults," "Regarding Marriage and Divorce," "Registration of Births and Deaths," "Concerning Schools," "Concerning Lost Property," "Concerning the Duties of Heads of Households and Chiefs of Mataqualis," "The Cutting of Sandal Wood," "The Registration of Lands," "The Purchase of Vessels and Boats," "The Management of Industrial Schools," and many others relating to matters as intimately affecting the daily life and closest interests of the people.

It has been thought best to retain these Regulations as far as possible in the same shape in which they had been framed by their native authors, only altering them where they contained provisions manifestly objectionable, or where some modification appeared necessary to give them practical effect. It has not been sought to alter them merely because it might appear that better measures could have been devised when abstractedly considered. It has always been borne in mind that these Regulations had, to a great extent, to be administered by the natives themselves, and that a code which they understood, and had taken part in preparing, would be more easily worked, and far more willingly and intelligently obeyed, than much better regulations imposed by external force, but which they might neither comprehend nor appreciate.

The legislative recommendations of the Bose vaka Turaga, however, though of great value, are by no means a measure of the utility of their deliberations. The ventilation of local grievances which might otherwise have been long brooded over in silence and discontent, the settlement of disputes as to boundaries, and other subjects of local disagreement by an authority thoroughly cognizant of the rights involved; the moral support given to the Government by the dealing with delinquent chiefs by the assembled chiefs themselves, are all equally important services rendered, and not the less so because they are in a great degree rendered unconsciously, by this Council.

With a thorough knowledge of the Fijian aspect of the points at issue, and at the same time without the feelings of partiality and

personal interest which would animate those dwelling in the locality immediately concerned, the members of the Bose are probably better able to appreciate and determine such questions than any other tribunal. Above all, the questions *are* decided. They are not left to fester and rankle, and break out subsequently in perhaps serious disturbances. It is impossible to turn over the records of the Council, however casually, without seeing how large a part of its business such questions have formed. At one meeting alone—that at Rewa in 1877—resolutions were adopted to the effect—

“That Na Bolewaga—a man whose insubordinate conduct had led to great disasters in the province of Ba—should be removed, for a time, from that province: That a Roko Tui and a stipendiary magistrate, both from another part of the group, should arbitrate on the disputed question of boundary between the provinces of Nandronga and Ba: That the Yasawa group of islands, then under one Buli, should be divided into four districts: That there had been ‘a want of foresight’ on the part of the chiefs and people of Kandavu, and that they should be called on to make good the consequences of their neglect: That there had been a similar want of foresight on the part of the Rewa chiefs; and that the Buli and native stipendiary magistrate should be reprimanded by the Council: That the Governor should be asked to confirm the decision of the Council with regard to the village of Veitiua and the boundaries of two districts: That there had been improper conduct at a *solevu* in a district of Mathuata, and that the parties concerned should be brought to trial before the magistrate on the return of the Roko Tui to his province: That an inquiry should be made into the conduct of Ratu Joni Revutiondi, charged with having extorted missionary subscriptions under a threat of sending to prison those who refused to subscribe.”

Similar entries will be found in the proceedings of the other meetings.

Nor are the reports of the Rokos less useful, whether as showing the state of the various provinces, or as suggesting topics for discussion. I greatly regret that the restricted limits of this article make it impossible to quote even in abstract the contents of any of these curious documents.

Such is the purely formal and official aspect of the Veibose; but it has other aspects hardly less important. The bringing together of chiefs who formerly lived isolated, each in his own petty kingdom, is in many ways very useful. So, too, is the blending of people of different provinces who have been accustomed to regard each other with jealousy and suspicion, and whose prejudices and antipathies are largely modified by familiar intercourse.

At every gathering of Fijians an exchange of property takes place, which is called a *Solevu*. The guests or strangers present goods to their entertainers, the entertainers present goods to their guests. This portion of the Bose is looked at with very jealous eyes by those who do not understand it; but, not to mention that it would be almost impossible to render intelligible to Fijians the severance of an interchange of property from the interchange of ideas at a Council,

it should not be overlooked that these interchanges lead to the manufacture of a vast number of articles, and a corresponding increase of what to the Fijians represents wealth. At a moderate computation over 200,000 articles of property had been manufactured for exchange at sittings of the Bose between 1876 and 1880. These articles are not, as those but superficially informed on the subject imagine, retained by the chiefs, to whom it is true they are in the first instance formally presented. They are apportioned out to the different villages with scrupulous care, and it is hardly possible to enter any house in Fiji without seeing there some part of the property divided at the last Bose. Some provinces are more skilled in the production of particular articles than are others. One excels in the manufacture of mats and native cloth, another in that of pottery, another in the weaving of fishing nets. By these exchanges the produce of different localities is circulated through the group in a manner which, in the absence, as yet, of the more usual modes of effecting that object, is undoubtedly advantageous to the community at large.

The minutes of this Council for the first six years of its existence now lie before me in a folio volume containing between 300 and 400 pages of rather closely printed small type. The proceedings are narrated in great detail, and the daily entries contain not only the resolutions, but also full notes of the arguments, and very often of the actual language, employed by the various speakers.

A good deal of debating power is shown by some of the chiefs, as well as a business-like capacity for the transaction of affairs, which is probably due, in a very great degree, to the training afforded by the local and provincial Boses.

Of the chiefs belonging to what may be called the "Upper House," the Roko Tui Viwa, the Roko Tui Ba, and the Roko Tui Bua, were the principal speakers. The first of these, who is now dead, was a man of remarkable ability, keen to seize the point in any discussion, able to apprehend, as few of his fellows were, the European view of the questions in debate. He was a fluent and ready speaker, and possessed an accurate knowledge of all ceremonial usages, which made him always the director of State functions.

The Roko Tui Ba is a little man, not yet old, who has shown great skill and energy in a very difficult position, for he is not the hereditary chief of the great province which he rules, but simply appointed by the Crown. He is respected both for his ability and for the daring courage which he has shown on more than one occasion. He is not eloquent, but his shrewd remarks are always listened to, and he can at times indulge in bitter sarcasm. He is one of the most frequent speakers.

The Roko Tui Bua is of another class. The most thoughtful among the Fijian chiefs, his sad and gentle face is an index to his

character. He says but little, and usually speaks slowly, but can at times deliver his opinion earnestly enough.

On one occasion a speaker commenting upon the destruction of forests and the neglect in some places of the cocoa-nut plantation, ended by saying:—"The question is, who is to blame?" Roko Tui Bua at once rose and with great dignity replied:—

"We, we the Rokos are to blame; the Bulis are to blame; the magistrates are to blame. We Rokos too often just give an order and think no more of it. The Buli hears our order, and perhaps repeats it, but does not enforce it. The magistrate says, 'I cannot see that the law speaks of this.' Do you think they will send us yams and bananas, and sugar-canes from England? Is the government to plant our trees for us? If we are men we have to live; we have hands; our father's planted, and we too must plant, and our children after us. In many parts where there was formerly much water, there is none to-day. It is because the timber is cut down the land is bare and the water dry. We listen to the idle words of every stray white man who says that this and the other is not done in the white man's land. But if we make enquiry, we find that after all it is much the same here as there; that the man who is industrious in the white man's land becomes wealthy, and the slothful does not. I hear some say, 'Who ever heard of planting forest trees?' I have heard of it. I have seen it done. I know of trees that have been preserved for years. Many will say, 'What folly! do these trees bear fruit?' Well! what about your house? Is that built of fruit or of wood?"

In the "Lower House" there are many speakers, but it would be difficult to single out any special leader. As a rule, those who speak at all (for there are many silent members) do so with great freedom and decision.

Though only appearing at the Bose on the days of its opening and its closing, and on some other rare occasions, the ex-King Thakombau was always present at the place where it was held, and through messages and conversation exercised much influence on its proceedings.

The cession of sovereignty was not, I think, wholly voluntary on his part, but it is impossible to speak too highly of the loyalty and earnestness with which he has striven to give it effect. From the first moment of annexation he has never faltered or hesitated, but has consistently employed the whole of his vast influence to aid and facilitate the action of the Government. When it is remembered how, without any active hostility on his part, mere quiet sullenness, or passive abstention from public duties, would have sufficed to embarrass the Government, the value of his cordial support may be in some degree estimated. The expression of the slightest wish on the part of the Governor was at all times sufficient to ensure his most zealous action in the desired direction, and its expression was often anticipated by his own suggestions and advice. Proofs from every quarter showed that on all occasions he was silently doing all that lay in his power—and that was much—to

support the authority of the Government, and confirm its influence. When he first came into the Governor's presence, he uttered the "tama"—the salutation of respect addressed to a superior—which had never crossed his lips before, and which it was not customary for high chiefs to use, either to him, or to one another. Much sensation was caused among the chiefs by this act, and he was requested by the first meeting of the Bose which took place a few months afterwards, to explain its meaning. He replied in these words:—

"What I did at Nasova, when I first met the Governor, I did with a true heart as my duty to the highest chief in the land. I wish all my children to do the same; and will not all high chiefs follow me in this? Were we not of one mind when we discussed, decided, and gave Fiji to England? Did we not do so without any reservation? Having, then, given our land, our people, our all, to Her Majesty, shall we not 'tamaka' her Representative? Or shall we be divided about such a matter when we have been united about one so much more weighty? Are we children that want to contend about trifles?

"Look at the whole question as becomes chiefs. The 'tama' is a thing of the lips and tongue, a sound only. Which is the most weighty, our country, or our forms of respect to one another?

"The one we have given of our own free will. Shall we, then, withhold the other, or withhold our highest forms of respect to the Governor, who has come to rule over us? Do you suppose that I am foolish or childish? What I did when I first met the Governor I did of my own will and with a true heart, not with the heart of a commoner or in the spirit of a trader. Had our land been stolen, or taken from us by force; had a Governor come with evil intent, and with evil mind towards us, he would never have heard my 'tama.' I should have despised him, met him as my enemy, hated him: we two could not have walked together on the same path. But the coming of this chief amongst us is as we have desired, and is to secure our true welfare."

On a subsequent occasion when, five years later, the Council met at his own town of Bau, he requested that the speech made by the Governor at the commencement of the proceedings might be read over again, and, taking it for a text, addressed the assembly in a speech, from which the following passages are extracts:—

"We thought the Tongans were a wise people, and so they are. They have done what we thought we could do also. They have a Government of their own. We could not carry on one, because we were not united. Every one said, 'We are one—we are one,' but in heart each followed his own way. Need I say to you, we are now under Great Britain because we were indolent, fond of drinking and sleeping? Under British Government we see the white men diligent to perform the work appointed to them, whilst of ourselves, are we still indolent? Did any one ever cross the sand without leaving it marked? Need I ask you, is it a good thing to be under Great Britain? Look round and see what we now enjoy and possess. If any have a complaint, are they not heard? If any present have a grievance, the Bose vaka Turaga is not closed. Bring it forward and right will be done. It was our habit to fight and kill one another. See us to-day! We have peace, we have

boats and property, and many other things. Our houses at night are as light as day with good lamps, and not only that, but the people of the land too have become enlightened. Now I ask you, 'Is it a good thing to be under Great Britain, or not?' The right-doer sees and knows we are well off and happy now. We like it. Stealing, and murder, and crimes are forbidden, and now the law-breakers and evil-doers are punished, and we have become wealthy. And yet there were some of you who thought we ought to remain as we were formerly, each pursuing his own course!

"Now you see the Rokos have plenty of money, and the Bulis get their salaries paid regularly, and their people are in a good condition because they have plenty of goods. Your chiefs are at rest mentally, not as of old. These are good things. Let us follow on the right path. Now, you Rokos, anything which you think proper to add to what I have said, say it to your people. Consider what you heard to-day. Need I ask you, 'Is it a good thing to be under Great Britain?' Is our position good? Would any one like to change again, I ask? If so, let him step forward, and like a brave man tell us so! The Veimbose is what? Is it not our Council to help the Government in the good government of ourselves? The Bose is not finished yet. Let any one who desires speak, lest anybody say we have been robbed or deceived. There is nothing of the kind. We still hold our positions. The chiefs still are chiefs, whilst the people are better off than ever before. Nobody's position has been injuriously altered by annexation. If we had not given ourselves and been annexed to Great Britain, we should probably have been at war amongst ourselves long ago. We are in a good condition now. See our liberty! So will it be with our posterity. Don't say, 'We have given away our rights.' No! We have secured them. Some of you perhaps think that you would like to arrange matters yourselves, so as to become separated from Great Britain. You say you are tired of work, but this work, I say, is a good thing. Lazy men ought to go without food. It is true that formerly the indolent loafer would get food from house to house, because we were ashamed to drive him away. Now he grieves because he has to work. Look well to your work, and all do all your whole duty. If any of you are in a bad position now, or if there is any evil in the land, report it to the Bose. It will be considered and remedied. Be true, be sincere, and you will be helped; but if you are not, you will suffer yourselves; and if you do wrong and are disobedient, you will be punished. It used to be said, 'If you give yourselves to Britain, you will lose your lands.' Is that so? Are you not still living on the foundations your fathers lived and died on, and eating your food grown from the same soil as theirs? I hear some say, 'We have no land to plant on.' Who is to blame? Have you not given it all away? If any of you have had land taken from you fraudulently, or by force, report everything. Are you not always heard? Inquiry will be made, and it will be settled. I think our position has been very much improved. When I think of my people, it is perfectly satisfactory to me. They have peace and follow their work. Look at us all met together here, and for what purpose? Let the dissatisfied step out and say, 'I wish to return to the old times.' Where is the chief here who will dare so to stand out before us all, and say, 'I can manage, I can govern?' I say, we are a people greatly blessed and happy, and is there a better proof than what we see to-day? Our property is increasing and is our own. Let no one blame the Government, or any one else, if he is not well off. If he is punished, it is his own fault; if he is poor, it is his own fault; we are being governed righteously. Let all rejoice and do their duty."

Since I began to write this article news has reached us of the death of Thakombau. His loss will, I have no doubt, be seriously felt by the local government on many occasions where a word or

hint from him would have been invaluable; and that it will be attended by no serious political consequences will be almost wholly due to his own persistent labours to win for the Government of the stranger the confidence and goodwill of his former subjects.

The chiefs whose presence is required at the Veimbose vaka Turaga are the Roko Tuis of provinces; two or three Bulis from each province, annually chosen by the Provincial Council; the Native Stipendiary Magistrates, and the Mata-ni-vanua of provinces. In addition to these the whole of the Bulis of the province in which the meeting happens to take place, and generally those of the adjoining province also, attend the Council.

Each of the chiefs has a certain number of followers. This attendance has now been limited to twenty from each province, so that, altogether, there are about 300 persons from provinces other than that in which the meeting is held, entitled to attend, but the restriction as to number of attendants and followers is never very rigorously enforced, nor would it be wise that it should be so. The people of the province itself, of course, come and go freely, as they please, and many individual strangers are attracted from a distance by curiosity or business.

There are no baker's shops or butcher's carts in the rural districts of Fiji, and careful arrangements have to be made previously for feeding any large gathering of people.

As soon as the locality at which the next year's Bose will be held is announced, large additional food plantations are commenced in its vicinity, and every village in the district, or perhaps province, also makes a special garden for the Bose. The provinces immediately adjoining also help, but *provincially*, not by towns. On the assembling of the meeting, the order in which the villages are to present the food they have planted is carefully arranged. The object is, of course, to provide about the same quantity of food every day, and a double allowance on Saturday. The amount each village will bring is roughly known, and apportioned accordingly.

A single village may be so rich and prosperous as to provide the whole amount of pigs, fowls, yams, and taro required for one day. Next day it may require the united efforts of three or four smaller or poorer villages to furnish a similar supply. A large deputation brings in the contribution from each village, piles it up on the "rara," or public square, goes through the usual ceremonies attending the presentation of food, dances a formal dance, and withdraws. A High Chief and the Governor's Mata-ni-vanua superintend the division of the pile into sixteen or seventeen heaps—*i.e.*, a heap for each province, with additional heaps for the Governor, the ex-king, the constabulary, &c. The Mata-ni-vanua of each province superintends the further division of each provincial heap into portions for

the Roko, Magistrates, and Bulis of the province, whose own attendants again subdivide each minor heap among those dependent upon them. It is astonishing with what order, regularity and speed, these distributions are accomplished, and how much less waste than might be expected takes place. I do not say that there is none. It would be absurd to suppose it possible that it should be avoided: but it is certainly nothing to what would be supposed inevitable by those who saw the amount of food prepared, and were unaware of the method and system rigidly observed in its apportionment.

In 1880 an attempt was made by certain Europeans to prove that great want had been caused in the district of Bau by the demands made on it for supplies of food to the Bose, and even that deaths from hunger had occurred in consequence. Those making the statement were interrogated without result; but it was determined not to let the accusation rest uninvestigated, and a Commission of Inquiry, consisting of the Chief Medical Officer and the editor of the newspaper in which the charge had appeared, was appointed, which clearly proved the charge to be altogether unfounded.

Other charges made against these meetings cannot, I think, be better met than by the testimony of Lieut.-Governor Des Vœux,* as given in his speech at the close of the meeting at Bua:—

"I doubt whether, in any other part of the world, so large a concourse of people could be gathered together for several weeks with such abundant means of enjoying themselves, and at the same time show so nearly complete an absence of drunkenness, disorder, and open immorality.

"There could scarcely be a more effective answer to the allegations which have been published respecting these meetings, with a view to discredit the existing system of native government. I had, I confess, been prepared to believe that in these allegations there was a considerable proportion of truth, and I was inclined to look on these meetings as an evil,—a necessary evil, probably,—but still an evil.

"My present experience, however, has completely changed this view."

Nevertheless, no institution in Fiji has been more assailed than these meetings. They are charged with encouraging idleness, waste, and immorality, and with pinching and impoverishing the people, in consequence of the amount of food consumed (and, it is alleged wasted) at these meetings. I believe the very reverse to be the case, and am disposed to think that they conduce to industry, and add to the comfort of the people; while that the other charges brought against them are equally without foundation (except in so far as they apply to all large meetings, for whatsoever purpose assembled) I am as thoroughly convinced.

The jealousy of the Bose felt by the white community generally is very easy to understand. It is the result of a dislike to native government in any form, and of the contemptuous disbelief in the capacity

* Now Governor of Fiji.

of the "nigger" for anything but plantation work, which is strongly rooted in the average Australian colonist. It is also an evidence of the feeling which ignores all social or political distinction among natives, and ranks the greatest hereditary chief, however high-bred his manners, or keen his intellect, as the inferior of the meanest white vagabond in the group.

The disapproval of the missionaries, or at all events of some leading members of their body, is not so simply to be explained. It may be due in some degree to the same feelings which animate the white population generally; but it is in a far greater degree owing to the fact that the Bose is a serious check, in more than one direction, on their own influence in civil matters.

They have been accustomed to rule the chiefs by the expression of a wish, and are ill-pleased to see any independent power in the hands of natives. The spirit which led the Churchmen of the Middle Ages to bring Church influence to bear on every act is strong in many of these men. I do not mean the influence of religion,—which of course it would be desirable to see pervading all the transactions of life,—but the influence of the clergy,—which is quite another thing.

That influence is still very great. The Roko Tui of Ba, in a speech at the Bose in 1880, said :—

"The chief of the town—yea, often the Bulis, and perhaps even some of the Rokos—are small men, and do what they do with fear and trembling, while the Teacher, with boldness, with an open mouth, in the middle of the town, gives forth his orders to the people; he commands and demands; the chief but asks and solicits."

But, at the same time, the effects of the changed order of things are very apparent. It was said by another speaker at the same meeting—

"Formerly we were governed by our chiefs, and the missionaries governed our chiefs. Now the chiefs know that the Government is the head, and that all are under it. There is, therefore, a letting loose; and this liberty which has been given to us the missionaries do not like.

"Formerly no one could speak his mind to or against a missionary, because he knew that his chief's anger would thus be brought upon him. They say, too, much work of the Church is interfered with, and there is more liberty given to the people to pursue their own minds in such matters. They (the missionaries) say that in these days the Government oppress the people, and that they complain to them (the missionaries) of such oppression. They write this, they publish it. What would they say if we were to write and publish only a few of the multitude of things that our people say of the missionaries, and complain against them?"

How distinctly the Bose has spoken out on these subjects, and in what firm language it has remonstrated against missionary interference in the affairs of Government, will be seen from the foregoing extracts, and from an examination of its proceedings.

It strongly supported the existing marriage law against the attacks of the clergy, who would have desired to treat as invalid all marriages except those performed by themselves. It brought to light the scandal of a European minister attempting by spiritual censures to punish a native magistrate for a decision given by him on the bench. It has condemned an attempt to extort money for missionary purposes; nor has the general tone adopted by it, while respectful to religion itself, been one of undue subservience to its ministers.

Even the quaint speech of Nacanaeli (Native Stipendiary Magistrate of Lakemba), on behalf of the Missionaries, shows a consciousness that their action was liable to censure:—

"If I speak in white men's proverbs you will probably deride me, but I have heard it said by white men that 'there is no evil but has some good.' For instance the whirlwind; does that only cause the fall of trees and destruction? No, it purifies the air, and clears the land of filth and what causes death. Smooth water is nice to look upon, but what sailor desires calms? I say we are under the government and providence of God, all of us, and in all the work we are engaged in here. Now, if we have received good from the missionaries, shall we not also receive evil? God's government of the world is good; but every now and then sudden and terrible things happen. Do we despise God in consequence?"

At the Bau meeting, in 1879, a letter was read from a Roman Catholic priest, complaining of interference with his converts by the chiefs. The letter gave rise to an animated discussion.

Roko Tui Ba said—

"Sometimes we see earnest men, following their own convictions, become Roman Catholics. If such be the case, and we interfere, are we wise? I think not. But, on the other hand, pretended conversions light-mindedly professed on account of some quarrel or dissatisfaction with a teacher or a chief should be strongly repressed, for division in a town is in itself evil. No one wishes to interfere with the free course of the individual people in their religion, but in all public work we are not individuals, we are communities."

Buli Kubumlau said that the Roman Catholics at the instigation of the priest had disregarded his town regulations.

"They continued to do what the whole of the town objected to, following the word of the priest. None of us wish to interfere with the people's religion on either side, but who is to yield when authority is defied? Are we to obey the priests, or are the people to obey us, when we are defied by the priests? Religion is a good thing, but both the Catholic priests and the Protestant missionaries give us great trouble."

Buli Nambaucalu said that some of the Roman Catholics at Verata caused a very great deal of trouble and annoyance to the rest of the people.

"After many attempts to remedy the matter, I went to the priest and explained and remonstrated with him. Of course he lectured me, told me that theirs was the only true religion, and that I ought to become a Catholic, and then I should be a good man, and a good chief. I told him that was my own affair; that I had come to speak to him on a public matter affecting the land

and the people, and requested him to speak to his people, as otherwise I should be obliged to have them brought to court. Since then all things have gone smoothly, and in all township work, and such matters, the people help and obey. Now it has occurred to me that if Buli Nakelo had gone and spoken directly to the priest, a like good result might have followed. *Priests are very irritable, and do not like us to tell them the truth; still, after one has gone away, they probably think of what has been said, and act more wisely."*

Such emancipation from clerical control the Wesleyan Church in Fiji will not easily forgive. But let no one on this account venture to underrate, or lightly value, the services which that body has in times past rendered, and still renders, to Fiji. It may be true that its chiefs scarcely realize the fact that, instead of being now the apostles of a perilous mission, they are the rulers of a dominant and virtually established Church: it may be feared that, owing to the narrower field of selection involved in the transference to the Australian Conference of the entire control of the Fijian mission, an increasing difficulty will be felt in filling up with fit candidates the ranks of the European clergy: it may be thought that some of these, long accustomed to wield well-nigh absolute and wholly irresponsible power, regret its loss. But when allowance is made for every drawback, it is almost impossible to overrate the influence for good exercised by the Wesleyan Mission, or the salutary effects of its all-pervading presence. That influence has seldom been employed in the furtherance of personal objects; and the ugly features of selfish ambition have been masked to the consciences even of those in whom the lust for power is most strongly developed, by a sincere belief that they are solely animated by a zeal for pure religion and the spiritual welfare of the Church.

The arguments brought against the continuance of the Bose vaka Turaga were they well founded, do not touch its principle, but only its outer details, and whatever may be said against it, its maintenance is a necessity if the system of government through natives is to be kept up. It acts as a safety-valve to many a grievance that might otherwise rankle and swell to dangerous proportions; it furnishes a touchstone of feeling of the utmost value in gauging the tendencies of the native mind, and is a most powerful auxiliary in carrying out the wishes of the Government. It may be worthy of consideration whether a somewhat similar system might not prove to be of utility in other localities, where large numbers of natives, possessed of a certain degree of civilization, are ruled by a small body of Englishmen.

ARTHUR GORDON.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

In Memoriam.

OF John Richard Green, the author of "A Short History of the English People," it is not easy for me to speak. And yet it is impossible for me not to speak.

From 1863 to about 1872, I was perhaps his most intimate friend; and although the paths by which we twain did go were destined to run in different directions from about the time that he formally withdrew from his career as a clergyman in the Church of England, our friendly intercourse was never interrupted, except by those spells of severe illness, and enforced absence from England, the last of which closed his brief but brilliant life at Mentone, in March last, at the early age of forty-five.

I saw my poor friend for the last time in the autumn of 1882, at his house in Kensington Square. He then had before him my proof-sheets of "Footprints in Rome, I.: Peter, Paul, and Nero," which appeared in *Good Words*, April, 1883.

I went down hoping to drive him out and chat over my proofs; but I was shocked at the change, and had no heart even to refer to the subject. His vivacity wore him out. The stream of callers seemed incessant. I left him with a feeling of intense depression. His vitality was amazing; for some time one lung had been entirely gone, and the other was badly affected. He soon afterwards left England. I felt no hope; and though inexpressibly shocked, was not surprised at his death in the following spring.

Before the publication of Mr. Green's "Short History," 86,000 copies of which have been sold in England alone, Mr. Green, although a voluminous essayist in the *Saturday Review*, was absolutely unknown by name to the general public. It is not true, as was asserted in a

leading journal, that the success of his book surprised his friends. In 1863, the clergyman whom he followed at Holy Trinity, Hoxton, said to me, "I think we have a giant amongst us in Johnny Green." "I made up my mind about that," I replied, "the very first night I saw and spoke to him." Mr. Freeman, Professor Stubbs, Dr. Stanley, and, I may say, Archbishop Tait, all knew of his powers before he became famous at a leap, and I venture to say not one of them was surprised at his success. I think he was more surprised himself.

He was filled with a great love of historical study, but was generally diffident about his own work. "I read it over," he said to me in the old days, when I was favoured with copious extracts; "and I write and re-write, and wonder after all whether it is worth much—whether any one else will read it!"

His own standard was so high, his knowledge so great, and his critical friends, Freeman, Stubbs, Brewer, &c., so accomplished, that he was inclined to be generally very modest about his own rank as an historian, and at times even wavered in his general design.

When I first knew Mr. Green, he was revolving a work which should deal, I believe, with the Plantagenet period, illustrate the story of the Great Charter, and the making of the English political constitution. The first fragment he put into my hand in type was Stephen's Ride to London.

At the instance of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher, he abandoned the *magnum opus* for a season, and taking, in one wide sweep, the whole of English history, produced that unique and popular narrative which raised him immediately into the very first rank of historians.

I remember his anxiety to bring the book within the reach of the masses, to make it a cheap book, his battle with the publisher on that ground, and his final victory.

"They will not see," he said, "that by this horror of *dead stock* and constant issue of dear books, which means small profits and quick returns to them, they miss the bulk of the middle classes, who are the real readers—the upper classes and the very poor don't read—and you make your new books so dear, that your middle class, who do, can't buy. Look at America; you ought to bring literature to people's doors. If I were a publisher, I would have a vast hawking-system, and send round my travellers with cheap books to every alley and suburban district within ten miles of London."

This intense sympathy with the people, no doubt, had to do with those innate democratic and republican tendencies in Mr. Green which so alarmed the *Quarterly Review*, but they were immensely quickened by his many-sided experiences in the East End of London.

In those Hoxton and Stepney districts, where he was my fellow-curate, and my constant friend and companion for two years, he was learning to know the English people. He had read about them in books. In Stepney he rubbed elbows with them. He had a

student's acquaintance with popular movements; but the people are their own best interpreter; and if you want to understand their ways in the past, you cannot do better than study our present poor-law guardian, navvy, artisan, East-end weaver, parish Bumble, clerk, publican, and City tradesman, in the nineteenth-century flesh.

Mr. Green never worked more vigorously at his History than when he was busy reading its turbulent popular movements, and mixed social influences, secular and religious, in the light of mechanics' institutes, poor-law difficulties, parochial squabbles, and dissenting jealousies. The postponement of his History until the harvest of this precious experience had been fully reaped, gave him that insight into the secret springs of popular enthusiasm, suffering, and achievement which makes his History alive with the heart-beats of our common humanity, instead of mouldy with the smell of moth-eaten MSS. and dead men's bones.

That slight nervous figure, below the medium height; that tall forehead, with the head prematurely bald; the quick but small eyes, rather close together; the thin mouth, with lips seldom at rest, but often closed tightly as though the teeth were clenched with an odd kind of latent energy beneath them; the slight, almost feminine hands; the little stoop; the quick alert step; the flashing exuberance of spirits; the sunny smile; the torrent of quick invective, scorn, or badinage, exchanged in a moment for a burst of sympathy or a delightful and prolonged flow of narrative—all this comes back to me, vividly! And what narrative, what anecdote, what glancing wit! What a talker! A man who shrank from society, and yet was so fitted to adorn and instruct every company he approached, from a parochial assembly to a statesman's reception!

But how enchanting were my walks with him in the Victoria Park, that one outlet of Stepney and Bethnal Green! I never in my life so lost count of time with any one before or since.

Emmanuel Deutsch was delightful; but he was more, with me at least, in flashes; versatile, but averse to any very prolonged discussion; always off at a tangent, and ready to end in a laugh.

Green would live through a period. Two hours on the Venetian Republic, with every conceivable branch of allied history, literature, and politics thrown in, yet willing to listen and gather up at any moment; infinite speculations at other times on theology, philosophy; schemes for the regeneration of mankind; minute plans for the management of our East-end districts; anecdotes of the poor; rarer veins of sentiment and personal criticism.

I have sometimes, after spending the evening with him at my lodgings, walked back to St. Philip's Parsonage, Stepney, towards midnight, talking; then he has walked back with me in the summer

night, talking; and when the dawn broke it has found us belated somewhere in the lonely Mile End Road, still unexhausted, and still talking.

At such times we have neither of us undressed all night—that was so especially in the cholera times—but I would go back to St. Philip's and sleep on a sofa till breakfast-time.

In those days we were both feeling our way, through similar experiences, to conclusions of a somewhat different nature; but the memory of many precious hours of soul-communion remain with me, as something sacred and beautiful beyond words. I think at such times we grow in mind and develop in character in days and nights, more than in months and years of slower vitality and lessened intensity.

I find by an old handbill that, on May 5, 1863, there was a periodical gathering, under my direction, at St. Peter's schoolrooms, Bethnal Green.

After tea, speeches were to be made, and a sort of informal debate was to be encouraged. "Preaching in Theatres" was the subject, and a worthy linendraper got up and spoke against it. A neighbouring clergyman had walked over with a friend, and I asked him if he could reply to the linendraper.

"I have a friend here," he said, "who can, if he will." And he introduced a thin, spare, quick-eyed, and, I thought, rather supercilious little man, as Mr. Green. We shook hands, and that moment an understanding seemed established. I asked him to reply to what he had heard, as I did not want to do all the talking; I urged him; and most good-naturedly, without more ado, he got on the platform, and in about ten minutes convinced me that I was in the presence of one of the most remarkable men and gifted speakers I had ever met. With an almost negligent facility, but perfect finish and force of language, he met the objections to clergymen of the Established Church preaching in theatres, and kindled into real eloquence as he alluded to Paul preaching on Mars' Hill and even in a theatre. He wound up by proclaiming all places equally sacred to one who was filled with the Master's spirit and was about the Master's work.

It was a short, glowing, unimportant impromptu, but it was enough. From that time Green became my daily companion and intimate friend. If I did not walk over to Holy Trinity, Hoxton, where he had a sole charge, he was sure to walk over to St. Peter's, Bethnal Green, where I was curate.

He was even then in delicate health. I was much with him during an attack of pleurisy just before he left Hoxton. He was studying St. John's Gospel, and could not make up his mind about the date or authorship; but at "any rate, old boy," he said to me one day,

"you and I both believe that whoever wrote it spoke the truth, and that He of whom he speaks is Divine"—a conclusion in which he was not destined so implicitly to rest.

Nothing so struck me as my friend's disposition to find half-way houses in feelings, and then set fire to one after another with logic. His mind was extremely sensitive and open to impressions—at that time to religious and affectional impressions; but the Green of the intellect or the pure reason was always sure to waylay the Green of feeling, and between the two, perhaps, down to the close the battle waged was doubtful. It is not difficult to trace the two tendencies throughout the "Short History," especially in Mr. Green's pathetic description of the struggles of Christianity with Paganism in the early pages, and in his brilliant account of the Reformers and Puritans in the later ones.

At this time we had all our schemes in common. I think we were the first to give a vogue to penny readings, entertainments, and social mixed gatherings, in the East of London.

In May, 1863, Mr. Green spoke for me at one of these social gatherings; and in October, 1863, he gave a lecture to my people on "Our ancient Godfathers and Godmothers." It was one of those delightful pages, spoken extempore, which afterwards appeared in the "Short History," on the missions of Cuthbert and Columba.

In March, 1864, he had left Hoxton, and is described on my parochial handbills as "Missionary Curate of Stepney."

I find that in 1865, being then in the full swing of parish work at Stepney, he preached for me on Good Friday, at St. James-the-Less, Westminster (whither I had migrated), on "The Cross of Christ." I recollect the sermon—very characteristic of him at that time. It was delivered, without the aid of notes, in that earnest and rather monotonous tone—so different from his platform speaking, which was always close, serried and full of popular points, along with the merriest touch of the hustings. In preaching he had but little action, usually only the raised hand, and the forefinger, and a stoop forward.

In that sermon, on "the Cross of Christ," without anger or sarcasm he deplored the current doctrine of the Atonement, which represented Jesus as the substitute for, rather than the representative of, man; traced the old theory to the true source in the sacrificial conception of the carnal Jew. He vindicated the justice and love of God, as manifested in His acceptance of the perfect submission of the human will, and the perfect obedience of man in Christ, their representative; and ended with a most touching comparison between the selfishness of man and the self-sacrifice of Christ, in which the hearer was melted and shamed, rather than terrified, into a nobler life.

Mr. Green might have been a great preacher, and certainly in

Parliament he would have been a consummate debater. He had popular fibre and wit, and a prodigious mastery of argument, together with an accurate knowledge and command of facts. He always had this knowledge ready for use, and no man knew better how to compel attention and carry conviction to his hearers. But he cared hardly at all for these gifts—he spent nothing on their cultivation.

He did not value public speaking very highly, which, in so admirable a speaker, always seemed to me strange. He had a little contempt for a popular preacher as such; and indeed, when one considers the sort of men who sometimes attain eminence in that art, it is difficult not to agree with him.

A man may be a thoughtful and a good man in spite of his being a popular preacher; but that he may be a popular preacher, and at the same time intellectually beneath contempt, is, alas! too true.

From 1866 to 1868 I find Mr. Green's name down on my sermon bills, usually sandwiched between my own. He was not fond of preaching, but he never refused to help a friend or a cause, and when the Rev. Brooke Lambert, then of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, now Vicar of Greenwich—who was always to the fore with schemes for enlarging the usefulness of the Church of England and emancipating its pulpit—invited us to help him with an East-end course, Mr. Green consented to follow my sermon on "Want of Interest in Politics," with an admirable and hard-hitting address on "Local Selfishness in Voters."

In 1866 the cholera broke out in the East-end of London. Mr. Green was then Incumbent of St. Philip's, Stepney, and I had just removed to a curacy at the West-end; but his position at this time was very lonely, and I was glad to go out to be with him whenever I could. I am sorry to say that in the general cholera panic a good many who ought to have remained at their posts forsook them, and this made the work very heavy for people of any means and influence who still felt bound to reside in the affected districts.

Although Mr. Green's parish did not suffer as heavily as some, yet in some streets the mortality was very great. The dead could hardly be got away quickly enough. The neighbours often refused to touch them. I have known Mr. Green take an active part in sending off the cholera beds for burning, and getting the corpses out of the houses. The only people who seemed willing to help him were the lowest women of the town. These poor girls rallied round the active and public-spirited clergyman; and it was no uncommon thing to see Mr. Green going down the lowest back streets in Stepney, on his way to some infected house, between two women of the town, who had volunteered with him on such sad

and perilous service to the dead and dying, as was daily to be done, and was daily being left undone, in those dismal times. We saw more of the cholera, perhaps, than most people, because St. Philip's Parsonage overlooks the London Hospital, which was then crammed with cases. I remember waking in the middle of the night to find my room one blaze of lurid light. I sprang out of bed. It was two o'clock. Outside, in the hospital court-yard opposite, they were burning the infected beds of the cholera patients. It was a grim sight to see the dark figures of the men, half enveloped in smoke, piling up the mattresses, whilst the flames burst out and illumined the whole square.

All day long cabs rolled up with the smitten—many of them sailors from the docks, but of all sorts and ages. Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, set a noble example of courage and fearless activity. Mrs. Tait and he visited the hospital and infected districts, and were indefatigable in their efforts to alleviate suffering and stamp out the disease.

I shall never forget the wards of the London Hospital in those days. The poor creatures died in their beds like flies. You hardly knew, as you paused right or left, whether the patient had ceased to breathe. We used to go through the wards together, and rub the cold and blackened limbs of the cholera patients. It was the only thing which seemed to relieve them—and every one felt so helpless in the presence of that terrible scourge.

I shall never forget the dying eyes full of gratitude, and the singular patience and resignation, of many of those poor people. But what touched me most was the little children, sitting up—sometimes three or four in the same large bed—moaning with pain, before the disease had got very far. The battle between the plague and such tender child-life was terrible to see.

But we had our own solaces even in that dark time. We had some kind friends in the East-end, at whose houses we were always welcome, and we generally frequented the same houses. About this period I took Mr. Green to breakfast with Frederick Denison Maurice; we always called him the Prophet, and to us he was a prophet—ever sweet and gentle, and genial to young men.

I well remember the Prophet coming down to preach at Stepney, at our earnest request, and spending a delightful evening with us afterwards.

Maurice preached a characteristic sermon on "The Doubt of Thomas," the point of which was to show that Thomas was the type of the true believer!

"How like Maurice!" said Green to me. "Always to Maurice the last and least obvious lesson seems the first, if not the only one, to be learned."

I think Green was as completely fascinated by Maurice's strength of soul, and large human tenderness of nature, as ever I was; but I do not think Maurice's mind, and generally inverted intellectual method, was ever congenial to him; nor was Green ever a deep student of Maurice's books.

One day Maurice had given me his "Moral Philosophy," and as I walked home with Green he said to me, "It's all very well, old boy. I have dipped into it, but it seems to me that Venus, Mars, Bacchus, Brahma, and Socrates, all talk just like Maurice." To an essentially historical mind, this "seeing himself in all he sees," which Maurice undoubtedly did, was not attractive to Green; and much as he revered and admired the most prophetic personality which had ever crossed our path, he remained entirely unaffected by the Maurician method, and entirely unable to stop at the Maurician half-way house, in which the Bible, although admitted to be human, was almost too sacred to be treated as history, and the Prayer-Book was still regarded as an almost inspired document.

Green was an omnivorous reader even in those busy days. No new book escaped him, and he seemed to master its contents with a bewildering rapidity. He was full of quick discernment; and I remember one night his reading out some passages of Swinburne's then new book of Poems and Ballads, selected by the *Athenæum* for scathing ridicule, and saying, "This is the greatest master of poetical language since Shelley; but he can't think."

His admiration for Renan, especially his St. Paul, was very great.

"There has nothing been done in Bible illustration better than Renan's account of the little Jewries which Paul found scattered through Asia Minor. He went from one to the other; and that is just all he saw—not the Roman Empire."

The famous passage about the "ugly little Jew," who looked at the statues on the Acropolis at Athens and took them for gods, I have often heard him quote with delight. Renan, in fact, possesses the same picturesque method, combined with the historical instinct, which lends such charm to Green's own "Short History." There is in both the same rare power of selecting, arranging, and lighting up facts, so as to make them tell their own story, until they stand grouped together in a picture which carries conviction by its essential harmony and proportion.

We used at this time to attend occasionally the meetings of the C.C.C., or the Curates' Clerical Club. It was intended originally to be a kind of free-and-easy meeting-ground for the younger clergy, who were a little overawed by the weight and dignity of the clerical personages who assembled periodically in the Vestry of St. James's, Piccadilly.

Stanley, Maurice, Plumptre, and other sympathetic elders, used to look in at the C.C.C. meetings, and it was understood that we were to say what we liked. We did—but we soon found out that a dull but influential section of the C.C.C. did not like to hear what some of us had to say. When people who came there were “shocked,” and “blushed” for our utterances in a becoming manner behind their white ties, Mr. Green, who never spoke except on a basis of hard facts, and was not in the habit of blushing, thought it was waste of time to attend the meetings—and so did I. “Hang it all!” he said to me in a decidedly unclerical manner, as we walked home after one of the old C.C.C. meetings; “if fellows are to get up and say their Catechism whenever we open our mouths, or a little freedom of speech is used, it is all U P with the C.C.C. for me. I thought that was why we cut the St. James’s, Piccadilly, meetings.”

So we ceased to frequent the Curates’ Clerical. I am bound to add, that after a lapse of ten years I again attended one of these meetings, and was surprised and delighted at the earnestly liberal opinions which were uttered, without producing a “shock” or provoking a “blush.”

Mr. Green was not a bad correspondent, but a very uncertain one. He soon became absorbed by the people about him, throwing himself with great energy into their interests, and then, although some knew they were not forgotten, these had to wait.

His letters are full of charm in every line, the charm of a subtle many-sided, and excitably mobile personality, but always sparkling, and fresh, and vivid.

In 1869 he went to Margate to recruit. “I have but little to tell,” he writes playfully. “The morning is cloudy and more peaceful than usual; only three ‘hurdy-gurdies’ have as yet appeared; ‘water-cress’ has a cold and is less resonant than yesterday; ‘strawberries’ is drawing nearer. On the other hand, ‘brooms’ are in force, and ‘fish’ more vocal than is wont. Opposite neighbour, *prima donna* at the Oxford, is still practising her trill,” &c.

His letters were often interspersed with charming bits of local colour, not unworthy of the “Short History” itself. Here is a fragment on Wells, sent me from Oxford in 1870:—

“That little lane of brown houses running by the grey old Minster, from whose front a hundred saints and kings look quietly down on the quietest little Close in the world, all plumped down too in a cup-like little nest beneath Mendip—a nest of soft sloping meadows all golden with buttercups, with but one break southward, where one looks over the dim Glastonbury flats and sees the tower-crowned Tor rising above the ruins of the grey Abbey.”

It was about 1870 that we began, for the first time, to be more separated. He was often away for his health, and my bachelor establishment

was now at an end. His letters were full of affection and interest in my children, one his godchild, of whom he was passionately fond.

That same year, in December, he went abroad, and wrote me the following amusing incident about the war from San Remo:—

“We had a great sensation here the other day in the shape of five German prisoners—five German doctors—who had been handed over to the Italian gendarmes by the French, and whom our Syndic at once proposed to send to prison! They had been taken in one of the battles round Orleans, and sent south, across the frontier, in defiance of the September Convention. So we sat upon the Syndic and proposed a dinner instead of prison, which the Syndic said had never occurred to him; and then, having feasted them, we sent them on to Vaterland, much to the relief of the seven doctors already here—with two patients and a-half between them! The gendarmes were of course disgusted; they are big fellows—with cocked hats, and grand togas with one end flung over their left shoulder—who walk about in the sunshine two and two, and interfere in nothing below a revolution or highly complicated burglary. When it rains they stay at home, at night they go to bed; but they are ornamental, and group well with the Palace and trees.”

From this time he usually spent the winter abroad at Bordighera, San Remo, Mentone, or Capri. Here is a charming description of San Remo, in November, 1870:—

“There is an avenue of planes at one end of San Remo whose leaves are all russet with autumn, but elsewhere are hardly seen any indications of the year passing away. There are twenty-six different sorts of flowers abloom in the garden beneath my window; beyond it are oranges hanging golden in their trees; beyond that again a stately palm; and all round, the background of soft grey olive woods that clothe the nearer circle of hills. . . . I have fallen in love again with Virgil just now; and the height of delight seems to me to sit without wraps in the sunshine by the edge of the sea chanting out the ‘Æneid,’ and then breaking off to gather in all the great sweep of the bay.”

We sometimes used to complain of the long descriptions, charming as they were, and tell him to write more about himself and less about the scenery. After one such admonition, he replies:—“It is the land of oil, and *I* thought a few spots of it gave ‘local colour’ to my letter—but I am accustomed to ingratitude, and I forbear. . . . What does Herbert Spencer mean by ‘extension under limit?’ Would a ticket-of-leave man be an instance? You can’t think what a worry it is to have had no education!”

This year his stay at San Remo was much enlivened by the visit of the Archbishop and his charming family. As Bishop of London, Dr. Tait had received us both into the Church. He seemed to be early impressed by our extraordinary indifference to dogmatic theology. We both went up together and passed a very bad examination; we were scarcely quite “sound” on more than one of the Articles. I believe that Green’s knowledge of Harold Browne’s exhaustive book upon the Thirty-nine Articles was more than limited. I knew my Bible, but was weak in the Greek verbs. Green knew his verbs,

but was not strong in the Bible. And years afterwards the late Archbishop Tait—then Bishop of London—remarked to a friend in reference to us, that the episcopal examinations failed somehow to test the qualifications of candidates for holy orders, since he called to mind that “two of the strongest horses in his diocese had certainly passed two of the worst examinations.”

The Archbishop had the highest opinion of Green—gave him sole charge of Holy Trinity and St. Philip’s, Stepney, in succession, and made him honorary librarian at Lambeth. Green was supposed to be in attendance there on reception days, but he seldom went. I remember his being much touched at the Archbishop’s sending him a handsome cheque in recognition of his acceptance of a post the duties of which were extremely light and informal. This was long before Green had published his History; but Dr. Tait knew his value, and the value of connecting such a man, even nominally, with Lambeth Library.

After describing the very clerical persons who formed the suite of His Grace at Mentone, he writes gaily:—

“It is a great and inspiring spectacle to see me, in black tie, wide-awake, brown coat, and pepper and salt, walking by the side of the Lord Primate. My object is to convert him to Neology, in which case, there being no provision made by the law for a heretic Archbishop, the Church of England will be in a hole! He can’t issue a commission to inquire into his own errors—or sit on himself in the Arches Court—or send himself up to be sat upon by himself at the Privy Council; consequently everybody will do as seems good in their own eyes.”

At this time Green had already ceased to engage in clerical work, and was drifting farther and farther away from all sympathy with any of the recognized forms of Christianity; but he was never, I believe, in his heart the mere agnostic.

“How large and noble,” he writes, “was Father Hyacinthe’s speech in London the other day! I fancy somehow that people will make something out of religion when you and I are in our *untimely tomb*. It’s a poor thing now; but there’s the making of something better in it, I think.”

These lines were written on December 25, 1870, and within thirteen years of that date my poor friend was laid in his own *untimely tomb* at Mentone.

He seems to have attended with interest the great Catholic functions in Milan Cathedral, and, after witnessing one of them, writes characteristically:—

“Is not all this pageantry a very queer result of those twelve fishing gentlemen of Galilee? I wonder whether this was precisely the result at which they aimed when they left their nets. If it was, don’t you think they had better have gone on fishing? What a very odd world it would have been if they

had. You wouldn't have had any pew-rents, and my godchild (my little son) would have been a penniless *orphan*!"

In this and in the following years he passed through the galleries of Florence, Venice, and Bologna, and his letters are filled with all sorts of art criticism; they are interesting to me because they are his, but they do not greatly differ in character from similar criticisms by intelligent and refined persons who visit the great Italian galleries for the first time—and of these the world has had more than enough.

I cannot close these brief fragments and memories without an allusion to Mr. Green's views of the Broad Church party of which, as long as he was in active clerical work, he remained a zealous member.

When the Voysey case came on, he wrote most anxiously to know what was my own view, and what I should do if Voysey were condemned. I then replied that my position was not identical with that of Voysey, I having no sympathy with his handling of the liturgy or his anti-miraculous dogmatism, although at one with him in his dislike of dogmatic theology. But still I was glad that the Dean of Westminster had subscribed to the Voysey Defence Fund, as Voysey happened just then to stand for freedom of opinion in the Church. As to leaving the Church if Voysey or any one else were condemned, I should do no such thing. Under the very relaxed form of subscription, which amounts merely to an administrative assent, as the late Dean of Westminster pointed out, I thought the liberal clergy had better stay where they were, explain in what sense they accepted the formularies they used, teach what they believed to be true, and leave the Church to turn them out if it was dissatisfied with their doctrine or their ritual. This "immoral" course, which is identical with that pursued by Luther in his early conflicts with the Pope in the bosom of the Roman Church, seemed to me wise and open, and I have never flinched from avowing and defending it.

"Thanks for your letter," writes Mr. Green, in January, 1871, replying to me. "I was glad to find we were so much at one about the main features of the case; you will not stand alone in your 'passive resistance.' I saw a letter the other day from a Yorkshire parson, who said, 'If the Privy Council decides against Voysey I am sorry for the Privy Council, but I can't countenance their folly by taking action on their decision.'"

The following letter, which defines Mr. Green's own position at this crisis, I give *in extenso* :—

"VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
"February 17, 1871.

"I should not trouble you so soon with another letter, my dear Haweis, but for the arrival of the Voysey judgment this morning. Prepared as I was for a condemnation of Voysey, I own that the sweeping character of the decision itself has greatly startled me; and I am anxious to know what is your own

view of it, what is the general feeling of the Liberal clergy in London, and whether *any common action is likely to be taken in the matter.*

"As regards the Christ-question, the *position* of Voysey, like my own, cannot fairly be held to be that of the *Liberals as a party*, and so far I do not see any ground for embarrassment. Still, even here, the judgment is, to say the least, uncompromising. The one passage in Voysey's sermons on this subject, which Brooke, you, and I would have accepted in common—the argument, I mean, in which he bases the Godhead or Divine Nature of Christ on that of man, of which He is the head or representative—is selected as contradictory to the Articles. A long passage in the judgment adapts the Liturgical prayers to Christ as expressing the mind of the Church of England. It is certainly no little embarrassment to have this particular class of prayers, from which Liberal thought was, to say the least, drifting away, emphatically and solemnly fixed upon us.

"This question however, as I said, is not a question for the whole Liberal party, nor does it seem to me that as a party they could take any definite position or action upon it. But the three questions of Atonement, Justification, and Biblical Criticism, are questions on which all religious Liberals stand at one. And the whole of these are, it seems to me, greatly imperilled by the judgment of the Privy Council.

"To me personally the last is the most important and pressing of the three. It may be urged that a simple avoidance of 'theological terms' would free us practically from the pressure of the decision in the two first points. But freedom of Biblical criticism seems to me to be of the very essence of Liberal teaching. The terms of former judgments were supposed to have ensured a practical liberty in this matter; we were obliged to accept the books mentioned as canonical, but we could accept or reject any portions of them as seemed good to us. This supposed interpretation of former judgments is now judicially pronounced to be erroneous. The new judgment declares it to be illegal in any individual clergyman to use this liberty of acceptance or rejection on individual grounds, such as his conviction that this or that passage is inconsistent with other passages, or with the character of Christ, or the like. He may use it only on points where he is supported by the general results of criticism—but what points? No doubt, on passages such as those of the Three Witnesses, or the Woman in Adultery; but *not* on such points as the genuineness of parts of the *Gospel of John*. The selection of this is all-important in determining the bounds of our freedom. No part of the whole Bible—the judges perfectly know—has been so generally questioned by 'general criticism,' as the words would be commonly understood; but henceforth it is not to be questioned by the English clergy. It is plain, therefore, that the liberty we supposed ourselves to enjoy is narrowed to a very small field indeed—at any rate, till some clearer and broader construction is put upon the very guarded words of the judgment.

"As to the Atonement, the one passage in the Articles which no Liberal can really accept save by an evasion (the 'reconciling the Father to us') is for the first time brought fairly as a test to the front. In all former judgments it has been evaded or qualified—here it is applied literally to Voysey's words, and the contradiction between them is sufficient to condemn him.

"You have read the portion about Justification. No part of Liberal teaching has so popularized it as the moral teaching it has substituted for the old theories of the sixteenth century. But to the literal acceptance of those theories we are now to be tied down.

"I might notice, too, the utter downfall of all the hopes of a wider scope for religious teaching which are founded on the relaxation by Parliament of the subscription to the Articles. It may be a relief to our consciences, but it

has no relation to the judicial aspect of the law. But I am writing for practical purposes, and not for argument. What I want is to know the feeling of the Liberal clergy, and your own. Do you still adhere to your purpose of ignoring the judgment altogether? It is, at any rate, hardly likely that Llewellyn Davies, Stanley, Brooke, or others would feel it possible or dignified to do this, and I should like to know what their course is likely to be.

"One advantage now is, that Voysey is off the board. No one can talk any more of him or his 'extreme way of putting things.' We have only to do with the judgment and its relation to ourselves, and that relation seems to me very grave indeed. Already people do not believe in our *honesty* as a body of teachers. What will they believe if we stand by and let the work we have done, and the teaching we have most dwelt on, be proclaimed not to be within the bounds of the Church of England by its highest Court? *I am not talking of secession. But might not the leading Liberal clergy meet and draw up a clear and succinct declaration of their belief on the three points in question, and take steps (by a friendly suit or otherwise) for a more deliberate and final decision than could be arrived at from the peculiar statements and position of Voysey?*

"I wish to write to Brooke to-day on this point, so forgive this short letter, and let us hear from you without delay. I am very anxious to know what is felt about the matter.

"Ever yours,

"J. R. GREEN."

From this letter it appears that Mr. Green fully recognized the distinction between Voysey and the bulk of the Liberal clergy—nor did he ever recommend me to secede—"I am not talking," he says, "of secession." What he was anxious to see was an open and manly statement of policy and general doctrinal opinion, drawn up by the Liberal clergy in the teeth of the Privy Council judgment, inviting a further definition of our legal status by means of a new and friendly suit.

That I at once saw to be impossible. The strength and weakness of the Liberal clergy lay just in this—they did not aspire to be one party more in the Church; they said there were sects enough, but they aspired to leaven all parties; they stood for candour and freedom all round, and chiefly for the historical interpretation and critical understanding of all creeds and formularies; but in detail they never have agreed, and never will agree amongst themselves.

It only remained for individuals of the Broad Church party to express individual opinions and take individual action.

Mr. Green did so by quietly withdrawing into his study, and congratulating himself upon being, as he used to say, "*out of it.*"

Mr. Stopford Brooke in due time "*seceded*"—I have never quite understood where, or exactly to what.

Stanley lectured on Subscription.

I expressed later on before the clergy at Sion College, in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, and in a letter issued to my own congregation, my determination to teach openly what I believed, in the Church of England—leaving the Administration to deal with me as it thought

fit. Other members of the so-called party, entitled to attention, the Rev. Llewellyn Davies, Canon Oakley, &c., showed the general disunion in the Liberal camp, by repudiating my views, and Brooke's, and Voysey's, &c.

As everybody repudiated everybody all round, no one could fairly complain; and in view of all these astonishing and contradictory expressions of "Liberal opinions," the bewildered Administration, which had tackled Voysey, and even Mackonochie, with some spirit, fled in despair, and for a season at least hid its diminished head. Long may it rest from its labours.

I have exceeded the space allotted to me. I can say but little more here.

Of Mr. Green's religious opinions I feel it is not for me further to speak; nor of his marriage, which was one of unmixed happiness, and doubtless a step greatly instrumental in prolonging his life and enabling him to do so much of his life-work; nor of his varied literary, journalistic, and editorial activities; nor of his vast erudition—his accumulative, distributive, and critical faculties; nor of his interesting relations with the large number of eminent persons attracted to him by his great powers of mind, brilliant conversation, literary fame, and winning manners.

I have only given here a chapter of personal relations and memories, which seems to supply a side view of the lamented historian's character which only his intimate friends could know anything about, and to portray an almost entirely unknown phase of his early career which none but those who happened to know him intimately at that time can form any idea of.

Circumstances may have parted us in later years more than I could have ever thought possible once; but I owe him so much, I loved him so well, I feel his loss so irreparable, I believe so ardently in the excellence, beauty, and power of his work, that I cannot help bringing to his grave this little wreath of personal memories, which I think will have some fragrance for those who never knew him, and certainly for all who have been won and fascinated by "A Short History of the English People."

H. R. HAWES.

FENIANISM—PAST AND PRESENT.

"Ist mein Gewissen gegen diesen Staat
Gebunden? Hab' ich Pflichten gegen England?"

FENIANISM was bred in the camps of the American civil war, if not actually born upon its battle-fields. Englishmen are accustomed to talk in a loose way about the Irish-American element in the Irish question, but as a rule all that the English public knows of Irish-Americans will be found to be composed of such deductions and conclusions as the average English editor draws from selected excerpts from the journals of Mr. Patrick Ford and Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, and from the ignoble bluster or more ignoble crime of a handful of anti-social desperadoes. It is probable that the most of the trouble which now confessedly arises from the so-called Dynamite Section is largely due to the fact that English public opinion, misled in many cases by reckless English politicians, has steadily refused to recognize any Irish-American feeling, except that which may be presented in the American correspondence of the *Times*, and the anti-Parnellite denunciations of Sir William Harcourt. There is a great deal of truth in the recent reproach of the *New York Herald*, that it is the manner in which England has paid exclusive attention to "men whose names are gist for our comic paragraphers," which has given to them a species of importance and a growing ascendancy over a revengeful mass of expatriated Irish, victims, or the heirs of victims of eviction, whom every remorseless clearance of the Irish hillsides at once recruits and exasperates by the same operation. If to-day both English and Irish homes in England are menaced by the explosion of hundredweights of dynamite and carboys of nitro-glycerine, it is instructive to remember how a couple of years ago the receipt of a rusty pistol stuffed with burnt paper was converted by the rhetorical panic of a prominent minister into the most desirable advertisement for the obscure and uninfluential group—if, indeed,

they even amounted to a group—of would-be terrorists. If a horrible and felonious aspect of the Irish question is now uppermost, if deeds deserving of the reprobation of mankind are contemplated in any quarter, it is on that account all the more urgent to remember that it has been the deliberate policy of too large a portion of English political society to see in Irish patriotism and Irish conspiracy nothing but the inspiration and the preparation of atrocity and outrage; and a glance at the early days of Fenianism, some adequate reflection upon the national forces to which Fenianism has appealed, will be all the more useful for Englishmen who are anxious to apply the methods of practical politicians to the settlement of the eternal Irish question.

THE IRISH AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

There is not a more glorious page in the history of any people than that which records the valour and the services of the Irish soldiers of the American Union. Splendid as is the military story of my countrymen in the armies of England and in the Irish Brigades of the Continent; not even in that Peninsular War, in which the flower as well as the mass of the battalions which scattered the marshals of Napoleon, consisted of the Gaels of Erin; not even on the hundred battle-fields of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, watered by the blood of the companions and successors of Sarsfield and Mountcashel; neither at Vimiera nor at Vittoria, neither at Marsaglia and Almansa, nor at Laufeldt and Fontenoy, did the courage of the race exhibit itself more brilliantly, or with more important results, than in the crisis of the American conflict, at Fair Oak and Fredericksburg, at Richmond and Antietam.

The eve of the civil war found the exiles still plunged in the brooding desperation which had taken the place of the enchanting visions of O'Connell's prime; still fettered to the sordid lot which awaited the evicted Irish farmer on the foreign shore to which he had escaped from famine and the workhouse. With the woe of the great expatriation writ large in the scantiness of their resources and the hardship of their life, the Irish masses in the United States appeared to be inextricably absorbed in the difficult task of winning their daily bread in the rudest and roughest of all possible ways. The politico-economic systematizers who had banished them had not reckoned what might become of a whole agricultural population cast, without capital or instruction, upon a strange land, under unknown social conditions. They were like Issachar who stooped between two burthens. Their poverty, the product of the rack-rent and the famine, and their ignorance, the product of a secular proscription of education, weighed them down. The Know-Nothings had essayed to array against them the "native Americanism" of a couple

of generations. The First Families of Manhattan only knew by a sort of grotesque repute the existence of a strong-backed multitude, who built docks and railroads, and expressed themselves in a dialect of English which scarcely constituted an improvement on the nerve and music of the Celtic tongue. There were, indeed, many conspicuous exceptions to the humiliation of the banished Irish. The upward impulse was asserting itself in spite of natural and artificial drawbacks. But the general aspect was too depressing to be relieved even by the importance of the Irish Vote to the ward-politicians and managers of the Republican or the Democratic party machine.

The Secessionist shot that struck down the Federal flag on the ramparts of Fort Sumter was the signal for many sublime and tragic changes. It operated the transfiguration of the Irish-American nation. Generally speaking, the exiles went with their States, on Home Rule principles, as it were. A gallant band of Irish residents in the South went with General Patrick Cleburne. The vast majority, immigrants and dwellers in the cities of the North, went with General Thomas Francis Meagher, the "Meagher of the Sword" of enthusiastic speech-making assemblies in Dublin twenty years before, and now to be the Meagher of the Sword in very grim and glorious earnest, in the most desperate days of the awful conflict which was commencing. When once the impetus was given, the Irish rush was tremendous and incalculable. The native American and the circumspect Dutchman were astounded by it. The *Faugh-a-ballaghs* stretched their strong arms in hundreds of thousands to rear up and bear onwards the Stripes and Stars. More Irishmen than died in the service of France during the century between the violation of the Treaty of Limerick and the fall of the French monarchy, stood at one moment shoulder to shoulder in defence of the American Union. In the crowning year of the war, 190,000 Irish recruits still pressed forward to fill the gaps caused by the genius of Robert Lee and the iron courage of Stonewall Jackson. After the terrible fight of Fredericksburg, the correspondent of the *London Times* wrote home to his journal how—

"To the Irish division, commanded by General Meagher, was principally committed the desperate task of bursting out of Fredericksburg, and forming under the withering fire of the Confederate batteries to attack Mairé's height immediately in their front, and never at Fontenoy, at Albuera, or at Waterloo was more undaunted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during the six frantic dashes which they directed against their foes."

If it had been an objection to some Irishmen that they obtained their American citizenship on terms arranged by wire-pulling politicians, the reproach was washed out on such battle-fields as these :—

"After witnessing the gallantry and devotion exhibited by Meagher's troops," continues the same correspondent, "viewing the hillsides for acres

strewn with their corpses as thick as autumnal leaves, the spectator can remember nothing but their desperate courage, and regret that it was not exhibited in a better cause. That any mortal men could have carried the position before which they were wantonly sacrificed, defended as it was, seems to me idle to conceive. But the bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns, are the best evidence what manner of men were they who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle-fields and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Maire's heights the thirteenth day of December, 1862."

Though the individual soldiers of Irish brigades might be sacrificed in hecatombs to their own superlative daring, and to the experimental science of so many Federal generals, the substantial formation of the Irish regiments, their corporate entity, was kept intact by new hosts of headlong heroes of the same impetuous nationality, and the pen of a German staff-officer of the Confederate army can relate how at Richmond the gallant columns of Hill, and Anderson, and Pickett, with the flower of the North Carolina and Virginia regiments, went down in precipitate ruin before the ranks where the Green Banner flashed above the battle-smoke beside the Stripes and Stars.

"The struggle was man to man, eye to eye, bayonet to bayonet. The hostile Meagher's Brigade, composed chiefly of Irishmen, offered heroic resistance. After a fierce struggle our people gave way, and at length all orders and encouragements were vain; they were falling back in the greatest confusion. Infuriated, foaming at the mouth, bare-headed, sabre in hand, at this critical moment General Cobb appeared upon the field, at the head of his legion, and with the Nineteenth North Carolina and the Fourteenth Virginia Regiments. At once these troops renewed the attack; but all their devotion and self-sacrifice were in vain. The Irish held their position with a determination and ferocity that called forth the admiration of our officers. Broken to pieces and disorganized, the remnants of Cobb's fine legion came rolling back from the charge."

Such was the story of Irish valour on the side of the North, while the merit of those Irishmen who had cast in their fortunes with the lost cause may be noticed in the words of General Beauregard himself:—

"Relative to the soldierly qualities of the Irish who took part in the late war," said that distinguished Confederate commander, "I beg to state that they displayed the sturdy and manly courage of the English, combined with the impetuous and buoyant character of the French. They were found to be always the worthy companions of the gallant Confederate soldiers with whom they fought side by side during over four years of internecine struggle."

THE IRISH BACKWOODS SONG.

These are proud testimonies to the position which the Irish exiles had achieved for themselves in the service of their adopted country, and the hundreds of thousands of Irish soldiers were proud to have deserved them. But there was another sentiment besides fidelity to the flag of North or South animating the breasts of that vast host

of armed and disciplined Celts who, as they counted with exultation their innumerable files, were tempted to boast, like the Christian knights on the eve of the fatal battle of Nikopolis, that "though the heaven were to fall, they could uphold it on their lances." This sentiment may be illustrated by a well-known story of the war. While two hostile armies of Federals and Confederates lay facing one another on the opposite banks of the Rappahannock, the soldiers on both sides not on duty were accustomed to wile away the evening in the camps by jest and song; and one evening there suddenly arose on the tranquil air the manly melody of a favourite chant of the American-Irish, the composition of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, now Member of Parliament for the County of Westmeath. Beginning at one wing of the Federal army, it rolled in thunderous music along the tents and through the crowded lines. It swept in storm across the separating river. It was taken up in thinner volume but with no lesser emotion by Confederate company after company. Both banks of the stream were quickly swarming with a martial multitude, divided by discordant American sympathies, but one and indissoluble in the common devotion which rang forth in the Irish Backwoods Song:—

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the parting day,
We'll toast old Ireland,
Dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

"We've heard her faults a hundred times,
The new ones and the old;
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes
Enlarged some fifty fold.
But take them all, the great and small,
And this we've got to say:—
Here's dear old Ireland,
Good old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

"We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
And all, 'tis said, in vain.
But no, boys, no! a glance will show
How far they've won their way—
Here's loved old Ireland,
Brave old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

THE PRECURSORS OF FENIANISM.

The question was "How far they'd won their way?" Though, as it was easy to perceive, the spirit and disposition of the Irish exiles were favourable in the highest degree to the reception of Irish Nationalist projects, it required a plan, a purpose, and at least a prospect of action, in order to convert that mass of anti-English disaffection into a concrete danger to the existing relations between

Great Britain and Ireland. In one sense or another, something of a purpose if not a plan had always subsisted in certain sections of the Irish population at home and abroad, and had kept up the tradition of national independence in the minds of the masses. The Rapparees had taken the aspiration from the men of Aughrim and Limerick. In semi-rebellious legality and constitutional mutiny, the Volunteer Movement had transferred the protest of the outlaws to the parliamentary arena. The United Irishmen had failed to bring the undertaking a step further, but the abortive insurrection of Emmet, and the multitudinous agitation of O'Connell, showed that the yearnings of the native race had not been drowned in the blood of '98. The fiasco of Young Ireland had ended at Ballingary, but had bequeathed the magic of its lyre and the fire of its oratory and its journalism to enkindle the imaginations and convince the reason of a new generation, whom the National Schools had taught to read, and whom the awful evictions of the Famine had not reconciled to the operations of British law in Ireland. Already, previous to the mustering of the Irish hosts between the Potomac and the Mississippi, two men of the school of 1848, who had surveyed the Irish situation from a Parisian study, had determined to try the effect of the application of Continental systems of secret organization to Irish disaffection, and Mr. James Stephens and Mr. John O'Mahony, the one in Ireland and the other in the United States, conceived the idea which was to germinate in the Fenian Association and the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the mysterious I.R.B. of detective informations and treason and treason-felony trials for many a day to come.

At the very outset of the new departure, the name of Jeremiah O'Donovan, the O'Donovan Rossa of dagger and dynamite journalism to-day, came into notice. A number of young men of the commercial class, in a small town in the South of Ireland, had established a literary and historical society called the Phoenix National Society. They numbered about a hundred, and one of their most prominent members was a jovial, headstrong, but well-read young fellow named Jeremiah O'Donovan. Mr. A. M. Sullivan gives the following sketch of the future author of such revolting and horrible designs:—

"Foremost in a sort of careless audacity and resolute will," writes the author of "New Ireland," "was one already quite popular—as the authorities would say, a ringleader with young men of his class—Jeremiah Donovan. He was not only given to Gaelic studies, but he exhibited a love for historico-genealogical research which was quite alarming to the local gentry. He very shortly resumed the 'O' to his name; and as his people belonged to Ross, he adopted the distinguishing Gaelic affix of 'Rossa,' thenceforth signing his name Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa."

To Rossa and the Phoenix National Society Mr. James Stephens one day introduced himself, expatiated upon the advantages of organized

conspiracy, found that the seed fell on grateful soil, and started that Phoenix Society, which, after putting out many branches for some months among the impulsive populations of Cork and Kerry, was as usual denounced to the Government, broken up by the wholesale arrest of its members, and became officially extinct through the engagement taken by the accused to plead guilty, and come up for sentence when called upon. The Fenian conspiracy was to drive its roots into more tenacious soil, and to rear its trunk under more auspicious airs, though it may be held that Fenianism itself was in a way a cutting from the Phoenix Society.

It is a somewhat needless inquiry, however, to track the exact moment of the genesis of any specific form of Irish disaffection. Organizations may start almost simultaneously, and the main stream of the Nationalist current can only be determined by waiting to see which movement will absorb and supersede the other. Fenianism was certainly known in America under that name while the Phoenix Association was filling the youth of South Munster with hopes of a more skilful Emmet and a more successful Wolfe Tone. Unquestionably also, men like Mr. James Stephens, Mr. John O'Mahony, Mr. Luby, Mr. Kickham and Mr. O'Leary, who were prominent authorities of the Fenian and Irish Republican movement in its zenith, were already active in the work of spreading its ideas and assembling its forces. In the minds of these leaders the scheme which was subsequently to culminate or collapse in the insurrectionary efforts of 1867, had practically taken shape; but, as far as I can gather, the bulk of the disaffected Irish were more influenced by hatred of the landlordism which had evicted them and was evicting their fellow-countrymen than by Nationalist animosity of the purely political order. It was against the extermination of the people that the anger of the *Irish News* and the *Phoenix* and the *Irish American* appear to have been mainly directed, and though the shooting of landlords of the exterminating type was sometimes eulogised by writers who do not seem to have commanded a considerable audience, the project of a military insurrection was during these years rather a pious opinion than a clearly conceived design; and I must take the outbreak and progress of the American Civil War as the true period of the growth and development of the Fenian plan of campaign.

I would be wrong, however, not to direct the attention of the English reader to a circumstance, to which Mr. A. M. Sullivan has not given exaggerated importance in his "New Ireland," though I am far from guaranteeing all the views of that entertaining book. I refer to the undoubted influence exercised by the advocacy in the English press of the Italian Nationalist movement previous and subsequent to the Franco-Austrian War of 1859, and to its considerable share in the preparation of the popular mind of Ireland for the insurrectionary Nationalism of the coming day. Foreign Nationalist

movements have often exerted a fascinating influence upon Irish popular opinion, even when unsupported by the English press to the same extent as the Italian struggle. It is unnecessary to recall the connection between the First French Republic and the United Irishmen previous to 1798. When the Second French Republic was established in 1848, the leaders of the Young Ireland party deputed Smith O'Brien and Meagher to present an address of congratulation to the French Republican Government on behalf of the Irish people. During 1859 and 1860 the English press brought home the Question of Nationalities, as it was called, to the dullest apprehension in Ireland. Declarations that "Europe has over and over again affirmed the one principle on which the Italian Question depends—the right of a people to choose its own rulers," and that "the people of the Roman States, like every other people, have a right to choose their own rulers," were significantly applauded on both sides of the Atlantic. But the titbit which most admirably suited the Fenian palate, and which was most delicately and voluptuously tasted and savoured by the readers of the *Phoenix* and the *Irish American*, was the famous leading article of the *London Times*, which appeared to be the very gospel and evangel of a Nationalist insurrection:—

"It is quite time that all the struggling nationalities should clearly understand that freemen have no sympathy with men who do nothing but howl and shriek in their fetters. Liberty is a serious game to be played out, as the Greek told the Persian, with knives and hatchets, and not with drawled epigrams and soft petitions. . . . The wish to be free is nothing. A horse, or a sheep, or a canary bird, has probably some vague instinct towards a state of freedom; but what we ask—and within the past few days we have asked with some doubt—is: Are these Italians prepared to fight for their freedom? . . . The lowest sentiment of contempt which a freeman can feel is that excited by a wretched serf, who has been polished and educated to a full sense of the degradation of his position, yet is without the manhood to do more than utter piteous lamentations."

Rapturously did the Fenian organs quote these burning expressions of the contempt of freemen for a race of willing slaves.

And just when the popular mind had been thoroughly excited by such doctrines, there occurred two events, almost contemporaneously, which quickly brought the Nationalist passion to the fever height of hope and exasperation. On the awful morning of the 8th of April, 1861, for ever accursed in the annals of Donegal, the Glenveagh Evictions—the deliberate depopulation of a vast district of country by order of a new landlord, who had bought the place a couple of years previously—were executed under protection of the bayonets of the soldiers and constabulary of Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen of that portion of the United Kingdom called Ireland. Six days later, on the ever-memorable 12th of April, 1861, the Secessionist cannon of South Carolina belched out their smoke and flame and hissing and-shot upon the star-spangled banner which floated above Fort

Sumter, and Mr. James Stephens began to realize the commencement of his opportunity.

THE PROPAGATION OF FENIANISM.

The funeral procession which attended the body of Terence Bellew M'Manus, one of the rebels of '48, who died at San Francisco early in the year 1861, and whose remains were borne through the cities of America and across the Atlantic to their final resting-place in Glasnevin, was the ceremonial which announced that the period of active preparation had arrived, and that the general design of the party of insurrection was now fixed. From the 30th of October, 1861, the day of the arrival of the funeral ship at Queenstown, to the 10th of November, the day of the interment at Dublin, was a time of intense excitement and profound emotion in Ireland. Every stage of the progress of the funeral, as it proceeded slowly across the island, was marked by the gathering of sympathizing multitudes and the enlistment of innumerable recruits to the Fenian cause. Fifty thousand men marched in military order behind the body through the streets of the Irish capital. A quarter of a million of people thronged the sideways and the public places. The Fenian leaders recognized in the surging masses the raw materials for their purpose, and the most sanguine boasted that there would soon be an Irish army on Irish soil to equal the Irish host which was collecting beneath the banners of the Disunited States beyond the Atlantic. How to turn that mass of processionists and spectators into an army was the not inconsiderable task of the Fenian directory.

I have often been amused to read the accusations of negligent administration and lax supervision which Conservative speech-makers direct against the Liberal Government of the present day for the alleged development of disaffection in contemporary Ireland. I cannot help recalling to mind the unchecked ostentation with which the Fenian organizers were allowed to develop their plans during the entire period from the M'Manus Funeral Procession in 1861 to the Suppression of the *Irish People* in 1865. During the whole of that period a statesman, Lord Palmerston, whom contemporary Conservatives claim as a type of the true English premier, held the reins of office, and yet Mr. James Stephens and his merry men were enabled to cover Ireland with the network of their organization, to appoint their Centres and construct their Circles, to select their B's and to marshal their C's in the superior and subordinate ranks of their unarmed Army, with apparently little less impunity than if they were pursuing their operations under the shadow of the Capitol at Washington instead of the Castle at Dublin. That in every military sense the organization was utterly deficient and unequipped, that the training of the Fenian levies seldom went beyond an indifferent

acquaintance with the goose-step, that the whole enterprise turned out to be "very easy to talk of, but not so easy to do," cannot be denied, indeed; but neither can it be denied that Fenianism in a way organized and extended itself very thoroughly among large masses of the Irish population in every quarter of Ireland, and that wherever the emissaries of the Central Organizer of the Irish Republic, the C.O.I.R., as Stephens loved to be styled, effected their passage, they left behind them a trail which the Government often subsequently were able to follow, but which the Government has never been able to efface. Even the open, notorious, and uncompromising publication of the aims and objects of the Irish Republican Brotherhood in a special organ suited for circulation among the popular classes was undertaken by the Central Organizer, with the same philosophical calm on the part of the Palmerston Administration. In November, 1863, exactly two years after the M'Manus Procession, Mr. James Stephens founded the *Irish People* newspaper within a few paces of the Castle itself, placed upon it the devoted zeal and effective pens of Mr. John O'Leary, Mr. Charles Kickham, and Mr. Clarke Luby, and continued for two years, without any sort of police interference, instructing the reading classes among the Irish people in Ireland and Great Britain in the saving doctrines of Irreconcilable Nationalism and Emancipation by Insurrection. Nor might the suppression of the *Irish People*, when it had substantially done its work, have occurred even after two years, but for the accidental revelation to the Government by that familiar *deus ex machina* of Irish governmentalism, an approver or informer, of a written order from Stephens to the working B's, and captains of Circles, in the great county of Tipperary, giving directions for early action. Nagle, a subordinate member of the *Irish People* printing staff, picked the pocket of a drunken Fenian, as he lay asleep in the heavy sleep of intoxication, instead of speeding on his way to the working B's of Tipperary, and conveyed the precious missive to the Castle. Mr. James Stephens must have considered himself justified in the contempt which he evidently entertained for the powers of observation of Dublin Castle, and so for two years the *Irish People* went on asking, in the words of an article of the year 1864: "Are the millions of the Irish race at present living, and the countless millions yet unborn, to wander for ever over God's earth without really a home or country? Think, Brothers, and answer, but let the answer be—not in words—but in deeds." The bland audacity of such journalism must have singularly impressed the quick and retentive minds of its Irish readers.

THE INSURRECTIONARY FIASCO.

I do not propose to repeat the oft-told tale of the suppression of the Fenian insurrection. The thing was inevitable, and it is mere

superfluous breath to remark that the Fenian leaders "might have been more prudent," or "ought to have been" better prepared. No prudence and no preparation could obviate the initial difficulty in the way of the Irish Republican Brotherhood; that the strength of their movement lay in the disciplined valour of half a million of Irish veterans of the American Civil War, and that between Phil Sheridan's troopers, or Tom Meagher's fierce Infantry, and any debarkation on Irish soil a certain difficulty of transport intervened which had in past days proved too much for the grim *tercios viejos* of Parma, and the *vieilles moustaches* of Napoleon, and which was decidedly beyond the capacities of Mr. James Stephens and his Republic, even though the Fenian oath of enlistment declared the latter to be "now virtually established."

During the two years occupied by the fitful sputterings of rebellion in Ireland, the solitary representative of the Armada which was to bear the veterans of America to the banks of the Shannon, was the little brigantine of two hundred tons burthen, the *Jacknell*, subsequently named the *Erin's Hope*, which succeeded in crossing to the Irish shores with a cargo of five thousand stand of arms, a couple of pieces of field artillery, and a body of experienced Irish American officers—including General Kerrigan, Colonel Tresilian, Colonel Warren, Colonel Nagle, Captain Kavanagh, Lieutenant Costello, and some others—but after beating around the island for a couple of weeks, had to return with her cargo undischarged, though leaving behind her a number of her passengers who landed off Dungarvan, only to fall at once into the clutches of the law. As for the other incidents of what is called the Fenian Outbreak, the local risings and gatherings in the island, the attempted surprise of Chester Castle, the rescue at Manchester, the crossing of the Canadian frontier by a Fenian column, and the rest—they only serve to show to the least observant that there is all the difference in the world between tumultuous enthusiasm or considerable organization of a private kind, even when enjoying the sympathy of vast masses of men, and the setting of an army in the field against one of the greatest Empires of history, within a few hours' sail of the centres of English strength and the arsenals of English resources. The Government boasted of suppressing the Fenian insurrection. It was the nature of things which had suppressed the Fenian insurrection. English law reigned in Ireland, and the Irish American veterans had to survey the scene with what equanimity they could muster, as it was clearly unadvisable to attempt to cross the Atlantic by swimming with their rifles in their teeth, and any considerable train of artillery in their wake.

It would, however, be singularly unjust to the able and practical men of approved courage and skill who at different times exercised a leading influence in the Fenian councils between the commence-

ment of the American Civil War and the collapse of what is called the Fenian insurrection, to attribute to them the senseless notion of a war with the British Empire, either upon the basis of the Irish military force in the States, or upon the basis of the "Circular" organization of Mr. James Stephens in Ireland. If the archives of the Federal Government, if all the records of the communications which passed between the Federal authorities and the Fenian leaders during the Civil War, could be published; if, in particular, we could have a complete account of the arrangements or quasi-arrangements between the United States War Department and the spokesmen of Irish sentiment during the most critical period of the relations between the United States and England at that time; if we had all the means for taking full account of the condition of feeling towards England both north and south of Mason and Dixie's line, for many a day before and after the surrender of Robert Lee and the capture of Jefferson Davis, the most sceptical Englishman would hesitate to say that the enterprise of the Fenian Association and Irish Republican Brotherhood was congenitally futile or necessarily absurd. There was a moment when the plan of the invasion of Canada was seriously discussed by the chiefs of the American General Staff, when the commanders of the probable expedition were already designated, and when the Fenian leaders had most reasonable warrant for the conviction that they might soon be entitled to raise the Green Banner beside the Stars and Stripes above an array of hundreds of thousands of Irish soldiers. Unquestionably many grave and deliberate men, not given to dreaming, considered at more than one moment that the aid of the American Union in restoring the independence of Ireland was to be the reward of the Irish for restoring the authority of the American Union. But it was not to be so. And the so-called Fenian insurrection is rather to be regarded as largely the desperate attempt of the hottest heads and fiercest hearts of the organization to do something to justify or at least to save from shame the proud predictions which had filled the columns of the Fenian press and the addresses of the Fenian leaders, while American citizenship was still stung by the recognition of the Southern belligerents, and when American commerce was still infuriated by the exploits of the *Alabama*.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE FENIANS.

The armed rising of the Fenians, such armed rising as had taken place, was suppressed, and the British Empire, an easy victor, held in its power a number of the leading actors both in the preparation of the rising and in the rising itself. I am not bound to any chronological order, and I do not follow any chronological order. For the purpose which I have in view, both batches of prisoners, those who were connected with the pre-insurgent period which may

be identified with the publication and suppression of the *Irish People* in 1865, and those connected with the insurgent agitation of the two subsequent years, form but one body. The Government had them fast; how did the Government treat them?

As far as I have seen, Englishmen do not yet even suspect the crucial importance of this question. As far as I have seen, Englishmen—in some respects the most unreflective and indiscriminating of mankind—do not suspect that it was precisely the treatment of the Fenian prisoners which has introduced anew into the relations of the two peoples the terrible exasperation which is now abroad, the terrible exasperation which had lain dormant for generations or which had never existed. The Liberal Administration of Lord Russell and the Tory Administration of Lord Derby concurred in sentencing the Irish political insurgent to the punishment and the companionship of Bill Sykes. They gloried in degrading the Irish Rebel to the level of the Common Felon. I fail to see how their success could have been expected to improve the tone of Irish disaffection if they had succeeded to the utmost extent of their hopes.

It is imperative to recall to mind, if a right judgment is to be formed upon questions which continue vitally to affect the present relations of the two races, the fact that no outrage against the common law, no crime of common law, could ever be imputed or was ever attempted to be proved against any of the men who took part either in the conduct of the *Irish People* newspaper, or in the attempts at insurrection which followed fitfully and at intervals the suppression of the *Irish People* newspaper. These men conspired to effect the separation of Great Britain and Ireland. They would certainly have deprived the Queen of the United Kingdom of "her style, honour, and royal name" in "that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland." When conquered, their lives were forfeit to the law of the conqueror. Any just punishment short of death was equally within the right of the British Government. But to spare the lives of these men merely in order to send them to herd with the scum and sweepings of the criminal classes in Portland and Dartmoor, to thrust stainless scholars and gentlemen like Charles Kickham, like Thomas Clarke Luby, like John O'Leary, chivalric soldiers like General Thomas Burke, like Captain John M'Clure, plain-spoken and straightforward men like O'Donovan Rossa, into the fetid horrors of Common Penal Servitude, was not within the right of any Government on earth. It was the application of cynical and brutal Force, and nothing more.

Let the facts be borne in mind. Down to the suppression of the *Irish People* newspaper, no overt act whatever had been committed beyond the preparation of insurrection and the publication of inflammatory verse and prose. After the suppression of the *Irish People*

newspaper, the bands of unarmed or half-armed peasants and city youths who formed the bulk of the array which the Irish American officers were expected to lead, never once—though for days together valuable property and hostile lives in numerous counties of Ireland were at their mercy—never once, or in the slightest and remotest degree, perpetrated upon any non-combatant any violation of the commands, “Thou shalt not kill,” and “Thou shalt not steal.” When the news of the abortive rising at Cahirciveen sent the whole of the frightened gentry of Kerry into Killarney Railway Hotel, converted into an improvised blockhouse, no advantage was taken of the flight of the proprietors; and when the scare had passed, and the gentry returned to their homes, there was not the loss of a silver spoon, there was not the life of a barndoor fowl, to be alleged against the reputation of the Fenian gathering.

At the trials of the prisoners, nothing could be more manly, nothing could be more outspoken, than the indignation with which the captive Fenians denounced the bare suggestion that plunder or assassination was an object of their enterprise. Some rash imputation of the sort had, to his subsequent great regret and grief, found a passing mention in a speech of the counsel for the Crown, the present excellent and fair-minded Judge Barry. Some other official of the Crown had harped upon the baseless slander. Mr. Clarke Luby repudiated with strong emotion such an infamy:

“In justice to my character, I must say that in this Court there is not a man more incapable of anything like massacre or assassination than I am. I really believe that the gentlemen who have shown so much ability in prosecuting me, in the bottom of their hearts believe me incapable of an act of assassination or massacre.”

But Thomas Clarke Luby was sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude. When Captain John M’Afferty stood up to receive sentence of death, he was able to say with perfect truth:—

“I do not deny that I have sympathized with the Irish people—I love Ireland—I love the Irish people. If I were free to-morrow, and the Irish people were to take the field for independence, my sympathy would be with them; I would join them if they had any prospect whatever of independence, but I would not give my sanction to the useless effusion of blood, however done. . . . I find no fault with the jury, no complaint against the judges. I have been tried and found guilty. I am perfectly satisfied that I must go to my grave. I will go to my grave as a gentleman and a Christian, although I regret that I should be cut off at this stage of my life—still many a noble Irishman died in defence of my southern clime.”

Captain John M’Clure, who had won his rank in the service of the North, as Captain M’Afferty had in the service of the Confederation, said before sentence:—

“I feel fully satisfied of the righteousness of my every act in connection with the late revolutionary movement in this country, being actuated by a holy desire to assist in the emancipation of an enslaved and generous people. I derive more pleasure from having done the act than from any other event

that has occurred to me during my eventful though youthful life. I wish it to be distinctly understood here, standing as I do on the brink of an early grave, that I am no filibuster or freebooter, and that I had no personal object or inclination to gain anything in coming to this country. I came solely through love of Ireland and sympathy for her people. If I have forfeited my life, I am ready to abide the issue."

General Thomas Burke spoke in no less noble language when his turn came to address his judges :—

"Fully convinced and satisfied of the righteousness of my every act in connection with the late revolutionary movement in Ireland, I have nothing to recall, nothing that I would not do again, nothing for which I should feel the flush of shame mantling my brow. My conduct and career, both here as a private man and in America—if you like—as a soldier, are before you, and even in this my hour of trial I feel the consciousness of having lived as an honest man, and I will die proudly believing that if I have given my life to give freedom and liberty to the land of my birth, I have done only that which every Irishman and every man whose soul throbs with a feeling of liberty should do. . . . I, my lords, have no desire for the name of a martyr; I seek not the death of a martyr; but if it is the will of the Almighty and Omnipotent God that my devotion for the land of my birth should be tested on the scaffold, I am willing there to die in defence of the right of men to free government—an enemy to the power which holds my native land in bondage."

When the stainless record of the prisoners became known in England, when the noble sentiments of the prisoners were read in England, generous England resolved that such men should not perish on the scaffold of the traitor. England generously commuted their sentence into the revolting companionship of the wife-slaughterer, the garotter, and the unnatural offender, mercifully substituted for the brief pang of death the agony, the contumely, the infamy, and the outrage of the penal servitude of the lowest felons. How each instalment of the hideous story ate into the very hearts of young Irishmen in those days! Even O'Donovan Rossa, upon whom no shadow of non-political crime had rested, and who only occupied the functions of Business Manager of the *Irish People* newspaper, was sentenced to penal servitude for life. When the statesmanship of England sent the business manager of the rebel journal to dig and quarry in Portland between an assassin and a ravisher, when England's rulers put the warm-hearted and impulsive Munster man to toil in the chain gang, to share the unimaginable contamination and foulness of the felon's torture-home, to carry and empty in turn the ordure bucket of all the nameless malefactors of his prison gallery, did they intend to nurture the horrible revenge of the dynamite incendiary? When they bent themselves to the task of degrading the Irish Rebel into a Felon, what gain for the State, what gain for the future relations between the two races, did they anticipate from such a transformation? Undoubtedly to some extent they succeeded, to a terrible extent they succeeded. Men, ulcerated in soul and conscience, came out from that demoniac

ordeal. Fenianism was not killed. But the infamies inflicted upon the Fenian convicts stamped the purpose of Fenianism upon the very nature and being of hundreds of thousands of Irishmen throughout the world.

THE RESUSCITATION OF FENIANISM.

The loathsome punishment inflicted upon so many scholars, soldiers, and gentlemen who had attempted to carry out the maxim of the leading English journal, that "Liberty is a serious game, to be played out, as the Greek told the Persian, with knives and hatchets, not with drawled epigrams and soft petitions," produced the most widespread consequences in all classes of the people. The physical insurrection of Fenianism had collapsed, and if the Government had imitated the wise clemency which had been extended to the Mitchells, the Smith O'Briens, the Gavan Duffys of 1848, the spirit of Irish disaffection, disappointed with failure and cowed with ridicule, might again have rested for twenty years. The horrible atrocity of the torturing indignities perpetrated upon the Fenian prisoners operated the moral resurrection of Fenianism. It was felt that it was Irish nationality itself which was sought to be degraded, that it was Irish nationality, the nationality that had survived 3,000 years of glory and sorrow, which was sent to recruit the chain-gangs and to bear the ordure buckets of English convict hells. The Amnesty Agitation suddenly leaped to light and popularity, and collected upon the same platforms, along with notorious sympathizers with the I.R.B., crowds of merchants, priests, and moderate politicians, who had held sternly aloof from the doctrines of the *Irish People* and the Circles and Centres of the crushed conspiracy. An indescribable passion filled and overflowed all hearts. University students and Trinity College dons shuddered with repulsion and indignation as they thought of the fate of the high-minded and scholarly Luby. A wide circle of personal friends was touched to scalding grief over the woes of the gentle enthusiast Charles Kickham, deaf and half blind, in the felon's uniform and the felon's revolting company. The great county of Tipperary elected, however illegally, by an overwhelming vote, O'Donovan Rossa, against whose name no charge was yet writ except a defiant bearing and a rebel's heart. Mass meetings, rivalling in their proportions the monster assemblages of Repeal, took place all over the country. And while the multitudes expressed commiseration and anger over the sufferings of the political prisoners, they learned to appreciate the motives that had swept so many men of high promise and good repute into the schemes which had collapsed so readily, and which were being punished so infamously. Shaken by the pressure of the movement, shaken still more in all probability by the stirrings of the English popular conscience, which is so often more wise than the English political head, the Government of Mr. Gladstone—the first Gladstone

Cabinet—began to give way, but, hampered by official traditions, only adopted the stupid and miserable expedient of partial and piecemeal amnesty, under the insulting guise of the revocable ticket-of-leave.

Abominable revelations had already leaked out of the well-kept secrecy of penal servitude. The first batches of released prisoners corroborated the worst details of the disgusting story. English penal servitude has its horrors for the English felon, no matter how depraved. What was it for the Irish gentleman who had dreamed of imitating Louis Kossuth and George Washington? The amnesty movement became the expression of a sullen hate in the breasts of millions, and long before Michael Davitt was released in order to become the founder of the Land League, and long before Charles M'Carthy was released to expire a broken and tortured wreck in the arms of those who would have welcomed his restoration to life and freedom, the diabolical policy of degrading Irish disaffection to common felony and outrage had done fearful work from Manchester and Dublin to New York and San Francisco.

John Mitchell, in his "Jail Journal"—that marvellous piece of English prose, of which the like is not often to be found even in the magnificent literature of England—was able to write that, nominal felon though he was, he was allowed to spend his time in authorship and study. He chafes at fortune. He "gets on but slowly in his translation of the 'Politeia.'" Different, desperately different, were the privations inflicted on Mitchell's successors after another quarter of the enlightened nineteenth century had been added to the past; and I would warn the statesmen of England to examine their consciences whenever they have to do with an Irish rebel who has passed through the Inferno into which the Fenian prisoners were plunged.

FROM PORTLAND TO PHILADELPHIA.

The Home Rule movement was the resultant of many forces, but few men attained importance upon its platform who had not given pledges to the amnesty cause. Home Rule was and is—if new coercion will allow it to survive—a constitutional movement which always enjoyed the loud disdain of the professors of the faith of '98 and '67. The rise of the Land League Agitation was facilitated by the popular impression produced by the incorrigible insensibility of the Imperial Parliament to every form of Irish Constitutional demand so long as it continued to be merely constitutional. Mr. Isaac Butt had nevertheless won over several Fenians to his constitutional experiment.

The Land League rallied many of the leaders and the overwhelming bulk of the rank and file of the Fenian Nationalist party. For a time, undoubtedly, the united forces of the Irish race at home and abroad stood at the disposal of the Land League directors, if they had known what to do with them. All classes, with few exceptions, of

the Irish people seemed taken with the fascinating simplicity of the Land League programme. The loud announcement that the land was to be henceforth "for the people" was declared to be infinitely superior to the halting views of the Tenant Righters, who had never been able to dispose of the various interests of landlords, farmers, and labourers in so expeditious a fashion. The surprising prediction of Mr. John Dillon, one of the most popular of the new chiefs, that the Land League Members of Parliament would prevent the passing of any coercion Act, was accepted as so much obvious and necessary truth. The proud declaration of Mr. Parnell that he would never "have taken off his coat" for land reform if self-government was not behind it, filled up the measure of popular hope and exultation. Every good thing was to be obtained for Ireland, as the phrase went, "without a blow."

The new agitation enjoyed the practical monopoly of the popular journals of Ireland. By relationship or by purchase the entire weekly press was affiliated to the Land League. At the same time, the Nationalist newspapers in the United States were secured by means equally efficacious. A number of representatives of the League had been sent on various missions to the American Irish, and the Irish-American press gladly accepted the pliant pens of such popular characters for the supply of political and Parliamentary correspondence; and the ready writers did not fail to do ample justice to the exploits of themselves and their intimates without the slightest fear or contradiction or correction.

There were Fenian sceptics, however. Mr. James Stephens, from his Parisian retreat, occasionally expressed huge scorn at the theory that British oppression was to be dissipated by perpetual motions to report progress, or the violated treaty to be reintegrated by a steady strategy of all-night sittings. Mr. John O'Leary kept up a running commentary of carping observations, which the young and eloquent writers of Lower and Middle Abbey Street dismissed as simply ill-natured. Recently there has been a tendency in many Irish-American quarters also to attach a less implicit faith to the best advertised orations of Dublin Ciceros, and even Mr. Parnell's remarkable explanation of the no-rent manifesto has been criticised in the columns of the *New York Irish Nation*, with a trenchant vigour which does not leave much unsaid:—

"Mr. Parnell's speech at Cork," writes the journal of Mr. John Devoy, "contains a very interesting passage in reference to the no-rent manifesto. We learn from it that the leader of the Irish party 'never supposed that the policy of no rent would do more than effect good indirectly by enabling tenants to obtain large abatements from the landlords under pressure of the threat to pay no rent.' He is satisfied that the policy was signally justified by the results, 'although the struggle undoubtedly involved the sacrifices and sufferings of some individuals.' . . . The manifesto advised the farmers to pay no rent whatever, under any circumstances, until the Government

abandoned its policy of terrorism. One single effort, it told them, would suffice to abolish landlordism; the campaign of a single winter would strike down the ancient enemy for good. There was not one word in the document about bargaining for reductions with the landlords; not one word about yielding when the tenant was pushed to the wall; on the contrary, the manifesto distinctly advised the farmers to allow themselves to be evicted. It promised that the funds of the Land League should be poured out unstintedly for their support. . . . What must those farmers now think who obeyed the manifesto to the letter, and allowed themselves to be turned out of house and home? They immolated themselves and their families in the full faith that their trusted leaders believed what they were saying when they promised the abolition of landlordism in return for the acceptance of their solemnly uttered counsels. It does not need much imagination to fancy their feelings when they learned that the authors of the manifesto did not believe what they said, and did not even expect that their advice would be taken. . . . The 'some individuals' whose sufferings and sacrifices were referred to in the Cork speech must have felt very bad indeed. It would be easy to make a parallel between the Cork speech and the Kilmainham manifesto, which would be very disagreeable reading for the authors of the latter document."

It is not surprising after this castigation of the gentlemen "who chalked up no rent and then ran away," that Mr. John Devoy spoke of a projected convention of the Land League as "the meeting of a society much thinned in numbers and prestige, and no more."

The failure of the Land League to fulfil its most confident engagements, the diminished activity of the Land League members in Parliament, even as an irritating element, the exasperation caused by coercion, the refusal of further remedial legislation to amend the acknowledged deficiencies of the Land Law Act, and perhaps above all the operation of the so-called Pinch-of-Hunger policy, have unquestionably brought violent methods of overt revolution into increased favour with numbers of Irishmen at home and abroad. I have no reason to believe that the atrocious expedient of destructive explosions in the midst of peaceful populations, whether of mixed nationality or of purely English blood, has any following except among a handful of desperadoes, whose very nature seems to have been transformed by the debasing experience of the British convict jails. But the increasing indecision which Mr. Parnell has latterly displayed, has raised doubts beyond the Atlantic as to his possession of a policy—doubts which his indisposition to meet the Philadelphia Convention has not removed. A period of unrest and passion, of menacing talk and popular perturbation has set in, and the immense number of Irish who are actuated by no grateful feelings towards the British Government will render the crisis a troublesome if not a dangerous one. I confess I see few traces as yet of any tendencies, however, which should alarm with the sense of a real peril the adherents of the existing connection between Great Britain and Ireland. The utter ignorance of the resources, the policy, the strong points and the weak points of the Imperial system, which is the most marked characteristic of American-Irish disaffection, may lead to many impossible propositions, but to no

serious undertaking. In these islands there is no combination of secret conspirators which could permanently resist the dissolvent and disruptive influences of the powers of arrest on suspicion and private examination before a *Juge d'instruction* that are always within the reach of the authorities, ever since the Phoenix Park murders and the dynamite discoveries swept away the best prepossessions on behalf of more equitable procedure. There is and there will remain a misgoverned and discontented Irish people in Ireland. There is and there will remain a hostile and menacing Irish population in America, but there is more than "a silver streak" which separates the discontent of Ireland from the co-operation of America. At the same time, the student of Anglo-Irish history may usefully remember that the closing quarters of centuries appear to be fatal periods in the relations between the English and the Irish, ever since the accession of the house of Tudor at any rate. At the close of the fifteenth century the native Irish had barely left the English Pale a strip on the eastern sea-coast. At the close of the sixteenth century the insurrection of O'Neill and O'Donnell had carried the red hand and the conquering cross to the shores of South Munster. The battle of the Boyne and the violated treaty of Limerick darken the closing annals of the seventeenth century. The last years of the eighteenth century are filled with the loud tramp of the volunteers and the horrid butchery of 1798. May justice and wisdom now avert the omens which were ushered in by the passing of a Coercion Act of unexampled severity—lashing a nation for James Carey's crime—in the centenary year of the British recognition of Irish legislative independence.

FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL.

WE have received letters from intimate friends of Professor Zöllner indignantly denying Dr. de Cyon's statement that he "died mad," and asking us to publish this contradiction. M. von Weber writes:—"I know that he was until his last hours of life in the most healthy state of mind."

The conductors of this REVIEW cannot issue this number without expressing their deep regret at the sudden death of their valued Sub-Editor, Mr. William Gellan. Intelligent, laborious, devoted,—he brought to his task not only the accuracy of a practised eye, but a well-cultivated critical judgment. He was connected with the REVIEW almost from its foundation, he rendered to it faithful and important service, gaining the esteem not only of those whom he assisted, but of many of its distinguished contributors; and he died in harness, full of zeal for the work which he loved and which was so suddenly taken out of his hands.

THE CONGO NEUTRALIZED.

THE Congo—named also Livingstone, in memory of that great explorer,—this splendid river, whose discovery was to have been but the means of spreading civilization, seems likely to occasion shortly rivalries and jealousies between the States of Europe. France, after having set up her flag at Stanley Pool, has now forcibly seized upon and occupied Punta-Negra, which appears manifestly to indicate intentions of conquest and annexation. Portugal claims sovereignty over all the territory on both banks of the Congo lying between the degrees $5^{\circ} 12'$ and 8° south latitude, and also over the interior up to beyond Stanley Pool. If this latter claim were accepted, all the stations which have been founded there by two English missionary societies, and by the International Association of which the King of the Belgians is the patron, would be impeded in their development. This would at once occasion possibilities of conflicts and disputes between France and Portugal, for it would be very hard to fix boundaries between the possessions of the two nations. An African Society, recently founded in Rotterdam, has sent in an address to the Dutch Parliament, begging that the claims of France and Portugal on the Congo may be opposed. This address claims the *status quo*, maintaining that the exclusive pretensions of these two Powers interfere with the prior rights of Holland, which traded on the coast of Loango a century and a half ago, and also that the Dutch factories at the mouth of the Congo may suffer in consequence of these pretensions. The address concludes by inviting the Dutch Government to join with England, Germany, Belgium, and the United States in opposing the carrying out of Savorgnan de Brazza's treaty. This address passed the Chamber of Commerce at Rotterdam without a dissenting voice, and will, it is said, be strongly supported in Par-

liament by the members for that town. A society similar to the one just mentioned has been founded in Germany; and two German travellers, Pogge and Wissmann, are exploring the Congo. In England also several Chambers of Commerce, together with the Anti-Slavery Association and many missionary societies—in other words, those portions of the population representing essentially the interests of trade, of humanity, and of Christianity—have sent in an address to the Foreign Office, requesting the English Government to maintain the liberty of the Congo; and when Mr. Forster put his question in the House, Mr. Gladstone had already most absolutely declared that the Queen's Government would come to no decision respecting this important matter without first consulting Parliament. An English Company is now being formed in London for trade on the Upper Congo; the Germans are entering the country, and a Russian expedition is also contemplated. Finally, M. de Brazza is *en route* for the Stanley Pool, no longer as an isolated explorer, but as the representative of the French nation, empowered to dispose as he will of gunboats, of artillery, and of some hundreds of soldiers. We see then what divers interests are at stake, what rival claims and pretensions have already surged up, what elements of hostility have sprung into existence; and we are but at the outset of the undertaking, for three years ago the Congo was scarcely thought of. I should like to show in what manner all such unfortunate difficulties could be avoided, leaving these regions quietly to enjoy the benefits of peaceful competition, of free trade, of scientific explorations, and of Christian and humane missions.

The course, I think, to be pursued, would be to declare the neutrality of the Congo, entrusting the legislation of everything connected with this great river to an International Commission, as for the Danube. At all events, all the stations already founded, or hereafter to be founded, on the Congo, for the purpose of affording hospitality to travellers, or with any such humane view, should be unhesitatingly declared neutral. If I hazard this suggestion, which may at first appear chimerical, I do so because I feel assured it would be well received both in Germany and England, and because, even in France, it would have its adherents among far-seeing men, chief among whom would be the highest possible authority on such a subject—M. de Lesseps.* When the Congo question was under discussion in the

* M. de Lesseps, who devotes his prodigious energy to all works calculated to advance the progress of humanity, wrote to me as follows:—"The idea of neutralizing the Congo seems to me excellent. The realization of such a project would be worthy of our age, and would be a noble reward to the heroic men who have thrown open this portion of Africa to civilized Europe. I sincerely wish you every success in your undertaking, in which the King of the Belgians has so generously taken the initiative. I should be glad to see your scheme answer." Eminent Italian statesmen, such as M. Mancini, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Minghetti, Luzzatti, Pierantoni, were very well disposed towards the project, and in France several newspapers have already approved of the idea. M. Aurelien Scholl wrote of it as follows:—"That any nation should

House of Commons, we excited no little indignation on the part of some of our French contemporaries by proposing to place the great African waterway under the regulation of an International Commission; but the suggestion has been better appreciated in Germany. Herr Gerhard Rohlfs, the well-known German traveller, has published recently in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (April 22, 1883), an earnest appeal to the Government at Berlin to unite with England in internationalizing the Congo. He says:—

“To internationalize the Congo would perhaps present more difficulties than to subject the mouths of the Danube to common control; but it ought to prove feasible were England and Germany to throw their whole influence into the scale. If Germany join England, France, Italy, and Portugal can but follow their example, and the Congo will be saved. Let liberty for every one, under the protection of laws settled by international agreement, be our watchword. Some French papers may object, but the motive that underlies this objection—the desire of conquest—is a very cogent reason why the other Powers who do not desire annexation should insist on applying the precedent of the Danube to the regulation of the Congo.”

But before discussing the feasibility of this scheme it would be well to examine what has been already done in Central Africa, what is the present condition of the country, and, more especially, what may be looked for in the future, if free course be allowed to the enterprise of science, trade, and humanity, unimpeded by any ambitious schemes of conquest or annexation.

When, in August, 1877, the King of the Belgians graciously invited the most eminent geographers of Europe, together with all who by their studies or philanthropy had identified themselves with schemes for the civilization of Central Africa, to partake of Royal hospitality and to attend a conference to be held in his palace in Brussels, the letters of invitation clearly explained the end for which this conference was assembled. Previous to that date there had been many heroic expeditions to the interior of Africa, the expenses of which had been defrayed by private subscriptions. The King approved of these strongly, as emanating from Christian feeling and from a desire to spread civilization. To abolish the slave trade in Africa, to pierce through the darkness which now clouds it over, and throw open to the world its resources, which are apparently enormous, is, said

think of confiscating the Congo for its personal profit, to the exclusion of other nations, would be an act of folly verging on impudence. Between Stanley and Brazza there is an individual rivalry, but the question is far above the personal disputes of these gentlemen. After an international congress of geographers, held at the palace in Brussels, at which were present learned men and great travellers of all nationalities, the International African Association was founded, with a view to establish hospitable and scientific stations in Central Africa from one coast to the other in the direction of the Equator. It was agreed, that in order to effect this there should be an understanding among European nations in general. The great things to be avoided were petty rivalries and jealousies, and rapacity (said to be national) which must fatally lead to disagreement, and these collisions very naturally would take all confidence from the native population. What can be their opinion of a civilization heralded by disputes and conflicts? What must they think of peacemakers who commence by firing at each other!

Leopold II., a crusade well worthy of this nineteenth century. "But," added the King, "all these attempts have hitherto been isolated, and proposals are now being made on all sides that they should be united, and that a conference should be held to decide as to the course of conduct to be taken, in the future, in Africa, as also to fix certain landmarks and the limits of the territory hitherto unexplored, so that henceforth no expedition need be wasted."

Sovereign of but a small country, Leopold II. is naturally led to interest himself considerably in the affairs of the world in general. Too young at present to be, like his eminent father, the counsellor of nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, and their adviser in secret negotiations, Leopold II. takes very deep interest in the future of the far East. Before ascending the throne he travelled in Egypt, India, and China, studying these countries with attentive observation; and he returned thence fully convinced that, taking into consideration the immense strides that are being made in the development of European industry, it has become a matter of necessity that fresh openings should be created in view of its further spread, and that these openings ought to be made in the immense continents which are inhabited by a large proportion of the world's population. The present lengthy economic crisis proves but too clearly the justice of these opinions. North America, guided by a most narrow and mistaken policy, refuses to accept our produce. We are therefore forced to look further, and must seek fresh markets in Asia and Africa; the latter is the more interesting, because there a humane work may be carried on at the same time. The slave trade may be suppressed, and with it the abominable wars which so sadly depopulate these fertile regions. The King suggested three chief points for the consideration of the conference of 1877; they were as follows:—First, to draw up a basis of operations to be pursued on the coast of Zanzibar and near the mouth of the Congo; secondly, to fix the tracks for eventual roads by creating posts and stations between the coast and the interior, where Europeans could settle, with a view to offering hospitality to travellers, conducting scientific researches, acting as arbitrators between neighbouring chiefs, and endeavouring to abolish slavery and to inculcate ideas of justice amongst the native population; and thirdly, to form a central international commission for the carrying out of this project, and to explain the end to be attained to the general public of every nation, soliciting, at the same time, patronage and funds.

This elevated and generous idea of the King of the Belgians excited warm and universal sympathy, and the conference was attended by travellers and geographers of all nationalities. France was represented by Admiral de la Roncière Le Noury, President of the Geographical Society of Paris, by M. Maunoir, Secretary of the

same society, by M. Henry Duveyrier, the explorer of the Sahara; and by M. le Marquis de Compiègne, who had recently returned from a perilous expedition in the unexplored regions of the Ogowai. Germany sent three illustrious travellers, Messrs. Gerhard Rohlfs, and Schweinfurth, and Dr. Nachtigal, who had just obtained the chief medal given by the Geographical Society of Paris. Italy was represented by Commander Negri; Prussia by the Baron Richshofen, President of the Geographical Society of Berlin; Austro-Hungary by M. de Hochstetter, President of the Geographical Society of Vienna, by Count Edmond Zichy, Baron Hoffmann, Financial Minister, and Lieutenant A. Lux, who had returned from visiting the unknown basin of the Kwango. England sent Sir Rutherford Alcock, then President of the Geographical Society of London, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Colonel Grant,—who with his friend Speke first announced the existence of the great lakes of Central Africa,—Commander Cameron,—whose expedition from the east to the west coast of Africa by Lakes Tanganyika and the Lualaba was so much talked of,—and several eminent philanthropists,—Sir Harry Verney, Sir John Kennaway, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Mr. W. Mackinnon, and Admiral Sir Leopold Heath. Belgium, possessing no noted travellers, was represented merely by persons whose assistance in their own country might be of service in making the project known; among these was M. Emile Banning, who afterwards published an excellent work on Central Africa, summing up all that was then discovered with regard to it and giving also the results of the Brussels conference and the programme there agreed upon.* After four days' deliberations, presided over with great tact by King Leopold in person, it was settled that a line of stations should be established between the Zanzibar coast and the interior.

But what should be the character and mission of these stations? They should not be at all of a military character; all travellers are agreed as to that. Their mission is to act with gentleness and persuasion, and to make use of that ascendancy which a civilized man possesses over a mere savage. Any show of armed force would at once excite the hostility of the natives, and this could but terminate in an outbreak which, if resisted, would lead to open war and to conquest, things to be studiously avoided.

Again, the stations created by the International Conference must not be missionary; not because missionary zeal is not duly appreciated or its power doubted, but because subscriptions are received from members of many different denominations and opinions. While, therefore, sympathizing with the efforts that are being made in Central Africa to spread the Gospel, the emissaries of the Inter-

* "*L'Afrique et la Conférence géographique de Bruxelles.*" Par Emile Banning. Bruxelles, 1877.

national Association must themselves remain strictly secular. The great aim of these stations is to serve as starting-points and as resting-places for travellers who contemplate advancing or have advanced to unexplored regions. To-day, when the explorer leaves the coast, he is obliged to load himself with provisions, implements, and especially with means of exchange, for months and years; he must therefore take quite a train of porters, who are not only an immense expense, but who frequently desert *en route*, causing no end of additional worry and delay. The whole aspect of Central African exploration would be altered, if the traveller could supply himself with the necessaries for his journey in the very heart of the country, and if, instead of having to commence his perilous journey at Bagamoyo or St. Paul de Loanda, he could provision himself at Niangwe or at Ujiji. In case of sickness or non-success, these stations would be harbours of refuge; and the sufferings endured by Livingstone, Nachtigal, Grant and Cameron, which prevented their pushing their discoveries further, would be spared, or at all events greatly mitigated, to future explorers. The chiefs of these posts or stations, having received scientific instruction, would soon learn to know the resources of the country, and could act as guides to the explorers. Thus a fresh opening would be made for European commerce; European workmen would go out there, and the natives would soon learn their trades and teach these to each other; thus civilization would spread rapidly, and while accomplishing a good work in enlightening these poor savages, European industry would be benefitted.

What are the results hitherto obtained by the International Association? The most important in the eastern part of Africa is the foundation of a central station at Karema, near Lake Tanganyika. Karema, founded in 1879 by Cambier, had attained at the close of 1880 so great a development that his successor, Captain Ramaeckers, states it to be the most important station in Africa. He writes: "Mr. Cambier's work is finished, and he may well be proud of it. My admiration for him is equal to my pride at having been selected for the honour of succeeding him. The position of Karema is $6^{\circ} 49'$ south latitude and $28^{\circ} 11'$ east longitude of the Paris Observatory. It is situated on a slight elevation, which in 1879 was bathed by the waters of the lake; but as these have considerably fallen, it is now about 1600 feet distant. The residence of the Europeans is built of brick, and is situated in an enclosure of about 600 feet, within which are also stables, warehouses, shops, &c. A regular contract ensures to the settlement about 240 acres of land. The mean temperature, thanks to the breezes from the lake, is about 25° Cent. (77° — 78° Fah.). The land is exceedingly fertile; European vegetables, which have been introduced amongst the tropical plants, are abundant, and thrive well, as do also the cattle hitherto imported. Two

explorers have already taken advantage of the hospitality offered at Karema—Mr. Thomson, stopping there on his return from Lake Nyassa, and the Abbé Debaize, on his way to Ujiji, which was his last excursion.”

European influence is most beneficial to the natives, who, in the neighbourhood of Karema, are well disposed to submit to and even to appreciate the presence of men who can instruct them and generally raise their social condition. The population of the village of Karema has increased one-third; it now numbers fifty dwellings, inhabited by as many families, and the area of cultivated soil has doubled. The community is now clothed and in possession of tools. The international flag is hoisted on a little steamer on Lake Tanganyika.

But Karema is situated quite in the centre of Africa, and a chain of such stations is sorely needed to connect it with the coast; this is the only means by which rapid and regular communication could be established. Both France and Germany have already been instrumental in furthering this project, with the assistance and consent of the African association; and there is now a French station at Condoa in Ousagara, about 150 miles from the coast, founded in 1880, by Captain Bloyet, who resides there with his wife. The dwelling is situated in the midst of plantations, and a grant has been obtained of the land. More than one traveller has already partaken of the hospitality offered here.

The year following, in 1881, Captain Van Schoeler, in conjunction with Drs. Boehm, Kayser, and Reichard, founded a German station in the very heart of Africa, on the road from Tabora to Karema. This work was successfully continued by his companions after the return of Mr. Van Schoeler to Europe, and the station is now about to be removed to Gunda, the residence of the Queen of Uganda, an understanding having been come to with that sovereign, by which the natives themselves undertake to erect the buildings for the German mission, and that the latter shall be their arbitrators in any differences they may have with the neighbouring tribes. Both these stations accept the programme of the International Association, and have been aided by its funds, the Germans having received 40,000 francs (£1,600), and the French 20,000 (£800).

We have but to look eight years back, to the time when Cameron was in Africa, to see the great changes which have taken place in the conditions attendant on the exploration of the dark continent, and also to see how widely our information as to those regions has extended. The traveller can now calculate his halts, in spite of the difficulties as to climate and the hostile feelings displayed by some of the natives; he can look for help by the way, as at the end of his journey.

Starting from Bagamoyo, the mission station of the Pères du Saint

Esprit, he finds 150 miles further the French station of Condoa, and further on again the English missionary establishment of Mpwapwa. The next halt is at the Belgian station of Tabora; then comes the German settlement of Kakoma (Gunda), and on the banks of Tanganyika he can now rest at the Belgian station of Karema. One-third of the total depth of Africa is thus crossed. It needs but a multiplication of these settlements, and a road might then be attempted to connect them; and this once opened, Central Africa would by-and-by be transformed.

We see then that the efforts of the International Association have rendered Eastern Africa more accessible to scientific, religious, and commercial influences, and Karema is there as an undeniable witness of the success of these efforts. Two most important results must still be mentioned. Thanks to the numerous expeditions that have been sent during the last five years by the Association to these regions, the road from the coast to Lake Tanganyika is well known, and has become "a well-trodden highway," as the President of the Geographical Society in London recently stated.

The consequence of this is that the length of the journey decreases continuously. It took Cameron eleven months to reach the lake; Cambier, who was frequently stopped by the way, and who did not take the most direct route, took fourteen; while Captains Popelin and Ramaeckers successively accomplished the same distance in the space of five months; and Cambier, returning after them, has done it in fifty days. It must be recollected, in connection with these figures, that the road is still in a most primitive condition, and that the progress of the caravans is naturally very slow; but at the same time very decided progress has been made, and the great sacrifices that these explorations have necessitated have not been unrequited.

The explorations of the Congo have not been directly conducted by the International Association, but by the "*Comité d'études du Haut Congo*," who nevertheless have adopted the Association's flag. It is ceaselessly repeated in France that this "*Comité d'études du Haut Congo*" is a merely commercial society. Nothing of the kind is the case. It was formed on November 25, 1878, and began with a capital of a million of francs (£40,000). Belgians and other foreigners were among the first subscribers; but the expenses of Stanley's expedition considerably surpassed the capital subscribed, and funds have since been supplied by the boundless generosity of One whose sole interest can but be to advance the progress of civilization in Africa. The Royal Patron of the Association is, indeed, the only person in Belgium who can have nothing to do with commerce.

As soon as Stanley returned to Europe, after having made his splendid discoveries on the Congo, the Promoter of the enterprise begged him to undertake to throw open the river to European civilization, and to this intent placed unlimited funds at his disposal.

The ends aimed at by the society are essentially philanthropic and scientific; they undertake experiments, attempt explorations, and assist travellers and traders, but do not trade themselves. The summary of their labours, published in November, 1882, in Brussels (page 20), says: "No one could cite a single mercantile operation that has been carried on either through or by the 'Comité d'études du Haut Congo.' But the stations founded by this society will doubtless lead to divers nations opening commercial depôts in these newly discovered regions; such a result was foreseen when the Association was formed, and would indeed be in accordance with its intentions."

The Congo is navigable for a distance of 110 miles, from the mouth of the river to the Falls of Yellala. The next 213 miles of its course run through very wild and broken country. The great river traverses this, forming now insurmountable falls and now rapids, which may be taken by courageous efforts and in very light crafts, and which may, in fact, be compared to the first falls of the Nile, below Philæ, which are indeed merely rapids. The waters of the Upper Congo, pent in by a barrier of rocks, have formed a sort of lake, and this is what is known as Stanley Pool. Thence to the Stanley Falls, below the equator and 25° east, a distance of about 900 miles, the river is navigable, laying open the great valley of Central Africa, 900,000 square miles in extent. In order to reach this splendid basin, it was necessary therefore to pass the 200 miles between the Falls of Yellala and Stanley Pool. Stanley, aided by his royal protector, accomplished this in the space of two years, at the cost of enormous labour and of great sacrifices of every kind.

Before commencing the task, Stanley returned to Zanzibar to fetch his former fellow-travellers, and to these he added seventy-two Kabiundas and about fifty natives of Lower Congo; these latter engaged by the day. It was necessary, before anything else could be done, to establish headquarters on the lower and navigable portion of the river. Stanley selected Vivi, on the northern bank, a post about ten miles above the European station then established, and about eight miles below the Falls of Yellala. This post is most important. The land was granted on a sort of perpetual lease. The natives, far from appearing hostile, have frequently aided the building gratuitously and of their own accord. The establishment consists of houses for the employés, of warehouses, workshops, and an elegant chalet for the chief of the settlement. A little bay, at the foot of the hill on which Vivi is situated, serves to shelter the boats. The site for the second station was fixed about fifty miles farther up the river, also on the north bank, just beyond the cataract of Isanghila, whose name it bears. It is situated on an elevation of about 150 feet, and quite in a creek. This station also comprises dwellings for the employés and large stores and warehouses. A

road has been made between Vivi and Isanghila, the tremendous cost of which may be imagined without much difficulty.

Between Isanghila and the great Falls of Ntombo-Mataka the river is again navigable, although there are several rapids. A third station, Manyanga, has been established about a mile below the Falls, which present a most formidable appearance. Grants have been obtained from the native chiefs of a good deal of territory on both sides of the river.

From Manyanga to Stanley Pool the river is a series of rapids and falls, and navigation is wholly impossible. Here again a road has been made, covering a distance of about ninety miles. The making of this road was exceedingly difficult, as many ravines were encountered on the river banks. When Stanley started for Stanley Pool, in July, 1881, he met, near Manyanga, M. de Brazza, who in the previous October had obtained from the native chief Makoko a grant of land on the northern shores of the lake. Stanley therefore crossed to the southern side, where he established his fourth station, on lands ceded to him by the chiefs of the country. He named this settlement after the noble Promoter of the enterprise, the King of the Belgians. Léopoldville, founded in February, 1882, won at once the favour of the natives, and has already become a centre of culture and civilization.

Thanks to an active and well-trained service of carriers, the indefatigable explorer succeeded in transporting to Stanley Pool all the pieces necessary for constructing a little steamer, the *En Avant*, which is now ready to carry into the Central African basin, not the Belgian colours, but the flag of the International Association. Stanley has already made use of this little vessel to proceed further up the Congo, which is easily navigable at this point; and in March and April, 1882, a fifth station was founded, named Gobila, at the meeting of the Congo and Quango flowing from the south; followed, in the month of September, by a sixth at Bolobo, just above Chumbiri. The "Comité d'études" possesses four excellent little steamers, two of which, *la Belgique* and *l'Espérance*, carry on the traffic of the lower portion of the river between Banana, where ships come in from the sea, and Vivi. *Le Royal*, although built of wood, answers well; it runs between Isanghila and Manyanga, crossing rapids which, though difficult, are passable, while the glorious mission of exploring the Upper Congo with its many affluents, including the Darkura, which flows from a large lake in the interior, the existence of which was revealed by the natives, is reserved exclusively to the *En Avant*.

The results already obtained are considerable. They are a just and glorious recompense to the generous devotion of the Promoter; a recompense also well deserved by the heroic men who have thus successfully carried on so great an undertaking. The advantages which may be hoped for on the Congo surpass anything

to be expected from the Tanganyika stations. Here no Arab jealousy is met with. The natives, having suffered no ill-treatment from slave-traders, are well disposed towards Europeans, and willingly assist them for a mere trifle, at times even gratuitously. The climate also is less fatal to white men. It is but five days' march from Vivi to Isanghila, and six or seven from Manyanga to Léopoldville. When these two portions of road are straightened and in order, the transport will be effected by waggons, and then it will be possible to dispense with all these legions of porters, the expense and trouble of which at present, on the eastern side, prevent any produce except ivory being brought from the interior to the coast, or *vice versa*. All the riches of the central basin could be easily brought to the coast by the Congo, when once it is made navigable and a regular steamboat service established there. As the International Association, without trading itself, is disposed to aid every legal trade, the whole of European commerce, without any distinction as to nationality, would benefit by the opening of this immense field for enterprise and profit; and it must be remembered that this glorious result has been attained without a combat, that not a single drop of blood has been shed.*

In the year 1881 the English Baptist Mission established four stations on the Congo. The first, at Mussuca, about 100 miles up the river on the south bank, serves them as headquarters; the second is at San Salvador, about eighty miles from Mussuca, but much further inland; the third at Isanghila, about fifty miles from Mussuca, on the north bank of the Congo (this station is reached by Stanley's road from Vivi); the fourth is at Manyanga, rather more than 100 miles farther up the river than Isanghila, also on the north bank. In 1882 the station of Isanghila was exchanged for that of Baynesville, and the station of Mussuca for another at Wanga-Wanga, which was named Underhill. The Mission have founded another new station near Léopoldville, called Arthington, on land ceded by the International Association. The site of this

* Stanley has been blamed, especially in England, for having made use of arms during his first journey down to the Congo. This accusation is most unjust, for his one aim was to reach the coast as quickly as possible, to avoid perishing. When canoes manned by savages shot arrows at him, to prevent his advancing, what could he do but force his way through them as best as he was able? An Italian traveller, Louis d'Albertis, who followed the course of the river Fly, in New Guinea, resolved not to fire a shot; but he was nevertheless obliged to do so when the natives in their canoes tried to prevent his regaining the sea. ("Tour du Monde," November 25, 1882.) Protestant missionaries, who are not generally predisposed in favour of Stanley owing to his reputation for violence, admit that he has quite won the friendship of the natives by his cordial intercourse with them. The November number, 1882, of the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," published in London, gives an analysis of a letter written on the 4th of the previous August, by Mr. Comber, the head of the Baptist mission, and dated from Ntombi (Léopoldville) on the Congo. Mr. Comber, it says, expresses his warm gratitude to Stanley for having opened a way to Stanley Pool by the river. He and his colleagues had made several attempts to reach this point by land, but always unsuccessfully, owing to the armed resistance of the native ivory traders. Mr. Comber praises very highly Stanley's manner of treating the natives; he says that to Stanley's tact, kindness, and firmness with the chiefs is due our having opened up this great way for commerce, without a single armed combat. This is the language of an eyewitness, which is confirmed by the Catholic missionaries.

station is magnificent; and they have another on the south bank of the river at Manyanga, also near the International settlement, which they have named Wathen. This latter is of special service to them. It is proposed to start another on the Upper Congo, so soon as the Mission's new steamboat *Peace* is launched on the Stanley Pool, which will cost a whole year of hard work. The Livingstone (Congo) Inland Mission was commenced in 1878, with a view to evangelizing, by means of industrial mission stations and self-supporting missionaries, the valley of the Upper Congo, 900,000 square miles in extent. The following stations have already been founded:—first, Cardiff, near Opobo, which was however abandoned after a time as unhealthy; second, Banana, where there is an excellent house, containing seven rooms, built of iron and lined with wood, situated in about nine acres of land. There is here a landing-stage for the steam launch *Livingstone*. Opposite Stanley's station of Vivi, on the Lower Congo, the Mission have a third station, Mataddi Min-kanda. The spot was found too unhealthy for a place of residence, but there is a house where travellers can pass the night. The first Christian church on the Congo has been built at Palaballa, where there are a school-house and large stores, the whole enclosed in several acres of land, which are under cultivation. At the fourth station, Banza Manteka, there are also a house and outbuildings and a large garden, while at the Mission's fifth and large station, Bemba Manyanga, there is a landing-stage for canoes. There are also missionaries at Mukimbungu, Luckenga, and Matihu's town. The mission have a steamer built for the Upper Congo, *The Henry Reed*. The expenditure has amounted to nearly £30,000, and the present staff is fourteen men and two women; ten have fallen victims to the climate, and many more have been invalided home. M. de Brazza has founded, besides Franceville on the Ogowai, a station on the Stanley Pool, to which he has given his own name, Brazzaville.

In the documents laid before the French Chambers, in support of the demand for funds for the De Brazza expedition, the following list of stations to be founded is given:—Eight principal ones, five first and three second class, connected by twelve posts, and forming, so to speak, a double road to Brazzaville, from the Gaboon by the Ogawai and the Alima, and from the sea by the Quilion and the Valley of the Niari. These posts and stations are to form three groups, the first of which, on the Ogowai and the Alima, would comprise four posts and a first-class station, Franceville; the second group, starting from the Congo, would consist of a first-class station, Brazzaville, a second-class station and two posts; and, finally, a third group, comprising a first and second-class station and six posts, would connect Brazzaville with the Atlantic. Two first-class stations to be founded on the coast, Mayombé and Punta-Negra, would be connected with those mentioned above by a second-class station.

As we have already stated, the best way to prevent all disputes and contentions in the future would be to subject the Congo, like the Danube, to common control, neutralizing the mouth of the river and its banks, and placing the administration in the hands of an international commission. If this course were adopted, it might then be proposed to connect the Upper Congo with the sea, by a railway between a given point on the coast and Stanley Pool, a distance of about 200 miles, the revenue of the capital to be guaranteed by commercial nations, each of which would pay in proportion to its population, trade, and riches. It would not be a heavy charge, for the most severely taxed would perhaps pay about £200,000. Precedents of this sort are not wanting; France and England have more than once agreed to guarantee Turkish and Greek loans. Would not this arrangement between civilized nations for the carrying out of a great enterprise, which would be a gain to all humanity, be a magnificent manifestation of the principle of the real fraternity of nations, the bonds of which are daily being drawn closer? The African races would benefit by the suppression of slavery and of the exterminating wars which this abominable trade provokes, while civilized countries would be enabled to extend their commerce, fresh markets being thrown open for their produce.

It would be truly a pleasant sight to see States, which are, alas! too often divided by prejudices, jealousies, apprehensions or military rivalry, join thus in a common labour for the good and progress of mankind in general. But if this project remain a mere utopia, there is still a measure which it depends only on England to carry out, and which would enable this civilizing Mission to be effectually pursued on the Congo. This measure would consist in recognizing all the stations founded by the International Association, and also the mission settlements, as neutral and independent. Some French newspapers, published both in France and in the United States, pretend that such a step is impossible, because the Association represents no nation in particular, not even Belgium, although its head-quarters are in that country. But the international and disinterested character which permits of the Association calling together, without distinction of either nationality or religion, all who are willing to co-operate in the great work of exploring Central Africa, of contending against the extension of the slave trade and of introducing civilization to these dark regions—is not this precisely its greatest merit?

As a recent very able work of M. Gustave Moynier, the President of the "Red Cross" Society, shows, thirty-three States, or, in other words, all civilized nations, admit the neutrality of this admirable institution's ambulances, because the foundation of this society was rightly attributable to general Christian and philanthropic feeling. The International African Association is a second "Red Cross Society," which selects for its sphere of action the unexplored regions

of Africa instead of the battle-fields of Europe. It is a civilizing institution, comparable to the Order of Malta, and still more nearly resembling the Teutonic Order which, in the Middle Ages, induced the barbarous inhabitants of the shores of the Baltic to become subject to the influences of Christian Europe.

"A company of pious souls—compassionate Lübeck ship-captains diligently forwarding it, and one Walpot von Bassenheim, a citizen of Bremen, taking the lead—formed themselves into a union for succour of the sick and dying, 'set up canvas tents,' medical assuagements from the Lübeck ship stores, and did what utmost was in them, silently, in the name of mercy and heaven.

"On the whole, this Teutsch Ritterdom, for the first century and more, was a grand phenomenon, and flamed like a bright blessed beacon through the night of things in those northern countries. For above a century, we perceive, it was the rallying-place of all brave men who had a career to seek on terms other than vulgar. The noble soul, aiming beyond money, and sensible to more than hunger in this world, had a beacon burning (as we say), if the night chanced to overtake it, and the earth to grow too intricate, as is not uncommon."*

The native chiefs have given up a certain amount of land to the Association, by contract; and these contracts must be considered to hold good, for they are precisely similar to the one held by M. De Brazza from King Makoko with respect to the land on which the French stations, Franceville and Brazzaville, are built. Nor is England in a position to dispute the validity of such contracts, for in the documents recently laid before Parliament by the Government (Africa, No. 2, 1883, pages 87 to 95), we find thirteen treaties concluded between the Queen and various local chiefs. The chief aim and end of these "engagements" is to obtain the suppression of the slave trade, free trade, and liberty for missionaries.†

An incident, which has occurred recently, incontrovertibly establishes the validity of treaties concluded between native chiefs, strangers to the concert of civilized nations and free companies, or even individuals. In 1878, the Sultans of Brunei and De Sala, in the island of Borneo, gave up to an Austrian, Baron Overbeck, and an Englishman, Mr. Dent, all rights to a considerable portion of their territory situated at the south of the island. They were to receive in return a permanent annual payment.

The grantees handed over this land to an English society, which latter obtained a charter of incorporation from the Government in

* "Frederick the Great," B. II. chap. vi.

† The following is an example of the treaty, signed March 19, 1877, with the King of Mellalla:—

"ART. I. The export of slaves to foreign countries is for ever abolished in my territory.

"ART. IV. The subjects of Her Britannic Majesty and all white foreigners may always trade freely with my people.

"ART. X. Missionaries or other ministers of the Gospel are to be allowed to reside in my territory, and those of my heirs and successors, for the purpose of instructing the people in all useful occupations."

In some treaties, as for instance in one with Jumbo, Prince of Malimba, the adherence of France is foreseen and provided for in these words:—"Power is hereby reserved to the French Government to become a party to this treaty, if it should think fit, agreeably to the provision of Art. V. of the convention signed in London, the 29th May, 1845."

1881. The granting of this charter gave rise to a discussion in the House, which is most interesting, as touching the question of the Congo grants of land. The Opposition accused the Government of having been guilty of disguised annexation, in thus assuming control over the rights of sovereignty of the company. The Cabinet replied that they found themselves in presence of an accomplished fact; a legally constituted association was in possession of foreign territory, and in exchange for certain control to be exercised there by the Crown, in the interest of the native population, and also of general peace, the Government accorded them the advantage of commercial recognition, but that this act entailed no fresh responsibilities for England.

"These rights," said the Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, "were granted to, and legally became the property of the company. . . . Her Majesty's Government had no power to enter into the general expediency of a trading company occupying Borneo. It would have been confiscation of their property if, after what had occurred, the Government had attempted to take away the rights they had acquired. . . . The simple matter which the Government had to decide was, he repeated, whether they should leave the company to act unfettered and entirely without control or not." And Mr. Gladstone's statement was not less affirmative. He said:—"There is not a single privilege given to it by the charter over and above what it had already acquired upon a title sufficient to enable it to enter into the exercise of all its powers."

Finally, the statements made by Lord Granville in the House of Lords, on the 15th of March, 1882, prove that the protestations, made in the first instance against the company by Holland and Spain, were made in consequence of these two Powers considering themselves to be possessed of prior rights in the northern part of Borneo; but neither they nor Germany, which the British Government formally consulted on this occasion, had ever thought of questioning the rights of individuals or companies to obtain for themselves, from uncivilized monarchs, concessions of rights implying an exercise of sovereignty.

Is it not clearly apparent that the object of treaties between England and the chiefs of the Congo—*i.e.*, the suppression of the slave trade and free liberty of commerce and of religion—would be better guaranteed by a proclamation of the neutrality of all the stations founded on the Congo by the emissaries of the International African Association, than in any other manner? In declaring this neutrality, England would remain faithful to the policy she has pursued for long years in these regions; and, as she would be supported by both Germany and the United States, it may be safely affirmed that all other nations would accept the arrangement, as they have done for the "Red Cross Society." To show that the idea

of neutralizing the world's great highways is daily gaining ground, I here quote a summary of Sir George Elliot's views with respect to the project of a second canal being made between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Sir George entertains a strong opinion that the existing situation is capable of being met without resort to any new canal or railway. The widening and deepening of the existing canal he regards as the best and most economical way of meeting the requirements and difficulties of the time, because no canal, in his view, could be better situate than the Suez Canal. But for that canal to become all that it should be, it should be made an international concern.

The grand idea of the King of the Belgians, to unite in a great International Association all, without any distinction as to either nationality or religion, who are willing to do what they can towards advancing the work of civilization in Central Africa, is an enterprise at once so noble, so disinterested, so worthy of our age, that no nation could find grounds for refusing to recognize the neutrality of the stations founded by this Association in the sole interest of general humanity. England has but to say a word, and the work is done; the future of this great enterprise is assured. I do not hesitate to say that it would be a crying shame for the age in which we live, if one of its most noble conceptions were doomed to succumb through the indifference or hostility of States from which but a very simple thing is required—viz., to recognize an admirable institution which has been created by private zeal and the disinterested love of humanity and science. It is only from the French Government that any opposition can be apprehended. But as a Member of the International African Association recently remarked, in an open letter which was published at Brussels:—

"France can do much to quiet present apprehensions, and she has already given too many proofs of her devotion to the cause of progress not to understand the grandeur of the part she would be called upon to play if, while maintaining the advantages of her own position there, she do her best to prevent particular interests becoming opposed to the general interests of civilization, which latter are represented in Africa by a flag whose chief merit consists in its being no nation's colours. Would France's position on the Congo be preferable if the African Association, goaded to the last limit by direct and indirect aggressions, imitated the example of the first grantees of Bornéo and sold their rights either to a company or to a power. In the latter hypothesis M. de Brazza would, it is true, be in contact with the representatives of a European Government. But I do not see what France would have gained by the exchange."*

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

* "Le Congo," article du "Courrier des Etats-Unis," sur M. de Brazza, et l'Angleterre et réponse d'un membre de l'Association Internationale Africaine. Bruxelles: Muequardt. 1883.

AGNOSTIC MORALITY.

AGNOSTICISM, if we may trust some recent indications, is passing out of the jubilant stage and entering one of well-befitting seriousness. There lies the experience of a generation between the delirious exultation of Harriet Martineau over her "Spring in the Desert," and the sober sadness of the writer in the last number of this REVIEW on the "Responsibilities of Unbelief." The creed that "Philosophy founded on Science is the one thing needful," which the first considered to be "the crown of experience and the joy of life," has become to the second a burden and a sorrow—a "spring" indeed, but of waters of Mara. "I have been shorn of my belief," says one speaker in Vernon Lee's dialogue, "I am emancipated, free, superior; all the things which a thorough materialist is in the eyes of materialists. But I have not yet attained to the perfection of being a hypocrite, of daring to pretend to my own soul that this belief of ours, this truth, is not bitter and abominable, arid and icy to our hearts."

No reader of this thoughtful and powerful paper can fail to see that the indignant antagonism which the earlier blatant Atheism called forth, ought now to give place to mournful recognition of the later Agnosticism as a phase through which many of the most luminous intellects of our time are doomed to pass; the light which is in them waning till the thin crescent disappears. That it will be renewed again in the lustre of its fulness is not to be doubted, for this Agnosticism is no unfaithfulness to the true God of love and righteousness. It is precisely because the Agnostic fails to find that God where he persists in exclusively looking for Him—namely, in the order of the physical world—that the darkness has fallen on his soul. Perhaps the example of Agnosticism, as the last result of a logically

vicious method of religious inquiry, may not be useless in awaking us to the dangers of that method which has hitherto been used indiscriminately by friends as well as foes of faith.

All methods of religious inquiry resolve themselves into two—that which seeks God in the outer world, and that which seeks Him in the world within. Out of the first came the old Nature-worship, and dim chaotic gods with myths alternately beautiful and sweet, and lustful, cruel and grotesque; the Greek stories which Vernon Lee recalls of Zeus and Chronos and Cybele, and the wilder tales of ruder races, of Moloch and Astarte, Woden and Thor. In "the ages before morality," the mixed character of the gods drawn out of Nature, and who represented her mixed aspects of good and evil, was not felt to be incongruous or unworthy of worship. As morality dawned more clearly the gods were divided between good and evil, Ormuzd and Ahrimanes, Osiris and Typhon, the Deys and Asuras. Some ages later, in the deeply speculative era of Alexandrian philosophy, the character of the author of Nature and creator of the world presented itself as so dark a problem that many schools of Gnostics—Basilidians, Marcionites, Valentinians—deemed him to be an evil or fallen god, against whom the supreme and good God sent Christ to recall mankind to a higher obedience. The loftiest point ever reached, or probably attainable, by this method of religion was the Deism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and to reach it two things were needful not included in the problem—namely, that those who found so good a God in Nature should have looked for Him there from the vantage ground of Christian tradition gained by the opposite method; and secondly, that they should have been yet in ignorance concerning much in Nature which is now known, and so have raised their induction from imperfect premises. Pope, the typical poet of this Deism, could say as the result of his survey of things:

"One truth is clear—whatever is, is right."

Tennyson, on the other hand, who knows somewhat of the doctrines of the "Struggle for Existence" and the "Survival of the Fittest," when he has cast his glance around on Nature, "red in tooth and claw with ravin," and on all her "secret deeds" of wastefulness of the seeds of joy and life—feels that he can only "fall"

"Upon the great world's altar-stairs
Which slope through darkness up to God."

The second method of religious inquiry, which seeks for God in the inner world of spirit and conscience, leads to a very different conclusion, even though it be but "in a glass darkly" that the mirror of the soul receives the Divine reflection, and many a blur of human error has been mistaken for a feature of the Divine countenance.

The prophets of all time who have heard in their souls the voice of God and have cried aloud, "Thus saith the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity," and the faithful who have hearkened to them because their hearts echoed their prophecies, have been together keeping step, till now Christianity in all its more vitalized forms, and Theism as everywhere superseding the elder Deism, alike affirm the absolute goodness of God, discarding everything in earlier dogmas repugnant thereto. The first method—the external—being the one to which Agnostics have exclusively had recourse, it follows inevitably that the result is, as we see, the denial of religion, because they do not find in Nature what Nature (consulted exclusively) cannot teach.

Of course the Agnostic may here interpose and say that the test of the truth of the second method must be to check it by the first, and see whether God, as He actually works in Nature, bears out the character which we derive from the testimony of our hearts. Such checking is every way right—nay, it is inevitable. No thoughtful man can avoid doing it, and encountering thereby all the strain of faith. But the difference lies in this, with which method do we *begin*, and to which do we assign the primary importance? If we first look for God outside of us, we shall usually stop at what we find there. If we first look for Him within, we may afterwards face with illumined eyes the mystery of Nature's shadows. The man who has found his God in conscience and in prayer may indeed shudder and tremble and "lift lame hands of faith, and grope" when he sees all the misery and agony of creation. But as he did not first find God in Nature, neither will he lose hold on God because Nature is to him inexplicable. He will fall back on the inner worship of God the Holy Ghost, the Teacher of all Mercy and Justice; and trust that He who bids *him* to be merciful and just, cannot be otherwise Himself than all-merciful, all-righteous. He will, in short, exercise, and can logically exercise, Faith, in its simple and essential form—*i.e.*, Trust in One who has a claim to be trusted as a Friend already known, not a stranger whom he approaches without prior acquaintance. But, on the contrary, the man who has even succeeded in constructing some idea of a good God out of the inductions of physical science, has nothing to fall back upon when (as happens to all in our generation) his researches, pushed further, seem to lead him, *not* to a perfectly Benevolent Being, but to one whose dealings with his creation, appear so blended of kindness, and of something that looks like cruelty, that he finds it easiest to leap to the conclusion that He has no existence or no moral nature, rather than that He should be so inconsistent.

These are the obvious results of the use of the two methods of religious inquiry, as used by men in all ages. But I have attempted

to define them here, because I am anxious to draw attention to the fact (which I deem to be one of great importance) that modern Agnosticism, as distinguished from earlier forms of disbelief, has bound itself to the physical-science method, and renounced appeal to the inner witness to the character of God, by adopting the Darwinian theory of the nature of conscience, and thereby discrediting for ever its testimony, as regards either morals or religion. This theory, as all the world now knows, is that of Hereditary Conscience; the theory that our sense of right and wrong is nothing more than the inherited set of our brains in favour of the class of actions which have been found by our ancestors conducive to the welfare of the tribe, and against those of an opposite tendency. According to this doctrine there is no such thing as an "eternal and immutable morality," but all orders of intelligent beings must by degrees make for themselves, what Vernon Lee aptly calls a "Rule of the Road," applicable to their particular convenience.* Thus at one and the same blow the moral *distinctions* of good and evil are exploded and reduced to the contingently expedient, or inexpedient, and the rank of the *faculty* whereby we recognize them is degraded from that of the loftiest in human nature to that of a mere inherited prejudice. How this theory overturns the foundations of morals, and by so doing deprives religion of its firmest basis, and so clears the way for Agnosticism, will become more evident the more we reflect on the matter. A better example of the working of the doctrine could not be desired than that afforded in a passage in this very article, which bears the stamp of a fragment of autobiography. "Baldwin," the character in the dialogue, who obviously represents the writer's own views, after expressing the intense desire he has felt to believe in "the beautiful dreams which console other men," goes on to say:—

"Instead of letting myself believe, I forced myself to doubt and examine all the more; I forced myself to study all the subjects which seemed as if they must make my certainty of evil only stronger and stronger. I instinctively hated science, because science had destroyed my belief in justice and mercy; I forced myself, for a while, to read only scientific books. Well, I was rewarded. Little by little it dawned upon me that all my misery had originated in a total misconception of the relative positions of Nature and of man;

* Mr. Darwin himself, in his "Descent of Man," expressly instances the worker-bees as a case wherein "conscience" might approve of the massacre of our brother drones. It may not be inopportune to remind readers who have not made a study of the philosophy or history of ethics that the older schools of "independent" morality taught that actions were "right" or "wrong," as lines are "right" (i.e., straight) or "wrong from" straightness, and that (according to Clarke's definition of the doctrine) "these eternal differences make it fit for the creatures so to act, they lay on them an obligation so to do, separate from the will of God and antecedently to any prospect of advantage or reward." Mr. Herbert Spencer abjures both the doctrine and the metaphor. He says: "Acts are called good or bad according as they are well or ill adjusted to ends." Now this is exactly what the grand old terms Right and Wrong do not imply. A line is not "right" because it runs in a certain direction, but because of its character of straightness.

I began to perceive that the distinction between right and wrong conduct had arisen in the course of the evolution of mankind, that right and wrong meant only that which was conducive or detrimental to the increasing happiness of humanity, that they were referable only to human beings in their various relations with one another; that it was impossible to explain them, except with reference to human society, and that to ask for moral aims and moral methods of mere physical forces, which had no moral qualities, and which were not subject to social relations, or to ask for them of any Will hidden behind those forces, and who was equally independent of those human and social necessities which alone accounted for a distinction between right and wrong, was simply to expect one set of phenomena from objects which could only present a wholly different set of phenomena: to expect sound to be recognized by the eye, and light and colour to be perceived by the ear. . . . Why go into details? You know that the school of philosophy to which I adhere has traced all distinctions of right and wrong to the perceptions, enforced upon man by mankind, and upon mankind by man, of the differences between such courses as are conducive to the higher development and greater happiness of men, and such other courses as are conducive only to their degradation and extinction" (p. 708).

Here is the doctrine of Inherited Conscience clearly posed as lying at the very root of Vernon Lee's Agnosticism, and closing the door against the longed-for belief that his intuitions of justice and mercy had their origin in the Maker of all. The importance of this matter is so great, and yet has been so little noticed from the theological side, that I trust I shall be pardoned for devoting to it the greater part of the space at my disposal in this article.*

Hitherto religion has either been avowedly founded (as by the second method of inquiry above described) on the moral nature of man, or has appealed to it, as the ratification of the argument drawn from external Nature. The highest faculty in us—as we deemed it to be—was on all hands admitted to be the nearest to God, and the one fittest to bear witness regarding Him. "God is with mortals by conscience" has been generally assumed as an axiom in theological argument, and Christianity itself, by its dogma of the Third Person in the Trinity, only consecrated the conviction of the wisest Pagans that there is "a Holy Spirit throned within us, of our good and evil deeds the Guardian and Observer, who draws towards us as we draw towards Him."† On the side of philosophy, this same moral faculty was by the long line of noblest teachers, beginning in Plato and culminating in Kant,

* When Mr. Darwin did me the honour to send me the advanced sheets of his "Descent of Man," wherein he first clearly broached this theory, I wrote to him that, in my humble judgment, the doctrine, if ever generally accepted, would sound the knell of the virtue of mankind. Mr. Darwin smiled in his usual kind way at my fanaticism, as he doubtless deemed it; but so far am I from retracting that judgment, that I am more than ever convinced, after ten years' observation, that this doctrine is a deadly one, paralysing moral activity, and, in the long run, bringing on the spiritual death of Atheism. It may be of some interest to mention that when preparing this book, Mr. Darwin told me he had never read Kant, and accepted with reluctance the loan which I pressed on him of Semple's translation of the "Metaphysic of Ethics." He returned it in a few days, after, I believe, a cursory inspection.

† Seneca.

allotted a place of exceptional honour and security. Moral truths they held to be "necessary" truths, and our knowledge of them intuitive and transcendental; and even the lower schools, while making a different test of the morality of actions, uniformly allotted to the sense of moral obligation a supreme place in human nature.

How changed is the view we are permitted by Darwinism to take of this crowned and sceptred impostor in our breasts, who claimed so high an origin, and has so base an one! That "still small voice" to which we were wont to hearken reverently, what is it then, but the echo of the rude cheers and hisses wherewith our fathers greeted the acts which they thought useful or the reverse—those barbarous forefathers who howled for joy round the wicker images wherein the Druids burned their captives, and yelled under every scaffold of the martyrs of truth and liberty? That solid ground of transcendental knowledge, which we imagined the deepest thinker of the world had sounded for us and proved firm as a rock, what is it but the shifting sand-heaps of our ancestral impressions,—nay, rather let us say, the mental *kitchen middens* of generations of savages?

Is this revolution in our estimate of conscience of so little consequence, I ask, that our clergy take so little notice of it? To me it seems that it bears ruinously, and cannot fail so to bear, first on morals, then on religion. With the detection of conscience as a mere prejudice must end the solemn farce of moral struggle, of penitence and of remorse. As well might we be expected to continue so to struggle and to repent, holding this view of conscience, as the company at a *séance* might be expected to continue to gape awestruck at an apparition which has been pounced upon and exposed as a vulgar and ignorant medium! And with the discrediting of conscience as a divinely constituted guide and monitor must end the possibility of approaching God through it, and of arguing from its lessons of righteousness that He who made it must be righteous likewise.

The thinker who will sift this doctrine of Hereditary Conscience, and divide the grains of truth which it doubtless contains from the large heap of errors and assumptions, will do the world a noble service, and effect more to dispel Agnosticism than by any other piece of philosophical work. That there is *something* in our consciousness (sometimes confounded with conscience) which may be truly traced to inheritance, is probable—perhaps certain. That there is much else which cannot be so traced is much more certain. To prove that such is the case it would be enough to analyze two well-defined and almost universal sentiments. One is the anticipation common to mankind in all ages, and the *motif* of half the literature of the world, that *Justice will be done*—done somehow, somewhere, by some Power personal as God, or impersonal as the Buddhist *Karma*. Considering that no experience of any, even of

the very happiest generation of mankind, can have justified, much less originated, this expectation, it is clear that it must have had some source altogether different from that of an hereditary "set of brains," arising out of accumulated and persistent experience. Another sentiment common to all civilized nations in our day is the duty of preserving human life, even in the case of deformed and diseased infants. This sentiment is not only like the anticipation of Justice unauthorized by experience, and inexplicable by the theory that moral judgments arise out of such experience, but is in diametrical opposition to anything which experience can have taught concerning the welfare of the race, being in precise contradiction of and rebellion against the great Darwinian law of "the survival of the fittest." Were our moral impressions merely the result of ancestral experience, the nations of Europe at this hour must have come to regard the Spartan practice of infanticide as one of the most sacred and imperative of moral obligations. I have never heard, however, that even the Chinese, who have been killing their superfluous babies by thousands for ages, have professed to consider it a *duty*, or anything better than a convenient practice to do so. Their governors, indeed, have again and again issued edicts against infanticide as a *crime*.

Thus the doctrine of Hereditary Conscience fails to explain some of the most salient phenomena for which it proposes to account; nay, even in one of the instances chosen by Mr. Darwin himself, egregiously misses the mark. In the "Descent of Man," the author describes repentance as the natural return of kindly feelings, when anger has subsided. But even his favourite observation of animals might have shown him that animosity, once excited between dogs or horses, has no tendency to subside and give place to friendship, but rather to become more intense; and in the case of men, the old Roman knew better when he remarked *proprium humani ingenii est odire quem læseris*. Every bitter word and unkind action (as those who have ever said or done them know only too well) renders the return to kindly feelings more and more difficult, till nothing short of a mental revolution (rarely effected, I imagine, without the aid of religion) enables us to forgive those whom we have injured. The really childish caricature of the awful phenomena of repentance and remorse which the amiable philosopher, who it would seem never needed repentance, devised out of the depth of the scientific imagination is, I venture to think, a fair specimen of the shallowness of this new theory of ethics.

It is deeply to be deplored that this doctrine should have found acceptance on the authority of one, who, however great as a naturalist, was neither a moralist nor a metaphysician, at a juncture when the tendencies of the age all drive us only too much in the direction of physical inquiry as the road to truth. The passionate love for Nature's beauty, the ardent curiosity concerning her secrets, which

belong in these days not only to artists and men of science, but more or less to us all, have turned the whole current of thought towards natural external phenomena. And simultaneously with this set of the tide, the increasing keenness and subtlety of our feelings and width of our sympathies cause us to notice the evil latent among these natural phenomena, as was never done by any previous generation of men. We bring things to the bar of moral judgment which our fathers never dreamt of questioning. We writhe as the long panorama of suffering and destruction is unrolled before our eyes from the earliest geologic time to the present; nor can we sit down contented as they were with such explanations of it as a reference to "Adam's transgression," or pages of the easy optimism of Archbishop King. Our minds are distracted, our very hearts are wrung by such thoughts as those exposed in Mill's "Essays on Religion," even while we justly charge him with exaggeration of the evil, and understatement of the happiness of the world. We cannot blink these questions in our generation, and it is a cruel enhancement of our difficulties that at such a time this hateful doctrine of Hereditary Conscience should have been broached to drive us out of the best shelter of faith—the witness of a reliable moral consciousness to the righteousness and mercy of our Maker.

Nor does the evil stop even here, for the action and reaction of morals and religion on one another is interminable. Evolutionism has originated the theory of Hereditary Conscience, and that theory has had a large share in producing modern Agnosticism, and again Agnosticism is undermining practical ethics in all directions. Vernon Lee feels deeply the "Responsibilities of Unbelief." But are not such sentiments the last failing wail of melody from a chord already snapped? Let me explain why I think that almost every virtue is destined to perish one after another, or at least to shrink and fade, if Agnosticism prevail among mankind.

Morality, on the Agnostic projection, of course limits its scope to the field of human relations. It is supposed to have risen out of them, and to have no meaning beyond them. Man has brothers, and to them he owes duty. He knows nothing of a Father, and can owe him no duty. Altruism remains the sole virtue, Piety being exploded. In the language of divines, the Second great Commandment of the Law is still in force, but we have dispensed with the First.

Here at the starting-point arises a doubt whether Agnosticism does not fling away, with the obligation to love God, the best practical help towards fulfilling its own law and loving our neighbour. The sentiments which religion teaches would appear to be the very best qualified to produce Altruism. For one so amiably constituted as Mr. Darwin, ready to love all his neighbours by nature, and where he quarrels with them to return equally naturally to friendly sentiments,

there are at least ninety-nine persons who "love their friends and hate their enemies," and feel at the best only indifference to those very large classes of their fellow-creatures included in the stupid, the vulgar, and the disagreeable. Probably every Christian and Theist who has tried conscientiously to "love his neighbour as himself" has experienced an imperative necessity to call up ideas and feelings derived from his love of God to help him in the often difficult achievement. It has been the idea of a perfect and all-adorable Being, on which his heart has reposed when sickened with human falsehood and folly. It has been in the remembrance of God's patience and forgiveness to himself that he has learned pity and pardon for his offending brothers. One of the greatest philanthropists of the past generation, Joseph Tuckerman, told Mary Carpenter that when he saw a filthy degraded creature in the streets, his feelings of repulsion were almost unconquerable, till he forcibly recalled to mind that God made that miserable man, and that he should meet him hereafter in Heaven. Then came always, he said, a revulsion of feeling, and he was enabled to go with a chastened spirit about his work of mercy. The notion (which I have heard a noted Atheist expound in a lecture) that we cannot love our brothers thoroughly till we have renounced our Father and our eternal home, seems to me simply absurd. If universal benevolence be the one supreme virtue, then again we may say, "*si Dieu n'existait pas il faudrait l'inventer*," if it were merely that belief in Him should help us to that virtue.

But it is not only on the side of God that the morality of Agnosticism stops short. All the Personal duties which, on the Kantian system, a man "owes to himself," and which were inculcated foremost of all by the older religious ethics, because they tended directly to the supreme end of creation and the approach of finite souls to Divine holiness, these lofty personal duties are retained in the new ethics only on the secondary and practically wholly insufficient grounds of their subservience to the general welfare of the community.

Thus, of the three branches of the elder morality corresponding to the threefold aspects of human life—Religious Duty, which was laid on man as a son of God, Personal Duty, laid on him as a rational free agent, and Social Duty, laid on him as a member of the community—the last alone survives in Agnostic ethics. Two-thirds of the provinces of morality have been abandoned at one sweep, as by retreating Rome in her decadence. But, I ask, is the hope of preserving the remainder from the barbarian hosts of selfishness and passion any the better? Is it more easy to make men philanthropists when we have given up the effort to make them saints? Surely it is nothing of the kind. Even for our neighbour's own sake there is nothing we can ever *do* for him half so useful as to *be* ourselves the

very noblest, purest, holiest men and women we know how. The recognition of the supremacy of Personal Duties appears to be the first step towards the right performance of the highest Social Duties.

Deprived of two-thirds of its original empire and dethroned from its high seat of judgment, does there yet perchance remain for Duty, as understood by the Agnostic, some special sanctions, some more close and tender, if not equally lofty and solemn claims, than those which belonged to it under the older Theistic schemes? Such would seem to be the persuasion of many amongst those who have felt the "Responsibilities of Unbelief," perhaps of all the best minds amongst them—Mr. Morley, Mr. Harrison, George Eliot, and now, obviously, of Vernon Lee. This thoughtful writer is actually of opinion that the belief in an immortal life is an "enervating" one, and that there is a "moral tonic" in believing that "there is no place beyond the grave where folly and selfishness may be expiated and retrieved, and that, whatever good may be done, must be done in this world." It is hard to realize the mental conditions out of which such a judgment as this can have arisen. It is true that an immeasurable *pity*, an almost limitless indulgence, seems the natural sentiment which should flood the heart of one who looks on his brother-men, and thinks that all their pains and sorrows are to lead only to the grave; that all their aspirations and struggles and prayers are destined to eternal disappointment; that all the love of which their hearts are full is ready to be spilled, like precious wine, in the dust. But these mournful feelings are assuredly the "enervating" ones, for nothing can be so enervating as despair. What "moral tonic" can there be in the conviction that, whether we labour or sit still, sacrifice our life-blood for our brother, or sacrifice him to our selfishness, it will soon be all one to him and to us?

We have all heard much from pulpits of the virtue of Faith and the virtue of Charity; but I think we hear too little of the virtue of Hope, which completes the trinity, and is an indivisible part of it. We are so constituted that it is impossible for us to exercise Charity persistently without both Faith and Hope, like Aaron and Hur, to sustain our sinking arms. Without Faith in the divine germ of goodness buried in every human breast, we cannot labour for the higher welfare of our brother, or afford him that nobler sympathy, without which to give all our goods to feed him profiteth nothing. And without Hope in a future, stretching out before him in infinite vistas of joy and holiness, we cannot attach due importance to his moral welfare; we cannot measure the sin of misguiding and corrupting him, or the glory of leading him to virtue. Nay, in a larger sense, philanthropy and the Enthusiasm of Humanity, the very flowers of Agnosticism, must wither, if unwatered by Hope. We must needs

work on one hypothesis or the other. Either all men are destined to an immortal existence, or else they will perish at death, and the earth itself will grow old and sustain life no longer on its barren breast, and then all the hopes and virtues and triumphs of the human race will be buried in oblivion, no conscious mind in all the hollow universe remembering that Man ever had existence.

Is it not a paradox to say that the former idea is "enervating," and the latter a "moral tonic?" A moral *curare*, I should take it to be, paralyzing will and motion.*

But if Agnostic ethics be thus miserably defective—if they be narrow in their scope and poor in their aim of conferring transitory happiness on a perishing race—if they have no basis in a pure reason or a divinely taught conscience, but appeal only to a shifting and semi-barbarous prejudice—if, even from the point of view of sentiment, they lack the motives which are best calculated to inspire zeal and self-sacrifice; then it is surely time for high-minded Agnostics to recognize that their laudable efforts to construct a morality on the ruins of religion has failed, and must ever fail. The dilemma is more terrible than they have yet contemplated. They have imagined that they had merely to choose between morality with religion, or morality without religion. But the only choice for them is between morality and religion together, or the relinquishment both of morality and religion. They were sanguine enough to think they could rescue the compass of Duty from the wreck of Faith; but their hope was vain, and the well-meaning divers among them who have gone in search of it have come up with a handful of sea-tangle.

Much false lustre has, I think, been cast over a creed which is in truth the "City of Dreadful Night," by the high Altruistic sentiments and hopes of certain illustrious Agnostics. George Eliot's aspiration to join the "choir invisible," whose voices are "the music of the world;" Mr. Frederic Harrison's generous desire for "posthumous beneficent activity," have thrown, for a time, over it a light as from a sun which has set. For myself, I confess

* We are now told, as the latest grand discovery of Darwinism, that Man in some generations to come, will be "a toothless, hairless, slow-limbed animal, incapable of extended locomotion. His feet will have no division of toes, and he will be very averse to fighting."—See *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1883, p. 759. I congratulate those who think it sufficient reward to anticipate "posthumous activities" among these "men of the future!" Even as I write this page a profound remark on the heart-paralyzing effects of Agnostic hopelessness on a very noble intellect has come to my hand. In a letter in the *Spectator*, May 12, 1883, Mr. Eubule Evans, writing of George Eliot says: "Whoever holds that human life is little better than a vast waste-heap of blighted possibilities will, however tender he may be towards the objects of specialized affection, yet naturally fail in that keenness of love towards all living, which is the only safeguard against the subtler process of cruelty. Beneath her philosophy lay a heart feminine when stirred to tenderness towards the individual, but hopeless, and therefore in a way merciless, towards the race. The atmosphere of the worker is the leaden atmosphere of fate in which human frailty meets no mercy, and human longing can find no hope."

there seems to me something infinitely pathetic in these longings of men and women, who once hoped for a "house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," amid "the spirits of the just made perfect," but who are fain now to be content with such ghosts of Hope as these. The millennium of Darwinism for the "surviving fittest" of the human race—those toothless, hairless, slow-moving creatures, with all peaceful sentiments bred in, and all combative ones bred out—is, after all, no such vision of paradise as that even the purest Altruist can find in it compensation for the belief that all the men and women whom he has ever known or loved, are doomed to annihilation long before that new race—such as it will be—can arise.

The misery of his hopeless creed has been felt, I cannot doubt, in all its bitterness by the writer of this eloquent paper. No more affecting words have been penned for many a day than those in which he makes one of his speakers exclaim:—"The worst of death is not the annihilation of ourselves. Oh no, that is nothing." The intolerable agony he has truly felt to be the apprehension of the hour when the soul we love will not merely depart and leave us lonely on the shore, but be itself lost—drowned in the ocean of existence never to live again. We may easily read between the lines of his dialogue, that it was the first shock of this tremendous, this unendurable thought which drove Vernon Lee out of the "Palace of Art," to seek, if it might be found, the solution of the "riddle of the painful earth." Alas! that so noble an intellect, destined, I cannot doubt, to exercise wide influence in the coming years, should have found no better explanation of that enigma than the wretched doctrine of Hereditary Conscience, and the supposed discovery that Nature contains no moral elements, and has no moral power behind it! A happier conclusion might surely have been reached by the mind which penned the burst of eloquence placed in the mouth of the speaker Vere: "It is love which has taught the world for its happiness that what has been begun here, will not for ever be interrupted, nor what has been ill done for ever remain unatoned, that the affection once kindled will never cease, that the sin committed can be wiped out, and the good conceived can be achieved—that all within which is good and happy, and for ever struggling here, virtue, genius, will be free to act hereafter, that the creatures thrust asunder in the world, vainly trying to clasp one another in the crowd, may unite for ever." That love which invents immortality, is itself, I think, the pledge and witness of immortality. It is the Infinite stirring within the finite breast.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

NATIVE INDIAN JUDGES: MR. ILBERT'S BILL.

THE indifference of Englishmen to Indian subjects has been the subject of long and repeated remark. It is of course the result of distance and ignorance. But it is also the parent of ignorance, which, on the rare occasions when interest is excited, produces results partly grotesque and partly alarming. We are just now witnessing a phenomenon of this kind. A proposal made by the Government of India for the further utilization of Natives in their service is distasteful to many of the English community there, who utter an exceeding bitter cry; upon which a number of writers in newspapers and speakers on platforms rush to the conclusion that what really is a small portion of an old well-established and thoroughly discussed policy, has had its origin in the brain of some speculative politician who wanted to strike out something new. Because the thing is a novelty to them, they treat it as though it were a novelty to men who know Indian politics.

When I sat down to write this paper I had selected some passages from newspaper articles and reports, as illustrations of my meaning. But on opening the *Times* of the 30th of March, I found a speech delivered by Lord Salisbury at Birmingham, which I take as reported there. And I prefer to take his speech as a starting-point, not for the sake of personal controversy with him, but because his position gives to his utterances a great importance. If an able and experienced statesman like Lord Salisbury, who for several years held the reins of Indian administration, can, after time for inquiry, so misconceive an Indian problem as he appears to have done, misconception by others sinks into comparative insignificance.

It is true that there has since been a debate in the House of Lords on Lord Ripon's policy, which was attacked by the Conserva-

tive leaders. But the main assault was directed to the point of local self-government, which I do not propose to discuss in this paper. For though the encouragement of local self-government rests on the same broad grounds of policy as the employment of Natives in the Civil Service, it has a different history, which would take space to exhibit. I will only say of it here, that Lord Ripon's policy seems to me to be nothing but a cautious advance in the direction indicated by Lord Lawrence, and followed by Lord Mayo and Lord Northbrook.

It is remarkable that Lord Lytton, who led the attack in a very temperate and thoughtful speech, treated the excitement over the Jurisdiction Bill as being due not so much to the demerits of that Bill as to its having come on the back of "other and more sweeping measures," meaning those which relate to local government. In fact, I do not find in the debate any new argument against the Jurisdiction Bill. Lord Salisbury, as reported by the *Times*, repeated what he said at Birmingham, though not so pointedly or fully. He therefore remains the most prominent assailant of the measure, and his Birmingham speech remains the most important of his arguments upon it, and therefore a proper and indeed necessary guide for those who wish to defend it against misconception.

His Lordship is reported to have spoken thus:—

"There is only one other matter with respect to which I wish to point out to you the importance of a truly national policy *as opposed to the various theories and sentiments which are suggested now*. I do not know if you have looked at the papers lately sufficiently to be aware that a great and vital question has been raised in India . . . the question whether Englishmen in that part of the empire shall or shall not be placed at the mercy of Native Judges."

Then, after referring to the protection given to English litigants in Turkey and other countries, he continues:

"What would your feelings be if you were in some distant and thinly-populated land, far from all English succour, and *your life or honour were exposed to the decision of some tribunal consisting of a coloured man?* . . .

"What will be the effect of this ill-advised measure, which has been adopted in defiance of national interests *and for the sake of those sentiments and theories of which I spoke?*"

And he then answers his question by saying that capital will flee away from India, and the prosperity of the country, and our trade with it, will be destroyed.

There is not a sentence of this speech which is not pregnant with misconceptions of the small measure now pending, as I expect to make apparent before I have done. But though the measure is small, it rests on the broadest and deepest principles of policy. The suggestion that a question has just been raised for the sake of novel sentiments and theories has no basis in fact. The question raised, not by the Government of India, who are only moving on well-marked

lines, but by the non-official English community and their abettors in England, is between two methods of governing India. What goal shall we aim at? What ideal shall we set before our eyes? "Our own supremacy," says one set of thinkers. "The welfare of the Indians," says another.

This difference of view underlies controversies, not only as to the employment of Natives, but as to their education, as to the freedom of their press, and occasionally as to the treatment of neighbouring States. My wish is to take a wider range than is afforded by a mere criticism on the pending measure and its assailants; and to show that from the time when our position as Rulers of India became thoroughly realized to the minds of Indian statesmen, they have had the two theories of government well in view; that men of great eminence have insisted on the nobler and more generous principle of government for the welfare of the Indians; that the English Parliament has always recognized that principle as its guide; that important steps have been taken in pursuance of it; and that the wisdom of those steps has hitherto been justified by experience. I am fully aware that an opponent will reply that of course he desires the welfare of the Indians, but that their welfare depends on the maintenance of our supremacy. That, however, is only another mode of stating the essential difference between the two schools of statesmen. Those who put our supremacy in the foreground would not admit that it is for the welfare of the Indians to attain such mental and political stature as would enable them to manage their own affairs. Moreover, the statesmen of what I call the more generous school have their retort even on the lower ground. Their contention is that nothing will bring our rule to a brief and disastrous end so certainly as persistence in excluding the Natives from mental and political growth; and that nothing is so likely to secure for our rule a long duration—and when the inevitable change comes, an euthanasia—as a hearty endeavour to give them the best training we can.

I will now show what has been thought and said on this subject, though I must be more sparing of my quotations than I could wish.

I suppose that nobody on the roll of Indian statesmen has a higher reputation for wisdom, for profound knowledge and experience of the country, or for administrative ability, than Sir Thomas Munro. He was never weary of insisting upon our duty to employ the Natives of India in the government of India, as those may learn who will read Sir A. Arbuthnot's selections from his writings. I subjoin some passages from a minute written by him in the year 1824:—

"Unless we suppose that they are inferior to us in natural ability, which there is no reason to believe, it is much more likely that they will be duly qualified for their employments than Europeans for theirs, because the field of selection is so much greater. . . .

"We profess to seek their improvement, but propose means the most adverse to success. The advocates of improvement do not seem to have perceived the great springs on which it depends; they propose to place no confidence in the Natives, to give them no authority, and to exclude them from office as much as possible; but they are bent in their zeal for enlightening them by the general diffusion of knowledge. No conceit more wild or absurd than this was ever engendered in the darkest ages; for what is in every age and every country the great stimulus to the pursuit of knowledge, but the prospect of fame, or wealth, or power? Or what is even the use of great attainments if they are not to be devoted to their noblest purpose, the service of the community, by employing those who possess them, according to their respective qualifications, in the various duties of the public administration of the country. . . .

"Our books alone will do little or nothing; dry simple literature will never improve the character of a nation. To produce this effect it must open the road to wealth and honour and public employment. . . .

"Even if we could suppose that it were practicable without the aid of a single Native to conduct the whole affairs of the country both in the higher and in all subordinate offices by means of Europeans, it ought not to be done, because it would be both politically and morally wrong. . . .

"There is one great question to which we should look in all our arrangements: What is to be the final result on the character of the people? Is it to be raised, or is it to be lowered? . . .

"We should look upon India not as a temporary possession, but as one which is to be maintained permanently until the Natives shall in some future age have abandoned most of their superstitions and prejudices, and become sufficiently enlightened to frame a regular government for themselves, and to conduct and preserve it. Whenever such a time shall arrive, it will probably be best for both countries that the British control over India should be gradually withdrawn. . . .

"We shall see no reason to doubt that if we pursue steadily the proper measures, we shall in time so far improve the character of our Indian subjects as to enable them to govern and protect themselves."

On a par with the name of Munro for Indian statesmanship stands that of Mountstuart Elphinstone. He gave an opinion to the Committee of the House of Commons which sat prior to the passing of the Charter Act of 1833. And he spoke as follows of the natives of India:—

"The great peculiarity in their situation arises from the introduction of a Foreign Government. This at first operated beneficially, by establishing tranquillity and introducing improvements in administration. Its next effects were less beneficial. Under a Native Government, independent of the mutual adaptation of the institutions and the people, there is a connected chain throughout the society, and a free communication between the different parts. Notwithstanding the institution of castes, there is no country where men can rise with more ease from the lowest rank to the highest."

He gives instances, and continues:—

"Promotions from among the common people to all the ranks of civil and military employment, short of sovereignty, are of daily occurrence among Native States, and this keeps up the spirit of the people, and in that respect partially supplies the place of popular institutions. The free intercourse of the different ranks also keeps up a sort of circulation and diffusion of such knowledge and such sentiments as exist in the society. Under us, on the

contrary, the community is divided into two perfectly distinct and dissimilar bodies, of which the one is torpid and inactive, while all the sense and power seem concentrated in the other. The first object therefore is to break down the separation between the classes, and raise the Natives by education and public trust to a level with their present rulers."

He then shows the difficulty of doing this by the hands of a foreign government, and the necessity for great caution as well as constancy in the effort, and continues:—"It seems desirable gradually to introduce them into offices of higher rank and emolument, and afterwards of higher trust. I should see no objection to a Native member of a Board, and should wish to see one district committed experimentally to a Native Judge, and another to a Native Collector."

These men were not theorists, except in the sense in which every one who proposes a change of policy is a theorist. They were hard-headed, practical men, who had gone through perilous times, whose work has been tried as by fire and found excellent. And even sixty years ago Elphinstone was for trying an experiment in administration by Natives bolder than any which the Government of India has yet propounded.

I pass on to the important Charter Act of 1833, which took away the trade of the East India Company, which gave large legislative powers to the Government of India, and which provided for the free admission into the country of Europeans who had previously been placed under severe restrictions by the Company. It should be explained here that great difficulties had been found in bringing Englishmen under the dominion of regular law. It has been supposed by some recent speakers that the Supreme Court, manned not by the Company's judges but by the King's judges, was erected for the protection of Englishmen as against Natives. Its object was precisely the reverse. It was to protect Natives from the oppressive conduct of Englishmen, and to subject the latter to some kind of law. It is true however that, owing to the ignorance of English statesmen, they made mistakes in detail when they tried to govern India beyond laying down the broadest principles of policy; and that the constitution of the Supreme Court was so ill-adapted to its circumstances that it long proved the source of great oppression to the Natives, and of impunity to lawless Englishmen. One great object of the Act of 1833 was to restore the character of the Supreme Court as protector of the Natives simultaneously with the freer admission of Englishmen into the country.

In the debate of June, 1833, Mr. Charles Grant, then President of the Board of Control, quoted the opinions of eminent Indian officers, such as Mr. Bailey and Mr. Holt Mackenzie and Sir Charles Grey, in favour of the principles which he proposed to enact, and which he expressed as follows:—"It should be laid down as an inflexible

rule that no European should enter into that country unless on the condition of being placed under the same laws and tribunals as the Natives."

Capital cases were excepted from this general principle. He added:—"That no person should go to India but in connection with the interests of the Natives, nay, in subserviency to their interests, for he looked upon a regard to the interest of the Natives as their first duty, and of the first importance."*

To attain the desired supremacy of Law, powers of making laws were given to the Government of India. To attain the desired supremacy of the tribunals, there was passed an enactment which still stands on the statute-book:—"No Native of the said territories, nor any natural-born subject of His Majesty resident therein, shall, by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, colour, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment under the said Company."†

When the measure reached the House of Lords, Lord Ellenborough represented the opposite school of statesmen. He said:—

"Our very existence in India depended upon the exclusion of the Natives from military and political power. We have won the empire of India by the sword, and we must preserve it by the same means, doing at the same time everything that was consistent with our existence there for the good of the people of India. The present was a crude, ill-digested plan, the offspring of unfounded theories formed by men who knew nothing of India."‡

On the 10th of July the matter was again debated in the House of Commons, when Mr. Macaulay delivered a very remarkable speech, the whole of which is well worth reading even at this distance of time. Amongst other things, it contained a proposal, destined to bear fruit after many years, for appointing the civilians by examination. Of the proposal that no Native should be excluded from office he spoke thus:—

"We are told that the time can never come when the Natives of India can be admitted to high civil and military office. We are told that this is the condition on which we hold our power. We are told that we are bound to confer on our subjects every benefit which they are capable of enjoying?—No—Which it is in our power to confer on them?—No—but which we can confer on them without hazard to our own domination. Against that proposition I solemnly protest, as inconsistent alike with sound policy and sound morality. I am far, very far, from wishing to proceed hastily in this most delicate matter. I feel that for the good of India itself the admission of Natives to high office must be effected by slow degrees. But that when the fulness of time is come, when the interest of India requires the change, we ought to refuse to make that change lest we should endanger our own power—this is a doctrine which I cannot think of without indignation. Governments, like men, may buy existence too dear. 'Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas' is a despicable policy either in individuals or in States. . . .

* Hansard, vol. xviii. pp. 735-S.

† 3 & 4 Gul. IV. cap. 85, sec. 87.

‡ Hansard, vol. xix. pp. 191, 192.

"Are we to keep the people of India ignorant in order that we 'may keep them submissive'? or do we think that we can give them knowledge without awakening ambition? or do we mean to awaken ambition and to provide it with no legitimate vent? Who will answer any of these questions in the affirmative? Yet one of them must be answered in the affirmative by every person who maintains that we ought to exclude the Native from high office. I have no fears. The path of duty is plain before us, and it is also the path of wisdom, of national prosperity, of national honour."

Mr. Charles Wynn, who spoke for the Opposition side of the House on this occasion, expressed unreserved agreement with the foregoing sentiments, and his conviction that the only principle on which India could justly or wisely be administered, was that of admitting Natives to participate in the government in all offices for which they were competent. And he went on to combat what he called the pertinacity and prejudice with which that principle had been resisted.*

How Macaulay used his position in India to carry into effect the principles he uttered in England is well known. He advocated liberal education, and a free press. What he did in the way of subjecting Europeans to courts of law, led to consequences so much resembling what is now happening in India, that I will give a short account of it, partly taken from Mr. Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay."

Before the year 1836, the jurisdiction of provincial courts over British subjects in matters of property and of civil litigation was very imperfect. In that year the Government of India resolved to give complete jurisdiction in civil matters to the ordinary courts in the Mofussil—that is to say, throughout all India, except the three towns of Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay. The change was convenient for everybody—indeed was essential for the due administration of justice; but the non-official English resented it furiously, because it deprived them of a distinctive privilege. An excited meeting was held at Calcutta, at which utter ruin was predicted to the English race in India, to our Indian dominion, and with it to the trade of Great Britain. One of the speakers drew the following picture:—

"I have seen at a Hindoo festival, a naked dishevelled figure, his face painted with grotesque colours, and his long hair besmeared with dirt and ashes. His tongue was pierced with an iron bar, and his breast scorched by the fire from the burning altar which rested on his stomach. This revolting figure, covered with ashes, dirt, and bleeding voluntary wounds, may the next moment ascend the Sudder Bench, and in a suit between a Hindoo and an Englishman, think it an act of sanctity to decide against law in favour of a professor of the true faith."

I pause here a moment to show how absurdity repeats itself when panic, terror, and rage have displaced common sense. Among other rubbish telegraphed over for consumption in England by the correspondent of the *Times*, who is a heated partisan against Lord Ripon's

* Hansard, vol. xix. pp. 534-7.

measure, is the speech of one Mr. Branson, a member of the Calcutta bar :—

“He would conclude by picturing the scene in court in some remote district, where a zemindar, having a grudge against a planter, might, during the planter's absence in Calcutta, trump up a charge against his wife, and drag her into court before the Native Magistrate, armed with the powers which the Bill would confer. What would be the result if the husband returned and entered the court while the case was proceeding? He feared bloodshed.”

The imagery of 1836 may be a little coarser than that of 1883, but the spirit is the same. The imaginary fakir becoming a Sudder judge is not more absurd than the imaginary zemindar, and the imaginary planter. It is at least as easy to trump up civil charges as criminal charges. For nearly fifty years the zemindar has had his opportunity of trumping up civil charges against Europeans before a Native Judge; but we have not heard of his doing it. The annoyance to a European of attendance before a Native Judge, must be nearly the same whether the charge be non-payment of wages or beating a servant. For nearly fifty years he has submitted to attend in the former case. Why should he shed somebody's blood in the latter case? It seems not to occur to this passionate gentleman, or to others who use the same style of argument, that the whole fabric of trumped-up charges rests on the assumption that the Native Criminal Judge will be an idiot, or one dominated by hostility to Europeans. No such defect has been found among Native Civil Judges, who are drawn when young from a very wide area. They are found to be on the whole as fair, as acute in detecting frauds, as averse to trumped-up charges, as their European colleagues. Much more certainly will that be the case with the Native Criminal Judge; for he will be a picked man, accustomed for years to work with Europeans, and at least their equal in ability.

But to return to Macaulay. His measure was called the Black Act, probably from the image of the fakir Sudder Judge. He was threatened with death, and a torrent of obloquy was let loose upon him. How did he meet it? He said that the Act was good and well-timed, but that the strongest reason for passing it was the nature of the opposition. Its opponents repeated every day that the English were the conquerors, the lords of the country, the dominant race; the Government were enemies of freedom, because they would not suffer a small white aristocracy to domineer over millions. These principles he declared to be utterly at variance with reason, with justice, with the honour of the British Government, and with the dearest interests of the Indian people.

We have heard much the same arguments lately, and I trust they will receive substantially the same answer. It only remains to say that the Black Act became law, that by virtue of it and of subse-

quent enactments in the same sense nearly the whole original and a large part of the appellate civil jurisdiction of India has been placed in Native hands, and that the change has been a vast benefit to the country without any sort of drawback.

When the Charter Act of 1853 was introduced it was found that the 87th section of the Act of 1833 had been inoperative as regarded higher appointments. In fact, the Directors had applied it only to the Uncovenanted Service, so that Natives were still excluded from all the posts of much dignity or emolument, which were reserved for the Covenanted Service. There was doubtless real difficulty in finding proper men, but the will to do it was wanting too, and the Natives were very discontented. It was now proposed to establish a system of competition, under which it was suggested that Natives might enter the service if of sufficient merit.

As regards the true principle of government in India, the Parliament of 1853 was no less emphatic than that of 1833.

Sir C. Wood (Lord Halifax), then President of the India Board, said:—

"I do not believe that we shall endanger our empire by educating the Natives of India. . . . Be that as it may, it seems to me that the path of our duty is clear and plain—to improve the condition and increase the enlightenment of the people. I believe that by so doing we shall strengthen our empire there; but even if the reverse should be the case, even if the result should be the loss of that empire, it seems to me that this country will occupy a far prouder position in the history of the world if by our agency a civilized and Christian empire should be established in India, than if we continued to rule over a people debased by ignorance and degraded by superstition." *

Macaulay said:—

"In my opinion we shall not secure or prolong our dominion in India by attempting to exclude the Natives of that country from a share in its government, or by attempting to discourage their study of western arts or learning; and I will only say further, that however that may be, I will never consent to keep them ignorant in order to keep them manageable, or to govern them in ignorance in order that we may govern them long."†

From these sentiments I cannot find that any dissent was expressed.

In the House of Lords Lord Monteagle moved to make sec. 87 of the Act of 1833 expressly applicable to the Covenanted Service. But on Lord Granville declaring that no distinction between the two services should work the disqualification of any Native of India for public employment, he contented himself with entering a protest on the journals.

In the year 1854 Sir C. Wood framed the well-known despatch which began the vigorous system of education that is still flourishing. In it he dealt again with the fear of political danger, but I do not quote his words, because they are only to the same effect with his speech of the previous year.

* Hansard, vol. cxxvii. p. 1,169.

† Ibid. vol. cxxviii. p. 759.

In the year 1858 came the change of government consequent on the Mutiny. The discussion ran mostly on other topics, but I will quote what Mr. Gladstone said on the topic of keeping open a political career for the Natives:—

“We have to look at the question how far we can improve their qualifications for that career, and the measure of their qualifications must be the measure of their admission. This is not the opinion of theorists nor the vision of philanthropists. There never was a more practical writer than Mr. Kaye, and in his History he says, ‘The admission of the Natives of India to the highest offices of State is simply a question of time.’ And there is another name entitled to great weight in this House, Mr. Halliday, who says, ‘I believe that our mission in India is to qualify the Natives for governing themselves.’”

Mr. Gladstone then goes on to show, that owing to the disturbed condition of the country it was not opportune to deal with such a question.*

In November of the same year was published the Queen’s proclamation to the people of India, which contained the following passage:—“And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity to discharge.”

The competitive system has been found to do very little for the admission of Natives to the higher offices, if for no other reason, because the examinations are held in England. At this moment there are, I believe, only nine in the Covenanted or higher Civil Service, most of them being English barristers.

In 1867, when Lord Lawrence was Viceroy, the question was urged upon his attention by Sir Stafford Northcote. The Government of India passed a resolution to the effect that it was “fully alive to the urgent political necessity that the progress of education has created for opening up to Natives of ability and character a more important, dignified, and lucrative sphere of employment in the administration of British India.”

Under these circumstances an Act of Parliament was passed in the year 1870, which, after affirming the expediency of giving additional facilities for the employment of Natives of proved merit and ability, provided that the Government of India might appoint such Natives to posts theretofore secured by law to the covenanted civil servants. Under this Act, after great delay and discussion, rules were made in the time of Lord Lytton, by virtue of which some half-dozen of Natives have been admitted, and a substantial number will be admitted, to the service under conditions which will entitle them to rise to posts of great importance.

I will cite one more Indian statesman on the vital question I am

* Hansard, vol. cl. p. 1,622.

discussing. In Sir John Strachey's vivid memoir of Lord Mayo occurs the following passage:—

"In administering the Acts providing the means for the execution of local works of utility, Lord Mayo was most anxious that the natives of the country should be associated to the greatest possible extent with the officers of the Government, and he lost no opportunity of urging that they should be encouraged to take an active part in the management of their own local affairs. He always said that he was convinced that from one end of India to the other there was no lack of men of ability and intelligence who could afford most useful help to the Government in this manner. The personal patronage of the Viceroy in regard to the great mass of appointments in India is so limited that it was not easy for Lord Mayo to do much towards promoting such objects by appointing Natives of the country to posts for which they are fitted. But he lost no opportunity of urging their claims, and of declaring the duty of the Government to open to them a wider field of honourable employment."

Now from the time of Munro, whose work began a century ago under Warren Hastings, down to the present time, I have given a chain of evidence to show that English Ministries and Parliaments, and statesmen of weighty character and well versed in Indian affairs, have borne testimony that we should rule India, not for our own benefit or in the spirit of conquerors, or with an eye mainly to the perpetuation of our own dominions, but for the benefit of the Indians, and as far as possible through their agency. If Lord Ripon's pending measure is condemned, either this principle must be denied, or it must be shown that the measure is faulty by being ill-adapted to the purpose of enlisting Natives in our service, or by being abrupt, or violent, or ill-timed. I will address myself to the latter of these alternatives.

Since the great reform of 1833, what has been done to raise the level of mental and political power among the Natives in the three great kindred departments of action that I have mentioned? For their general education much has been done. As to free speech, there have been oscillations of policy, but at present the Indian press is free enough. But in the matter of employment, change, though constantly contemplated, and from time to time attempted by Indian statesmen, has been very slow in coming.

It is true that Natives are employed throughout the lower judicial service, which has almost entirely passed into their hands, as I have before stated.

As regards criminal jurisdiction, it has for fifty years been an object with Indian statesmen to bring Europeans under the courts established for the country at large. This object was, until the year 1872, one of very great importance, because the English community were, except for some petty offences, triable only by the Supreme Courts which became merged into the High Courts, and by the Chief Court of the Punjab. These Courts sat only in Madras, Cal-

cutta, Bombay, Allahabad, and Lahore; and the country is so vast, and its communications were so backward, that the suitor might be many days' or even weeks' journey from his tribunal. Practically speaking, there was absolute impunity for most crimes committed by Englishmen, except in the five towns or their immediate neighbourhood.

This impunity was pleasant to the privileged class, and they long resisted the attempts of the Government to deprive them of it. In 1837, when the Penal Code was first drawn, and again in 1843, the Indian Law Commission advised that jurisdiction over Europeans should be conferred on a class of provincial magistrates, which was then entirely manned by Englishmen; and in 1849 the Government of India brought into Council a Bill for that purpose. The English community objected quite as violently to being tried by an English provincial magistrate as they now object to a Native provincial magistrate, and they seem not to have been ashamed of their violence against the Black Act, or deterred by their defeat and the falsification of every one of their prophecies on that occasion, from exhibiting equal violence and uttering equally foolish prophecies on this. The upshot was that the Court of Directors ordered the Government of India to postpone the question until the Penal Code, which was still under discussion, had been settled. It was evidently thought, even by those who hesitated at that moment to support the action of the Government of India, that when a uniform criminal law was established throughout India the case would be much altered. In 1855 the second Indian Law Commission returned to the charge, and shortly afterwards the Government of India introduced a fresh Bill for the same purpose. This was met by a fresh agitation like the former one. How it would otherwise have ended cannot now be known, for the mutiny broke out, and this, along with much other business, was stopped.

In 1870 the Indian Law Commission emphatically called attention to the omission to remedy so glaring a defect in the law. Indeed, by this time, with the increase of Europeans in the country, the abuse had become intolerable; and, what is perhaps of more importance when there is a question of taking away some badge of privilege, easy communication and increased knowledge of Indian affairs had informed people in England sufficiently to create some body of opinion, and to support the Government against the privileged class. Moreover the Penal Code had been at work for some years, and was found to be an excellent piece of legislation.

I have pointed out that on previous occasions the class of provincial magistrates whom it was proposed to invest with jurisdiction was exclusively English, but in 1870 it was well known that some Natives might be introduced into that class—indeed, that an Act of Parliament had been passed for that very purpose. Nevertheless the Commissioners proposed uniformity of jurisdiction.

I should observe that in the meantime Native Police Magistrates, with jurisdiction over Englishmen, had been appointed in the Presidency towns, where they have acted, and are still acting, in a satisfactory way. We have not heard there of any bloodshed by infuriated Europeans, or of any trumped-up charges more than are heard of before other tribunals.

It is also the case that Natives have been appointed judges of the High Courts which superseded the Supreme and Sudder Courts, and have even acted as Chiefs of those courts. These Native judges have complete criminal jurisdiction, even to the extent of capital punishment, though they very seldom, if ever, sit as criminal judges.

In 1872 a change came at last, and the great scandal of impunity for English offences when committed in the Mofussil, or provinces, was removed. An Act was passed which has given to certain classes of magistrates power to try the privileged class called European British Subjects, and to inflict on them fines, and imprisonment never exceeding one year in a place appointed for that purpose. For offences justifying a heavier punishment, the offender must still be committed to the High Court. And in every case he has an appeal to the High Court. The new jurisdiction is given only to magistrates who are themselves European British Subjects.

This enactment was passed with very little remark by the privileged class. I was not then in India, and hardly know the cause of their unwonted quiescence; for shortly afterwards, when I was in India, and when the Act began to work, there was a great outburst of fury. A District Magistrate sent an Englishman to prison for brutally beating a Native. The English of Calcutta talked as if the foundations of the world were broken up. They would have it that the charge must be a fictitious one. All the evils prophesied of the Black Act were prophesied over again now. No Englishman was safe; capital would leave the country, which would be ruined, and English trade with it. The sentence must be reversed, and the magistrate disgraced. The sentence however was upheld. None of the prophecies took effect, and everybody is the better for its being known that there is now a real restraint upon Englishmen whose tempers incline them to violence.

The same feeling showed itself in a more subdued way on two other occasions while I remained in India. Once when a provincial magistrate committed for trial a man accused of murder, and the case for the prosecution broke down; and once when the Government reproved a magistrate for giving a mere nominal punishment to a "European British Subject," whom he had found guilty of striking his servant so as to kill him.

The precise position of affairs cannot yet be understood until it is explained who these "European British Subjects" are. They are a class artificially created by the Act of 1872. They are all the

Queen's subjects, born, naturalized, or domesticated in the United Kingdom, or in the Colonies of Europe, America, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa, and their legitimate children or grandchildren. I do not wish to put absurd hypotheses, such as that a Kaffir or a Maori would fall within this class, for the purpose of exercising jurisdiction or claiming exemption. But it is worth observing that not Englishmen only, but their half-caste sons, and their more Asiatic grandsons, may now sit in judgment upon English prisoners, and are exempt from the jurisdiction of a judge of pure Indian blood.

To show both the administrative inconvenience and the personal indignity resulting from the present law, I will quote a passage from a very able and instructive speech delivered by Mr. W. W. Hunter, in the Legislative Council at Calcutta on the 9th of March last.

"The native civilians have now reached a stage in their service when they must become in the natural course District Magistrates and Sessions Judges. We have guaranteed to them equal rights with their English brethren, yet they must be excluded from those offices in the more eligible districts where English private enterprise exists, and they must be turned out of those offices in any district into which English private enterprise comes. Let me illustrate this by two examples; one taken from Bengal, the other from Bombay. On the 17th January last, a Native civilian was, in the ordinary course, appointed Joint Magistrate, with powers of a Magistrate of the first class, at the important station of Dacca. On the 23rd January he received a letter from the Secretary to the Bengal Government, cancelling the appointment, and transferring him to a less eligible district, on the ground that the opening out of the Dacca and Maimansingh Railway was bringing a number of Europeans into Dacca district. The gentleman thus disqualified had won the second place in his year, by open competition in England, from among several hundred candidates; he is an English barrister, and he had proved his fitness for the post from which he was turned out by twelve years of service. In the Bombay Presidency, a Native civilian holds the important office of District and Sessions Judge of Kanara. His head-quarters are at Karwar, the coast terminus of the railway which, some time ago, was proposed to be constructed from the Dharwar cotton country. If this scheme should be revived, and the railway sanctioned, the Sessions Judge of Kanara would, under the exigencies of the existing law, have to be turned out of his district. Let us see what this practically means. The gentleman in question is Mr. Tagore. After a distinguished education, both here and in England, he has given about twenty years of unblemished service to the Government, and has established a high reputation as a Judge. He is a near relative of our late colleague, the Maharaja Sir Jotendro Mohan Tagore, who, during an unusually prolonged period, assisted this Council in making the laws of India. The well-earned encomiums in which your Excellency expressed your sense of the services thus rendered are still fresh in our memories. Yet we are told that we must not entrust to a member of the same noble house, notwithstanding his training in England, and his twenty years of proved integrity as a Judge, the power of sentencing a European British subject to a short term of imprisonment. This too, although the European British criminal has the right of immediate appeal from any sentence of imprisonment, however brief, and from any fine, however small. If it were necessary I could multiply examples. Unfortunately, the time has come when such examples will year by year multiply themselves, unless the existing law is changed."

Such being the state of things, all that Lord Ripon proposes by way of change is that when one of the Natives, whom for fifty years we have laboured to get into our service, is of such proved capacity and merit as to obtain an appointment into a high class of magistracy, he shall not, merely on account of his race, be excluded from functions which other magistrates of his class exercise.

I think that every one who has followed what I have written will see the reasons for such a change, and that it is the necessary consequence of the long movement for employment of the Natives. It was proposed in 1872, and was then supported by a majority of the Government of India, and by five of the Legislative Council out of twelve. It has been brought forward now by the Bengal Government. The Government of India consulted all the Local Governments upon it, and with the exception of the very small Province of Coorg, all those Governments, and most of their component members and of the officers consulted by them, were in its favour, though a new Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has taken an opposite view to his predecessor. All our experience goes to prove that it is a prudent step and a beneficial one. Something may be argued from the success of the Native criminal courts in the Presidency towns. Much stronger is the argument from the Native civil courts. I have heard a judge's personal status referred to as a reason why his authority on the particular law he was laying down should be considered greater or less; but I have never heard it suggested that Hindoo or Mohammedan judges favoured their own people, or that either favoured Natives as against Europeans. And yet the vast mass of Indian litigation is decided by Hindoo and Mohammedan judges.

One favourite argument used against the measure seems to me so transparently fallacious that I should not reply to it if I did not find it frequently repeated, and that by able men. It is founded on the existence of other privileges besides that one which the Jurisdiction Bill strikes at. There are, it is said, a great many anomalies in India. Various classes of Natives have privileges and customs, some of them very inconvenient. Europeans have privileges which we are not proposing to take away. What is the use of abolishing one anomaly when we retain a heap of others? We are straining at gnats and swallowing camels. Lord Lytton puts this dilemma. We have two alternatives. We may place Europeans and Natives on an absolute equality by abolishing all distinctive laws and privileges. If not prepared to do that, let us take things as they are in good part. Moreover, it is added, the Natives ought not to complain of European privileges when they have so many of their own.

The first answer to this line of argument is, that it supposes that the only, or at least the main, motive for the Jurisdiction Bill is to remove an anomaly. I have written this paper to little purpose unless I have made it clear that what is to be removed is not merely

an anomaly but a hurtful obstruction to a great policy. The second answer is that Lord Lytton's dilemma is an exceedingly common one, and yet nobody is ever unwillingly entangled in its horns. When has the impossibility of doing everything been accepted by the statesman as a reason for doing nothing? Only when he wishes to do nothing. English statesmen in especial are reproached for their piecemeal legislation. That means that we take a step forward when and as circumstances call for it and make it practicable. Piecemeal and opportunist legislation has its drawbacks; and so comprehensive legislation, and slap-dash legislation, and standing stock still, have each its merits. But by piecemeal legislation we manage to adjust old arrangements to the wants of a growing society in a way which causes a less amount of convulsion, and is more consistent with sympathy between ruler and subject, and with harmony among the various classes of society, and with steady progress, than is found to be the case with other methods.

The question here is whether it is expedient to give a certain jurisdiction to Native Magistrates. If it is, it may or may not be right to urge Lord Ripon to do something more. But his proposal does not become inexpedient because he does nothing more.

So with the privileges accorded to Natives. The argument assumes that the only or main reason for the Bill is that Natives complain of the present law. That they complain is an excellent reason for looking to see how the law works and whether it should be altered. But it is altered not because the Natives complain, but because on their complaint it is found to require alteration.

Since we have been rulers in India many Native customs, some very important ones, have been abolished by law, and so have the privileges of Europeans been curtailed by law. There have been many steps towards uniformity, though we are very far from uniformity yet. At every stage the arguments now used might have been used, probably have been. Why do you make this change and not make others? The answer is: one thing at a time; we do not know that absolute uniformity is either attainable or desirable; we are doing what circumstances call upon us and enable us to do; if it is good do not oppose it because there is not more of it; if it is good to bring Natives more within the general law, the thing is not made bad by the circumstance that Europeans remain privileged in some particulars; and if it is good to bring Europeans more within the general law, it does not become bad because Natives remain privileged. Let each case be judged upon its own merits.

There is then no substantial argument against the change except the excitement of the English non-official community; and what that is worth let those judge who will take the pains to study with how little cause they have been excited on like occasions, and how groundless their fears have proved to be.

Now I would ask anybody possessed of the true state of the case to follow Lord Salisbury's account, and to mark how entirely the opponents of the measure have misunderstood it.

"A great and vital question has been raised." No, the great and vital question is the training and employment of Natives, which was decided by Parliament in principle fifty years ago, and has ever since been calling for one change or another.

"The measure has been adopted for the sake of sentiments and theories." No, it is part of a far-seeing policy insisted on by Ministries, Parliaments, and the most experienced statesmen. It is dictated by circumstances and favoured by experience. The sentiments and the theories are all on the side of those who cling to a useless and injurious restriction because it is a badge of conquest and privilege.

"The question is whether Englishmen shall or shall not be placed at the mercy of Native Judges." No, the question is whether a Magistrate of proved ability shall, merely because he is of pure Indian blood, be declared incapable of exercising a limited jurisdiction, not only over Englishmen, but over a large class of persons with some English blood in their veins: a jurisdiction which the Magistrate's own subordinates may exercise if they have the requisite drops of blood.

"What would your feelings be if you were in some distant and thinly populated land, far from all English succour, and your life and honour were exposed to the decision of some tribunal consisting of a coloured man?" Where, then, are these thinly populated lands, far from all English succour, and which are to be presided over by a Native civil servant? Lord Ripon will have to send a Commission of Inquiry to find them. How is life exposed to the decision of a tribunal which can, at the utmost, imprison for one year? What evidence is there that coloured men who are worthy to be judges are less careful of honour than uncoloured men? A coloured man who showed himself regardless of people's honour would soon find himself corrected by the High Court; and Lord Salisbury should remember that no one of the privileged class is so far from English succour but that he has an appeal to the High Court. And what amount of colour is enough to excite mistrust? Could the present Advocate-General of Calcutta be trusted with criminal jurisdiction? I myself, were I accused of a crime, would trust him entirely. But I believe he is an Armenian, and not a European British subject. Is the son of an English father and Hindoo mother too coloured to be a judge? Or is the son of that half-caste son by a Hindoo mother too coloured? If so, they are both European British subjects, and the law of 1872, as tested by colour, stands condemned.

As for the analogy of ex-territorial jurisdictions in Turkey and the like, it does not apply. The Turkish courts refused to administer

justice to Christians, and would not receive their evidence. The punishments inflicted under Turkish or Chinese law are very cruel and abhorrent to us. But the Native Civil Servant who is a judge will administer the same laws by the same methods as the European Civil Servant who is a judge.

As for the prophecies of the flight of capital and the ruin of trade, they date from the Black Act, and have been falsified too often to impress the mind much, even when repeated by Lord Salisbury.

Then shall we abandon the noble principles of government which have animated our statesmen for more than half a century? I am only too well aware of the recrudescence of the doctrine of force, and the doctrine that mankind are mostly fools who require the strong and wise Ruler to break their heads if they do not conduct themselves as he thinks proper. I am aware what charm such doctrines have for those who are pleased to identify themselves with the strong and wise Ruler, and their weaker neighbours with the fools. We have seen lately, with reference to our invasion of Afghanistan, the naked assertion of principles over which even Napoleon Buonaparte, while he acted on them, thought it best to throw a decent veil of fine sentiment—that there is one moral law for men acting in their private affairs, and another for the same men acting in their national affairs. Never since the days of the Melian Conference has it been more boldly asserted that in dealing with their neighbours nations have only their own interests to consider. And now we are told—not by Lord Salisbury I am glad to say—as a weighty argument against Lord Ripon's measure, that we hold India by conquest, and that if do not govern in the spirit of conquerors, and by open straightforward assertions of our superiority, we are shifting the foundations on which our government rests. I cannot discuss these matters at the end of a paper already too long. I will only say that I consider such principles of government to be shallow, short-sighted, and dangerous, and I for one disclaim them as earnestly, though I cannot do so as eloquently, as Macaulay disclaimed them in 1833 and in 1853.

What may be the progress and outcome of our rule in India, no man is wise enough to foresee. Its origin and history are without precedent, and so must be its end. But we may feel confidence that we are acting most wisely when we advance towards the highest ideal by the most cautious and well-considered steps. That appears to me to have been, in the main, the animating principle of our Government for at least half a century, and there is no reason to believe that the present Government are departing from it now.

ARTHUR HOBBHOUSE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE normal Englishman certainly is not a philosophical animal. Metaphysics in his conception mean nonsense, and theory castles in the air. Even in practical matters compromise is his compass, and the assertion of a great principle apt to excite his suspicion. Nor has he any cause to be ashamed of this negative feature of his otherwise sufficiently positive character. The people that produced Shakespeare and Lord Bacon, and all that those two names imply in modern art and science, need not be ashamed of any deficiency in the complete circle of human perfections. It is not given to any race to be great all round. The Romans conquered the Greeks and all the world in one direction, but the Greeks conquered the Romans and all the world in another. Even in individuals, where Nature is free to put forth her greatest strength, many sidedness does not mean all-sidedness. The wonderful combination in the great German poet-thinker of poetical sensibility, scientific acuteness, speculative depth, practical sagacity, and knowledge of affairs, is justly admired; but even Goethe ignored mathematics, and turned his back on the French Revolution and modern Liberalism in all its shapes, as decidedly as Plato did on Athenian democracy, and all that the word democracy implies in the history of human civilization. But whatever divine and generally incompatible excellencies may be heaped on a few individuals, the masses of men, growing up into nations, are always moulded after a more or less one-sided type. In this region the maxim of Spinoza applies with unqualified force—*omnis affirmatio est negatio*. The affirmation of one tendency in any associated body of men implies the negative of its opposite; and so a people predominantly practical and political, like the ancient Romans and the modern English, will not shine in speculation. Curiously, the Germans owed the great glory

which they have gained as the leaders of speculative thought in Europe to their having been shut out, till quite recently, from the sphere of political action, which to nine-tenths of the English people exhausts the greater part of their intellectual functions and their social energy. What is the philosophy of the British people, or rather what voice of philosophy among the British people, makes itself most audible at the present moment? Likely enough the noise which is made by the flapping of the bird's wings is not exactly a measure of the significance or the potency of its flight; but no doubt the kind of philosophy, or would-be philosophy, that one most frequently encounters in the current speculation of the hour, is of an extremely one-sided and inadequate character—what we may most fitly characterize as Baconism run mad, or Baconism divergent from its proper sphere, and rushing with an extravagant sweep into a region with which it has nothing to do. The Baconian philosophy, however catholic its conception might have been in the mind of its author, has acted in this country mainly as a corrective to the evil habit inherited from the Greeks of explaining physical phenomena by constructive theories, rather than by accurate observation and careful induction; and the action of this corrective has been so drastic and its results so brilliant, and, in not a few directions, so useful to society, that men have allowed themselves to be run away with by this word induction, as if it were the one talisman by which any reliable truth of great human value could be attained. And not only induction in the widest sense of the word, but the special kind of induction that is active in physical science—viz., induction *ab extra*, or by fingering, weighing, and measuring of ponderable materials or measurable forces—has been allowed to usurp the province that in the nature of things belongs to deduction; while that which lies at the root both of induction and deduction—viz., mind or λόγος, eternal, self-existent, self-energizing, self-plastic reason, recognized alike by the wise Greeks and the inspired Hebrews—has been disregarded and altogether thrown aside. It is in the domain of morals and æsthetics that the inadequacy and absurdity of the inductive method comes most prominently into view. Not from any fingering induction of external details, but from “the inspiration of the Almighty,” cometh all true understanding in matters of religion, morals, and beauty. All moral apostleship and all high art come directly from above and from within, and their laws are not to be proved by an external collection of facts, but by the emphatic assertion of the divine vitality from which they proceed.

These remarks apply to Great Britain generally, England as well as Scotland, but there is a specialty in regard to this latter country which, in a general estimate of British æsthetical philosophy, cannot be omitted. Scotland, as is well known, had its school of philo-

sophy, illustrated by the names of Reid and Stewart, Hume and Hamilton, not indeed standing in the van of modern speculative thought, like the army of great thinkers, represented by Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel; but still of sufficient significance to warrant the hope of a reasonable philosophy of the fine arts to have been promulgated there. But, however satisfactory it may be to think that the large and capacious intellect of Sir W. Hamilton, in a quiet way, protested against the shallow æsthetics so long fashionable in his native city,* it is none the less true that the Scotch philosophy, in its general action, has tended rather to degrade than to elevate the theory of the fine arts as an independent domain of speculative inquiry. The fact is, the Scotch are, of all modern peoples who have obtained any fame in poetry, perhaps the most unæsthetical; they have produced some writers of first-class excellence, and in these latter days landscape painters not unworthy of the picturesque country which gave them birth; but, taking the people overhead, there can be no doubt that a certain prosaic practicality and hard realism give the dominant tone to their character; and whatever of the beautiful in art, or the tasteful in decoration, may now be visible amongst them, always excepting their lyric poetry and their landscape painting, is imported and artificial, not the natural growth of the soil. In one department—architecture—in which notable improvement has recently been made, the Scotch stood below even the lowest standard that ever prevailed in England. The beauty of church architecture in England, even during the supremacy of pseudo-classicality, kept alive amongst the people a genuine native taste for the graces of stone-work; but in Scotland ecclesiastical architecture existed only in a few elegant minds, used as an occasional stimulant to a sentimental verse, but not as a living fount of healthy action. We must consider also that the extreme form of Protestantism, which struck such deep root in the Scottish soil, is in its nature, if not doctrinally antagonistic, practically averse to any acknowledgment of the divine right of the beautiful. The majority of Scotsmen even at the present hour, we apprehend, would object to paintings in the churches, for the same reason that they object to instrumental music—viz., because both sacred pictures and instrumental music are largely patronized by the Pope. Not to mention a certain ethical hardness which long-continued religious persecutions under the Stuarts worked into the bones of the nation, the theology of Calvin impressed on the piety of the people the type of stern volition rather than of elevated enjoyment. The religion of the Scot at its best rejoiced in producing strength of character, exhibited in an earnest life, rather than in the appreciation of the beautiful in Nature issuing in works of art. To the Scotch Calvinist

* See the evidence in the Preface to my book on Beauty. Edinburgh, 1858.

nature has no sacredness, art no divinity, and this not only among vulgar religionists, but to a great extent among the best educated classes. The proof of this lies in the once largely current association theory of beauty, which had its birth in the first decade of the present century under Alison, an Episcopal clergyman, the father of the historian, and Jeffrey, a clever barrister and reviewer, in the metropolis of the north, and which, even now, may be found haunting the back chambers of the brain of some old Edinburgh Whigs, who take their notions on æsthetical subjects from the old edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."*

This theory was merely a revival, under the depressing influences of the last half century, of the sceptical doctrine taught by the Greek sophists in the fifth century B.C., to the effect that τὸ καλόν in art, as in morals, was merely a matter of individual feeling, local convention, or arbitrary fashion; a doctrine which, as everyone knows, was effectively opposed by Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and all the great leaders of Hellenic thought. Looked at as a contribution to mental philosophy, it is one of the most transparent sophisms that ever sprung out of a shallow soil, and waved its crop of twinkling leaflets for an hour and a day in the sun of ignorant applause. The function of association in the domain of poetry and the arts is obvious enough. Associations of every kind, some necessary, some accidental, some noble and elevating, some low and degrading, cling to words as naturally as the snow clings to the roof when it is drifted by the blast; and it is part of the art, or, as we should prefer to say, of the cultivated and trained inspiration of the poet, so to handle his words, as constantly to select those which are most rich in noble associations, and to avoid those which cannot be used without calling up a coarse, trite, vulgar, or too heinous adjunct. And here we see at a glance how it is that men of great talent and undoubted genius sometimes fail in making the desired impression on their audience; they are destitute of the fine perception of the humorous which teaches a man in his serious addresses to steer clear of images and expressions which, being deeply seated in the popular ear, are ever at hand to jump up and turn the sublime into the ridiculous. In actual life, association often plays the very pleasant and profitable part of making ugly things appear less ugly, or even, if the associating force be very strong, quite beautiful. A very plain cottage, for instance, with not a single architectural feature to raise it from the category of mere masonry, if pleasantly situated, under the shade of graceful leafage, and with roses or wild creepers decorating its porch, especially if it has been the scene of bright youthful memories, may appear beautiful

* In the old edition of this great work, under the article "Beauty," seven distinct reasons for the pleasing effect of Greek architecture are given, of which *symmetry* is not one!

by virtue of its accompaniments and associations; but neither the accompaniments nor the associations can change its nature: if ugly, it remains ugly, only the ugliness is masked; and it receives from the superficial observer the praise of beauty, by an altogether illegitimate transference of the beauty of the adjuncts to the object itself; as if a plain woman exceedingly well dressed, should be called beautiful by a person whose eyes had been taken captive and his judgment tricked by the grace and brilliancy of her attire. One of the most popular arguments of the association sophists is taken from the diversity of tastes existing amongst men, with regard for instance, to female beauty. The *Venus*, who is the horror of the Greeks, is the admiration of the Hottentot. But to observations of this kind it is sufficient to reply that, in a vast and various world, peopled with divers creatures of limited capacity, all sorts of false and inadequate sentiments and judgments will be found somewhere; that custom in æsthetics, as in morals, often deadens the sense to the perception of excellence; and that in no case can it be allowed to make an induction of the truth of things from low and degenerate types, but rather samples from types which are the growth of the finest instincts and the highest culture. It may be that a wandering Highland tramp, with a screeching bagpipe under his arm, honestly believes that his reels and Strathspeys, which grate so cuttingly on a cultivated ear, are more sweet and pleasing than the most honeyed airs of Bellini, or the subtle harmonies of Beethoven; but no association sophist has yet been mad enough to bring forward such a case as a proof that the divine art of music has no concords, against which a Highland tramp with a broken bagpipe, or an Italian boy with a hurdy-gurdy, may not legitimately protest. The fact is that, where there is a fundamental want of seriousness in the mind, any sophism, however superficial, and however contrary to the healthy instinct which guides common life, will pass for an argument; and, as for Scotland, it lies on the surface of its intellectual history, that at the time when Alison and Jeffrey gained an ephemeral celebrity by the setting forth of their Association Theory, the Edinburgh mind, in the whole department of æsthetics, was a sheet of blank paper on which any ingenious theorist could write any nonsense that he pleased with applause.

Let us now take one of the best-known and most easily appreciated of the fine arts—viz., architecture—and see how in this case the beautiful arises out of the necessary and the useful, by an obvious law of natural gradation and necessary subordination. A building erected so as to achieve the primary necessity of all habitable domiciles, protection from wind and weather, fulfils the laws of mere masonry; it may be the most crude, like the masonry of the lowest style of Irish crofters; or the most finished, like the masonry of

the pyramids, still it is not a fine art. It is perfect as masonry when it serves a useful purpose; only when beauty is contemplated in addition to utility does it become architecture. The distinction thus stated between utility and beauty exists in every healthy mind; and yet, as is well known, even in ancient times there existed a class of sophists, even more shallow than the association-mongers, who taught that beauty is simply utility, a fitness to attain a useful object.* If any person is inclined to talk such nonsense at the present day, he need not travel far to find his confutation; for there is not a railway line in the country which has not sinned against the most obvious laws of æsthetical science, by erecting the ugliest possible bridges, which are in every respect as useful as if they had been altogether beautiful. To confound two such manifestly diverse ideas is the most wretched quibbling. Utility, of course, and fitness to attain a practical end must be in architecture, as in all the useful arts; but it is there as a basis on which the beautiful is erected, or as a stem out of which it grows. It is the same obviously with beauty in women. No woman could be beautiful who could not walk well, or stand well, or sit well, because her joints had either been clumsily formed, or unskilfully put together. Her skilful construction, as an animal capable of rest or locomotion, is an essential basis of her womanly beauty; a basis without which any beauty of feature or complexion would appear as much out of place as fine lace on a coarse gown; but no excellence of such basis could relieve a female form from the charge of ugliness, if mere perfection of mechanically, well-compacted limbs constituted her only claim to beauty. Let this sophism, therefore, go to Limbo with the association juggle, without further discussion. We shall suppose our rude Highland hut or Indian wigwam of the most primitive structure, and note by what steps of unnecessary and purely ornamental addition the rude masonry is elevated into architecture. The first step in this process is one in regard to which it may be doubtful whether it has its origin in the wish for increased utility, or in the delight of superadded beauty. If the original hut or wigwam has been constructed of stone or wood, or a mixture of both, in a rude and haphazard style, without either shapeliness in the individual pieces, or fair order in the structure of the work; and if, after having inhabited for some time this modest dwelling, the savage builder should rise in his ideas, as civilized builders are wont to do, and erect a more imposing structure with fair tiers of shapely stone, it may be doubtful whether this advance in the style of the masonry arose from utilitarian considerations or from an æsthetical instinct. The utilitarian consideration might be to give greater solidity and permanence to the structure; the æsthetical delight, produced by an inborn instinct,

* See this sophism humorously handled by Socrates in Xenophon's "Symposium," ch. v.

might be exactly of the same nature as that which a child feels, when it arranges pebbles or shells on the beach in a circle or other pattern. In the case of the savage builder, the utilitarian and æsthetic forces might act so spontaneously together that it might be impossible to say which was dominant; but, in the case of the child, utility disappears altogether, and a delight in the creation of ORDER by a selective energy is the sole force to which the calculated distribution of the shells or pebbles can be ascribed. Nor is it of any consequence in this question whether the child or the savage—supposing him to have acted from æsthetical instinct—ever saw any other person arranging pebbles in a circle, or stones in ordered tiers. The instinct of imitation, under which we all grow up from babyhood into manhood in various ways, is not arbitrary or indifferent, it is eminently selective, and by his special selection the imitative artist shows that he is guided by a special innate preference for the particular sphere in which he chooses to exercise his imitative function. If, therefore, the child or the savage chooses to imitate order rather than disorder, it is a distinct evidence that the mind of the imitator delights in order; and in this order we have, in fact, the most necessary, the most simple, and the most universal element in the framework of all beautiful structures.* If you ask whence this love of order proceeds, the plain answer is that it lies in the mind, just as the belief that two and two make four, lies in the mind. The mind can no more choose to delight in confusion than it can choose to believe that two and two make five. And this leads us to make a single remark on the excellence generally believed to inhere in mathematics—that it is the only science which deals in necessary and incontrovertible truth. Mathematics is of two kinds, pure and applied. That absolute certainty should be predicable of the former lies on the surface; for, as pure mathematics is a science that consists of mere abstract suppositions clearly defined, to the exclusion of all possible causes of disturbance, it is plain that the category of necessity must belong to any chain of propositions which lies shut up in the definition. Each part of Euclid is merely a detached evolution of what lies in the definite figure with which it starts, say, a triangle, a circle, a sphere, a cone, or what you please. But in applied mathematics—which is the only *real* science—as pure mathematics are mere thinkable limitations of a reality—disturbances and variations of various kinds constantly interfere, for which allowance requires to be made. The infallibility of the science, therefore, ceases the moment it is applied to the measure of a real thing; as we see every day that two and two eggs, for example, considerably smaller than the normal standard will not make four, but something notably less, perhaps, only three. Now, this is exactly the

* Τὸ καλὸν ἐν μεγέθει καὶ τάξει is the well-known dictum of Aristotle, where, of course, the μέγεθος is only the quantitative element, Order the essential and constitutive.

case with the theory of the fine arts. It happens any day that an architect shall draw out the scheme of a building, to which no objection can be made so long as it remains on paper, but which, the moment it is transmuted into stone and lime, becomes full of offence—an offence arising, it may be, from the material, from the situation, or it may be from mere deficiency of cash, or any other circumstance attaching to the realized scheme, which did not enter into the calculation of the theorist. For a practical art like architecture, the influences that disturb the calculations of the pure theorist, are many and various; besides, we must consider that in some countries, as in Great Britain, the border-line that distinguishes the architect from the mere builder has not been distinctly traced. The so-called architect, in many cases, is like an empirical mathematician, who has never been trained scientifically to prove by severe deduction the truth of his inductions, but who merely makes empirical plunges into them, and has no security, even with the finest instincts, against the grossest blunders; while the general public either looks on the grossest violations of the eternal laws of the beautiful with perfect indifference, or flings out hastily a mere *I like* or *I dislike*, as a sufficient substitute for a reasonable verdict. Were the elements of pure æsthetics as thoroughly and as systematically taught in the schools as the elements of arithmetic and mathematics, no man could doubt of the absolute certainty of the one class of primary intellectual intuitions any more than of the other. But the fine arts are a luxury which only a few can enjoy, and only a very few scientifically appreciate. Let us now revert to the consideration of Order. Order, which is, as we have said, the fundamental element in all beautiful structures, implies unity; and unity implies mind. In the formation of a circle or a square, or any regular figure, there is a definite relation of every individual part of the figure, to a definite point or points, say the centre in a circle, or the two foci in an ellipse; the parts are many, but the plan is one; and if in the drawing of such a figure the hand of the draughtsman shall at any time waver—that is, cease to act in continuous consistency with the unity of the idea from which it started, there is a flaw in the figure. Now, it is an operation performed every day in the arts and in the conduct of life, to create order by the subjection of various naturally independent materials to a unity of plan and purpose, dictated by an intelligent unity which we call Mind. In unity, therefore, and order as the result of unity, and both as the necessary manifestation of mental action, we recognize the first fundamental principle of all æsthetical science, as infallibly as in the axioms and postulates of the first book of Euclid. Of order in the fine arts, symmetry and proportion are familiar names; of unity in objects of diverse nature, congruity or keeping is the

expression most familiar to the popular ear. Nine in ten of the common objections that we daily hear made to a building, or to a lady's dress, or to the decoration and furnishing of a house, are examples of incongruity—that is, of the qualities in the parts which imply the absence of a presiding unity of conception in the carrying out of the original scheme. It is at bottom a want of thought and a want of mind; just as if, in a critical moment of a game, the player, not having his eyes open, should fail to play the stroke on which the success of the game depended; or, as if at a decisive moment in a great battle the commander-in-chief should become nervous and get into a flutter, and allow his line to be broken at a fatal point.

But some one here will perhaps say, and say justly, are not this unity and congruity as necessary in the useful arts as in the fine arts, in an ugly bridge as much as in a beautiful bridge? and how can that be called a primary principle of the beautiful which is equally a primary principle of the plain and the ugly? The answer to this is twofold. Order and symmetry may no doubt be present in an ugly body as well as in a beautiful one, but they are not present as constituent elements of ugliness; on the contrary, when contrasted with the same body in a state of perfect disorder, the bare elements of order which they possess would justly appear beautiful. It is not the order in a well-ordered ugly object that made it ugly, but the ugliness of the materials to which the order is applied; as when we call a necklace, for instance, ugly of which the beads are of a dull, dirty, unkindly aspect, while the pattern according to which they are strung together may even be graceful. And when certain objects, whether necklaces or bridges, are generally presented to the eyes with an amount of tasteful decoration super-added to that constituent order and symmetry without which they could not exist at all, they will be called ugly, or at least plain, simply from the want of the embellishments with which they are normally accompanied. Mind there must be everywhere, in all intellectual products, whether beautiful or ugly; therefore, in some wise, wherever mind acts, unity and congruity cannot be absent; but the mind has various sides, various faculties, and various susceptibilities, and has to be addressed in various ways in order to appeal to those faculties and to stir those susceptibilities. The demand for the useful, which is primary in the practical mind, is satisfied when the structure produced by the plastic intellect attains its object as completely as possible; the utilitarian demand in a bridge is satisfied when the bridge is firm and solid, and affords an easy passage across the gap which it overspans. The faculty appealed to here is simply the constructive intellect, desiring practical means for a practical purpose. But a beautiful bridge or any beautiful object appeals to the imagination and the emotions connected with the imagination; there must be, therefore, in nature and in the constitution of things

certain qualities which, being superinduced upon the useful, or mere fitness to achieve a practical end, create in the mind the pleasant sensations which arise spontaneously on the perception of a beautiful object. Now, the first fact we have to deal with here is that the imagination is a faculty which receives the forms of its action and occasions of its operation primarily through the senses; the senses are, as it were, the vestibule of the temple, in the inner shrine of which the æsthetical goddess dwells; and the primary form of the matter which she deals with, or her secret workshop of select construction, are *pictures*. What kind of pictures? Pictures, of course, of the various forms and states of external nature and human life, which are perpetually working their way up to the sensitive tentacles of the human creature in its course of expansion from babyhood into manhood; limited, no doubt, by the capacity of the recipient, but not therefore false: the limitation affecting the degree and the adequacy, not the certainty of the perception. Like the view of a landscape or a building from a particular point, it is the truth of the thing or of that part of the thing which the point of view renders possible. What we call vision, to speak with the metaphysician, is neither subjective truth wholly, nor objective truth wholly, but a harmony resulting from the concord of the two truths, as in music. Well, then, the pictures which the sense admits into the inner shrine of the imaginative sanctuary are, under this necessary limitation, all real, but not therefore natural in the artistic sense of the word, much less beautiful. By natural in art we mean the normal type of things which Nature always strives to achieve, but from various causes does not always attain; by the beautiful we mean the perfection of the normal type. Now, if there be anything essentially and by the divine constitution of things beautiful in Nature—which we shall for the present assume—then, it is manifest that the divinely implanted instinct for the beautiful, which we have shown to exist in the love of symmetry, lying in wait, as it were, to extend its sphere of enjoyment, will, when stimulated into full action by the impressions of cognate forms from without, eagerly seize upon and select, and with complacency dwell on, the objects which produce these impressions, and in due season, by its own plastic energy, begin to act creatively upon them. Of course, we can imagine, and there may exist, souls capable of perceiving only the real that is carried to them through the senses, without distinction between the beautiful and the ugly; but those who are utterly incapable of receiving delight from beauty as distinguished from reality, in some shape or other, are so few that they must be classed with the born blind, and with the deaf and dumb, as incomplete creatures. But normally the intellectual appetite for beauty is as universal and as uniform as the appetite for healthy food; and as in the case of food the digestive functions must be in

constant and vigorous action, in order to utilize the food; so in art the finely selecting and plastically moulding function of artistic genius must ever be present, in order to make the creation of a work of art possible. It is interesting to remark here how differently in different arts the parts played by the internal and external factors are apportioned. In landscape painting, the beauty presented to the artist in real Nature is often so striking, so subtle, and so magnificent, that he has little to do in the way of selection or rejection; his art becomes purely imitative; and the more close the imitation, the more perfect the production. In music, how otherwise!—how little the stimulus of a few sweet sounds, which a holy Mozart may have received from without through the expectant avenue of the ear, compared with the Titanic force, ocean roll, and fairy-like subtlety of significant harmonies, which his awakened soul poured forth from within! The part which the internal factor, the moulding mind, here plays in the case of a great musical genius, is precisely similar to the part played by some special apostleship in the moral world. Such an apostleship, as history shows, appears on the stage of social progress, once, it may be, only in a hundred or a thousand years; but, when it does appear, the changes wrought on the outward face of society by its mighty internal agency are proportionate to the extraordinary forth-putting of divinely-inspired creative energy from which they proceed. Such overwhelming manifestations of divine force from within show at a stroke the vanity of attempting to explain the forces that shape the moral world by any results derived from the slow process of fingering induction. Induction can never prove anything contrary to the dictates of a well-regulated moral enthusiasm; on the contrary, the external servant when wisely questioned will always confirm the dictates of the internal master; but induction can no more create morals than registered talent of any kind can create genius. There is a magazine of moral thunder and lightning in men of high moral genius, such as Martin Luther and John Knox, which can no more be born of the cold process of induction, than out of the cawing of rooks, the cooing of doves, the purling of brooks, and the roar of tempests could be manufactured the artistic creativeness of a Mozart or a Beethoven.

The question comes now to be asked, what are those elements in detail which, when superadded to unity and congruity, and appealing to the imaginative faculty, elevate a mere useful product of mechanical art into the region of the beautiful? The answer to this question involves no mystery. Let us take our original example, the bridge—the plain solid bridge, the ugly bridge, the bridge of the railway contractors, how shall we make it beautiful?—First, we shall make it of a fair material, not dark and funereal, like the lava of which the German towns in the volcanic district behind Coblenz

are constructed; for darkness is naturally hateful both to gods and men, and light is not only a joy in itself, but a divine necessity, absolutely requisite to make all things enjoyable. Then, you conceive a type of bridge, whether light or weighty, whether with plain or rich decoration, which may best form a natural congruity with the landscape, or the urban situation with which it comes into comparison; then, by what the architects call mouldings, you satisfy a demand of nature by distinctly marking off one part of the erection from another, so that the special existence and significance of each falls with more marked emphasis on the eyes. As to further decorations they will be pleasing in proportion as they are in perfect congruity with the general type; in so far as they are not overdone and do not overwhelm the principal in the accessory; in so far as they are delicately and nicely executed, for all sorts of fineness and dexterity in execution afford pleasure to the mind inspired by the god-given instinct of delighting in excellence; and in so far specially as the ornamental grows out of the structure and is not, as it were, stuck upon it; for all adventitious ornament is not only an untrue thing, in not being able to show any natural reason for its presence, but it destroys the feeling of unity, which we have already stated as primordial in all artistic creations; for a genuine work of art must always imitate the wisdom of the Creator in the compagination of that miraculous structure, the human body, from which no member can be taken and to which no member can be added, without destroying both the beauty and the serviceability of the whole. As a topping ornamentation of bridges, statues deserve particular mention; for, as the sphere of expression in pure architecture is much more confined than in the other fine arts, that ornament is particularly fitting which adds the interest of heroic achievement to the charm of æsthetic delight. On the bridge of the Main at Frankfort the statue of Charlemagne is in its proper place.

Considerations of this kind make it amply evident how cheaply the pure mathematician purchases the boasted certainty of his conclusions. He owes his superiority to the meagreness, or say rather, the inanity of his material; he systematically excludes all actuality from his reasonings; and so can have no share in the richness, the variety, the luxuriance, and the marvellous concordant contrarieties of the existing frame of things. He lords it magnificently over his domain of abstract thought; but is weighed in the balance and found wanting the moment he has to do with the conflicting claims of manifold facts, spiritual and material. He is in this respect like the mere logician; and, as the logician from want of a rich experience of moral and intellectual life is often a poor philosopher, so mathematics, as Voltaire said, leaves the *esprit* where it found it. By deduction pure and simple from his primary assump-

tion, the mathematician finds his way from point to point of his curious conclusion, without looking to the right hand or to the left; his intellect is in the position of a ball sent to roll down in a winding groove, which must go where the groove leads it. But when, in æsthetical science, I say that the primary postulate of all beauty is mental unity, and from that deduce order, or symmetry, and again congruity, I cannot go a step further in my conclusions without bringing in new and altogether different elements from the existing world outside of my original point of view. For a man may justly say that there may be a unity and congruity of ugly things, as in a dunghill, or in a woman whose wryness of features perfectly harmonizes with the baseness of her character. Well, then, as we have just been showing, to the law of unity and congruity must be added the complete complement of things naturally and essentially, and, by divine right, excellent and noble; and it is precisely the richness and variety of these additions from without that confounds the untrained judgment, and causes the hasty thinker to despair of certainty in a science where the principles that can be laid down are constantly interfered with by contrary claims. But a very slight consideration will show that the contraries in æsthetics are not contradictions. There is no contradiction between the beauty of a rose and the beauty of a lily, between the gentle wimpling of an English brook and the impetuous sweep of a Highland cascade, between the soft roseate glow of a cloudless Egyptian sunset and the variously flecked beauty of a sunset in the vapour-laden sky of the West Highlands. But however great the variety be of existing objects that are all beautiful, and are adapted by natural kinship to please diverse tastes, there will be found in all of them some of those elements of things naturally noble and excellent, which elevate plain masonry into elegant architecture, or pedestrian prose into winged poetry. Light, as we have already noted, is naturally preferable to darkness; skill and dexterity to coarseness and crudeness of execution; decoration to bareness; strength to weakness; truth to falsehood; love to selfishness; luxuriance to meagreness; variety to monotony; significance and suggestiveness to unmeaningness of feature and shallowness of conception. But over and above these elements of natural nobility, there are certain great laws in the constitution of the universe, in its relation to human perception, which, if they are not constitutive elements of the beautiful, are at least so essential to its effective presentation in art that no masterpiece in poetry, painting, sculpture, music, or architecture can be produced without them. Of these the most notable are—the law of novelty, the law of contrast, and the law of moderation. That novelty, however impotent as a productive cause, is a potent spur to the appreciation of the beautiful, everyday experience teaches; and, therefore, as the best things in the

world are amongst the oldest and the most trite, the great writer has been said to be the man who can say old things in a new way with the greatest effect, when and where and to whom he appears. Mere novelty, of course, divorced from "the eternal canons of loveliness," as Ruskin calls them, can produce only oddity of various kinds, as we see in the world of fashion, where a morbid love of change is always at hand to usurp the throne of reason, and to juggle Nature out of her most comely graces and most healthful proprieties.* Of contrast we need say nothing; it is impossible in the nature of things that the effect produced by any acting influence upon any susceptible recipient should be as great when working in its pure absoluteness as with the simultaneous or closely consecutive presentation of its contrary. Moderation, again, or the nice balance between too much and too little, which Aristotle uses so effectively in his practical treatise on morals, is equally the law of the beautiful as of the good. In art, as in archery, the arrow which overshoots the mark misses as decidedly as that which falls short.

There remains only one other remark to make, if we would place the science of the beautiful on its true pedestal alongside of the other sciences. The science of æsthetics, if founded, as we have endeavoured to show, in the essential constitution of things in Nature and in the mind, must have its root in theology, is in fact, when traced to its fundamental principles, a part of theology, as all absolute science necessarily is. The true, the good, and the beautiful, the three categories under which the whole objects of human cognition are subsumed, are all equally human or equally divine: equally human in the estimation of those whose narrow speculation, from poverty of reverential sympathy, begins and ends with themselves; equally divine in the belief of all complete men, from Moses and Pythagoras to Hegel and Goethe, who knew that humanity without God is a monstrous conception, which, like a flower without a root, can have only an imaginary existence. To the wise Greek the exclusion of the beautiful from theology in its most comprehensive sense would have appeared unnatural. In modern times this exclusion has arisen, on the one hand from the unæsthetic character of modern European compared with ancient Hellenic culture, on the other hand from the prominence given in the Christian Church to the holy and the good, as the phasis of divine excellence through which Christian teaching

* It is an unmistakable sign of the poverty of thought in the region of pure æsthetics prevalent among the writers of the last century, that they treat the whole subject under the three heads of *novelty*, *beauty*, and *grandeur*, placing novelty in the front, whereas, as we have shown, novelty is no constituent element of beauty at all, and grandeur is merely beauty—plus magnitude and power. The humorous again, valuable as it is for certain accessory effects, and especially powerful in certain departments of literature, being only an ingenious sport with significant incongruities, is altogether outside of the domain of Beauty, though, no doubt, in the manner of representing the incongruous, there will be one sort of humour, which is graceful in its feature, and delicately suggestive in its conception, and another which is coarse and clumsy, exaggerated and shallow.

has brought about the purification of the moral world from the sensualism into which the imaginative theology of the Greeks so naturally declined. This, of course, was quite necessary; the good being the element, the very atmosphere rather, which society must breathe in order to maintain itself in any degree of health and comfort. Nevertheless, the world is beautiful, nay flowing and overflooded with superfluous beauty in all directions; and the aboriginal savage, with whose germinating æsthetics we started these remarks, whether he reasoned or not on the subject, would unquestionably be possessed by a healthy instinct that the same sort of law for decoration, which had compelled him to adorn his hut, was at work in the well-ordered garniture of flowers and fruits and stars, with which he found himself surrounded. He would feel, if he could not formulate, the identity of the plastic design which marshalled the stars, and diapered the fields, with the imitative and secondary art with which he had studied to clothe the bareness of his original place of shelter. Savages are in some respects better off than the devotees of special sciences in the advanced stages of social culture. That systematic divorce of the beautiful from the holy and the good, which has marked some modern Christian sects, could not have occurred to a healthy-minded human animal in the Homeric or pre-Homeric stage. In carrying out this unnatural divorce, the Scotch, as we stated at the outset, have been the most systematic offenders; an extreme section of them, even at the present day, having handed over the fine arts wholesale to the Devil, or at least, with a rigid repulsion, insisted on keeping them out of the Church. The evil of this narrow policy is double; for, while on the one hand it renders the baldness of the Church service unpalatable to a considerable section of the middle and upper classes, who are thereby inclined to pass over to Episcopacy; on the other hand it deprives the fine arts of their highest aims, which they can attain only by consecration to the service of God. In this view, it is pleasant to observe how the resumption of the realm of the beautiful into the domain of a reasonable theology has recently come, as was to have been expected, from the bosom of the Anglican Church; the well-known sermon on Nature, by Dr. Mozley,* and the excellent little volume on the Natural Theology of Beauty, by Tyrwhitt, being authoritative voices on this text that will not fail to find an echo in the public mind.†

* "Sermons preached before the University of Oxford," by J. B. Mozley, D.D. 2nd edition, London. 1876.

† "The Natural Theology of Natural Beauty," by the Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt. London. 1882. Mr. Tyrwhitt sums up the conclusion of his book shortly thus:—

1. "That visible Nature represents the design, or a small part of it, of a living soul; and that that design includes our welfare." And—

2. "That Nature does this by enabling man to observe in the world exterior to himself, and in himself, (α) structure, through scientific analysis, and (β) beauty as in immediate form or colour, or through Art"—words than which I could not desire any

One observation we feel bound to make in concluding, that, so far as the history of æsthetical philosophy in this country is concerned, it would be altogether a mistake to confound the negative ideas on the philosophy of taste which we have noted in the English, and more particularly in the Scottish people, with the doctrine taught by the few writers that we can boast of on æsthetical science. The wide reception which the shallow association theory obtained for a season among the wits of the modern Athens was no doubt a striking proof of how little the atmosphere which Jeffrey and Alison breathed partook of that element which gave elevation to the work of Phidias and the philosophy of Plato. Greek, as Sydney Smith said, never marched in great force to the north of the Tweed, certainly never leapt over the outer cincture of the soul of any thorough-bred Scotch Calvinist; but the special form of æsthetical scepticism preached by the association sophists, so far from being an expression of the general character of Scottish æsthetical science, runs directly in the teeth of the best utterances on the subject, both before the bewilderment produced by the sophistical glory and after it. Even Dugald Stewart, who takes off his hat to Alison in a style with difficulty to be distinguished from absolute submission, in the first paragraph of his discussion of the principle of association, cuts off the ground from this theory as a foundation on which any really scientific account of our æsthetic sentiments can be raised:—"It is," says he, "the province of association to impart to one thing the agreeable or disagreeable effects of another; but association can never account for the origin of a class of pleasures different in kind from all the others we know. If there was nothing originally and intrinsically beautiful, the associating principle would have no materials on which it could operate."*

This is sense, a peculiarly Scottish virtue, over which in that climate metaphysical subtleties and twinkling sophistries never obtain anything but a very partial and fleeting triumph. To Hamilton we have already referred; and Dr. Reid, the most authoritative spokesman of the Caledonian philosophy, in his "Essay on Beauty," stands stoutly up against the tendency then beginning to manifest itself as an outgrowth of some of Locke's loose propositions—viz., the tendency to deprive a large class of our noblest sentiments and most elevating ideas of all objective value, by fixing the attention exclusively on one of the two factors employed in their production. He also distinctly emphasizes an essential excellence or perfection possessed by all objects admired as beautiful, and along with this admiration he willingly pays homage to the divine source from which all excellence

more succinctly and more effectively to summarize the doctrine of which I have endeavoured to sketch the outline in the present paper.

* "Works of Dugald Stewart." Edinburgh, 1855. Vol. v. p. 243. On the Beautiful, ch. vi.

proceeds.* And before Reid, Hutcheson, Professor of Mental Philosophy in Glasgow, had given prominence in his "Essay on Beauty" to the great principle of uniformity in variety, which, as the dominant principle in the framework, so to speak, of all æsthetical science, we have in this paper stated as a necessary expression of the unity which belongs to mind.† No less decided is this early writer in his assertion of the divine source to which the cunningly marshalled array of lovely objects in Nature is ultimately to be referred. Coming to more recent times, Fergusson, whose name is a symbol for catholicity and comprehensiveness in architectural art, complains how "not only architecture but all the arts have been cursed by that lowest and most unreasoning source of beauty, association—a principle which teaches men to throw a veil of beauty over some objects in the mind of particular persons, which to others appear commonplace or even ugly."‡ In the year 1835 Dr. MacVicar, of Moffat, gave to the world his extremely ingenious and finely discriminating book on the "Philosophy of the Beautiful,"§ in which he announced the very principle for which we have made stout contention in this paper—viz., "that the elements of beauty by which the eye is flattered or the ear regaled are as determinate as any propositions in mathematics." And with regard to the right which æsthetical science has to take place with the sublimest verities of a reasonable theology, he says: "If there be, as it appears there is, a responsiveness and agreement between Nature and the soul, this only proves the unity or sameness of the Creator of both. But if we refuse to grant a Creator, then all remains an incomprehensible mystery; and, indeed, there is an end of all philosophy. The idea of beauty, the beautiful in essence, must be in the creative mind." And in perfect harmony with this, we find Principal Shairp, in his work on "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature,"¶ writing as follows:—"Poetry has three objects—man, nature, and God. The presence of this last pervades all great poetry, whether it lifts an eye of reverence directly towards Himself, or the presence be only indirectly felt, as the centre to which all deep thoughts about man and Nature ultimately tend. Regarded in this view, the field over which poetry ranges becomes co-extensive with the domain of philosophy, indeed of theology." In these words we find the better nature of the Scottish mind blossoming out, unhampered by the sharp fence of scholastic dogma in which it has so long been imprisoned; and in Principal Shairp's book altogether there is an aroma of fine æsthetic instinct, which can be found in a treatise on poetry only when the writer is himself a poet.

* Reid's "Essays on the Intellectual Powers," Essay VIII.

† "An Inquiry into the Original of Beauty and Virtue." London, 1759. 3rd edition.

‡ "A Historical Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Art." London, 1849.

§ Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1855.

¶ Edinburgh: Douglas. 1877.

No man can write well on any subject of which he has not had a living experience; and it must always be regarded as a misfortune when persons of a prosaic and utilitarian habit of mind feel themselves called upon to put forth judicial utterances on a matter which they can only know at second-hand, or, more properly speaking, labour under a natural capacity of comprehending. When prosaic and matter-of-fact persons meddle with the ideal, they either write nonsense, or very inadequate, very frigid, and altogether soulless sense. In contrast with Mac Vicar and Shairp, in whose pages the Three Graces, the true, the good, and the beautiful, in native sisterhood twine their sacred dance together before the divine source of all good, 'tis sad to see the Scottish philosophy in one of its latest phases reverting to the mere tabulation of uninspired groups, without any reference to the one great source, which alone is able to impart to these groups the unity and the significance which they undoubtedly possess. When such a writer as Professor Bain in his work "On the Emotions and the Will," discourses on ideal beauty, admirable as is the talent of various kinds which the book displays, one always feels as in a church where the walls are curiously decorated with sacred paintings, but where, in turning round, the spectator finds the pedestal in the centre of the shrine without the goddess. Always and everywhere, and in all matters, as Aratus says in the prefatory lines to his book on astronomy, we mortals are in need of Jove—*πάντα δὲ Διὶς κεχρήμεθα πάντες*—but specially in the contemplation of the beauty and grandeur of the universe, which, if it is not felt indeed to be a temple to worship in, must dwindle down into a toyshop to amuse children, or a farce for fools to laugh at.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

NATURE AND THOUGHT.

Nature and Thought: An Introduction to a Natural Philosophy. By ST. GEORGE MIVART. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

A BOOK from Mr. Mivart, which gives his latest views on all the more important philosophical problems of the time, cannot fail to be of interest, not only on account of the intellectual attainments and dialectic subtlety of the author himself, but also because we feel that his utterances represent the collective wisdom of the school of theological thinking to which he belongs.

Mr. Mivart, as is well known, is an evolutionist to the extent of believing in the transmutation of species, but agrees with Wallace and disagrees with Darwin in holding that an exception to the otherwise general law of evolution must be made in the case of the human species; at any rate, so far as the human mind is concerned. His present work is mainly devoted to a repetition and extension of his previously published arguments on this topic.

So far as mere style is concerned, we are doubtful whether the author has chosen a good model. He has thrown the work into the form of a dialogue between two friends, whom he names Maxwell and Frankland, the former holding the views which are held by Mr. Mivart himself, and the latter being represented as in a state of mental perplexity due to his study of agnostic teaching, from which perplexity, however, he is eventually redeemed by the course of instruction which he receives in his conversation with Maxwell. We say that we are doubtful whether the dialogue form was a good one for Mr. Mivart to choose; for nowadays, at all events, when artistic ability has developed so largely in the direction of novel-writing, this form ought not to be chosen as the vehicle of philosophical discussion, unless the writer happens to possess some measure of dramatic power; otherwise his dialogue is sure to sound unnatural, even if it does not, as in the present instance, unintentionally tres-

pass upon the domain of comedy. In addition to all his intellectual troubles, poor Frankland is in love, and his Emily is the ward of an obstinate old guardian, who will not entertain the idea of an engagement. Such being the state of matters, Emily presents the remarkable peculiarity of suddenly and unexpectedly making her appearance during the course of the dialogues, not only with a most perturbing influence upon Frankland, but with an almost providential appropriateness to the arguments which are at that moment being advanced by Maxwell. One instance will suffice to show what we mean.

"FRANKLAND. I shall be disposed to agree with you if, in our next discussion, you can dispose of my idealistic objections—my scepticism, that is, as to our real knowledge of the external world as anything external to us and independent of our existence. You see, in order to—"

"MAXWELL. What is the matter, Frankland? Why, you tremble like an aspen!—are you ill?"

"FRANKLAND. My dear fellow, there is Emily and her mother—those ladies in black at the door of the Burlington Hotel!" &c.

No doubt—for the moment, at all events—the sudden appearance of the ladies in black must have dispelled Frankland's sceptical doubts as to the reality of the external world much more effectually than could any of the dry logic which was being supplied by Maxwell; but it is equally certain that it does so at the cost of an exceedingly ludicrous effect upon the reader.

But, quitting all considerations of form, and coming to the matter which Mr. Mivart has presented in his work, we shall briefly run through, and as briefly comment upon, all the more important points.

The first dialogue is concerned with the "Inner World." Here the object of the writer is to show that the attitude of scepticism is unreasonable, and his argument, briefly put, is as follows. First, he shows that the "explicit recognition" of a feeling or state of consciousness is posterior to the "explicit recognition" of the self which is the subject of such feeling or state. And thus far we are quite prepared to go with him, if it is remembered that by "explicit recognition" of a feeling he means, not the feeling itself, but the knowledge of having the feeling, and the consequent power of thinking about it *as* a feeling. Next, he shows that if we have no scepticism concerning the existence of our own feelings and, *à fortiori*, concerning the existence of our own selves, it follows that we must further accept memory as "generally trustworthy." For, "if we can trust the analysis of our direct perception of our present activity into 'self' and 'states,' we may trust the analysis of our direct perception of our past activity into 'self' and 'states' also. If you trust neither the one nor the other, then you cannot logically make one single affirmation, or even, as I said before, coherently think."

Thus far, also, we agree with the writer, and, for the sake of con-

venience, we further accept his classification of sceptics into active and passive—or those who profess to doubt the plainest truths, such as that of their own existence, and therefore logically exclude themselves from arguing at all, seeing that to argue would be to imply belief in the very things which are verbally denied; and those whose scepticism is “a simple negative or passive absence of all conviction.” It is, therefore, only with the latter class that argument can be concerned.

These preliminary considerations having been put, Mr. Mivart goes on to vindicate the process of reasoning as a trustworthy process—*i.e.*, “that if certain propositions be taken for granted, we can from them deduce other propositions, so that there may be proof in the middle, if not at the ultimate, foundation of an argument.” This, of course, leads him to consider the difficulty with reference to the syllogism—namely, that the conclusion is already contained in the major premiss. He allows that it is so, but adopts the view that the conclusion, “in bringing out into distinctness what was before latent (in the major premiss) is a process of inference.” We shall not occupy space in discussing this side topic with Mr. Mivart; it is enough to say that we do not deem “the act of memory,” to which the major premiss ministers after the manner of a note-book, to have anything to do with the process of inference; this process, we think with Mill (“Logic,” i. 209–29), has already taken place in the mind before the enunciation of the major premiss.*

The process of reasoning having been vindicated as a trustworthy process—and to this we have no objection—Mr. Mivart goes on to argue that, nevertheless, the highest certainty does not attach to truth which is inferred, but to truth which is self-evident. And here we come to what we deem the most important part of the first dialogue. His view may be briefly conveyed by the following quotation:—

“Most of our knowledge is gained, as you say, by inference, and it is on this account that we have come to associate the ‘inferred’ with the ‘not blind,’ and to think that everything we believe without proof must be believed by us blindly; and, on the other hand, that we do not believe blindly that which comes to us as the result of a reasoning process. But surely if it is not blind to believe what is evident to us by means of something else, it must be much less blind to believe that which is directly evident in and by itself.”

From this it follows that the highest criterion of truth is the self-evidence of a proposition, or, which in the last resort is the

* In his own words:—“All inference is from particulars to particulars; general propositions are merely registers of such inferences already made, and short formulae for making more; the major premiss of a syllogism, consequently, is a formula of this description; and the conclusion is not an inference drawn from the formula, but an inference drawn according to the formula; the real logical antecedent, or premise, being the particular facts from which the general proposition was collected by induction.”

same thing, the principle of contradiction. And we agree with Mr. Mivart in thinking that thus far the "passive sceptic" is logically bound to go. But we do not follow him so readily when he proceeds to argue that this criterion of truth, or certainty—*i.e.*, that of self-evidence—is in radical opposition to the "universal postulate" of Mr. Spencer—*i.e.*, that of the "inconceivability of an opposite." On the contrary, it has always seemed to us that the two cases are so nearly similar as to be practically identical. If we cannot conceive the opposite of a proposition, the proposition is self-evidently true, and its truth is rendered apparent by the principle of contradiction.

We may allow to Mr. Mivart that Mr. Spencer's wording of his universal postulate is not so precise as it might be, inasmuch as it fails to distinguish between the *inconceivable* and the *unimaginable*, and also between two different categories of the inconceivable—namely, cases where we clearly see that a thing is impossible, and cases where we merely fail to see that a thing is possible. "Thus we do see clearly that it is impossible for a square to be round; on the other hand, we do not see how it is possible for the universe to be finite, but this by no means compels us to think it is infinite." But if Mr. Spencer's formula be understood as applying only to the truly inconceivable, and then only to the active perception of the impossible (as distinguished from a passive inability to perceive the possible), we cannot see, as we have said, that it differs in any respect of logic from the older formula, or that which is known as the principle of contradiction.

We now come to the most ambitious part of this discussion. The writer undertakes to show that if we disregard the question raised by idealism, and so allow that the world exists independently of our perceptions of it, he can prove the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge to be a delusion and a snare, "that we do know objective reality, and are enabled to test and correct apparent subjective evidence thereby." Briefly stated, his proof here is that Nature is replete with "objective qualities and conditions which correspond with our thoughts." These he terms, by a somewhat unhappy metaphor, "objective concepts;" they are that in the objective world which corresponds to abstract ideas in the subjective. Hence his argument is: "Not only the discovery of Neptune, but the prediction of every eclipse, shows the objective character of self-evident truths, and that the axiomatic certainties which the mind perceives, are objective qualities of things (objective concepts) no less than truths evident to the mind."

So far well; but how this is to dispose of the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge we do not at all perceive. For this doctrine does not deny the general order of Nature, or that the world is a cosmos as distinguished from a chaos; it only denies that we can

attain to absolute knowledge of entities and processes as they exist and as they occur in an ontological sense. That there is a correspondence between our knowledge of phenomena and some at least of the facts of noumena, the doctrine of relativity cannot dispute; the only question is as to the degree in which this correspondence may be taken to represent similarity between the noumena and our cognitions of them. And Mr. Mivart has done nothing that we can find to advance this question, as may, perhaps, best be seen by the help of an illustration. Taking written language to represent the noumenal reality, and spoken language the phenomenal counterpart, Mr. Mivart's argument would say that a man who had never previously heard of writing would be justified in concluding, on being fully informed of the parallelism or correspondence between the two, that a newspaper was an organism freshly primed every day to deliver a series of orations.

Thus it appears to us somewhat absurd when Maxwell proceeds to induce Frankland to believe, as he does in their next conversation ("On the Outer World"), that both the primary and the secondary qualities of matter exist noumenally as they are perceived by him phenomenally, so that the bones and bottles in the Hunterian Museum are all absolutely what they are to him relatively. At the risk of horrifying Mr. Mivart we must say that long before he had arrived at such definite objects as bones and bottles, we should have told Maxwell that he was getting on much too fast in this matter, and might have brought him to book even upon his fundamental criterion of truth itself. For what is there to show that our ideas of "existence" and of "time" are not themselves but of relative significance, so that in an absolute sense the principle of contradiction, as embodied in the formula "a thing cannot both be and not be at the same time," may be neither true nor untrue, but simple nonsense?

But here we may notice that farther on in his book Mr. Mivart appears to score a good point against the agnostic philosophy with reference to this doctrine, and as he does so by means of rather a pretty piece of scholastic pleading, we shall quote it.

First we are told that "the position of the advocates of the agnostic philosophy, who proclaim that all our knowledge has but a relative value," is the position of "a man seated high up on the branch of a tree, busily engaged in sawing it across where it springs from the tree's trunk." Upon Frankland asking, with all simplicity, "How can that be?" Maxwell answers:—"By the teachers of the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge it is evidently taught that the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge is true. But if we cannot know that anything corresponds with external reality, if nothing that we can assert has more than a relative and phenomenal value, then this character must also appertain to the relativity of knowledge.

Either, then, this system of philosophy is merely relative and phenomenal, and cannot be known to be true, or else it is absolutely true, and can be known so to be. But it must be merely relative and phenomenal if everything known by man is such. Its value, then, can be only relative and phenomenal, therefore it cannot be known to correspond with external reality, and cannot be asserted to be *true*; and anybody who asserts that we can know it to be true, thereby asserts that it is false to say that our knowledge is only relative. In that case some of our knowledge must be absolute; but this upsets the foundation of the whole system."

Here the answer is that the system in question avows itself to be "phenomenal" or "relative" to the human mind, and does not pretend to teach any truth that is absolute. Therefore it expressly evades any question as to its own truth in an absolute sense, and is well satisfied if it can show itself to be true in the same sense as it shows phenomena in general to be true—viz., true relatively to the human mind, and, as such, the best systematization of the knowledge of phenomena.

We think that Mr. Mivart makes a better point against this philosophy when he says:—"Moreover, it is impossible to prove that our sensations may not give us the truest possible notion of their objective causes, and to think of those causes in terms of muscular motion cannot evidently be, as I before said, to think of them truly."

Here the answer is, in our opinion, that a really pure agnosticism ought to refrain from either affirming or denying the relativity of knowledge. It clearly is not possible to *prove* "that our sensations may not give us the truest possible notions of their objective causes," and while Mr. Mivart is labouring under the contrary impossibility of proving that they do, agnosticism may fold her hands with the remark that she has no particular interest in the question at all, seeing it is one about which no information can be acquired.

The object of the second dialogue is that of refuting idealism by showing it to be a theory logically inconsistent with fact. The dialogue is, therefore, bound to fail in this its object, as all similar attempts have failed. Idealism can never be shown to be inconsistent with fact, simply because we can only know fact in idea. Mr. Mivart goes, indeed, to the root of the subject, but thereby only shows more clearly the impossibility of his attempt. He says:—"Our faculties do not furnish us with images or impressions of things, but by means of these images and impressions they *represent* a thing—that is, they *MAKE THE THING PRESENT* to the intellect. I do not see images of that row of bottles—I see the very bottles themselves." The futility of this innocent assertion is too obvious to require comment; and the same remark applies to his subsequent argument touching "the harmony which certainly exists amongst the several senses." For no

amount of proof concerning the correspondence between "the inner world" and "the outer world" can constitute a logical disproof of idealism; the fundamental conditions of knowledge preclude the possibility of such disproof, and if idealism is to be shown untrustworthy, it may best be done by showing that these same conditions equally preclude the possibility of its proof.

The third dialogue is on "the Intellectual World," and the first point at which it aims is that of showing a distinction in kind between the mental constitution of man and that of the lower animals. The author enumerates ten "higher cognitive powers," which he deems peculiar to man; but as it appears to us that they are all the consequents of one such higher power—viz., that of abstraction, leading to self-consciousness and thought—it is unnecessary to quote the list. Whether or not this higher power as it now exists in man—or rather, we should say, this power in the *higher degree of its manifestation*—can be supposed to have been gradually evolved from the lower powers exhibited by animals, is, of course, a matter on which opinions may legitimately differ. Only it must be evident to all that the most important part of the question is that concerning the influence of language in developing the powers of abstraction, and so of reason. And this is just the question in his treatment of which Mr. Mivart appears to us to be specially unfortunate. For he argues that animals "do not point out co-existences, sequences, or resemblances, nor do they make remarks one to another. But such remarks and declarations are constantly made by the lowest savages, and by infants even before they can speak. Therefore speech never could have generated reason." Now the "lowest savages" have here nothing to do with the argument, seeing it is admitted that, whether or not owing to the presence of language, their grade of intelligence is certainly above that of animals; the fact, therefore, that they can *now* make remarks to one another is no evidence that the intelligence which enables them to do so was not developed by the aid of gesture and vocal signs, passing by degrees into ever-improving forms of speech. Again, in the case of young children not yet able to speak, but able to show by signs that they are somewhat more intelligent than animals, the argument that "therefore speech never could have generated reason," might have been excusable from a country parson: from a biologist of Mr. Mivart's attainments it is surprising. He seems, for the time being, to have forgotten all that he ever knew on the subject of heredity. Likewise, when he argues that the rapidity with which the mind may detect a fallacy is "far too great for words," the answer is that, although mental processes may now often be independent of language, this does not prove that the mental structure in which these processes take place was not formed by the aid of language.

Of more interest, because of more force, are his arguments against Darwinism in the domain of ethics. These arguments, however, are marred by an extravagant display of temper, one example of which it will be sufficient to quote.

"The Darwinian doctrine not only does not repose upon reason, but is the absolute negation of reason. It reposes not on evidence, but on ignorance—ignorance of what reason is, and, above all, ignorance of the meaning of the word 'goodness.' The comprehension of that word is absolutely fatal to Darwinism. I regard the Darwinian belief as a 'superstition,' because it is a belief hastily formed from superficial inductions, and passionately maintained in the teeth of contradictory evidence."

But coming to the arguments, briefly stated, they are as follows:—

"In the first place, I should say that 'virtue' and 'utility' are ideas not only fundamentally distinct, but so far in mutual opposition, that the existence of utility in an action may, now and again, detract from its virtue. So essential is the distinction that, not only does the idea of 'benefit' not enter into the idea of 'duty,' but we even see that the very fact of an act not being beneficial to us makes it the more praiseworthy. Its merit is increased by any self-denial which may be necessary to its performance, while gain tends to diminish the merit of an action. It is not that the absence of gain or pleasure benefits our neighbour more; it is that any diminution of pleasure which circumstances may occasion, irrespective of any advantage thereby occasioned to our neighbour, in itself heightens the value of the action."

The spirit of asceticism which seems here to be clearly expressed, is one which we need not wait to consider, seeing that so few readers nowadays require to have its pernicious absurdity displayed. To proceed therefore.

"In the second place, it is evident that 'good intention' is of the very essence of an act of duty, and not 'good results,' nor 'pleasurable feelings felt in its performance.' . . . 'Good' and 'goodness' have two meanings, and it is therefore necessary clearly to distinguish between 'material' and 'formal' goodness,"—material goodness having reference to the results as beneficial, and formal goodness to the virtuous intention of the doer. Thus a man may benefit his neighbour without intending to do so, or even while intending to do him an injury; his action, therefore, although materially good, cannot be said to be truly moral, or formally good. And hence, Mr. Mivart argues, the Darwinian and utilitarian theory of ethics, by identifying utility with morality, to the neglect of that which really constitutes the essence of morality—*i.e.*, intention—is confusing together two things which, although often accidentally coincident, are always fundamentally distinct.

From the standpoint of the evolution theory, the answer to this difficulty is, to our thinking, as follows. First, we feel it must be conceded that the ethical quality of an action resides in its intention, and therefore, as Mr. Mivart well puts it, that, "to love moral beauty, a man must know it." In other words, if a man were, as

has been supposed by Professor Huxley, wound up always to do right with the mechanical regularity of a watch, without the need of thought or moral intention, he would, in our opinion, no more deserve to be regarded as a moral agent than a chronometer deserves to be so regarded. Or, to take a less far-fetched illustration, ants and bees, if regarded from a purely utilitarian point of view, deserve to be regarded as more truly moral than mankind; yet if any utilitarian were to propound this view, he would certainly damage his cause in the eyes of all reasonable men. Which shows that all reasonable men have practically drawn for themselves the distinction between "material goodness" and "formal goodness"—so concluding that the instinctive, mechanical, or *thoughtless* actions of the social insects, although clearly beneficial to the community, are nevertheless in no true sense of the word moral.

Granting, then, the validity of this distinction, how is an evolutionist to throw a bridge across the gap, in order to connect the moral with the useful? To answer this question let us take again the case of social insects. Supposing, in the first instance, that their instincts are now purely mechanical in their action, and that from their first origin they have always been so (*i.e.*, that they have been developed by natural selection without any help from the intelligence of the animals themselves), then we should say that the insects cannot properly be called moral. But, in the next place, suppose, for the sake of argument, that these instincts were not always purely mechanical, or developed only by natural selection, but that they owed their origin to sympathy often struggling with self-interest; then we should say that in so far as such a struggle obtained, during those phases of evolution when it did obtain, the beneficial actions to which it led were incipiently moral. (We say, "incipiently moral" rather than "truly moral," because, in the absence of self-consciousness, a true intellectual, and therefore a true moral, intention could not be formed.) Now, we know that in man actions which were at first formally moral, become by frequent repetition materially moral, or performed mechanically, as if in obedience to an instinct; this stage of moral development Mr. Mivart rightly deems the highest, inasmuch as it represents the complete victory of the moral over the selfish side of human nature—the stage of struggle between the two, which had its practical expression in formal morality, being over. From an evolutionary point of view, therefore, the distinction between formal and material morality resolves itself into a distinction between grades of ethical development, material morality being the higher. Yet, when actions thus become materially moral, to the extent of being mechanical, or performed without conscious intention, they cease to be appropriately called moral; rather their *opposites* would appropriately be called *immoral*. Therefore the term

moral is only applicable to those transition stages of struggle, more or less pronounced, between the altruistic and the selfish feelings; when the altruistic and the selfish coincide (owing to habit in the individual or higher development in the race), there is no longer any place left for moral intention. The action, previously moral, has become the mere following of a well-formed instinct, to disobey which would be productive of pain, and therefore opposed to self-interest.

We have no space to do more than merely thus to trace the outlines of our views on this subject; but before leaving it we may answer one question which naturally arises—namely, whether in the future of our race evolution shall determine the gradual obliteration of formal morality in favour of material, so that mankind generally shall in this respect come to resemble ants and bees. This, we answer, is not a necessary or even a probable outlook, because with evolving intelligence the circumstances of, and the cases presented to, moral judgment must *pari passu* become more complex and refined; consequently, room will thus always be allowed for the occurrence of formal morality in the higher and higher phases of mental evolution.

The concluding dialogue is entitled "Causes and Consequents," and is mainly devoted to the question of Theism. In this chapter the most novel feature which we observe is that of systematic plagiarism. Plagiarism in sundry forms and degrees is no doubt of sufficiently common occurrence; but it is usually confined to ideas or, at most, short sentences. In this dialogue, however, whole paragraphs and pages are copied almost *verbatim* from another book, without quotation marks or acknowledgment of any kind. The book in question forms a member of Trübner's "Philosophical Series," and is called "A Candid Examination of Theism," by "Physicus." 1878.

We shall only wait to mention one other point. Speaking of tolerance, and quoting as usual from "Physicus," Mr. Mivart makes Frankland observe: "I believe, for my part, that the degree of apparent probability in Theism may legitimately vary with the character of the mind which contemplates it. . . . Even in those persons who try to be as impartial as possible, the inherent structures of their minds greatly affect their judgment."

Whereupon Maxwell answers:—

"Men talk glibly about impartiality, as if it were a thing easily obtainable. But who can be impartial, even in investigating a question touching his father's honour? In considering the question whether our highest ideal really exists or is but a dream, whether all our noblest hopes and purest aspirations are well grounded or but delusions, no consistent thinker—no rightly-constituted mind—appreciating the importance of the problem could dare to be impartial, unless he would dare to be voluntarily and deliberately as impious as absurd."

Now, this appears to us a very remarkable view, and one the

distinct expression of which towards the close of his latest work gives us much insight into many other parts of Mr. Mivart's writings. He holds with reference to the investigation of such questions, not only that it is *difficult* to be impartial, but that one *ought not to try* to be impartial—that we ought to favour the pros and suppress the cons, and generally endeavour to hoodwink our faculties of thought, in order to arrive at a desired conclusion. But if any man deems this to be his duty with reference to this particular class of questions, why should he pretend to inquire into them at all? It is certain that under the circumstance of such a premeditated and intentional bias, any such inquiry must be but a pretence, and therefore, from an ethical as well as from a rational point of view, had much better be left alone. Moreover, if the honour of one's father is in question, and the question stands to be investigated, painful as the investigation may be, it is merely one's duty at least to *try* to investigate it impartially; to do otherwise would be by implication to doubt the very honour which we desire to uphold. And similarly with the question of Theism. It appears to us much more "impious" to doubt the morality of God so far as to suppose that He desires us to seek for Him with our faculty of reason purposely blindfold, than it does to hope that this faculty may have been given by Him to help us in our search. For otherwise, in whatever degree we harbour the supposition that impartiality in the use of reason with reference to the question of Theism is obnoxious to the Deity, in that degree are we virtually imputing to the Deity a mendacious character; for we are virtually assuming that the evidence of His existence which He has given in Nature is not conformable to the faculty of reason which He has given to Man.

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

CAIRO: THE OLD IN THE NEW.

II.

THE scientific life of Alexandria was not dead in the seventh century, and many a Greek book may have been sent from there to Fostat. But who opened the understanding of the untutored sons of the desert to this finest bloom of a highly cultured intellectual life? It was not the Greeks, for the Greeks regarded the intruders with implacable hostility, and their art and religion very soon disappeared from the Nile altogether; it was the Greek-trained Copts who performed the task; and it is plain from a deeper investigation into the various branches of knowledge studied by the Arabs and into the scientific lore of the Egyptians, that the teachers must have communicated to the pupils not only Greek science but many other things besides, which had survived among them from the venerable learning of their own nation. The scholar Jahja ben Bitrik, who translated Greek works into Arabic for Māmūn, expressly asserts that he searched every temple in order to bring the mysteries of the philosophers to the light. At 'Ain Schems (this cannot be Ba'albek, but must be the Egyptian Heliopolis) he took into his counsels a dervish of great insight and learning.

At Memphis stood the temple of Imhotep, to which the Greeks gave the name of their own Asklepios (*Æsculapius*). Here was found the medical papyrus preserved in the Berlin Museum, and it is stated in the great handbook of Egyptian medicine, the Ebers papyrus of 110 large pages, now in Leipzig, that the collection of prescriptions which it contains came from Sais and Heliopolis. It was this last town that contained the "great halls" which had from mythical times been used for clinical purposes by a celebrated faculty of medicine. The Egyptians were the most famous of all physicians in antiquity, and the Greeks and Romans under the Ptolemies availed

themselves of their skill. It is well known how highly the younger Pliny esteemed his Egyptian doctor, and how he tried to procure for him the rights of Roman citizenship. In the pseudo-Hippocratic writings there are many prescriptions of such a singular character (as, for example, how to know whether a pregnant woman will bear a son or a daughter, &c.) that they must all have been invented in one place, and they were known in exactly the same form to the ancient Egyptians of the thirteenth century B.C. The Ebers papyrus contains a particularly interesting section devoted to the functions of the heart, and from this papyrus, which was written, at latest, in the sixteenth century B.C., it appears that the priestly physicians of the time of the Pharaohs recognized the heart as the centre of the circulatory system, and referred the beating of the pulse to its motions. Now no one who knows that Hippocrates was ignorant of these things, and that it was at Alexandria that Herophilus of Chalkedon noted the rhythm of the pulse in the various diseases, and first brought out its connection with the heart, can resist the conclusion that Herophilus really learnt the fact from the priestly physicians of the Nile, who had occupied themselves long before his time with the physiology of the human body. So, too, Erasistratus of Kios followed in the steps of Egyptian masters in his investigations into the ramification of the nerves. An entire section of the Ebers papyrus is dedicated to this matter, and a comparison of it with the writings of Galen and Dioskorides shows that both these men borrowed much from Egyptian medicine. Surgery certainly owes to Egyptian physicians its doctrine of ligaments, and its art of putting them on. Our greatest operators make no secret of the admiration with which they are filled at the skilful methods practised under the Pharaohs in the wrapping of mummies. I have seen embalmed bodies that were wrapped in linen bandages more than 400 metres long. The medical works of the Alexandrians did not remain unknown to the Arabs, but they studied at the same time the writings of the Egyptian physicians. The proof of this is found in an anonymous Arabic MS. discovered by L. Stern in the Library of Cairo. This MS., and especially the last thirty chapters of it, which were written by a certain Abn Sahl Isa ibn Jahja, contain some receipts which may be regarded as translations of certain prescriptions that appear in the Ebers papyrus, and, moreover, the author refers constantly to a book of Hermes—i.e. Tot, the ancient Egyptian god of science, whom the Ebers papyrus describes as the "leader of the physicians."

The origin of the word Chemistry has been the subject of much disputation. It used to be derived from the Greek *chymos* (fluidity), but great difficulties beset this etymology; and it has certainly nothing to do with the Arabic word of similar sound, *chema* (secret), for it was already in use in the fourth century (Zosimos). The only remain-

ing view is that chemistry means simply Egyptian science, for Egypt was by its own inhabitants in the remotest times, and among the Copts down till after the foundation of Fostat, called in the Memphite dialect, *Chemí*, *Chame*, and *Chamē* (pronounced *chamí*). This word *chamē* means in Coptic black, and that explains why chemistry was at a later period called the "black art."

If we look over ancient Egypt, we find in all the heathen temples laboratories on whose walls receipt after receipt was chiselled, and papyri in which drugs are mentioned in various combinations in order to be made up as specifics for the cure of disease. The weights and measures of the substances to be mixed are indicated, and these seem often so minute that their discrimination must have been impossible without the help of fine instruments. One of the hieroglyphics referring to the metals has a representation of a crucible. The Egyptians were early acquainted with the art of gilding, and they made metallic dyes and other colouring materials which still survive after thousands of years. Theophrastus mentions their blue, of which many evidences have come down to us. Costly paste diamonds were made on the Nile, and various metals—copper and tin (bronze), gold and silver (the hieroglyphic *asem*)—were skilfully alloyed.

Great chemical knowledge is presupposed in the following process, which, according to Pliny, the Egyptian dyers practised. They first treated the web with certain liquids, and then dipped it in a pot of boiling dye. When they drew it out the stuff was variously coloured, though only one colour had been put into the pot. The earliest indications of this science, nay, even the legends that treat of its origin, point to Egypt. Firmicus Maternus uses the word chemistry in his astrological works (336 A.D.), and expresses the wish to impart what the divine ancients had learnt from the sanctuaries of Egypt. It is said, though the statement is certainly disputable, that after an insurrection of the Egyptians in 296 A.D., Diocletian caused this book to be destroyed, because it described the art of producing silver and gold by chemical processes, and so gave them the means of raising new rebellions. Among the Copts the chemical science of their forefathers continued to be actively prosecuted.

Proofs of this are not wanting, for there is preserved at Leyden a papyrus which contains a long series of chemical receipts in the Greek language, but in a style corresponding so much to that of the ancient Egyptian MSS., that this MS. must necessarily be considered as a translation of receipts dating from the age of the Pharaohs. Among them are found receipts for assaying, hardening and colouring gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, &c. The Arabs learnt what was known to the Copts about these things, and when they developed it further they produced that science which is known among us still as "Chemistry"—i.e., the Egyptian science. Alchemy is nothing else than *chemy*, with the Arabic article *al*.

Algebra is also an Arabic word, denoting the science of combining the separated. The Moslems in Cairo zealously cultivated it, and after they came to know Euclid they became great mathematicians on the basis of the writings of Claudius Ptolemæus, and also great astronomers and geographers. In this province, too, they owe to the ancient Egyptians more than has hitherto been acknowledged. It is by no means accidental that the greatest mathematicians of Hellenic antiquity were styled pupils of the Egyptians, or that it was said of them that they had lived on the Nile. Thales (600 B.C.) is reported to have measured the height of the Pyramids by their shadow. Pythagoras lived long in Egypt, and studied particularly at Heliopolis. He is said to have been master of the Egyptian language, and Onuphis and Sonchis are mentioned as his principal teachers. In the same city of scholars was trained, under Nektanubos I., Eudemos of Knidos († 357), who discovered, among other things, that a Pyramid was the third part of a prism whose base and height were equal. It is well known that Euclid wrote his "Elements" in Alexandria, under the first Ptolemy (Soter). The great Eratosthenes, who was the first to measure a meridian of the earth, owed his success in doing so to the previous investigations made in that department by the Egyptians, who were already able to give with tolerable accuracy the distance in a straight line from Alexandria to Tyana. In all this there is nothing that is new to mathematicians, but few of them have any acquaintance with the records that make known to us the state of mathematical science among the Egyptians in the beginning of the second millennium B.C. The Rhind papyrus, preserved in the British Museum, may be termed a handbook of ancient Egyptian mathematics. It was written by a certain Aahmesu, under one of the last Hyksos kings, and shows that the science of ancient times continued to exist even under the hated conquerors. The Heidelberg Egyptologist Eisenlohr has published this remarkable codex and a translation of it, with the assistance of Kantor, the well-known authority on the history of mathematics. Some of the mistaken renderings of these scholars—easily excusable on account of the great difficulty of the matter—have been pointed out in a most acute and stimulating paper by L. Rhodet,* which we recommend to the attention of all mathematicians. The Rhind papyrus establishes the remarkable fact, that certain processes of reckoning used by the writer of that very ancient document are identical with processes found among the Greeks, and, through them, among the Arabs and the Western mathematicians of the Middle Ages, to whom the writings of the Arabs were made known, for the most part, by Jewish scholars. When we find, for example, the arithmetical process of the "false stating" to have been practised from the time of Aahmesu

* *Journal Asiatique*, septième série, 40 ne xviii. 1881, p. 154 sqq.

(about 1700 B.C.) down to the sixteenth century A.D., that seems remarkable enough; but it is more astonishing still to find that certain examples of progression which extort a smile from us on account of the heterogeneous character of their arrangement, are contained in the writings of Fibonacci (Leonardo von Pisa), about the year 1200 A.D., in exactly the same form in which they are given by Aahmesu. This fact, discovered by Rhodet, is so remarkable, so easily understood, and so striking to the eye, that it will interest even the lay mind. The Egyptian example is stated thus:—

Scribes	7
Cats	49
Mice	343
Measures of corn	2,401
Bushels	16,807

19,607

That is, there are 7 scribes, and every scribe has 7 cats (49); and every cat catches 7 mice (343); and every mouse in a given time eats 7 measures of corn (2,401); and every measure when sown produces 7 bushels (16,807). How much is the whole? 19,607.

This example, or a similar one, appears to have been the basis of that of Fibonacci. Nay, as far as concerns the figures, it would be identical with it, had not the Italian carried the progression a step further than the Egyptian has done. According to Fibonacci, it runs thus:—7 old wives go to Rome, and every wife has 7 mules (49); and every mule carries 7 sacks (343), and in every sack are 7 loaves (2,401). For every loaf there are 7 knives (16,807), and every knife has 7 sheaths. How much is the whole? 137,258. Without the last step, the result in both cases would have been the same.*

We cannot go further into these things here, but we must mention that the great geographer, astronomer, and mathematician, Claudius Ptolemæus, who was not born, as was formerly believed, in Pelusium, but in Ptolemais, a town situated on the Upper Nile, and consequently in the heart of Egypt, was well acquainted with the science of the priestly scholars of the Nile. He seems to have made his

* Before writing these lines I met with a remarkable example of the same sort which has all the appearance of being a case of progression like the one mentioned above, but applied to real circumstances. The following legend is associated with the ancient Berseba (Well of the Seven) where Abraham dug the well and gave Abimelech 7 trees as a pledge of the alliance concluded with him: "Here the Beni Mury dwell at 7 wells, and every well had 7 mouths, and every mouth 7 troughs, and out of every trough drank 7 horses." Shylock says:—

"If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

observations, not at Kanopus, but in the Serapeum at Alexandria. The previous work of Eudoxos of Knidos, who, according to authentic evidence, had attended the college at Heliopolis from 366 to 364 B.C.; of Eratosthenes, of the great Hipparchus, of Marinus of Tyre, and others, all lay to his hand. He knew the maps of the Milesian Anaximander, of Hekataeus and Aristagoras, who were well acquainted with Egypt, and he must have been able to take a much wider sweep than the Egyptian priests. His knowledge of peoples and countries was certainly not derived from them, but from the commercial connections of the Alexandrians. But still he found among his own countrymen much that could be made use of, and when the Arabian geographer Mas'udi asserts that there were maps in the geographies of Ptolemæus and Marinus of Tyre, which were painted with colours, the statement seems to be confirmed by the scanty traces of ancient Egyptian cartography that have come down to us, for these present the mountainous country, in which the gold-mines of the Pharaohs were situated, in lines of very clumsy drawing, but with variegated colouring. The coloured maps which Māmūn, who studied with great zeal at the college at Fostat († 833), published with his geography, are said to have excelled those of Ptolemæus himself.

It is known that the great *Syntaxis* of Ptolemæus, under its Arabic name of *Almagest* (μεγίστη—i.e., the greatest), and the tables of the same scholar, were early translated into Arabic, and were not known in Europe except by means of this version before the beginning of the sixteenth century. Then for the first time did the geography of the great Egyptian, and the not very successful maps of Agathodæmon, become accessible to the West in their original Greek form. Thanks to their works, the Arabs were from that century onwards far in advance of all other peoples in mathematical geography. They knew already that the earth was a ball and moved in space, though they still erroneously looked on it as the centre of the universe. Abulfida says, for example, that if two persons travelled round the earth, the one going in an easterly and the other in a westerly direction, and if they met again at the spot from which they had started, the one would be a day before and the other a day behind the time of the ordinary calendar. Now compare with this the fact mentioned by the too early deceased Peschel, that when the first ship, the *Victoria*, made in 1522 the voyage round the world, and found a day wanting in the ship's reckoning, the best heads despaired of discovering a solution for this simple circumstance.

Unfortunately, our knowledge of the state of astronomical science among the ancient Egyptians is so limited, that it would be rash to try to pick out from the writings of Ptolemæus all that he owed to the learning of his countrymen. This, however, can be easily perceived, that he went beyond them in all fields. Unless we are to assume that his tables have been incompletely preserved, his list of

kings shows that he intentionally omitted much that he might in his time have found in the archives of the temples on the Nile; for while he enumerates twenty Babylonian kings, ten Persian, and thirteen of the house of the Ptolemies, as well as the Roman Emperors after Augustus, he gives no list whatever of the Pharaohs. His doctrine of the eccentricity and epicycles of the planets, which passed current down to a late period in the Middle Ages, connects itself with the previous labours of Apollonius of Perga and the great Hipparchus, and is consequently associated only indirectly at the best with Egyptian ideas. On the other hand, we may affirm that Eudoxos's theory of the spheres is connected with Egyptian ideas, because he was educated in the school of the priests at Heliopolis, and because the astronomers of the Nile had long before his time reduced the apparently arbitrary courses of the planets to the form of a circle in a way similar to his conception. Aristotle speaks of very ancient observations of the planets by the Egyptians and Babylonians; and Seneca says expressly that it was Eudoxos that first brought the knowledge of the planetary motions from Egypt to Greece. According to this same Eudoxos, every planet had to move through a number of spheres, or transparent ball-shells, all concentric, but moving in different directions. He believed there were twenty-six of these in all. This number was subsequently increased by Aristotle to fifty-five. "We read," says a great modern scholar, "of the geometrical phantasy of the ancients, which looked on space as being filled with fifty-five transparent balls turning on different axes in different ways and in different periods, but they left unsolved the problem of connecting these apparently irregular movements together under a single law."

If we look into their extant writings, we find that they thought the universe to be occupied by seventy-five spheres. These are frequently mentioned, and their importance indicated in passages of the so-called *Lekennu* texts on the kings' graves of Bibāu-el-Mulūk, which have been published and excellently commented on by the Geneva Egyptologist, Naville. They were termed *Kert'*, and distinguished either by the general sign for abode or dwelling, or by the circle O. The seventy-five forms of divinity (here termed Rā) have their dwelling-place in them and fill them full. The spirit of the Highest occupies them, proceeds from them, and lives in them in blessed peace. They can hardly be anything else than the ball-shells of Eudoxos. They must be thought of as flying clouds clear as crystal. In the mythological astronomical representations, found on the ceiling of halls sacred to the gods, deity, entering the sensible world as a star, moves in a golden boat on their surface. According to pantheistic conceptions, Rā is he in whom all the spheres are united, who comprehends them all in himself, and fills them with his being. In this connection Naville recalls the saying of

Damascius, "The whole kosmos is the kosmical God, for he embraces all kosmical spheres in himself." The learned Syrer states expressly that this saying was derived from ancient traditions, and by that he means those of the Egyptians, for we know that he owes the best part of his own knowledge to Theon of Alexandria, and Ammonius the Egyptian.

Some texts of old date appear to indicate that astronomers under the Pharaohs already possessed a knowledge of the motion of the earth, and the Norwegian Lieblein has carefully collected all the information bearing on that matter; but for many reasons we cannot consider the remarkable facts he adduces as results of astronomical observation. The astronomical writings and tables of the ancient horoscopists are lost, but we gather that they contained surprisingly extensive knowledge, for Diodorus states that the Egyptian astronomers knew how to calculate the eclipses of the sun and moon with unerring accuracy, and according to Diogenes Laërtius, there were observed, from the earliest times down to Alexander the Great, 375 eclipses of the sun and 852 of the moon. The Egyptians were acquainted, as Lepsius most ably proves, with the fixed stars. According to their view, the earth sat in the centre of the universe, and all the stars journeyed round her.

Space does not permit us to go into the other branches of knowledge cultivated by the Arabs. Their philosophy, as is known, was entirely dependent on Aristotle, whose works, like those of Ptolemæus, were brought to the West in the Middle Ages, in part by means of Arabic translations. We know so little of the philology of the Egyptians that we must forbear trying to find in the philological works of the Arabs what they have borrowed from the Egyptians. What is best in the Greek philosophers was arrived at by themselves independently, but still much might be added to Teichmüller's able account of the Egyptian teaching in Hekataeus. In the writings of the Neo-Platonists, we have ourselves come across many things unconditionally Egyptian. In Arabic tracts also, like that of Hermes on the Human Soul, there are many remarkable resemblances to ideas which we find in earlier times expressed by Egyptian priests. The religion of the Mussulmans came to Egypt ready-made and complete along with its confessors. The Koran has been much, thoroughly, and more or less ably and profoundly commented on in that country, but, naturally, always in a purely Arabian sense. But in Cairo many outward things, especially the forms taken by beneficence and the funeral rites, connect themselves with customs and usages that grew on ancient Egyptian soil, and were rooted in Moslem life through the instrumentality of the Copts. One of these customs was that of attaching schools as pious foundations to temples. In the earliest times we find all seminaries of science of which hieratic manuscripts make mention, closely associated with the temples.

of the gods. The most important of these institutions flourished on the territory of the Necropolis of Thebes, and belonged, together with the famous library which bore the inscription "Hospital of the Soul," to the Memnium of Ramses II. But in the residential part of Thebes also, scholastic institutions were maintained in connection with the greatest sanctuary of the kingdom. The pupils educated at them meet us often under the name of scholars of the town of Ammon, and it is now established that the colleges of Heliopolis and Sais were connected with the temples of those towns. Every sanctuary had landed property, and was put into an excellent position by the endowments provided by Pharaoh and private benefactors, and often by claims to pious services. The real and movable estate of the temples and schools was largely increased, especially by the lavish generosity of Ramses the Third, and it may be compared throughout with the *ankāf* (sing. *wakf*), the foundations in which Cairo is peculiarly rich, but which have been subject to State supervision since Mohammed 'Ali. Of course it is difficult to determine in what form the heathen custom preserved itself in passing through the Christian period into the Moslem. It is usual, in the transition of a people from one religion to another, for important institutions of the old doctrine to be completely abolished, while matters of unessential detail are often willingly retained and live long in oral tradition as popular superstitions.

In this way the worship of cats, which were held high and holy among the ancient Egyptians, has survived to the present day, though in an ever feebler and feebler form. The Kadi was obliged, not very long ago, to feed homeless mouse-catchers for the most part at his own cost, and even to-day meat is laid out for them every afternoon in a particular courtyard to which they flock. The great Sultan Bebars bequeathed a garden in the north of Cairo for the entertainment of the cats of the town. The German pilgrim Arnold von Harff saw a soldier sitting in the sunshine, and observed that he allowed himself to be painfully roasted and blinded rather than go back into the shade, because he could not bring it into his heart to disturb the sleep of a cat that lay in his bosom.

It is especially remarkable, however, to find this survival of ancient Egyptian animal-worship introduced into one of the most important religious functions of the Egyptian Arabs, the pilgrimage to Mecca, and retained in it to this day. Pilgrimages to particular sanctuaries were already customary in the age of the Pharaohs. Bubastis, in the Delta, is mentioned as the shrine of the most important of these. At that place was situated the principal sanctuary of the goddess Sechet, the daughter of the sun-god Pia, who was represented by a cat's head, as the Queen of Love, from whom passion, lust and festal intoxication flowed into the hearts of the pious. Men and women from all Egypt streamed in wild licentiousness to her temple.

700,000 men, we are told by Herodotus, went to Bubastis every year and brought dead cats there for burial; and this statement has been completely authenticated, for a short time ago a cat graveyard, containing innumerable bones of this sacred animal, was discovered in the heap of ruins which rises from the plain of Zakazik, and now constitutes the only remains of the famous pilgrimage city of Bubastis. As 700,000 of the faithful went to Bubastis under the Pharaohs, so in the present day 70,000 Moslems are obliged to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. If this number is not complete, then Heaven makes up the difference by sending angels. The caravan begins with the Mahmal of Cairo, and what comes next in the long procession immediately after the Camel-Schēch, who every year makes the pilgrimage, half naked, and with streaming hair? It is the Father of Cats, or Schēch of Cats, who carries with him, in baskets hanging on either side of his saddle, as many cats as he can accommodate before and behind him.

In earlier times the caravan was accompanied by a mother of cats, instead of a father of cats, but the wife has been supplanted by the husband in consequence of the small part which women take in the pilgrimage. Islam has, indeed, generally deprived women of the privileged position which was granted them in ancient Egypt. A pilgrimage similar to that of Bubastis is at present celebrated at Tanta. It is attached to the tomb and commemoration festival of the saint Sejjīd Ahmed-el-Bedawi. Popular festivals, on as great a scale as those of the time of the Pharaohs, are associated with the religious celebration, and we have ourselves seen whole boatfuls of women of ill-fame going to the fair of Tanta, who, as soon as they met another boat, uttered those singular shrill screams with which under emotional excitement, whether gay or sad, they rend the ear. These women conduct themselves in general not much more decently than their predecessors at the pilgrimage to Bubastis.

In the graveyard of Cairo the Egyptian archæologist will find many traces of pre-Christian times. The Greeks burnt the dead; the Christians disliked mummifying them; for example, one of the most ancient saints of the Coptic Church desired to see his body saved from that process; and so the art of the Colchytes, Parashistes and Taricheutes became lost; but just as Memphis and Thebes had their necropolis, so Cairo has its city of the dead. Of course this is situated in the east of the town, and not, according to ancient Egyptian usage, in the west. This circumstance is partly due to the nature of the locality, and partly to the altered estimate set upon the various quarters of the heavens, for the Moslems have quite different ideas on this point from the ancient Egyptians. The latter gave the first rank to the south, the home of the Nile, on which the weal and woe of their country depended; and since they likened the fate of the soul to the course of the sun, and thought the boat of day received the immortal part of man in order to disappear

with it at night in the under world, the necropolis was naturally placed in the west of the town. So too the sarcophagus chambers in the Pyramids were placed in the west, because Osiris lived in the west. To the Moslems on the Nile, on the other hand, the east is the most honourable quarter. To the east the face is always turned in prayer, to the east the head is always turned in dying, for in the east lies the holiest of holy places, Mecca with its Ka'aba. Besides, the Arabs formed an intelligent economical estimate of the nature of the country conquered by them, to which Arrian refers in the first verse of a series of distichs which he caused to be engraved on the Great Sphinx:—

"God founded here this far shining work of art
That carefully guards the field's wheat producing plain."

The habitations of the dead were placed in the desert in order not to diminish the cultivable land of the living, and, as is also well established, in order to protect the corpse from the overflow of the river. The mummies would have been injured by the water, and experience may have taught the priestly physicians that noxious exhalations rise from flooded graveyards after the abatement of the flood. So the Karafe, as the Cairenes term their necropolis, lies in the east and south-east of the town, and on desert ground. Hither every Friday come the Moslem citizens before sunrise, pronounce a *sare* from the Koran over the grave of their dead, and distribute dates, bread, and the like, to the poor. Then the *balabe* and *durabuke* (violins and kettledrums) are played, and the visit to the graveyard becomes a feast. The ancient Egyptians conducted themselves in exactly the same way.

On stated days the survivors visited the tombs of their departed friends, sacrificed, banqueted, played the harp, and sang and invited their acquaintances to entertainments at home. At the grave of Neferhotep in Thebes (sixteenth century B.C.) may be seen, cut in the stone, the song of the harper who was appointed to play at such festivities, and this song shows how a certain fresh delight in life mingled with the feelings about death that were prevalent among the ancient Egyptians, who celebrated their festivals more boisterously than most other peoples. One is reminded of the Anacreontic verse: "The present day is here for the heart to enjoy; who knows what the next may bring?" or of the Horatian "*carpe diem*," and the whole ode on Leuconoë, when one hears the harper singing at the tomb of Neferhotep in celebration of the festival of the Prophet: "Bring me sweet-scented ointment, and balsam, and twine with garlands of flowers the breast and arms of thy much-loved sister, who attaches herself affectionately to thee. We will sing songs, we will strike the harp before thy face. Lay aside all care, and think only of joy till the day of our departure draws near. Then shall we arrive and find peace in the kingdom where

silence reigns." Is it accidental that the singers who accompany the corpse of deceased Mussulmans are often blind, like the musicians who officiated in the funeral rites of ancient Egypt? And who knows the ancient Egyptian representations of the women who made the lamentations for the dead—who has read what Herodotus has written about the Egyptian mourning women—without being reminded of it all when he sees the women of modern Cairo who attend a funeral smear their breast and brow with mud, raise their arms, and strike their head with their hands? When we meet such a funeral procession, we may well believe that our "to-day" is united without interruption with the days of Neferhotep. The mourning women at the funeral of deceased Cairenes appear to be the direct successors of those whom we see on innumerable sculptures, striking their forehead with loud lamentations. To what Arabic song must we refer the *Linos*-song, which Herodotus heard among the Greeks, Phœnicians, and in Cyprus, and which is said to have been called *Mancrōs* on the Nile? Perhaps the melody often sung, beginning "*Dās ja lelli*," may be taken for it. I have heard the following dedication sung, not only a thousand times in Egypt, but also, of course in a somewhat altered form, in Andalusia, where many Moorish songs still remain:—



It must be noted that this song was not only sung on melancholy but also on joyful occasions.*

As in the celebrations of mourning so in those of joy, ancient and modern are mingled. One of the most licentious figures in the popular festivals of Cairo carries an emblem which was of much importance in many a celebration in the time of the Pharaohs, and works with it in mad play. It owes its name to Saladin's Vizier Karakusch. The snake-charmers whom one meets in the open streets and at all popular festivities, form a family in which the secret of taming poisonous adders, of driving them out of the course, of making them dance, &c., has been handed down from father to son for thousands of years. Every child knows of the tricks which the magicians of Pharaoh played before Moses; but we possess also a satirical papyrus of the time of Ramses III., on which we see in front

* For this reason we cannot agree with the meaning which Brugsch in his "*Adonis-Hed und Linoslied*" gives to *Linos* and *Mancros*. Wilkinson is reminded by the "*ja lelli*" of the Hebrew *hallel*, to sing, from which *hallelu-ja* comes. Among the Cairenes it is an expression of joy.

of the "Sublime Porte," the palace of the king, a ram and an ass playing lute and harp, and a crocodile practising magic on a snake. Receipts for driving noxious animals from a house are found in the Ebers papyrus. Lane asserts that the modern snake-charmers carry about with them only snakes from which they have previously extracted the fangs.

The same scholar tells of an institution which existed in Cairo not long since, and in which, as we know from the best sources, many still living Cairenes took part. All the guilds and trades of the town had their president or *schēcho*, and even the common thieves recognized such an officer over them. People often went to him to recover stolen goods and bring the thieves to justice, and they commonly succeeded with his help. Compare with that the following passage which we borrow *verbatim* from "Diodorus of Sicily":—

"It was ordained that those who practised the avocation of thief should inscribe their names with the president of the thieves. If they had stolen anything, they had at once to confess what they had done and show him their booty. The robbed person was then required to send to this president of thieves a written statement of all the things he had missed, and mention place, day and hour of their disappearance. In this way everything was easily found, and the robbed person received his lost property on paying a fourth of it. As it was impossible to prevent theft entirely, the lawgiver thus invented a means of getting back what was stolen in return for a certain redemption money, which was willingly paid."

How remarkable is the long duration of this apparently absurd custom!

Unquestionably ancient Egyptian is also a part of the calendar which is still in use among the Cairenes to-day. From the variable nature of the Moslem lunar year, the periodical feasts fall at different times in different years, and it is natural that the present Egyptians should prefer using the Coptic calendar to their own, in the case of feasts that depend on regularly recurring natural events, because the Coptic calendar is founded on the ancient Egyptian solar year, which was also made the basis of our own calendar by Julius Cæsar. Many religious and superstitious usages of the Mussulmans connect themselves with the Christian feast-days in the Coptic calendar. For example, the forty-nine days of the Chamsin, or hot S.W. wind, are placed in the period between the third day of the Coptic Easter feast and Whitsunday. Again, the commencement of the rising of the Nile is fixed, not according to the Moslem calendar, but according to the Coptic, and many an ancient Egyptian survival continues in the celebration of this natural event. Stern has shown in his paper on the Nile-stele of Gebel Silsile, that the two Nile feasts instituted by Ramses II. are to be regarded as the predecessors of those which are celebrated in the metropolis of Egypt to-day. The one is the "Night of the Drop," which always falls on the 11th Bauneh (17th June), when the Nile is at its lowest; the other, the Cutting of the Dam, is fixed accord-

ing to the state of the water. They are two months apart, just like the festivals mentioned on the Nile-stele of the age of the Pharaohs. We learn from the classical writers (Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny) that the amount of taxation was determined every year after the abatement of the overflow, and that for a fruitful year it was counted necessary that the water should have reached a height of fourteen to sixteen ells. Who does not know of the "Father Nile" in the Vatican surrounded by sixteen genie children as allegorical incorporations of these sixteen ells? The desired height of the water here mentioned was, as Aristides expressly states, indicated by the Nile-gauge at Memphis, and we know that this gauge was transferred from the left bank of the Nile to the right, or more precisely to the island Roda, opposite Fostat, and that it has retained its importance for the whole country to this day. We have treated in another place of the cutting of the dam and the feast connected therewith. Here we shall only add that some primitive usages are still associated with it. One of the chief of these is the preparation of a cone of earth, called *El-Arus*—i.e., the bride, which is so placed on the dam that the rising flood must wash it away from eight to fourteen days before it reaches its height. The circumstance that a little corn is put on the top of it shows that it had originally the significance of an offering. And, in fact, its recurrence appears to stand in close connection with the ancient custom of throwing an offering into the Nile shortly before the commencement of its rising. This was practised in heathen times at Memphis, for Pliny mentions that at the Nile feast called *Neilsa*, a gold or silver dish was thrown by the priests into the so-called source of the Nile at Memphis.

The following story which Ibn Ajās has preserved, is well known. Shortly after the foundation of Fostat by 'Amr, the Nile refused to rise, and the Copts wished to throw into the water a maiden, the usual offering cast annually into the arms of the river, for they thought the Nile would not rise unless it received this its customary tribute. When the flood still delayed coming, the commander went to the Caliph, and informed him of the circumstance. The messenger returned, bringing a letter from Omar, which 'Amr was directed to cast into the river. This was done, and on the very next night the water rose to the necessary level of sixteen ells. The Caliph's letter contained the following words:—"To the blessed Nile of Egypt. If thou hast hitherto flowed only according to thine own pleasure, then suspend thy rising; but if thou obeyest the commands of the Most High God, then we pray Him to increase thy flood." This story is certainly founded on fact, for in the days of the trustworthy Makrissi († 1442) the Christian part of the population of Cairo still threw a casket containing the finger of a saint into the Nile, in order to move it to a favourable rise. But when we remember that those who are said shortly after the foundation of Fostat to have pressed for the offering

of a virgin were Christians, and that human sacrifices were actually practised among the heathen Egyptians, we feel ourselves compelled to infer some transposition or distortion in the narrative of Ibn Ajās. The overflow of the Nile was naturally not less impatiently waited for in the time of the Pharaohs than in the seventh century A.D. and in our own day, and from the character of the ancient Egyptian cultus we must assume that shortly before the commencement of the rising of the Nile great processions took place, and many kinds of offerings were made. These must have been addressed to the Nile-god Hapi, and to Osiris. The latter was considered the great aboriginal power that ruled all things and awakened all fresh life, working and producing everything in the under world, and by consequence also in the Nile, moving through the abode of the dead, and raising his own to new life. In pantheistic texts Osiris is called the Nile, and just as he brings light out of darkness, and animates the dead to fresh exertions, and withered vegetation to new bloom, so also he makes the river of Egypt to rise in its season.

These ideas are contained likewise in the Christian teaching of the Copts; but since the Copts could not look on a heathen deity as anything but a demon, they transferred his divine energy, which was displayed most actively in the regularly recurring rise of the river, to their own holy Orion. In a Christian Egyptian papyrus, written in Greek hexameters, and belonging apparently to the fifth or sixth century A.D., the following passage occurs in an exorcism: "Come to me, holy Orion, thou who retest in the north, thou who movest the flood of the Nile and minglest it with the sea." This formula is very like heathen Egyptian ones of the same kind, and it may be here mentioned that in texts belonging to the period of the Pharaohs Osiris is addressed as the constellation of Orion. A disguised Osiris-worship had thus certainly continued among the Copts up till the Mussulman invasion, and when we hear of the offerings of many sorts which the ancient Egyptians threw into the Nile (*e.g.*, the dish already mentioned), we may safely assume that the Copts had not yet renounced this custom of their ancestors when 'Amr built Fostat. We cannot, indeed, attribute to them the offering of a real maiden, a virgin of flesh and blood, but when we find in Porphyry a statement of Manetho to the effect that the Egyptians had in earlier times sacrificed men in great numbers, and that Amasis had abolished this horrible custom and substituted wax figures for the men, we may perhaps discover in this some clue to the solution of the enigma. What the Copts proposed must have been to throw into the river the wax statue of a maiden with certain ceremonies, but 'Amr thought he could not tolerate this, because as a monotheistic Arab, the foe of images, he did not wish to owe anything to an idol. Perhaps the bride which the Arabs at the present day make out of the Nile mud may be considered the successor of the wax figure. This guess wins

some support from the accounts found in the hieroglyphic texts of the ceremonies practised at the Nile feasts. According to these texts the image of Hathor, whose fair bosom was uncovered on a certain day before the worshippers, was carried at the time of the Nile rising in a solemn procession to Edfu in order to visit her son Hor Hud there. At this peculiar season the goddess Neith is said, according to the Feast Calendar of Esne (on 13 Epiphi), to bear her son anew. Her head is seen as she lies bearing him, stretched in the water.

The image of a goddess (Neith) thus appears actually to have been placed in the river during the rising. Most of the statements in these texts relate to ceremonies observed with the images of deities. Perhaps the custom practised by Christians in the time of 'Amr is connected with this usage; perhaps we must see in it another ceremony connected with the worship of Osiris, into which we cannot enter further here.*

A tear of Ifas, when her heart was breaking with anxiety for the return of her husband, fell, according to the belief of heathen times, into the river and made it swell, and then, after Horus had conquered Set (the dry), it brought back the husband (Osiris-Nile) to the mourning wife (the earth longing for fertilization); but this tear the Arabs have converted into the "divine drop," which, as they think, causes the rising of the Nile.

The inquirer in Cairo thus finds the old in the new everywhere, in art, in science, in civil and public life. The physical law of the conservation of matter is true also of the acquisitions of the mind. They seem to disappear, vanish, and go to nothing, but they are only forgotten, and in reality transmute themselves into new and no longer recognizable forms, or disappear perhaps temporarily under dust or behind clouds. But they still live and work on, and it is one of the greatest joys of the investigator to seek and recognize them under rubbish heaps or in thick wrappings. What an enjoyment it is to search through Cairo for the remains of antiquity. May those to whom it is to-day given to guide the destinies of the Nile Valley, not forget that with every monument of ancient Egypt they destroy, they destroy a part of her greatness. History eschews wreaths, but flourishes the whip, and she has engraved on her tables in much deeper letters the destructive work of the Vandals than all their brave and glorious deeds.

GEORG EBERS.

* In the nineteenth Upper Egyptian province, that of the Oxyrynchites of the Greeks, whose sacred animal, the first Oxyrynchos, was closely connected with the worship of Osiris, Horus is said, after he overthrew Set, the enemy of his father Osiris, to have cut off his leg and given it to the priests of the *merchet*, or (according to Dæmichen's explanation of the word) observatory of the Nile rising. Now, an animal's leg is said to have been thrown into the river by these priests as an offering, but that circumstance is susceptible of another explanation than that just suggested. This animal's leg is called *alodach* or *arodach*, and it is possible to take this word of Ibn Ajās for the Arabic *ārūs*, and in that case the offering of a leg is a commutation for the offering of a bride or a young maiden (*ārūs*).

DE MORTUIS.

THE subject of how to dispose of our dead in such a manner as best to combine reverence for their sacred bodies, with due care for the health of the living, is one so full of interest, that no one, travelling in lands where methods differing from our own are practised, can fail to experience some curiosity on the subject.

During our travels in India I had abundant opportunities of witnessing the process of cremation as practised by the Hindoos, more especially at Benares, that most holy city of the Brahmins, the bourne which every pious Hindoo craves to reach, in time to die there, on the banks of the sacred river Ganges. Many a time, I have seen the dying laid down to breathe their last breath alone on the hallowed shore, while their friends went off to bargain with the neighbouring timber merchant for as much wood as their limited means could procure. Often in the case of the very poor, this sum was so small that the humble fire has barely sufficed to char the body, which was then thrown into the river, and suffered to float seaward, in company with many another, in every stage of putrefaction, spreading the seed of pestilence on the sultry air, and poisoning the stream in which myriads hourly bathe, and from which they drink.

But in the case of the wealthier Hindoo, the funeral-pyre is carefully built, and when the corpse has been washed in the river, it is swathed in fair linen, white or scarlet, or, still more often, the shroud is of the sacred saffron colour, on which is showered a handful of vermilion paint, to symbolize the blood of sprinkling as the atonement for sin. Sometimes the body is wrapped in cloth of silver or of gold, and is laid upon the funeral pyre. Dry sweet grass is then laid over it, and precious anointing oil, which shall make the flame burn more brightly, and more wood is heaped on, till the pyre is very high. A Brahmin then brings sacred fire, and gives

a lighted torch to the chief mourner, who bears it thrice, or nine times, sun-wise, round the body. He touches the lips of the dead with the holy fire, then ignites the pyre. Other torches are applied simultaneously, and, in a very few moments, the body is burnt, though the fire smoulders long. Then the ashes are collected, and sprinkled on the sacred river, which carries them away to the ocean.

Night and day, this work goes on without ceasing, and many a weird funeral scene I have witnessed, sometimes beneath the burning rays of the noonday sun, while my house-boat lay moored in midstream, to enable me better to witness all the strange phases of religious and social life enacted on its shores, and sometimes in the course of our night journeyings, when the pale moonbeams mingled with the dim blue flames, casting a lurid light on the withered witch-like forms of the mourners, often a group of grey-haired women, whose shrill wails and piercing cries rang through the air, as they circled round the pyre in solemn procession, suggesting some spirit dance of death.

When a body has been consumed, all the mourners repair to the river, beating their breasts and howling, and proceed to wash themselves and their clothes, and perform divers ceremonies of purification necessary after touching a dead body.

With these scenes in my memory, I made some inquiries, on my arrival in Japan, as to the method of cremation practised there; but, strangely enough, could obtain no information on the subject. It was not one which in any way obtruded itself on public notice, and none of my European friends could tell me anything about it—most declared that the practice was unknown in Japan. Accident, however, favoured me, for on the second day after landing at Yokohama, a friend invited me to accompany him on a ride, in the course of which, looking down from the high road, where foreigners take their daily drive, I observed what seemed to be a cemetery, at some little distance.

For me, the peaceful "God's acres" of our own land have always a special interest, and I soon learnt that those of Japan are invariably worth a visit, the ancestral graves being ever well cared for, and the cemeteries generally pretty and picturesque. So this, my first discovery in Japanese burial-grounds, was not an opportunity to be neglected. My companion, though he had often passed by the spot, had never dreamt of giving it a nearer inspection, but yielded to what seemed to him my very unaccountable wish to visit it.

So we turned our horses' heads thither, and soon perceived that it was indeed a place of graves, full of monuments, of forms new to me. One thing I especially noted was the enduring care of the living for the dead, for before each grave were placed the three sacred objects invariably present in Buddhist worship, a vase to

contain fresh flowers (generally a bud of the sacred lotus), a candlestick whereon was set a taper, as an offering to the departed, and a brazier, wherein to burn incense (generally a pot of fragrant ash), in which are stuck the familiar joss-sticks. There are also saucers of holy water.

In a corner of the cemetery I noticed a very insignificant-looking thatched house, and a talkative Japanese "Old Mortality" (who seemed to be the guardian of the place), seeing my glance directed thither, informed my companion that that was the place where the dead were burned, and invited us to enter. Thus unexpectedly was my question answered. We found a very plain building, with mud walls and earthen floor, along which were placed six or eight low stone enclosures; in each of these were heaped dry faggots, on which were laid the dead brought here for cremation, in square box-like coffins, the bodies being placed in a sitting attitude.

At the moment when we entered, three funeral pyres were blazing brightly, and though the bodies could not have been half consumed, there was scarcely any perceptible odour, certainly nothing comparable to that in many an English kitchen, when a large roast is being cooked.

Two semi-nude attendants watched by the bodies, and would remain on duty for six or eight hours, till the fire had burnt itself out, leaving no human fragment uncalcined. Then, when nothing remained but pure white ashes, they would carefully collect these, to be handed over to the relatives, who, on the morrow, would bring a simple urn of red earthenware to receive these cleanly remains, which were then interred with all due honour, with or without further religious service, according to the inclination of the survivors.

One feature of the graves in this cremation cemetery which struck my companion as unusual, was the fact that each grave is marked by a cluster of flat wooden, sword-shaped sticks, each bearing an inscription. These are placed on the grave one at a time at intervals, on certain days after burial. On some graves these inscribed sticks were so very much larger than on the others that we inquired the reason, and were told that they marked the graves of very wealthy citizens. The highest of all, which attained to the dignity of a large post, proved to be that of the chief scavenger of the town!

"Old Mortality" informed us that, of the bodies brought to this particular cemetery, only about one-third were interred without cremation; that it was a matter of personal choice, but that Buddhists of the Monto sect were almost invariably cremated. (I recollected that in Ceylon this most honourable disposal of the dead was reserved only for Buddhist priests.)

A very few days later, on arriving in Tokio, and driving through one of its suburbs, my attention was arrested by a group of very peculiarly-shaped tall chimneys, very wide at the base, and ending in a narrow mouth, so strangely suggestive of old sketching days in

Kent, that the idea of the familiar farm "oast house" at once presented itself. On inquiry, I learnt that this was one of the city crematories, of which there are about half a dozen scattered over the principal suburbs of the vast city. Supposing that in the great capital the process of cremation might be performed more ceremoniously and scientifically than in the country cemetery which I had previously visited, I determined to inspect this also. But in the multitude of more attractive interests, I never found time to do so.

Soon afterwards, however, my friend, Miss Bird, visited a similar establishment in the same neighbourhood, and found the same perfect simplicity in all details. The great chimneys form the only material difference, their object, of course, being to convey any unpleasant fumes to such a height as to ensure no nuisance being created in the neighbourhood. Not only is this desirable result secured, but even within the premises there is nothing in the least noxious or disgusting. Miss Bird states that although thirteen bodies had been consumed in the burning house a few hours before her visit, and a considerable number of bodies were awaiting cremation (those of the wealthier class being confined in oblong pine chests, and those of the very poor in tubs of pine, hooped with bamboo), there was not the slightest odour in or about the building, and her interpreter informed her that the people living near never experience the least annoyance, even while the process is going on.

The only difference between this city crematory and the burning-house in the rural cemetery, was that the high-roofed mud building was divided into four rooms, the smallest of which is reserved for such wealthy persons as prefer to have their dead cremated apart, in solitary state, for which privilege they pay five dollars (*i.e.*, about the equivalent of £1), whereas ordinary mortals are disposed of in the common room for the modest sum of something under four shillings. One shilling's worth of fuel is the average consumption required for each body.

Granite supports are laid in pairs all along the earthen floor, and on these the coffin-chests are placed at 8 P.M., when the well-dried faggots beneath them are kindled. The fires are replenished from time to time, and at 6 A.M., the man in charge goes round the building, and from each hearth collects and stores in a separate urn the handful of ashes which alone remains.

Some wealthy families secure the services of Buddhist priests to watch all night beside these funeral pyres, but this is considered quite a work of supererogation. After the religious service in the house, the further attendance of the priests is optional; but in many cases they return on the morrow to officiate at the interment of the ashes.

Having noticed the simplicity, the cleanliness, and the exceeding cheapness of this method of honourably consigning "ashes to ashes," I confess to a feeling of much wonder, when, on returning to Britain,

I heard howls of indignation raised at the bare suggestion that we should literally carry into practice these oft-repeated but now utterly meaningless words. Men and women who devoutly believe that the noble army of martyrs has been largely recruited from the stake, and that multitudes of ransomed souls have been wafted to Heaven on the smoke of their own burnt-sacrifice, nevertheless deem that it might be irreverent for us thus to deal with Christian bodies which are to be interred "in sure and certain hope" of resurrection. They do not like to suggest that the martyrs will suffer in the future because *their* ashes were sprinkled to the four winds; but religion, superstition, and sentiment, are all arrayed to decry the impious idea of reviving in Britain this "cleanly custom" of our Pagan ancestors—a custom which we are told was retained by the Celts of Ireland long after the introduction of Christianity.

Undoubtedly, when the question is brought quite home, to be weighed at the bar of individual affection, there is something terribly repellent in the very idea of its personal application to those we hold most dear. We revolt from the business-like, mechanical nature of the scientific cremation-furnace, even when it is proposed that the coffin should sink silently from beneath its pall into a subterranean crematory, there to be subjected for one little half-hour to the cleansing, consuming flames, and that ere the close of the accustomed religious service, the ashes of the dead should take the place of the coffin beneath the funeral-pall, and be thence conveyed to their final resting-place in family vault or beneath the daisied turf.

Yet, if we must force ourselves to look closely at horrible truths, there is something infinitely more repulsive in the thought of the ghastly details of decay and loathsome corruption, which we all know too well must of necessity follow an ordinary burial under any other conditions—whether "we commit our brother to the deep" or "to the dust." Neither earth nor water can hinder the horrid process of decomposition, whereby the innocent dead so often endanger the health and safety of the living.

Only the ethereal fire (the most sacred symbol in almost every varying faith of the world, as the universally accepted emblem of the visible Presence of God) can avert all such noxious results; and yet, while for generation after generation no objection was raised against intra-mural burying-grounds (where thousands of bodies were crowded into a space in which there was not room for hundreds, till the horrible ooze and damp of the bulging walls forced the authorities to interfere), the moment that the advantages of cremation are suggested, it is asserted that at this point liberty of the subject ceases, that the law of the land would probably be brought to bear against family who chose thus to dispose of their own dead.

I think there can be no doubt that, ere long, common-sense must take the day in this, as in most other matters, and that Britain will

learn from Japan the wisdom of allowing her children the option of disposing of their dead in such manner as each may prefer. Of course our national conservatism will at first rebel against what appears an innovation in the most sacred and solemn of acts, and many will naturally shrink from the strife of tongues and stormy discussion, so certain to be raised whenever a bold pioneer finds courage to depart from the accustomed groove. Nevertheless as our isle becomes ever smaller and smaller, in proportion to the multitude of the living who seek homes on its surface, it is manifest that the arguments in favour of a method which shall diminish the space required for great city cemeteries, must, year by year, become stronger, and finally triumph over all unreasoning prejudice.

Undoubtedly there is much to be said in favour of a process which secures incorruption, by allowing no time for change. All the science of past ages has failed to discover any other. The wise men of ancient Egypt believed that after three thousand years they would return to animate their earthly bodies; so all the wisdom of the most skilful chemists was enlisted by the professional embalmers, who devoted three months to the preparation of a wealthy mummy. Myrrh and cinnamon, precious oil of cedar-wood, the most expensive perfumes, gums, and aromatic spices were lavished on such dead.

The method of preparing the poor for their long sleep was very simple. The bodies were merely saturated with bitumen or natron, baked in an oven, swathed in woollen rags, and then tied up in a mat of palm-leaves. And thus they were laid to rest in the great sepulchres in rows of thousands.

But for those who could afford to pay handsomely the priests provided special accommodation at the temples, and devoted seventy days to all the processes of preparing each portion of the intestines, which were packed by themselves in separate vases, while the body (filled with priceless gums) was swathed from head to foot in long bandages of the very finest linen dipped in myrrh—bandages which were generally several hundred yards in length (some have been found to be a thousand yards long), and so skilfully wrapped round each joint and limb that no professional bandages in our surgical hospitals could excel their neatness.

Then followed the preparation of each successive layer of cloth and of soft wet pasteboard, moulded to take the semblance of the human form, until the outer case, painted and inscribed with the history of the dead, in hieroglyphics, was ready to be laid in the innermost of several mummy cases, each gilded, painted, and enamelled. Possibly this very well preserved body was finally enclosed in a stone sarcophagus, and so laid to its honoured rest, to await the expected resurrection at the end of the three thousand years.

Oftener, however, the newly manufactured mummy was restored

by the embalmers to the bosom of his disconsolate family, who generally kept him standing upright in some convenient corner for about a year. Prayers and incense were periodically offered to the gods on his behalf, and he was occasionally brought forward to grace some family festival.

When at length his family could endure to part with him there was very great wailing and lamentation, and a most solemn funeral procession and intricate ceremonial. Attendants carried offerings of fruit and wine, and precious vases of ointment, and led divers animals to be sacrificed at the grave, where the mummy was at length entombed, not to be forgotten, however, "as a dead man, out of sight," but to be held in such exceeding honour as to be considered the very best security on which to lend money, as it was well understood that the Egyptian who had been driven to pawn his deceased relative (more especially a parent) would die rather than fail to redeem his pledge.

Surely if it were possible for human beings to devise means for the eternal preservation of their dead, these old Egyptians had solved the problem.

Yet in what has all their care resulted? Only in providing thousands of mummies to adorn the museums of every town in the barbarian world! Conceive the dismay of the haughty Pharaohs, whose chief care in life was to provide for themselves stately tombs, wherein to lie apart from all meaner dead, could they return to earth, to find themselves gazing-stocks for the gaping multitude, in company with mummies of every rank, and in every stage of unrolling, perhaps lying side by side with a poor blackened corpse, more precious because of earlier date, though only saturated with natron and wrapped in woollen cloth.

More pitiful would have been the feelings of those princes of old, had they known how greatly their mummies were prized by the physicians of Europe, to be converted into pills and potions for the healing of divers diseases.

But saddest of all would be those dead who could see their degenerate descendants, first rifling their tombs, and even cutting open their bodies in search of the little images of the gods which were so often hidden therein, and then carrying off the poor remains to be converted into charcoal to be used in refining sugar! Thousands and tens of thousands of the ancient Egyptians have thus at length received cremation at the hands of the irreverent fellaheen of modern days.

Truly revolting is their utter contempt for these poor remains of humanity. We hear of their coolly wrenching off the heads of mummies, and offering them for sale to travellers, while the sycamore wood of old coffins has furnished the fuel for many a camp fire.

But the most hideous form in which the utilitarian spirit of

modern Egypt has shown itself, in making merchandise of her once honoured dead, has been in selling them to merchant vessels at so much per ton, as a manure for foreign fields. Probably this vile trade has now become illegal, but till very recently long strings of camels were employed to carry human bone-dust from the tombs near Memphis to vessels in the harbour at Alexandria. Large quantities of these human remains were brought from the ancient sepulchres and catacombs, which honeycomb the rocky ridge near Alexandria itself, and cargo-boats were openly employed in fetching this so-called brown "guano." Various foreigners visited the spot while this was going on, and saw human bones, glass tear bottles, and earthenware lamps, all shovelled up together with the brown dust, which was carried up the ship's sides in baskets, thrown down into the hold, and then conveyed to England, there to be sold at £6 10s. per ton, a price which would give the manufacturers of manures a very large profit, on mixing it with the guano of Peru.

So vain have proved the most successful efforts ever made by human beings to immortalize mortal bodies.

After all, it is in the irreverence of selling this precious dust to enrich foreign fields that the sting lies. We felt no great shock when we learned that the very same thing had been done in London, when not very many years ago it was decided that the vast cemetery at the back of the National Gallery (wherein only two centuries ago all the victims of the Great Plague were cast wholesale), should be dug up, and that the rich soil (including many bones still undecayed) should be spread over Kensington Gardens to fertilize its roses and lilies!

As regards modern methods of preserving the dead, a visit to the Capuchian Monastery at Palermo, or that at Malta (where long rows of artificially dried monks are placed standing against the walls in ghastly array, clad in their black robes and rope girdle), is certainly not a sight calculated to deepen one's impressions of the dignity of death; for no more humiliating sight could be conceived, unless it be that of the fashionable cemetery at Palermo, where all the once beautiful women are exhibited in glazed coffins, ranged tier above tier, all in full evening dress, in the flimsiest tulles and tarlatans, or gayest silks, with coronets encircling the ghastly skulls, and faded flowers still grasped by the dead hands. Truly a hideous and revolting parody!

To each recent coffin is attached a photograph of the deceased as she was wont to appear in days of life and health, the contrast adding fresh ghastliness to the poor unsightly corpse. But the relations are apparently nowise pained by the incongruity which so jars on casual visitors, for when on All Saints' Day they come to this sad place to join in the masses for the dead, many bring gay new dresses to replace those which may have faded or got tarnished.

Jarring as is the incongruity of such a scene, we look on it simply as "one of the sights" of Palermo—a peculiar custom of a foreign race, altogether at variance with Anglo-Saxon feeling. But I confess to having felt something of a shock when, returning from a beautiful, most poetic burial-ground in the Western States of America (a grassy hill, flower-strewn, and over looking the blue Pacific), my companion favoured me with a few matter-of-fact statements concerning the ordinary preliminaries ere the dead are there laid to rest. Then for the first time I learnt some details of the artificial treatment now in fashion—that the pure white shroud is well-nigh a thing of the past, and that the frivolities of dress are never more carefully considered than in the solemn presence of Azrael.

In the first place, progressive America objects to our old-fashioned, lugubrious coffins; so these are now discarded by the rulers of taste, in favour of highly ornamental "caskets," in which the suggestive form of a coffin is ignored. An oblong box of uniform width is made of the most costly woods, satin-wood or polished oak, with silver mountings. It is lined with silk or satin, and the head of the sleeper is laid on a satin pillow.

The lid is partly glazed that all friends may be privileged to take a long last look at the dead—a doubtful boon, when so cruel a tyrant as Change rules the hour; but his work is stayed for a season by various artificial means.

These æsthetic coffins apparently rank as things of beauty, pleasant to look upon, to judge from the following account of a Chicago Industrial and Fine Art Exhibition:—

"A brilliant spectacle was presented, as the gleam of electric lamps was shed over gay costumes and richly furnished stalls. Among the latter, not the least showy, was that of an enterprising undertaker, prepared to gratify the most sumptuous taste in the matter of coffins.

"Looking at this display of 'caskets' as they are euphemistically styled, in polished marbles and other ornamental materials, it was not surprising to hear that a common practice in the States, is to send the dead to their long homes decked out in fine raiment of fashionable cut, and with moustaches waxed, and flowers in their button-holes."

Apparently the coffin department holds its place in all Exhibitions of Art and Industry, for a gentleman returning from the Philadelphia Exhibition, told me that he had heard two ladies discussing the exhibits, and they agreed that the Funeral Department was quite the most interesting.

Said the first, "Oh! that lovely casket of delicate blue velvet lined with pale rose satin so beautifully quilted!"

"Well," said the other, "for my part, I preferred the black velvet with crimson velvet lining. You know, *crimson is so becoming to a corpse!*"

While England is discussing how she can most simply dispose of dead, and the "Economic Funeral Company" advertises its

claims to the gratitude of the great multitude of mourners, whose grief is only embittered by the pressure of expensive ceremonial, the undertakers of America are thriving, and vying one with another in every extravagance which can be encouraged by their sad profession.

They have a monthly magazine of their own called *The Casket*, which has already been running for several years, and is illustrated with portraits of the leading undertakers, "The Monarchs of the Road," as they call themselves. This periodical is the advertising medium of all the great funeral establishments, and of the inventors of various methods of embalming. Drugs for this purpose are advertised, for the use of families that incline to domestic experiments, and full directions for use are given, and for all the ghastly processes of thus manipulating the loved remains.

With a happy consciousness that few relations would care to usurp these "professional" functions, the great establishments advertise their readiness, at any moment of day or night, to send out a competent staff to take charge of all details. All that is required is a hint as to the "style" preferred, and the special method by which the body is to be prepared. The Director-General and his assistants will take good care that all is done "in first-rate style."

The "Antiseptic Embalming Fluid" is highly recommended. "It preserves the body without destroying the identity of the features; it removes discoloration, restores the skin to its natural colour, prevents the formation of gases, and acts as a preservative in all kinds of weather, without the use of ice." By a more revolting process, minutely detailed, the body, after being plunged into a bath of salts of alumina, is filled with a liquid, described as "The Egyptian Embalmer, a never-failing preservative."

As a matter of course, *The Casket* revels in descriptions of elaborate funerals, giving details as minute as the records of fashion in a Court journal. All the splendours of costly material are enlarged upon, and estimates of the sums which have been expended, which in some cases have been made to mount up to ten thousand dollars (£2,000)!

But it is not only the journal of death which luxuriates in such details. Here is an extract from a New York paper on the last toilette of a lady:—

"Miss R— was laid out in white rep silk, elegantly trimmed with white satin and very fine point lace. The skirt was draped with smilax and lilies of the valley. The casket was made to order by the Stein Manufacturing Co., of Rochester, in their celebrated Princess style. It was covered with the most delicate shade of blue silk velvet, with corners and mouldings tufted with white satin. The inside was trimmed with white satin, and with very heavy sewing silk and bullion fringe. The handles were long bars covered with sewing silk.

"The casket opened at full length, the inside of the lid being tufted with

white satin. Miss R—— looked very natural—more as if asleep than dead. There was a splendid display of flowers, sent as tokens of sympathy from her many friends. All the stands containing the flowers were covered with white, giving a general appearance of purity."

Nor is such care bestowed only on the young and beautiful. Grave citizens, whose influence on their fellows has been due to far different qualities, are now consigned to the hands of "artists" who relieve the ghastly pallor of death by a judicious application of rouge, and the dead man, in full evening dress, with costly studs on snowy shirt front, white gloves, and a necktie that Beau Brummell might have envied, lies in State to receive the last ceremonial visit of all his friends and acquaintances.

In further illustration of a subject, happily so strange to English ears, I think the following passage, from the San Francisco *Sunday Times*, is sufficiently curious to be worth preserving:—

"Funerals are very troublesome affairs," said the head of a leading undertaking establishment to a *New York Mercury* reporter who accosted him on the subject, "for the reason that the mourners are never on hand, and you are always kept an hour behind time. The only time we have things as we wish is when we are notified to come and take charge of the remains. Then we have all to say, and can proceed with our work without delay."

"How do you prepare remains generally?"

"We first ascertain when the body is to be buried, then place it on ice, and secure the order for the coffin or casket. Then, on the morning or afternoon previous to the funeral, we go to the house, and place the body in the casket, after first nicely dressing it, and combing the hair, and making all as favourable to the eye as possible."

"Suppose the person had died a violent death, or in some way the features became repulsive to the eye, what would you do?"

"In that case, we would resort to the art, or, I might say, the secrets of our profession. For instance, if the mouth could not be closed, we would sew the lips together on the inside, or else secure them to the teeth with thread. I can tell you of any number of curious cases I have had. Only a few weeks ago, the sister of a well-known lady, who had died a maiden, came to me, and said:—'I have come myself to give you the order for my sister's funeral, because there are some arrangements to be carried through, which she requested me to have strictly followed. I want you to engage an artist to come to the house. She died from the effects of consumption, and is very pale. Her face must be made to look as natural as possible. Her lips are blue; I want them made red. Her suit to wear in the casket is now being finished by the dressmaker, and your female attendant must be careful about putting on the dress, because it is made to fit her, as if she was in full life.'

"Well, I went to the house, on Fifth Avenue, the next day: my artist began his work, and when he was through, my woman attendant carefully dressed and laid out the body in the casket. When the artist and myself entered the parlour, and looked at the remains, it was wonderful! The dress of the woman was fit to be worn by a princess as a bridal suit. She was adorned with jewellery, and upon her head was a wreath of lilies, while her hands were encased in white kid gloves. Her age was forty-three years; she only looked eighteen! Her outfit was composed of fine corded white silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and looped up at the sides."

After revealing various other family secrets, the reporter gives some ghastly details of embalming, as occasionally practised in the

States. He then goes on to quote some remarks of another well-known undertaker :—

"I handle corpses of every kind, from those of wealthy gentlemen to those taken from the Morgue, and saved from paupers' graves. I don't do much embalming; but I have the most curious orders for furnishing some funerals. Only a few days ago, I received an order to furnish a shroud of pure white satin, scalloped round the bottom, and with silk rosettes up the centre to the neck front, which was to be turned back so that the breast could be seen uncovered nearly to the waist. This was for a young woman about eighteen years of age, who died after a short illness. She had not fallen away much, and still preserved unmistakable signs of having been a beautiful-looking girl while in life.

"Her husband, an old Southerner, stood near her casket, and I saw him touch her face with his handkerchief. When I approached the remains, I at once noticed that her eyelashes and eyebrows had been pencilled, and her cheeks and lips painted. The poor old fellow was wild at losing his young bride. I thought at first she was his daughter, but at the hotel I was soon informed that she was his second wife."

"How do you find business now in comparison with that of former years?"

"People are not so lavish about flowers, but a great deal of "style" is wanted about the corpse. Some few years back a body was seldom robed in anything but a shroud. *To-day, shrouds are hardly used except by Catholics and Hebrews.* Gentlemen, as a rule, are laid out in a full suit of black cloth, a white shirt and black necktie, the hair and moustache or whiskers being arranged to suit. I have known of instances where a dentist has been ordered to place a set of false teeth, with a twenty dollar gold plate, in the mouth of a dead woman, to save her looks."

"Is the parting scene as affecting as formerly?"

"No; that has changed for the better. People are becoming toned down. Old-time screeching and crying are dying out."

* * * * *

This is the unpoetical side of the picture, as seen from a professional point of view!

Extremes in all fashions generally lead to a reaction, and it would appear that funerals are no exception to this rule, for I am told that the leaders of society in New York now affect extreme simplicity, and have declared in favour of pure white shrouds and unadorned coffins.

Moreover, to so great an excess had the custom of sending flowers to the house of the dead been carried, that the announcement of a death is now frequently accompanied by a request that friends will send no flowers. The multitude of these ceremonial offerings had become embarrassing, and extra carriages were required to convey them to the grave. Thus, the funeral car of Mr. Stewart, the famous millionaire, was followed by six carriages filled with floral offerings. A few days later, the poor corpse thus honoured was stolen from its grave, and has never been recovered.

How much less temptation would have been offered to the sacrilegious thieves, had that vault contained only a handful of calcined ashes!

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

WANTED, AN ELISHA.

"**E**NGLAND," wrote Lord Beaconsfield, in one of the most characteristic of his novels, "must be saved by her young men." One does not quite know what is meant by it, nor whether he meant anything at all. The remark has that frequent peculiarity of its author's more sententious utterances, that, though its pregnancy seems palpable, it disappoints the efforts of the critical accoucheur. But however indefinite as a proposition, there is no doubt about its import as a sentiment. It is only one of many expressions of Lord Beaconsfield's unbounded, and, as it turned out, abiding sympathy with the aspirations and the efforts, the enthusiasms and the energies—with, in short, the whole moral and intellectual *nisus* of youth. That in his own case he too often mistook aspirations for inspirations, there can, at this time of day, I imagine, be no question; and he has certainly left behind him critical estimates, apparently serious, of his contemporaries in which he has fallen into the same generous error. But it is to the credit of his heart at any rate, that his faith in youth as a force survived the inevitable discovery of its insufficiency as a guide, and that this faith remained a green oasis in the desert of his cynicism to the last. *Si la jeunesse savait, si la vieillesse pouvait*, was a lament of which the latter clause impressed him always more than the former. The wisdom of old age always appeared to him rather dearly bought by the loss of the power of youth; and if it be not given to man to combine them, one imagines that of the two he would have declared for the power, and taken his chance of the wisdom. Nothing, at all events, is more certain than that throughout his life he took a special interest in the fortunes, a peculiar pleasure in watching the ways, of the young; and one cannot help wishing that it might be possible for him, in some other phase

of being, to observe, with the half-amusement, half-admiration, which it would have aroused in him in lifetime, the dashing attack just delivered by the member for Woodstock against the chiefs of his party. Not of course that Lord Randolph Churchill is, in any sense of the word, so juvenile as it suits some of his opponents to pretend. A politician of thirty-four, who has been nine years in Parliament, has neither the advantage nor the disadvantage of extreme youth—neither its powerful hold upon the sympathies, nor its unauthoritative appeal to the judgment. His years are respectable, and there are no conspicuous marks of immaturity about either his oratory, his manner, or his mind. Still he is young in what we may call the conventional Parliamentary sense of the word—that is to say, he is under forty, and has never held one of those subordinate Ministerial offices which are assumed by courtesy in this country to add a dozen years to the age. His revolt from the rule of the “Junta,” as he calls them, has therefore an air of far greater audacity to the English eye than would have belonged to any similar movement on the part even of the youngest and least important of the occupants of the front Opposition bench. The public insist on regarding it as the sally of a clever but presumptuous youth; and the mere fact that this is the general view of it may well be supposed to make it interesting to the shade of Lord Beaconsfield.

One thing however is, I think, certain, that that shrewd critic and experienced professor of Parliamentary fence would have been far less shocked at the presumption of the performance, than many of its actual observers. Those indeed who are excessively scandalized at it are probably unaware of the peculiar position occupied by Lord Randolph Churchill in the House of Commons. It is only fair to him to admit that a right appreciation of this point would probably modify many of the more severe judgments which have been passed upon him. Lord Randolph Churchill is one of the few, and one of the best of the few debaters, in the strict sense of the word, in the House of Commons; he shines in the art of debate in a sense in which the official chiefs of his party are rather sadly to seek. They, of course, are all more or less effective speakers upon set occasions; with their official experience they could not well be otherwise. Outside their ranks, too, there are no doubt many Conservative members who can speak fairly well on great political questions, with a sufficient time allowed them to think over the subject, and who, as they are wise enough not to address the House as a rule without this preparation, are listened to with respect. But that is not “debating” of the kind in which Mr. Disraeli excelled, and in which Lord Randolph Churchill is justly conscious of proficiency. The ability to make half a dozen impromptu speeches in the course of an evening, upon an equal number of previously unconsidered subjects, and to talk sensibly, vigorously,

pointedly, and damagingly to one's adversaries, upon all of them, has always been a rare faculty in the House of Commons; and on the Conservative benches it was never, perhaps, so rare as it is to-day. The exceptional possession of such readiness, the natural pride in its exercise, the observation of its deficiency in those around one, and still more in those above one, may very well excuse a clever and ambitious man of four-and-thirty for overrating its importance. Between it and the capacity for devising a legislative policy, or for wisely planning an electoral campaign, there is, of course, all the difference between tactics and strategy. A clever tactician may be nought as a strategist; a ready and expert debater may go quite beyond his tether in undertaking to teach his leaders how to reconstitute their party and reorganize victory; and this, I think, has happened to Lord Randolph Churchill. All I mean by the foregoing remarks is, that the clever tactician is in this case especially pardonable for having mistaken himself for a master of strategy. Tactics count for so much in the everyday life of the House of Commons; they fill so large a space in the thoughts and the interest of every man in that House; success in them brings so much honour, and indeed so surely leads to that official life in which so many other and higher faculties are required, that the mistake in question is eminently natural, and is far from arguing any exceptional presumption or self-sufficiency in the man who makes it.

But, this act of justice rendered to the young Conservative insurgent, let us see what he makes of his insurrection. What about "Elijah's mantle," and the marks whereby the missing Elisha shall be known? And first as to certain preliminary questions, which Lord Randolph Churchill has in form neglected, though he unconsciously supplies much valuable material for their determination in fact. It is essential to any systematic review of his main position that these outlying questions should be considered. Nothing tends so much to embarrass the solution of a problem as a doubt whether there is any problem to be solved. This the Royal Society discovered, to their chagrin, on the memorable occasion of their being hoaxed by Charles II.; and warned by their discomfiture, let us before attempting to find the devisee of "Elijah's mantle," seek an answer to the question, Is there any mantle?—an inquiry which will have, in its turn, to be postponed to the question, Has there been any Elijah? In other words, was the departed "prophet" a prophet indeed? and if so, was his prophetic power a devisable or inheritable asset? Should the former of these questions be found to require a negative answer, it would of course dispose of the latter. Should it prove that the so-called Elijah of the Conservatives, whatever may once have been true of him, was no Elijah when he died; should it appear that his miraculous gift had deserted, and his

predictive afflatus misled him; that fire would no longer descend to his invocation, nor waters divide at the stroke of his mantle—why then perhaps we may save ourselves the trouble of hunting for an Elisha.

To the more devoted wearers of the primrose, the former of these questions will, I am of course aware, appear to be only saved by absurdity from downright irreverence; but full warrant for raising it is really to be derived from the admissions of the very disciple who is searching high and low—or everywhere, at any rate, except “high”—for his master’s successor. For what has Lord Randolph Churchill himself told us about the administration of the affairs of the country, and the management of those of his party, during the six years of Lord Beaconsfield’s Premiership? His account is a most melancholy one; it is a tale of neglect and misfeasance, within Parliament and without. “Finance,” he complains, “was left entirely to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in whose unaided hands deficits and floating debts grew apace.” “The other heads of departments were all allowed to go their own way, doing what seemed good in their eyes.” “There was no master-mind” [no master-mind, when you are being led by a prophet!] “pervading and controlling every branch of the administration.” “Election affairs and organization went to the dogs.” “The care, the experience, the personal supervision which Mr. Disraeli, assisted by a few practised hands, had bestowed upon the preparations for the general election of 1874, disappeared.” The “vigour of provincial organization” was “enervated by a weak but wide-spreading centralization.” “A stupefying degree of over-confidence,” a “foolish contempt for the adversary,” a “fatally erroneous estimate of the revived influence of Mr. Gladstone”—such and such alone were the causes, “all of them preventible,” which “slowly but surely” brought about the disastrous result. “In short, a golden opportunity had been given to the Tories, but owing to the natural decay of Lord Beaconsfield’s physical vigour, the opportunity was wasted and lost.”

Far be it from me to dispute the accuracy of this historical survey; but what sort of a preamble does it make to the complaint that the Conservative party are suffering from the loss of their leader? The hand which did not control them has been removed by death; they are as sheep without a shepherd to lead them astray: that is what the lamentation amounts to. Let us suppose that the succession to the prototypal Elijah had remained for some time equally in doubt with that of Lord Beaconsfield, and that in the meanwhile it had been possible for one of the “sons of the prophets” to deliver himself in somewhat of the same fashion upon the events of the Tishbite’s closing career. Suppose he had complained that for the last five or six years of the prophet’s life there had been no “master-mind” to denounce and correct the administration of Ahaziah. “Prediction

and the king-warning business," imagine him exclaiming, "went to the dogs. Barrels of meal wasted, and cruses of oil failed, in defiance of the prophet's prohibitions. When the sons of his widowed landladies died, there was an end of them. The faith, the fire, the lofty yet humble consciousness of Divine inspiration with which the master had prepared the victory of Carmel, disappeared. In its place there came a stupefying over-confidence, a foolish contempt for the adversary, a fatally erroneous estimate of the revived influence of Baal. A golden opportunity had been given to Elijah for the completion of his prophetic work, but owing to the natural decay of his physical vigour the opportunity was wasted and lost. There lies his mantle, however, and if we could only find a proper person to put it on, there can be no doubt that he would at once be invested with all the miraculous powers which its late owner was able to exert in the plenitude of his vigour and the meridian of his career."

How would that sound? And yet its last proposition is, it must be remembered, a less paradoxical one than Lord Randolph Churchill's, in this—that Elijah's mantle was at least a visible, tangible, wearable, article of attire; whereas what we call Lord Beaconsfield's—to wit, the policy, the method, the secret, of the deceased leader—is only another name for something which may not have any independent existence at all. This policy, this method, this secret, may have died with its discoverer; the prophet may have taken his mantle away with him. Did he do so? What evidence is there that he has left it? or that it would work wonders if he has? To neither of these queries do Lord Randolph Churchill's letters and article supply any very definite and satisfactory answer; while the whole tenor of his latest criticism appears to suggest that the latter query, at any rate, must receive a negative reply.

Is there any mantle? Was there ever any Elijah? These, as I have said, are the two questions which ought to be determined antecedently to any examination of the complaints of malcontent Conservatives. But let us, for the sake of the argument, agree to waive them. Let us admit the prophet, and the prophecy, and the heritable quality of the prophetic gift. Let us acknowledge Elijah, and believe in the mantle as a sort of spiritualistic unattached garment, floating about in mid-air like one of the late Mr. Home's accordions, until the moment when it is to descend upon the shoulders of the predestined Elisha.

And now, where and who is the predestined Elisha? Lord Randolph Churchill has been roundly accused of designating himself as the prophet's successor—roundly, but not, I think, quite fairly. His position, as I understand it, is rather that of one of those "sons of the prophets" who went out to meet Elisha on the bank of the Jordan, and were convinced, by his miracle of dividing its waters, that

the spirit of Elijah rested on him. Now Sir Stafford Northcote, and the "Junta" in general, have, in Lord Randolph Churchill's opinion, divided nothing but the Conservative party, and he declines to recognize that feat as sufficient proof of their mission. He does not believe that any one of them is the genuine Elisha, and he is quite within his right in saying so; nor is any one justified in arguing from this fact alone, that he believes himself to be the man. Whether he secretly cherishes any such belief or not I do not know; but if so, he has kept the secret. I must particularly invite attention to the fact that in the closing sentence of his article in last month's *Fortnightly* he speaks of the man, "whoever he may be," upon whom "the mantle of Elijah has descended;" and I unhesitatingly reject the suggestion made in one of the daily newspapers, that the last word of the sentence was intended to have been separated from the signature of the article by a comma only, and not by a full stop. Lord Randolph Churchill has said and written nothing to indicate that he regards himself as the proper leader of the Conservative party; if, indeed, he has not, by declaring his general preference for seeking a Conservative leader in the House of Lords, expressly subordinated his own claims to those of Lord Salisbury. Anyhow, I propose to treat the question of the leadership as I think he himself intended to treat it—namely, as an open one; open, that is to say, to the extent of permitting any member of the Conservative party (with the exception of Sir Stafford Northcote, and possibly one or two others of the more distrusted constituents of the "Junta") to demonstrate if he can do so, his title to the post.

As regards the nominal leader, however, Lord Randolph Churchill's mind is made up as firmly and finally as was Jeffrey's upon Wordsworth's poetry. Sir Stafford Northcote "will never do." He has none of the qualities required for the leadership of the party at the present crisis in its fortunes; and it is a mere irrelevance that he happens to be endowed with an excess of the qualities which might in calmer times have sufficed. In his speech at the unveiling of Lord Beaconsfield's statue, he praised the departed statesman for "force of character, genius, and undaunted courage," and his "greatest friends declare" that force of character, genius, and undaunted courage are "conspicuous by their absence in the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons." The other three qualities insisted on by the orator of the occasion—"unvarying patience, perfect temper, and great magnanimity"—he "possesses with perhaps superfluous abundance;" but these, in the special exigencies of his situation, are comparatively useless, if not indeed embarrassing to him. Nor is it only Sir Stafford Northcote's character that is against him; his "record," as the Americans call it, is an unfavourable one. He was once Mr. Gladstone's private

secretary, and he never recovered from the evil effects of that early training. During a certain period he "found his chief delight in opposing, depreciating, or faintly supporting, the financial policy of his leader; and in exalting, admiring, and feebly imitating, the financial policy of the Manchester school." He accepted from Mr. Gladstone, without any previous consultation with Lord Beaconsfield, a seat on the Washington Commission, "thereby hampering the Conservative party in their action against the surrender to the American Alabama claims." He permitted a resolution to be carried in the House of Commons censuring Lord Beaconsfield in the matter of Mr. Pigott's appointment to the Stationery Office. By his "pertinacious opposition, based on little grounds of financial parsimony," he "tarnished the lustre, mutilated the form, and prevented the realization of that great Eastern development of the empire which had been the dream of Lord Beaconsfield's life." Worse than all, he would, but for the intervention of his leader, have allowed Mr. Bradlaugh to take his seat in the House of Commons. It suits him at present to pose before the country as a Defender of the Faith; but the unsuspecting country little thinks that the faith would never have been defended against the junior member for Northampton—and what is more, that the Government would not have been subjected to a succession of Parliamentary defeats—if the counsels of the present leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons had been followed. He would, if he could, have deprived the Conservatives of the one great success which they have scored in the present Parliament.

So much for Sir Stafford Northcote. Let the headless corpse be removed, and the next candidate admitted. Lord Salisbury's chance would now seem to be very sensibly improved, and so no doubt it is. But even by him, it appears, the character of Lord Beaconsfield may possibly have been imperfectly appreciated. For what did Lord Salisbury say at the ceremony of the 19th of April? He condemned in forcible language the temptation to seek party victories by bringing men of divergent principles into the same lobby, and he actually described victories so obtained as "unwholesome." Now this, Lord Randolph Churchill regards as a most mistaken way of looking at the matter. The attempt to discriminate between wholesome and unwholesome victories he declares to be "idle and unpractical." He evidently regards it in fact as a survival from the *à priori* age of political dietetics. The true way of ascertaining whether a food is wholesome is to take it, and see whether it agrees with you; and the same rule applies to political victories. Win them, and "know how to follow them up, and leave their wholesomeness or unwholesomeness to critics." This was Lord Beaconsfield's own maxim, which Lord Salisbury has unconsciously and by impli-

cation condemned. Lord Beaconsfield put his party, whenever he got the chance, upon a diet of the most heterogeneously-composed successes, and the party thrived upon it. By his policy in 1852, in 1857, in 1858, in 1866, and in 1873, he showed his willingness to unite with any party and to try a mixture of any political ingredients. The Conservative-Whig, the Conservative-Radical, and the Conservative-Radical-Irish salad were, each in its turn, compounded by his cunning hand, and he enjoyed and digested them all. Nay, the most unwholesome and "scrofulous" of all these victories—the Conservative-Whig victory of 1866—enabled the Conservative party, by allying themselves with the Radicals, to hold office for two years, and during that period "to pass a Reform Bill which laid the foundation of the modern Tory party." Lord Salisbury, however, is, after all, allowed, it seems, by his critic to have the root of the matter in him. He is credited with "probably appreciating," though he may think it inexpedient to proclaim, the real moral of Mr. Disraeli's long series of Parliamentary tactics, which is as follows:—"Take office only when it suits you, but put the Government in a minority whenever you decently can." On the whole, perhaps, we may infer that Lord Randolph Churchill would be content to give Lord Salisbury at any rate a trial. Abolish the cumbrous and embarrassing machinery of the Dual Control, and hand over the undivided leadership of the Conservative party to the present leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, and the member for Woodstock would not, I apprehend, refuse his allegiance.

Here, then, is an Elisha—a provisional Elisha at all events. And the prophetic mantle, the tradition of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, and the inspiration of his example—that too has been indicated. Lord Salisbury, if at present in no more definite form than that of "a probable appreciation" of it, has been sufficiently marked out as the depository of the one and the recipient of the others. The policy has a tactical and it has a strategical side. What the tactical side is we have already seen. It is to "put the Government in a minority whenever you decently can." To settle its strategical programme has evidently been Lord Randolph Churchill's difficulty, and to extract anything definite from his counsels will be the still greater difficulty of his readers. As matters stand, he thinks, the Conservatives would at the next general election gain considerable ground in the English counties and boroughs; but on the other hand, they have to reckon with the apparently irreconcilable hostility of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Only a miracle could give the Conservatives such an accession of strength as would counterbalance the almost unanimous enmity of these three countries. There is little hope for Toryism in Nonconformist Wales and Scotland; and though something might be done in Ireland in the way of a policy designed "to

captivate the Celtic race," this subject is "so dangerous" that Lord Randolph Churchill "passes from it with haste." Passing from it with haste, he is carried by the impetus of his flight to a somewhat abrupt conclusion of his remarks; and he takes his leave of his readers with a mysterious hint that "*Sanitas sanitatum omnia sanitas*" may be the key-note of the Conservatism of the future, that "Tory Democracy" may yet exist, and that the labour of collecting the materials for its composition "may some day possibly be effected by the man, whoever he may be, upon whom the mantle of Elijah has descended."

That is what it all comes to; and perhaps it may be permitted to a critic who approaches the subject from the point of view of complete political detachment, to inquire whether it comes to anything practical at all. What, in other words, and as the matter looks to an outsider—what do the Conservative party as at present constituted appear to have lost by pursuing the policy which they have in fact pursued for the last three years? and what would they be likely to gain by adopting, so far as it differs from the former, the policy which Lord Randolph Churchill recommends? I can neither see that they have been losers by the one course, nor believe that they would have been or would be gainers by the other. It may no doubt be a good working rule to "put the Government in a minority whenever you can," but it will certainly surprise most of us to hear it asserted that this rule has not been acted upon even under the *fainéant* leadership of Sir Stafford Northcote. The Conservatives found several chances of defeating the Government on the Bradlaugh question, and they used these chances with the utmost readiness whenever they presented themselves. Lord Randolph Churchill roundly asserts that "during the present Parliament, if Lord Beaconsfield's political wisdom had imbued his lieutenants, Mr. Gladstone's Government might have been placed in a minority more than once, with great consequent loss of virtue and honour to themselves." By "more than once" he means, I suppose, "more than once oftener than they actually were placed in a minority;" and by his reference to Lord Beaconsfield's political wisdom not imbuing his lieutenants, he must mean that these lost opportunities occurred since April 19, 1881. It is to be wished that he had specified them. They certainly escaped the notice of every other member of the Conservative party at the time—at least if we may judge from the unbroken silence in which the whole Conservative press permitted the oversight to pass by.

But even if this mistake has been actually made, and was left unnoticed at its making, how much can the Conservative party be supposed to have lost by it? It is, no doubt, worth the while of Opposition to beat a Government, even when they are not ready

to take their places, if by so doing they can force on a fresh general election from which they may fairly hope to return with a majority. But Lord Randolph Churchill cannot mean seriously to contend that any such opportunity as that has been offered to the leader of the Opposition within the last two years, and has been by him neglected. Gross as he considers the delusions which misled the country in 1880, he can hardly suppose them to have been so short-lived. He cannot mean that Sir Stafford Northcote has missed chances of procuring a reversal of the verdict of 1880; he can only mean that his leader has "more than once" missed chances of weakening and discrediting the Government by inflicting upon them a minor defeat. And that such defeats do more or less weaken, in the sense of demoralizing, a Ministry; that they tend to relax the bonds of discipline within the Ministerial party, and so to make the Government easier to beat on some later and greater occasion, is generally true; but that in these days they materially weaken Governments out of doors—that defeats of this secondary character tend seriously to shake the hold of Governments upon the constituencies, seems to me to be a proposition of a much more doubtful character. It has all the appearance of a survival from an older order of ideas; it sounds like one of the fallacies peculiar to that party who, while they never weary of extolling their late leader for having opened a new era of Parliamentary Government in 1869, are yet for ever talking the language and thinking the thoughts of the bygone time. They praise Lord Beaconsfield in phrases which he himself made meaningless, and they discuss his policy in terms of the very conceptions which he has transformed. The modern Conservative is continually discussing Parliamentary questions from the point of view of the old electorate, which, by comparison with the present one, was a body of experts; and you may hear him every other day assume the existence of the keenest interest in the Parliamentary conduct of Governments, the most critical supervision of their tactics, the strongest disgust at their failures, among a vast mass of voters of whom the overwhelming majority never trouble themselves to read the debates in Parliament at all. The great body of the present electorate are, in all probability, wholly indifferent to most of what goes on in the House of Commons. They will know in a general way when any important legislation is under discussion; they will know, perhaps, when any "set debate" upon a question of policy is taking place; and they will probably come at some rough notion as to the results in either case. That in a certain unknown, but probably infinitesimally small number of instances, they will feel satisfaction or dissatisfaction at these results, is to be assumed; but that they will allow the slightest outward sign of these feelings to escape them, is by no means necessarily to be expected; and

no political expert, from Elijah himself downwards, has succeeded in proving his capacity for guessing what these feelings on any given subject are. All we know is, that two successive guesses were made within little more than six years of each other, by the two statesmen of the highest reputation and the longest experience in England—one in 1874, and the other in 1880—and that both were deplorably, and even ludicrously, wrong. It is not for Lord Randolph Churchill to complain of this uncertainty; it is simply one among the results of that Reform Act which "laid the foundation of the modern Tory party" on a fine, smooth, commodious quicksand, of unknown depth, of incalculable instability, and undetermined area—compelling the modern Liberal party, it is true, to shift their own quarters to "this highly eligible piece of building-land" at the same time. It is not, I repeat, for Lord Randolph Churchill to complain of this, he must simply accept the fact and duly ponder it; and the application to it of so shrewd a mind must, I should think, convince him that if it is difficult to say when you should beat a Ministry and send it to the country, it is easy to see that it is no good troubling yourself to beat Ministries in the mere hope of discrediting them in advance with an electorate to whom Parliamentary tactics, conflicts, defeats, and victories are all matters of supreme indifference.

As to Lord Randolph Churchill's other schemes for turning the Conservative minority into a majority, the most effective is the least admissible. It is the one which he rightly describes as a "dangerous subject," and "passes from with haste:" the scheme of "an Irish policy which would captivate the Celtic race." This is an idea indeed—a notion with a vengeance. If the Conservatives are prepared to go any length in the "captivating" line—if, in plain terms, they are ready to grant Home Rule, it is no doubt quite on the cards that they might be able to put the Liberals into a minority at the next election—unless, indeed, the Liberals went in for Home Rule too, as in that case they probably would. But if Lord Randolph Churchill only means a renewal of the time-honoured attempts of both English parties to buy over Ireland with something which they hope will cost England nothing, he has forgotten one important fact, which is, that "the Celtic race" is no longer represented in politics by a Celt, but by an Anglo-American, without a drop of Celtic blood in his veins, a touch of Celtic plasticity in his nature, or an ounce of Celtic improvidence in his dealings—by a man who is as little likely as a Yankee pedlar to be "captivated" by anything short of "money down;" and who, in all his past transactions with English Governments, has certainly not had the worst of the bargain.

As to Tory Democracy, that, no doubt, might be made captivating enough to the mass of the electorate; but how is it to be made specially

useful to the Conservative party? Democracy I understand; but how is the "Toryness" to be got into it? What, I mean, is to prevent the Liberals from trumping the Conservative trick upon every one of the list of social reforms which Lord Randolph Churchill enumerates? Why should they not outdo the Conservatives, in ameliorating the dwellings of the poor with Lord Salisbury, and in encouraging national thrift with Lord Carnarvon? Why should they not be equally beforehand with their rivals in the other matter of temperance, recreation, and cleanliness—sobering their countrymen with Sir Wilfrid Lawson; reclaiming commons and open spaces, and constructing people's parks, to an extent beyond the dreams of Mr. Bryce; and washing the great body of the people even to the heart's content of Mr. Jesse Collings? It may be true that the adoption of this policy as a policy was first suggested by Lord Beaconsfield; but if there was anything specially Conservative and Conservatizing about it, why did he not realize it when he had the chance? If it really is the Tory trump-card, why didn't he play it when it was his turn to play? Lord Randolph Churchill says that he only had time to "dream of it, to hint at it, and to sketch it." But three years of power, and of leisure for domestic legislation, is a long time to spend over dreams, hints, and sketches; and this is the time which was spent, in fact. The "*Sanitas sanitatum*" speech was made in 1871; Mr. Disraeli came into office in the early spring of 1874; and those who complain that foreign troubles diverted his attention from domestic matters, appear to forget that the Eastern Question did not begin to become acute till the autumn of 1876. The Conservative Premier had three sessions in which to attempt the realization of his social reform policy, and unless the abortive Artisans' Dwellings Act can be so described, he did not even make a beginning. Why did he not? I plead guilty to the heresy of believing that the reason why he did not seize this opportunity of initiating the Tory Democratic policy was because no such policy had ever taken definite shape in his mind—because its outlines still wavered as vaguely before the eyes of the Prime Minister as they did before the author of "*Sybil*." As a dream it had arisen, and a dream it remained; nor had he so much as ascertained whether the vision had come to him through the gate of ivory or through the gate of horn. So far as I can see, he had never had any inducement to make the inquiry. I am aware, of course, that according to the latter-day Conservative legend, he had the strongest motive for so doing. He was bound, according to this legend, to think out his policy of Tory Democracy because he felt that he had struck new veins of popular Conservatism in democratizing the franchise. But where is the evidence that he felt anything of the kind? Where is the evidence that the Reform

Act of 1867 was anything more to Mr. Disraeli than it avowedly was to the late Lord Derby—to wit, a divinely inspired contrivance for “dishing the Whigs?” Few men, either Liberals or Conservatives, regarded it as anything else, at the time, or for several years afterwards. The mass of Mr. Disraeli’s own party were as impressed by the calamity which overtook him in 1868 as were the simple islanders of Melita at the supposed judgment executed by the viper upon St. Paul. It was not till the Conservative leader seemed to have shaken off “the venomous beast” Revolution, in 1874, and “to feel no harm,” that they “changed their minds and said that he was a god.”

But to do him justice, he never countenanced the apotheosis. He did not actually disclaim the character of a successful prophet, but he laid little stress upon his success. Nor did he proceed to use it as a successful prophet would. He said little about policy, and much about “no-policy.” He professed little knowledge of what the people desired in the way of legislation: he was clear only upon one point—that they wanted repose. They were wearied, he declared, of Mr. Gladstone’s intolerable restlessness, and had overthrown him and restored his rival because they wished, for the time at any rate, to be let alone. That was Mr. Disraeli’s explanation of the event of 1874; and I think it quite possible that it was the true one. At any rate, I hope it was; for the hypothesis is at all events preferable to what appears to me its sole alternative—namely, that the constituencies swayed over in a mass from the Liberals to the Conservatives for no better reason than mere caprice and love of change. But if the former explanation is the true one, its moral for Lord Randolph Churchill and other impatient spirits is obvious. If the country only displaced the Liberals and recalled the Conservatives in 1874 because it wanted repose, there is nothing for the Conservatives but to wait till it wants repose again. For aught I know, that time is now; but if not, it is impossible to hasten it by any ingenuities of Parliamentary tactics. Moreover, the party which offers rest to the harassed British elector, should seek to emphasize the restlessness of their adversaries by their personal composure, and not to weaken the force of the contrast by factious fidgettings of their own.

H. D. TRAILL.

TWO ASPECTS OF SHAKSPEARE'S ART.

THAT which Coleridge termed the æsthetic criticism of Shakspeare was so sorely done to death in his own day—not certainly by himself, or by Lamb, but by critics, who, while they abused them, wrote in roundabout imitation of them—that there eventually occurred a natural and complete critical reaction. The Shakspeare scholarship which succeeded the transcendentalism of the first thirty years of the century took form about 1840 in the unquestionably concrete investigations of the first Shakspeare Society. About thirty years were thenceforth devoted to sundry matter-of-fact inquiries, which have since proved valuable, not only in themselves, but in the elucidation of certain higher problems which centuries of speculation might not have solved. Later still, a younger generation of Shakspeareans have devoted themselves with an assiduity deserving of more than the somewhat meagre results that have accrued to the study of the text of the poet, partly with a view to cleansing it of the corruptions that still cling to it, but mainly in the hope of arriving at certain metrical tests which, being mathematically demonstrable, are expected to afford us that knowledge of Shakspearean chronology which neither history nor tradition can give. And among these three schools of criticism the study of the national dramatist has throughout the years of the present century been systematically divided, not only in England, but also in Germany and America. After so much subdivision of critical labour, it is humiliating to reflect how little has been achieved. At the inauguration of the Shakspeare Society much was said, with the emphasis of confident expectation, of the superiority of actual research over speculative inquiry; but what in the end has proved to be the outcome of these forty years' laborious traversing of record offices and corporate archives? Some substantial and

unlooked-for gains have indubitably resulted, but by much the more considerable portions of the investigations of students, like Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, have merely gone to the verification of the salient features of the hitherto unauthenticated story of Shakspeare's life and work which tradition hands down. Mr. Phillipps gives us now the net results of his life's labour in an interesting volume of some 700 pages,* but the reader, who has been decoyed by the fascination of the subject and the lucidity of the treatment into a careful perusal of the bulky work in question, will probably lay it aside with the reflection that the facts of the poet's life that have there been substantiated are only just too numerous to be inscribed upon his tomb. It has been pertinently, if not generously, remarked, that from fear of the reproach of belonging to the serviceable army of the dry-as-dusts of 1840, the younger Shakspeareans of 1870 established an ornamental corps of dryer-than-dusts; and certainly the metrical computations to which they have devoted themselves have been attended by results which are, it is to be feared, at once more laboriously unedifying (at least to the average reader of Shakspeare) and more conjectural. Indeed, while making frank recognition of the obligations under which we rest to Mr. Farnivall and his followers for the helps afforded towards a systematic study of the poet's works in something like the order in which he wrote them, one cannot but think that these accomplished students, in their mysterious pursuit of time and metrical analyses, are often sadly amenable to Dr. Johnson's well-known strictures on the prosy stolidness of the elder Sheridan, which implied that it must have taken the rival lexicographer a great deal of learned trouble to become so dull. And now it seems within the limits of probability that, in view of the unsatisfying outcome first of the rational criticism of 1840, and next of the scientific criticism of 1870, the Shakspeare criticism of the remaining years of the century may be, in general character, a revival of the æsthetic criticism which Coleridge began in England. In that case we may reasonably look for flights of speculative thought, before which the recent amazing discovery, that the sonnets of Shakspeare were after all addressed to the poet's own son, must fail of interest and amusement. The prospect is at least an exhilarating one, after nearly fifty years of the too patient and secure groping in the ground of short-breathed philosophers who have been unable to trust their wings, and have honestly if humbly contented themselves with solemn discussion of the burning questions of whether Shakspeare stole deer on the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy, and died of a fever contracted by hard drinking in the company of Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton, and whether he wrote more lines with double-endings at fifty than at forty, and more lines with female-endings at forty than at twenty-

* "Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare." (Longmans.)

five. Certain it is that if the next few years should see the advent of such a sub-Victorian school of critics, led by Mr. Swinburne, or any other, the opportunities for raillery and revenge afforded in the sequel to the unrequited and abandoned Shakspeareans will be numerous enough and sufficiently appetizing.

Perhaps after this preamble it may seem to require courage to enter upon an abstract and twofold inquiry touching Shakspeare's artistic methods, but my bulwark of defence in the present case shall be, that I have not trusted to æsthetic or philosophical postulations of my own, but have in the first of the two sections of my paper traversed a theory expounded by Coleridge, and in the other section advanced an hypothesis formulated out of curious strictures by Goldsmith. In the fragment of Coleridge's lectures preserved to us by the industry of Mr. Collier,* there is an argument, which, though hastily dealt with, is intended to show that Shakspeare's method of projecting character was to pass every conception through the medium of his meditative intelligence, and by so doing render it typical. With a sense of surprise that in the perpetual resuscitation of worn-out theories this vast point has been much overlooked, I have endeavoured to fill in the outlines of Coleridge's idea with more completeness of illustration than he stays to afford. Such is the first of the two aspects of Shakspeare's art to which I desire to ask attention; and the second is the less familiar, but not less important, aspect, in which Goldsmith sees the poet in the novel character of a melodramatist.

I.

There can be little doubt that Shakspeare found the nucleus of fact on which he based his characters in real intercourse with men. But he did more than transfer the figures he saw in life to the canvas of his invention. If he had merely set down, however faithfully, the men and women he actually beheld in the flesh he must soon have been forgotten. Some of his contemporaries did that, and with what results we know. He doubtless saw many a Sir John Falstaff strutting bodily before him at the Mermaid Tavern, but he did not depict under that name any individual charlatan he chanced to meet there. If he had done so, we who live in days when soldiers do not think it necessary for the better support of their valour to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack, would probably care very little for the character, notwith-

* I cannot here engage in the discussion (so fully sustained by the late Mr. A. E. Brae) on the genuineness of Mr. Collier's reports, farther than to say that from a life-long familiarity with Coleridge's authenticated writings I feel satisfied that whether the lectures, as given by Mr. Collier, be "apocryphal," as Herbert Coleridge thought, or "deliberate concoctions from Coleridge's published works," as the author of "Literary Cookery" maintained, the theory which I have attributed to Coleridge is essentially Coleridgean, and could have come (in one form or another) from Coleridge only.

standing the attractions pertaining to it of that Rabelaisian humour which never disturbs us with any question as to the side of our face on which the laugh should be. But the whole family of swaggering toppers from Sir John's day down to our own have had certain features of family resemblance, and these features Shakspeare waited for and portrayed. So Sir John Falstaff becomes a type, and hence is applicable to every age, because representative of his phase of humanity in every age. The same truth that explains to us the basis of the immortality of Falstaff applies to every noticeable character Shakspeare depicts. The poet never goes to work (as, according to an acute critic, the young pre-Raphaelites did in 1850) as a photographic camera, but always as a creative intelligence, and this is what Coleridge means in the argument just referred to, in which he shows that Shakspeare passed every conception through the medium of his meditative genius. Nor is this true merely of Shakspeare's method of projecting character in the realm of what the actors call eccentric comedy, for in dealing with heroic character his art is the same. Glance at Romeo. It is hardly to be supposed that an individual answering to the young Montague engaged in that shadowy historical occurrence which is referred to the first years of the fourteenth century; but none the less on that account is he typical of certain romantic young lovers in all ages. He begins by sighing over some fugitive passion for a mythical Rosaline, and presently forgets the paragon in his new-found passion for the more responsive Juliet. There may not exist either historical or traditional ground for believing that the original of the Romeo of Luigi da Porto and Bandello had in fact any such preliminary passion; but Shakspeare knew from observation, and perhaps from personal experience, that a vague, indeterminate condition of mind and heart usually precedes the ordeal known as falling in love, and therefore (following Arthur Brooke in part) he gave Romeo an unrequited attachment, or shadow of attachment, in which he is much more in love with his own thoughts than with anything more substantial. So Romeo, without ceasing to be a son of the house of Montague, becomes a type of all the sons of the house of Love. It was the typical feature of Romeo's character that Mr. Irving brought most into prominence in his recent impersonation of the part, and in giving relief to so salient a characteristic Mr. Irving did well; but perhaps the chief imperfection of his performance was a too prolonged dwelling upon this subjective side of Romeo's passion, apparently to the total disregard of the clear fact that Shakspeare meant no more by it than to generalize on the beginnings of all human passion, and then pass on to the story of an individual and very concrete affection.

Look now at Hamlet. When Shakspeare took up that character; was a bald traditional conception, simply, of a commonplace young prince, having coarse appetites and gross passions, who had been

supplanted in the royal succession by an uncle who had murdered his father and married his mother; but Shakspeare shed a flood of light upon the character, and the traditional prince became the representative man. When Shakspeare took in hand the character of Macbeth, it was (in the *Holinshed Chronicle*) a tradition of individual ambition and cruelty; but from him it was to get a world of purpose that should make it typical of a vast section of humanity. In order to realize how exactly Hamlet and Macbeth are of opposite types, let us glance at one scene from each of the plays in question. Immediately after the play in "Hamlet," the guilty king, whose conscience has been caught by the trap laid for it, retires to a chamber to pray. Hamlet is now convinced of his uncle's guilt; he will take the word of the ghost for a thousand pounds; in the heat of his resolve he believes he could drink hot blood; his purpose is so firm that he prays that the soul of Nero may not enter into his bosom, and that to his mother, at least, he may speak daggers but use none. In this crowning witness of the justice of the act he contemplates, he shrieks frantic and bitter doggerel. He is summoned to his mother's chamber, and on the way thither he passes through the room where the stubborn knees of the king are bent in the prayer that is meant to purge the black bosom of its rank offence. Now might Hamlet do the deed his soul is bent on; but no, the king prays, and Hamlet dares not to raise the sword against him. Would not the murderer go to heaven if taken in this purging of his soul? Here creeps in Hamlet's apology to himself for doing nothing, and he goes out again, his purpose shaken and undone. Contrast this conduct of Hamlet's with that of Macbeth at a juncture no less terrible. After he has murdered Duncan, and possessed himself of the sovereignty, he is more than ever tossed about with fears. He cannot sleep; he has murdered the innocent asleep; he thinks it were better to be with the dead, whom he has sent to rest, than to lie upon the rack of a tortured mind. Duncan is in his grave. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well. Banquo is dead, but Fleance has escaped, and Macbeth's fears stick deep in Banquo's issue. He will seek afresh the weird sisters, and so goes to the pit of Acheron. Small comfort he gets there; the secret, black, and midnight hags show him apparitions that foretell his speedy overthrow; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight kings pass before his eyes, and the last bears a glass in hand that shows him many more. He curses the witches; infected be the air whereon they ride, and damned all those that trust them. But what is the result? Does Macbeth arrest himself in his deeds of blood? A hundredth part of such an evidence against him would have seemed to Hamlet excuse enough for ignoring the "canon 'gainst self-slaughter." Macbeth is of another mettle; he is so far steeped in blood that to go backward

were as hard as to go on. This is what he says as he comes out of the cave:—

“Time, thou anticipat’st my dread exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o’ertook
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o’ the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting, like a fool;
This deed I’ll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!”

“But no more sights!” This man can do any deed of horrible cruelty, but he cannot now, he will not, think; he will not count the cost. By thinking too precisely on the event Hamlet’s purposes lost the name of action. Hamlet’s flighty purpose never was overtaken (it may be said to have overtaken him) because the deed never did go with it. Hamlet could look on thoughts, but not on blood; Macbeth could look on blood, but not on thoughts. Macduff’s wife and little ones Macbeth could cruelly butcher in “one fell swoop,” but he could not, would not, look on the future. “This deed I’ll do,” he says, “but no more sights!” Here, then, we have two types of character: the man that can think and will not act, and the man that can act and will not think; and these together represent, perhaps, a full half of the entire human family. In the one we have the love of action which never fails to present itself in the meditative genius; in the other we have the impatience of brooding reflection which as constantly exhibits itself in the active intelligence. Hamlet envies Laertes, fresh from France, the good opinion he has won for skill with rapier and dagger; but despises Rosencrantz, who, straight, probably, from Wittenberg, talks metaphysics to him; he is never so satisfied with himself as when he recalls his speedy despatch of his base companions to sudden and unshriven death in England, and never so strong in his own strength of arm as when he reflects that the news must shortly reach the king of the issue of the business in his tributary State. “It will be short: the interim is mine.” Macbeth reserves no pity in his heart for the partner of his great crime, when tortured by the memory of it she dies of remorse, and it adds one more anticipatory pang to the humiliation of possible overthrow, that he may have to kiss the dust before the feet of young Malcolm (who has never given proof of active power), while before the resolute Macduff the relentless monarch quails.

Let us look at Othello. The Moor of Venice was a figure in Cinthio’s “Hecatombi” before Shakspeare began to deal with him; but he was, as the facetious Rymer so playfully puts it, a mere jealous blackamoor. The black generals having beautiful wives liable to be courted by their husbands’ officers are necessarily few. One in

a century would be a liberal estimate, probably, and perhaps one in a cycle would be enough. Therefore the interest attaching to such unions must be slight. A passion must touch a large part of humanity before it can be universally appreciated. Now see what marvellous re-creation the story undergoes in Shakspeare, and what a magnificent type the poet makes of Othello. Lifting him entirely out of the originally vulgar character of the black man with a fair wife, he makes him a perfect gentleman. It has been well said that Othello is, perhaps, the most faultless gentleman in Shakspeare, for not Hamlet himself is so peerless a gentleman. What is Shakspeare's aim in this? He is going to do far greater business than to show us the power of jealousy. Cinthio's original blackamoor would have done for that. He intends to show us what it is to have our ideals shattered, our gods overthrown, our hopes withered, our aims blasted. Othello shall have no touch of jealousy; he shall have a greatness of soul with which jealousy cannot live. Othello at first adores his wife, worships her beyond all limit or control of reason. Then comes up the spirit of envy. Iago whispers that his fair idol is not so flawless as he thinks. He laughs at the imputation. Presently, that old relentless enemy, Circumstance (the *vis matrix* of Shakspearean tragedy, as a critic most aptly terms her) steps in and mars everything, as she so often does. When Circumstance frowns on Desdemona, Othello is trapped. Can it be that she whom he thought so pure is yet so guilty? "But yet the pity of 't! O, Iago, the pity of 't." Of what now is Othello thinking? Of killing his supposed rival? Never at all; that way jealousy lies. He thinks of killing her slanderer. Holding Iago by the throat, he tells him to prove what he has said, or he had better have been born a dog than answer his awakened wrath. But fate is against Othello, and the proof seems to be forthcoming. Then, indeed, the joys of life are gone; his advancements had been the sweeter, because she had shared them; his hairbreadth 'scapes had been no longer terrible memories, because she had pitied them. Desdemona must die, and he, too, with her; for surely we must believe that Othello projected his own death at the moment that he conceived the idea of compassing his wife's. Here, then, is another magnificent type, representative of an enormous section of the human family. Othello has all the weaknesses of the man who builds his ideals too high: distrustful of himself and of the passion he generates; too quick to suspect treachery for one who has none of the little vices that verify it; as apt to clutch at straws as he is swift to raise an idol out of slender virtues. If Othello had been a jealous man he would not have killed his wife; for he would never have contented himself with the evidence of a lost handkerchief. But he was at once superior to the mean, prying suspiciousness of Leontes, in the "Winter's Tale," and rendered, by his frantic idolatry, so

destitute of a rational idea of female frailty as to accept the most innocent intercourse as conclusive evidence of guilt.

The character of Iago is of a type the exact contrary of this. Iago represents the men who take a low view of humanity, believing there is no friendship but self-interest, no affection but self-love, no honesty but personal gain. He begins with the meanest estimate of woman, from whom he expects neither chastity nor constancy, and whose love, in his eyes, is lust. There is not to be seen so bitter an enemy of woman in any other character in Shakspeare, where the hardest things ever, perhaps, said against the sex are to be found. Iago has a stubborn pride of intellectuality, too, that makes him believe he can use all men as his tools. His envy is not limited to Michael Cassio, who stands between him and a lieutenantcy, but is even more active in the sight of Othello's domestic happiness than in view of his own military retrogression. With the consciousness of villainy in every scheme he concocts, he is constantly hugging to his bosom the idea that what he does is less than the just revenge of his honour, which he reminds himself has been outraged. In no man whatever, and of course in no woman, can he perceive positive virtues; in Othello alone he recognizes a certain absence of vice. Such a man must needs have injured his associates by suspicion, calumny, or some of the other and secret machinations of envy; and if Shakspeare meant anything (beyond furnishing a dramatic contrast to Othello) by the realization of the type which Iago represents, it was surely to point to the inevitable pitfalls that lie in the path of the born sceptic.

Lear, again, is of a great and familiar type; he furnishes an admirable generalization on the impotence of those who, in their anxiety to govern others, have neglected to master themselves. It is significant that, both in Holinshed and in "The True Chronicle History of King Leir," the army of Lear is victorious, and the king is reinstated in his kingdom. After Lear's death, too, Cordelia succeeds to his sovereignty, and dies by her own hand during a war waged against her by her sisters' sons. Now, the mere necessities of tragic drama made demand of radical change in certain of these particulars; but the most material deviation from the story, as Shakspeare found it, was entailed upon the dramatist by the necessity under which he lay to purge the old king of his pride and wilfulness, by leading him forward to some great catastrophe of suffering and death. Gloucester and his sons are foreign to the chronicle on which this play is founded, and come, no doubt, from Sidney's "Arcadia," probably being introduced for precisely similar purposes of typical portraiture. Indeed, it may, I think, safely be said that wherever Shakspeare departs from tradition in his plots does so to perfect his types.

Glance further at the boy-women characters in Shakspeare: I mean, of course, the women who assume the disguise of pages. This is a class of character of which the Elizabethans were especially fond. Nearly every popular dramatist of Shakspeare's age introduces us to one or more of these charming creations. Perhaps it may be objected that the class, if it ever existed, is extinct. And this being so, it may be said that Shakspeare here reversed his usual methods of portraiture and presented us in his Rosalinds and Violas, not with a type of female character but merely with a picture of a class that was, at the most, peculiar to his own and earlier times. Not so, however. Shakspeare created in his girl-page characters a type of womanhood which for purity and strength, for modesty and self-sacrifice, must always stand highest in fiction and can never, one may trust, be extinct in life. Herein he introduces into literature the type of girl who unites the tenderness of a woman to the strength of a man; and this is, perhaps, the most fascinating type of female character ever conceived. Yet Shakspeare never unsexes his boy-women. Viola is not a whit less womanly because she dons the doublet and hose, and plays page to the Duke. Nay, for her very disguise she seems almost the more womanly, because the more under restraint in the expression of those emotions which belong to woman only.

It is necessary to leave such readers as feel an interest in this theory of Shakspeare's method as a dramatist to work it out in fuller detail. It would be interesting to pursue investigations further, and see how Shakspeare came by such characters as Polonius, Benedick, Beatrice, Mercutio, Dogberry, Verges, Justice Shallow, Prospero, Leonatus, and among historical personages, Henry V., Richards II. and III. What has here been said has been intended to show, with somewhat more fulness of illustration than Coleridge employs, that Shakspeare's method of projecting character was to generalize on character: not to reproduce individuals, but to create types. That the poet never paints a character direct from some single example in life can hardly be maintained. It has been said that Pistol is a portrait, and perhaps the same may be affirmed, with reason, of Justice Shallow and Dogberry. The opposite was, however, his natural method, and the exceptions to his adoption of it are rare. It would be interesting to tabulate his types in groups, and so note their similitudes and differences. Lear, Timon, and Coriolanus might be taken together in a first group; Hamlet, Richard II., and Prospero in a second; Richard III. and Macbeth in a third; and perhaps Leontes and Leonatus would have to go with Iago rather than with Othello. To study Shakspeare in such groups of types might perhaps be more profitable, because more systematical and philosophical, than to study him merely chronologically. At least it

would afford an agreeable and valuable change. It can hardly be possible to overstate the importance of the poet's love of the type in all human portraiture. To gratify it he sacrificed legend and history, and sometimes probability also. It is quite the highest factor in his art, for it has given permanence to what must have been as ephemeral as the forgotten chronicles without it.

II.

I could wish now to formulate what is probably a fresh theory of Shakspeare's methods as a dramatic mechanist, to show in a new way what his arts were as a constructor of stage plays. The theory in question may be simply stated, namely, that Shakspeare is not properly described as a tragedian, or comedian, or writer of farce, or writer of historical play, or as all of these, but as what we now call a melodramatist—as almost the first, and quite the greatest, of English melodramatists. And though this may be new as a theory, the feeling upon which it rests has long found expression in criticism. There is a curious and amusing dialogue illustrative of the point in the "Vicar of Wakefield." While Dr. Primrose is travelling in search of Olivia, he encounters one of a company of strolling players, and remembering that good company on the road is the shortest cut, and thinking he possesses some knowledge of theatrical matters himself, he engages in conversation with the player, and asks who are the writers in vogue—who the Drydens and Otways of the day? He is told that few modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured by being compared to the writers mentioned. "Dryden and Rowe's manner, sir," says the player, "are quite out of fashion; our taste has gone back a whole century; Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakspeare are the only things that go down." The Vicar expresses astonishment that the age can be pleased with the antiquated dialect, the obsolete humour, and the overcharged characters that abound in these authors; and his companion protests that the public care nothing about dialect, or humour, or character, for that is none of their business; they only go to the theatre to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime under the sanction of Jonson's or Shakspeare's name. Sufficiently aghast at such disclosures, the good doctor infers that "our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakspeare than Nature," but the player doubts if they imitate anything at all. "Nor, indeed," he adds, "does the public require it of them; it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced into it, that elicits applause. . . . No, sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste." One may reasonably doubt if there exists anything more amazing and audacious than this in the whole range of English dramatic criticism.

Nor is there the faintest internal evidence going to show that these opinions, in common with the others put into the mouth of the Vicar, were not those of the author himself. But it does not so much concern us that Goldsmith could favourably contrast a charlatan like Farquhar with Shakspeare, as that he realized the public appetite in his own time for the "starts and attitudes" supposed to be copied from the Elizabethan dramatists, as above the poetic prosings or subtle indecencies of the dramatists of the reign of Queen Anne. What is indisputable in the dialogue summarized is the implication that Shakspeare, and the more successful of his contemporary dramatists—Marlowe, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger—were essentially melodramatic. And this opens the question (not to my knowledge previously discussed), What is melodrama? Adequately to solve such a problem, it would, perhaps, be necessary to traverse the history of histrionics; but the utmost we can attempt is to define the order of dramatic composition in question by comparing its functions with those of other species of play. Coleridge's definition of farce was this:—"An improbability, or even impossibility, granted in the outset, see what odd and laughable events will fairly follow from it."* Thus in that most perfect farce, "The Comedy of Errors," the improbability granted in the outset is that twin brothers extremely alike in person should have as servants other twin brothers equally alike in person. This improbability (amounting, perhaps, to impossibility) being granted, see what laughable incidents ensue. Coleridge gives us in this single instance a perfect piece of critical analysis, and by the hint it affords we should not find it difficult to define comedy and tragedy. Our definition of comedy, then, might be: A natural misadventure or misunderstanding granted on the outset, see what an infinitude of amusing and even alarming blunders it will inevitably lead to.

The natural misadventure in Goldsmith's well-known comedy lies in young Marlow mistaking the house of the father of his intended bride for a wayside inn, and, granted that accident, see what amusing blunders ensue. Now this definition of comedy excludes some of the so-called comedies of Aristophanes (which were first of all satirical in *motif*). It also excludes nearly every comedy, so called, of Shakspeare's, and in that fact lies the pith of the argument to follow. It excludes, for example, "Much Ado About Nothing." Let us explain this point. On the accident of Claudio's mistaking Margaret for Hero at the chamber window at night, talking in terms of love to a man in the garden, hinges the entire tragic business of the renouncement in the church, and the mockery of Claudio's subsequent repentance and visitation to the supposed tomb of his lady. Now, it asks courage to hint that in any momentous episode Shakspeare sins against the laws, not so much of dramatic probability

* "Table Talk," Routledge, p. 193.

as of dramatic design. We have grown reconciled to the doubts that are cast upon his naturalness, and we do not greatly murmur at the diatribes occasionally called forth by his thralldom to mere verbal quibble; but that he fails anywhere in sheer art as master of the powers of arresting and compelling interest, we do not usually believe. Nevertheless, few of the many who witness the church scenes in "Much Ado," where they are now produced in London with even more literalness of detail than may be thought necessary or quite seemly, can well resist an uncertain consciousness of the whole artifice being transparently unreal, and therefore to some extent wearisome. In this particular Shakspeare is assuredly an indifferent comedian—if he is to be judged as a comedian at all. In pure comedy there could be no such paltering as this with serious emotions. The incidents turn on an error (though indirectly affected by fraud), as the spectators know from the first, and hence the spirit of comedy resents the serious element. Very different is the artistic basis of the best comedies of a writer otherwise so much less perfect as Sheridan. "The School for Scandal" has imperfections of a similar kind, and hence it was properly described by Lamb as artificial comedy. But in "The Rivals" the errors introduced are employed solely to develop the farcical side of the work—not its quasi-tragic side, as in "Much Ado"—and so it must always be in pure comedy.

Of tragedy the definition might be: Generated in the outset some crime in its inception, see with what remorseless persistence the spirit of evil pursues the wrong-doer until it involves the innocent and guilty alike in disaster. Here we see that the principle of comedy is the exact opposite of that of tragedy. The one begins with accident, the other with crime; from the incidents of the former there can at any moment be found a channel for escape; from the events of the latter there can be no possibility of return; the emotions excited by the one are never so deep but that they can at any moment be laid aside; there can be no paltering with the passions of the other; in comedy, accident accumulates on the head of accident until the climax is brought about by the improbability, impossibility, and triflousness of events (obvious throughout to the audience) becoming transparent to all the dramatic personages; in tragedy, crime succeeds crime, disaster succeeds disaster, until the catastrophe is reached by the inevitable spirit of justice circumventing the last and worst machinations of the villain.

If this reasoning be tenable, do we not see that Shakspeare never wrote a pure comedy, and (unless it be "Julius Cæsar") never a single pure tragedy? In tragedy there should be no accident, yet accident brings about every serious incident in "Hamlet," and even two of the incidents in "Othello," "King Lear," and "Macbeth." But for an

accident Mercutio would not have been killed, and Romeo banished ; but for an accident Romeo would have received the Friar's letters, and reached the tomb of Juliet just as his lady was awaking from her sleep ; but for an accident Hamlet would not have killed Polonius, or ever have returned from his sea voyage ; but for an accident Iago would not have got possession of the handkerchief on which the tragic business in Othello hangs.

What we have to realize is that such principles as I have traversed were essential to comedy and tragedy as the bases of works of art, in order that they might be distinct and self-consistent, in order that the one might afford amusement without the alloy of pain, and the other purification without the disturbing elements of misadventure or error. But art, whose first duty it is to hold the mirror up to Nature, is not life, because, as Goethe said, it is first of all art, and then the reflex of Nature. With every tragedy in actual life are intermixed many events brought about by accident, and with every comedy many serious passions introduced by design, and leaving traces that are ineradicable. In short, in real life we never have, and never have had, pure farce like "The Comedy of Errors," pure comedy like "She Stoops to Conquer" (though it is true that a leading incident was borrowed from the author's experience), or pure tragedy like the "Agamemnon." Of this great fact no real notice was taken by dramatists earlier than Marlowe ; the Greeks were unmindful of it, because it was of more consequence to Æschylus on the one hand, and Aristophanes on the other, to compass a perfectly consistent and harmonious work of art than to imitate Nature. Indeed, as Aristotle shows in his "Poetics," the aim in all classic art was to exhibit Nature not as it was, but as it should have been. The Elizabethan dramatists took another view, and this was mainly because life in their age was more than art, because it was becoming more and more complex, and was demanding more complex expression. Hence there came over dramatic art in England, in the sixteenth century, exactly that sort of change which came over pictorial art at the same period in Italy, where the abstractedness and austere consistency of sculpture of the age of, say Giotto, were being laid aside for the complexity of the art of the Venetian painters. What was done by Marlowe, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson (in certain works), Beaumont and Fletcher, and afterwards Massinger, was *to unite the principles of comedy and tragedy in a single work* ; make the spectators laugh and cry in alternate scenes ; produce the transient misfortunes of the virtuous by accident, and bring about the downfall of the vicious by crime. And it was found possible to amalgamate these two schemes of dramatic composition, the result being an order of play which was neither comedy nor tragedy, nor yet farce, but partook of the nature of each, and

came in the end to be called melodrama—a word that denoted literally a kind of performance in which song was introduced, but has of late acquired an enlarged significance.

Further, we have to realize what those who witnessed the recent performances of Greek plays will readily apprehend—namely, that in all his violation of the laws of the classical drama Shakspeare was establishing the superiority of quite another order of intellect—that which we now call the romantic mind. But besides the governing principles I have described, the Greek dramatists had that code of minor regulations known as the dramatic unities. Unity of Time was expected to impart an appearance of probability to the dramatic action, for it was held to be monstrous to expect people to believe in the illusion that made the events of perhaps four years to pass before their eyes in four hours. Unity of Place implied that it was absurd to ask spectators to suppose themselves transferred in a moment from, say, Athens to Rome, and again, in a moment, back again to Athens. Unity of Action meant that the business of a play should grow up gradually from its inception to a climax, and then sink back again to repose; for it was held to be imperfect art to startle with violent and unexpected events, or leave the emotions at utmost tension at the end of a play. All this was, of course, the legitimate outcome of the Greek mind. It has the austerity of Greek architecture and of the statuary of Phidias; but it is opposed to every impulse of the romantic mind. We now adopt a different attitude towards theatrical representation. When we go to the theatre we expect illusion, and, though we wish the stage to hold the mirror up to Nature, we find it as easy to imagine that twenty-four years elapse in the action of a play as that twenty-four hours only have passed; that we have been carried away in spirit from England to Italy, as from one part of our own city to another part; and as for startling incidents, the more we get of them the better we are pleased; and so far are we from requiring that we should not be dismissed in violent agitation, we do not object if the curtain falls (as in “*Much Ado*”) on a dance, or (as in “*Hamlet*”) on a stage strewn with dead bodies. Such are the radical differences between the ancient and modern minds. Shakspeare ignores Unity of Time, for does he not make Hamlet take a sea voyage in the time occupied by a portion of the fourth act? He ignores Unity of Place, for does he not make the scene in “*Othello*” change in a twinkling from the streets of Venice to the Island of Cyprus. He ignores Unity of Action, for in “*Hamlet*,” “*Macbeth*,” “*Othello*,” “*Lear*,” and “*Romeo and Juliet*,” he begins the play with a sort of catastrophe, and works up to a second climax, upon which the last curtain falls.

With all this disregard of the laws of the ancients (nay, no doubt

by virtue of it), what an unmatched master of stage management Shakspeare was. Witness, in this regard, the play of "Macbeth"—in some respects the greatest creation of the romantic mind. How the eye is held, the ear arrested, the heart enthralled. The scene opens with thunder, lightning, and the prophetic chorus of three witches. These vanish, and then, amid the throng and noise of a camp, with king and officers, comes a bleeding soldier, who tells, in passionate language, of the valour in a recent battle of two of the king's captains. In a moment more we are on the heath again, amid thunder, and with the witches; and to these enter the captains whose valour has been noised abroad. Presently we are in the King's palace, and when the court disappears, we are without the castle of Macbeth at Inverness. The crime on which the play hinges is here determined upon, and then the first curtain falls.

The second curtain rises on a court of the castle at night. The King is asleep; the soldiers have drunk themselves sodden; and the castle itself is quiet; only the night is now unruly; the wind blows hard, and lamentations seem to be heard in the air; chimneys are blown down; the owl clamours at intervals; it is a terrible night. And now Macbeth is abroad on his guilty errand. We hear the bell tinkle that is the signal for the crime. There is a long hush, and then Lady Macbeth steals in. That which has made others drunk has made her bold; yet she starts at a sound. Macbeth is about it, and she trembles with fear lest the grooms have awaked; but no, it is done, and her husband enters with bloodstained hands—hands that all great Neptune's ocean will not cleanse, hands that would the multitudinous seas incarnadine. He has killed the King in his sleep, and for ever after sleep itself is killed for him. He is a shattered man; he rocks and reels with fears. When Lady Macbeth goes out, we hear in the silence following the knocking at the gate within. Then the lady returns; she has gilded the faces of the grooms with the blood; the knocking continues, and, with stiff red hands that dare not touch, they hurry away. "Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, would thou could'st." Now comes the Porter's lascivious gossip, mocking the solemnity of the terrible hour. Macduff goes into the King's chamber, and quickly with frenzied eyes returns. The crime is discovered. In an instant the alarm-bell is rung; there is a cry of villany, murder, treason; in a moment more the stage is thronged with the soldiery, and so the second curtain falls on the first great climax.*

* There is the short subsequent scene, "Without the Castle," but it has rarely been found possible to put it upon the stage. Nevertheless, it serves its purpose in the dramatic art of the author—namely, that of generating a fresh interest before the forthcoming great pause in the dramatic action. Shakspeare rarely drops his curtain when the action is at its highest; he waits until the story has reached a point at which repose can co-exist with expectation: instance the scene in the pit of Acheron, the play scene in "Hamlet," the church scene in "Much Ado," &c.

With such splendour of effect the entire play develops; the banquet scene; the pit of Acheron; the castle near Dunsinane, with the cry of the women within as the Queen dies; until we reach that last scene of all on the plain where Macbeth himself is doomed to die. This is perhaps the grandest, certainly the most moving scene of the play. Macbeth is weary of the sun; his way of life is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf; he is fast growing old, but that which should accompany age—as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends—he may not look to have; his Queen is dead; a wood *has* come to Dunsinane; the weird sisters have paltered with him in a double sense; infected be the air whereon they ride; nevertheless, he will die with harness on his back. Why should he play the Roman fool, and fall on his own sword? Macbeth is bruited in the thickest of the fray. The mind he sways by, and the heart he bears, shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear. But he meets his last enemy at length, and then his last charm forsakes him. Yet will he *try the last*.

And this surge and swell of incident leads to an apposite, but matter-of-fact reflection—namely, that those of us who decry startling stage effects as necessarily bad art because melodramatic, must take cognizance of the fact that “Macbeth” contains, probably, a larger body of such effects than any other play extant. It is only by observing the more mechanical side of Shakspeare’s art as a stage manager that we realize what he did for our national drama as apart from what he did for our national poetry. The advance he made upon the English drama as he found it is doubtless greater beyond comparison than the advance Æschylus made upon the primitive Athenian drama in forming the dialogue of the Greek stage by the addition of a second actor to the recitative and chorus, which made the sum of the dramatic business that preceded him. The importance of the work Marlowe did for the English stage it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to overstate; but between “*Tamurlaine the Great*,” the most undramatic, or say untheatrical, of Marlowe’s works, and “*Macbeth*,” the most dramatic and mature of Shakspeare’s, the advance in sheer stage craftsmanship is probably without parallel in literature. Yet there is the astounding fact that the intervening period is merely some score years.

There is another and simpler sense in which Shakspeare as a dramatic constructor is a melodramatist. Everywhere in his works the smile competes with the tear, everywhere there is song. The abstract meditations of Hamlet are interspersed with the axiomatic platitudes of Polonius; Hamlet himself is alternately grave and playful; the solemnity of the graveyard scene, where the young and beautiful Ophelia is being laid to rest, is broken by the ribald jests of the gravediggers; Othello’s agony gives place to the drunken catches of his dissolute soldiery; Lear’s ravings against fate are

hurled out to the chorus of the fool's coarse slaps at folly. There is song in the sternest tragedy as well as in the lightest comedy. Shakspeare is always singing. He sings amid the storms of "Lear," as well as under the blue skies of the forest of Arden; amid the revels of the soldiers in "Othello," as well as in the pathetic madness of Ophelia in "Hamlet."

It would certainly appear that the public appetite for what Goldsmith called *the starts and attitudes* of dramatic invention is something characteristically English; for nothing with us seems now so popular in the shape of theatrical production as the melodrama that affords most of them. Indeed, it may be questioned if at any period English taste has pronounced emphatically in favour of any other species of play. Shakspeare is, as we have seen, himself full of the surprises and the accidents that are the salient features of melodrama—though not the basis of its essential principle—and the best-remembered among his coadjutors (being also the most favoured in their day), Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, and in certain notable performances, Ben Jonson also, are almost as melodramatic as Shakspeare is in "Hamlet." For a brief period, culminating in the reign of Queen Anne, the love of ingenious dramatic invention gave way to an admiration of the quieter and subtler effects of sheer verbal wit, which often, of course, degenerated into obscenity, and derived its appetizing qualities from gross innuendo. This was, however, by no means an indigenous dramatic growth. It came of that feeble effort on the part of the younger and lower English nobility to imitate the vices of a certain fringe of French and Italian society, which Shakspeare did not come too early to perceive, and which he ridiculed repeatedly in the persons of the "water flies," spacious in the possession of dirt, who travelled to the disparagement of their native country, and "swum in gondolas" to the detriment of their home-bred manners and morals. But, following Congreve, Wycherley and Farquhar, came the two purest writers of English comedy, Goldsmith and Sheridan, and in them there found expression the spirit of fine gentlemanship which took hold of a section of English society in the interval between the decadence of the Bohemianism of the period of Elizabeth and James, and the advent of the very different Bohemianism of the period of the last of the Georges. It was inevitable that a species of play designed to reflect such a social condition should depend for its effects much less upon ingenuity of construction than contrast of character, and yet (as I have said) the "starts and attitudes" of Shakspearean melodrama are not entirely absent even from "The School for Scandal," where the dropping of a screen serves the purpose which a modern dramatist would probably seek to attain by the firing of a city. Shakspeare was necessarily not too much in the sun when "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals"

were in the ascendant, for the author of the one comedy could seriously and disparagingly leash his name with that of one of the least of his successors, and the author of the other (being then manager of the National theatre) could produce as his work the impudent and ludicrous forgery of a boy of seventeen years. But the restoration of Shakspeare was soon afterwards forthcoming, and thereupon ensued that revival of Romanticism which began, perhaps, with "*Bertram*" and "*Remorse*," and of which we have not yet seen the last. The first influence to be sensibly felt among dramatists was the broad influence of melodramatic design, which Goldsmith limited to "starts and attitudes," but which, as we see, meant more than tableau and climax. And this, which was the first influence of the Shakspearean drama on dramatic creators, is likely also to be the last, or, at least, the most permanent. It gives Mr. Charles Reade and his many followers a singular ascendancy over Mr. Browning and Mr. Tennyson. On its lowest ground, the Shakspearean influence covers the art of stage management, and perhaps the secret of all the best success in that direction is dramatic Surprise. Now Surprise may, like Accident, be a lower agent in art; Expectation may be the higher agent, just as (to recall a memorable simile) the surprise with which we start at seeing a star shoot is lower than the expectation with which we await the rising of the sun at a preconceived moment. But Surprise and Expectation may work together in a play, and the foreshadowing of the inevitable catastrophe need not exclude the employment of subsidiary incidents that startle and arrest. Nay, to return to the simile of that author from whom I have drawn so much, we may stand upon the hill-top and await the rising of the sun, and thereby experience the exaltation of feeling which is properly called Expectation; but if to the splendour of the sunrise which we looked for there is given us the glory of the northern aurora, we enjoy the added emotion of Surprise. So in Shakspeare is surprise linked to expectation, and the higher art that forewarns is united to the lower but no less alluring art that startles.

T. HALL CAINE.

INSANITY, SUICIDE, AND CIVILIZATION.

"Insanity attains its maximum development among civilized nations."—*Bucknill*.
"Civilization renders men more liable to mental disease."—*Tuke*.
"Education and suicide are increasing all over Europe."—*Crichton Browne*.

I.—THE INCREASE OF INSANITY.

THE increase of insanity, so long doubted by the Lunacy Commissioners, is now, as Dr. Tuke observes, too patent to admit of question, and, as it is accompanied both here and on the Continent by an increase of suicide, it is beginning to attract the notice of Europe. That there is a close relationship between insanity and civilization, appears from the fact that where schools and newspapers are few the number of insane is small, the ratio rising in the various countries so regularly that we might almost say the circulation of daily papers determines the proportion of lunatics. The countless blessings of civilization are, however, no more responsible for insanity and suicide than commerce and free trade are for cases of bankruptcy. But if such evils are, in a measure, inseparable from civilization, it is as palpably within our power to reduce and minimize their ravages as it was for Dr. Farr to diminish by one-half the death-rate of our soldiers in Indian barracks. It is not new lunacy laws that are wanted, so much as a general understanding of the duties that those who think owe to those who work, for elevating the tone and strengthening the fibre of the working-classes, among whom insanity is making the greatest havoc.

In the United Kingdom the number of insane has almost doubled in twenty years, increasing three times faster than population, viz. :—

1860	65,130	=	2,326	per million inhabitants.
1880	112,590	=	3,217	" "

The number registered is only 93,385, who are under the care of the Lunacy Commissioners, the unregistered amounting to 19,205, who reside with their friends. Those maintained by the public cause an annual expenditure of £23 per head in Ireland, £24 in Scotland,

and £25 in England, making up a total of two millions sterling, to which if we add the cost of those maintained by their friends, we arrive at a grand total of three millions per annum, with the inevitable prospect that it will reach six millions by the close of the nineteenth century, unless we adopt the precautions within our power. We are the more interested in the matter, as the United Kingdom has a higher rate of insanity than other countries, the latest returns showing as follows:—

	No. of Insane.	Per Million Inhabitants.	Ratio of Recoveries.	Annual Death-rate.
England	81,570	3,190	39 p. cent.	10 p. cent.
Scotland	11,575	3,215	42 "	8 "
Ireland	19,445	3,676	48 "	7½ "
France	82,873	2,203	33 "	15 "
Germany	85,140	2,302	31 "	8 "
Italy	44,102	1,629	— "	— "
Spain	10,200	603	— "	— "
Belgium & Holland	10,376	1,364	32 "	14 "
Scandinavia . . .	18,100	2,920	— "	— "
United States (1871)	61,181	1,590	47 "	9½ "
Canada	7,300	1,840	— "	— "
Australia	4,900	1,830	45 "	7 "

As a rule, the New World and the British Colonies are less afflicted than Europe, this being no less true in the proportions of deaf, dumb, blind, &c. The only item in the above table which is not reliable, is that of Spain, where the real number is probably double.

The Commissioners of Lunacy have invented numerous theories to account for the rapid rise of pauper lunatics in Great Britain, but, after all due allowance for the reasons alleged, it is painfully manifest that this disease is increasing among the working-classes, the ratio of pauper lunatics per million inhabitants, showing as follows:—

	England.	Scotland.
1861-65	2,080	2,050
1871-75	2,581	2,290
1880	2,792	2,580

If we compare the number of pauper and private insane with their respective *strata** in society, we shall find how much greater is the proportion among the lower than the middle or upper orders, just as the death rate of St. Giles's exceeds that of Belgravia:—

	No. of Insane.	Population.	Ratio per Million.
Working-class . .	83,757	24,150,000	3,490
Middle and Upper .	28,833	10,790,000	2,670
United Kingdom	112,590	34,940,000	3,217

The excessive ratio among the working-class shows that we do

* Working-class 69 per cent., middle and upper 31 per cent., as shown by Probate returns in CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for February, 1882, p. 326.

not take sufficient measures to promote their health, and that Nemesis of insanity scourges us for our short-comings. Our neglect in this particular is also productive of moral deterioration, for Dr. Guy finds that the majority of criminals have a very low range of intellect, and that 12 per cent. of the prison population of Scotland are only a few degrees above idiocy, and about 4 per cent. in England.

It is commonly supposed that women are more liable to insanity than men, simply because there are 15 per cent. more female than male lunatics, but this arises from two causes; 1st, That in most countries the number of persons over twenty years of age shows an excess of at least 10 per cent. for females: 2ndly, That insane women live much longer than men of the same class. If we compare the numbers *admitted* of each sex, we shall find that in Great Britain the males are 14 per cent. more; and the preponderance in other countries varies from 12 to 28 per cent. for males, although the number of female inmates be greater.

The average of ten years' statistics for England reveals the interesting fact that not only are women less prone to insanity than men, but the disease assumes with them a less malignant form, viz—

	Male.	Female.	Gen. Average.
Ratio of Recoveries . .	35 p. cent.	43 p. cent.	39
Annual Death-rate . .	12½ „	9 „	10¾

It is difficult to imagine why some parts of England or Scotland should have three times as much insanity as others, but such is proved by the following ratios per million inhabitants:—

England.	Scotland.
Durham . . . 1,290	Shetland . . . 960
Cornwall . . . 1,580	Orkney . . . 1,070
Lancashire . . . 2,030	Lanark . . . 1,280
Middlesex . . . 3,040	Argyll . . . 2,590
Oxford . . . 3,120	Kinross . . . 2,990

What may be the local causes, or how far remediable, would be a subject worthy of Parliamentary inquiry, for it seems strange that Nottingham should have double as many insane as Leeds or Sheffield, and that Birmingham should be enormously in excess of Liverpool.*

II.—CAUSES AND PREVENTIVES OF INSANITY.

It was not until sanitary improvements were introduced into our cities that men became aware of the prodigious waste of human life that had gone on so long through municipal neglect. Nor will it be readily believed how large a waste of human intellect is due to the *vis inertiae* that obstructs so many valuable efforts to improve the condition of the masses.

* The ratios per 10,000 inhabitants in the principal towns are: Leeds 16, Sheffield 18, Liverpool 22, Manchester 27, Birmingham 30, Nottingham 34, London 36.

If we take the medium average of ascertained causes of insanity in England, France, and United States, we shall find as follows:—

Hereditary or congenital	24 per cent.
Habits of drunkenness	14 "
Business and anxiety	12 "
Loss of friends	11 "
Disease and want	10 "
Accidents	6 "
Various causes.	23 "

100

Hereditary insanity is by no means uniform, being 19 per cent. of all cases in England, 24 in France, 25 in Germany, 27 in United States, and 49 per cent. in Scotland. The taint occurs equally in both sexes, but is oftener transmitted from the mother. It is frequently, as among Quakers, the result of intermarriage, to which cause Dr. Mitchell ascribes 14 per cent. of the idiocy of the United Kingdom. We know that 2 per cent. of all marriages in England are between cousins, whereas in Spain and Italy, where such marriages are only permitted in extreme cases (by special leave from the Vatican), insanity is rare. Dr. Boyd mentions, among congenital causes in Scotland, a habit of Highland women doing field-labour in pregnancy, and shows that the Highland counties have 3,160 insane per million inhabitants, the Lowlands only 2,010, although the latter include the crowded cities, where drunkenness and death-rate are always very high.

With regard to drink, it was asserted by Lord Shaftesbury that 60 per cent. of the insanity of the United Kingdom arose from it, and all the advocates of temperance have ridden this horse to death. Nevertheless, good wine is at times most useful to check insanity, as when the wretched victims of Pellagra are sent to hospital, exhausted from poorness of diet. Indeed, wherever wine is cheap and abundant, we see little of lunacy or idiocy. No one ever yet went mad from wine, any more than from eating cabbage, although the ancients had that impression.* It is when nations discard the use of wine for stronger stimulants that insanity spreads devastation among the masses. Of this we have a sad proof in the case of France, where wine was the sole drink of the people for centuries without any bad results, until the introduction of absinthe in recent years, with the following lamentable consequences:—

	Gallons spirits per 100 inhab.		Insane per million.		Ratio of insane cases from drink.
1841-50	33	...	925	...	7.83
1851-60	46	...	1,950	...	9.55
1861-70	52	...	2,405	...	14.78

* Galen tells his pupils to beware of cabbage and the flesh of hares, as incentives to madness, and Cælius says: "Insania sæpe ex vinolentia."

These figures are from official sources, quoted by Dr. Lunier, who adds: "This alarming increase of insanity arises from the abuse of alcohol and from general paralysis, which I am tempted to call the disease of this century, especially in towns." He further shows that absinthe produces insanity, but that in those departments where nothing but wine is drunk, the cases are few. Parchappe confirms the above, and says, "Insanity is more prevalent in town than country, because of drink." On the whole we find the amount of madness caused by intemperate habits varies little in countries, being 10 per cent. in Denmark, 12 in the United States, 14 in Great Britain, and 15 per cent. in France, without including the idiocy arising from drunken parents. The latter has been ascertained by Dr. Howe to average in England 48 per cent. of the total number of idiots (who are at present over 49,000 in the United Kingdom). If we sum up the effects of "drink" in this country, as regards insanity, the account will stand thus:—

	Ratio from drink.	Number.	Annual cost.
Female Lunatics	7 p.c.	2,240	£56,000
Male do.	21 "	6,310	158,000
Idiots	48 "	23,800	590,000
Insane from drink		32,350	£804,000

It may therefore be said that nearly one-third of the insanity in the kingdom is the result of intemperance.

Business affairs, coupled with mental anxiety, are supposed to be an increasing source of brain disturbance; for it is said that telegrams have enormously enhanced the speed and friction of the wheel of life, although the *city* people in London appear to work by no means so hard as their countrymen in the Colonies. And if business and telegrams are so hurtful, how is it that the increase of insanity is greatest among the working-classes? how is it that Lancashire has less madness than the ratio in Ireland?

Loss of friends is twice as injurious to women as men, the ratios being respectively 10 and 4 per cent. Accidents, on the other hand, claim 8 per cent. of male and only 2 per cent. of female; but the burthen of life's ills is balanced by the number of women who lose their reason from causes connected with child-bearing.

Over-study is said by Dr. Jarvis to produce 11 per cent. of the insanity in the United States; and some of the best known "alienist" writers in England and Germany find much fault with the present system of *cramming*. In one year we have seen nine students of a university in England commit suicide; and the *Lancet* observes that 40 per cent. of medical students are "plucked" in standing for a degree. Even in ordinary boarding-schools the number of boys that now wear glasses tells of extra brain pressure, and leads us to anticipate that the next generation of Englishmen will pay the penalty of

this "forcing" system, so contrary to the old precept of *Sana mens in corpore sano*.

Municipal neglect is also very much to blame, for we know that good air and water are two of the primary requirements of life, and these are denied to large numbers of our people. Of the water supplied last year to London, it was found that 68 million gallons daily were polluted with sewage, 58 millions were sometimes pure, and only 8 millions unexceptionally pure. And yet we wonder that the working-classes will not drink more water, and less beer! Moreover, the crowded dwellings of our work-people are so squalid as to cause a craving for stimulants, which ends in madness, for, as Duncan says, "civilized poverty is the hotbed of insanity." Even the Lunacy Commissioners have discovered that "insanity often arises from a depraved bodily condition caused by insufficient food and crowded dwellings." The value of fresh air is shown by the case of a village in Switzerland, mentioned by Mr. Brudenell Carter, where the municipality removed a high wall, and the ratio of idiot births declined one-half.

The remedial or preventive measures may be summed up very briefly. 1st, To abolish the duty on coffee, which is the greatest foe to intemperance. 2nd, To open museums and galleries on Sunday afternoons. 3rd, To forbid marriages between cousins, under penalty of paying double the ordinary poor-rates. 4th, To imitate Mr. Peabody as far as possible in erecting suitable workmen's tenements. 5th, To recommend less "high-pressure" in our schools. If we do not adopt some such measures we shall have every year an increasing expenditure for lunatics, and a steady rise in the ratio of suicides to population.

III.—INCREASE OF SUICIDE.

Whether we regard suicide as a crime or a disease, the progress it has made in the last twenty-five years is sufficiently disturbing, although in a manner explained by the simultaneous rise of insanity all over Europe. Taking the seven principal countries in the aggregate we find that population has increased 19, suicide 63 per cent., the returns on the latter head being as follows:—

	Yearly Average Number.		Ratio to Million Inhab.	
	1851-60.	1871-77.	1851-60.	1871-77.
England	1,167	1,614	65	67
France	3,821	5,440	105	156
Germany	3,819	6,478	129	159
Austria	1,305	3,292	45	96
Italy	728	995	31	37
Belgium	189	388	46	71
Sweden and Norway	381	485	76	81

It is remarkable that increased military service in Germany and France has been accompanied by higher rates of suicide, which only serves still further to illustrate a theory of Professor Morselli (1879), in which it is laid down that a soldier's life is doubly exposed to self-murder. Intemperance is also a powerful cause, to which Brown attributes 12 per cent. of suicides in England, while Casper gives the ratio as high as 25 per cent. in Germany. The French classification is generally admitted to be pretty true of all countries: 34 per cent. from insanity, 15 per cent. drink, 23 per cent. grief, and 28 per cent. various causes. Among the latter, Dr. Crichton Browne counts "the loss of those religious feelings which contribute to the strength and endurance of the mind," and this also helps to explain the rise in France and Germany.

The wear-and-tear of town life has such an ill effect on the brain and nervous system that suicide is twice as common as in the country. Paris holds a terrible pre-eminence (five times the rate of London), showing how closely this spectre follows on the kibes of pleasure and extravagance. The rates in the great cities for the past ten years averaged per million inhabitants, yearly, as follows:—

Naples	34	Berlin	170	Vienna	287
Rome	74	Florence . . .	180	Copenhagen . .	302
London	87	St. Petersburg .	206	Stockholm . . .	354
Genoa	135	Dresden	240	Paris	402
New York . . .	144	Brussels	271		

It is gratifying to observe that London is almost the least given to suicide, and that the rate is now 13 per cent. less than in the ten years ending with 1860, although, as shown previously, the rate for England has risen in the interval. The same is true of Berlin with respect to Prussia. Can it be that climatic changes often turn the balance, as in the case of the seasons? Notwithstanding the greater suffering of the poor in winter, and the gloominess of that time of year, it is the season when suicide is lowest, the ratios being as follows:—

Spring	296
Summer	313
Autumn	196
Winter	195
	<hr/>
	1,000

As regards the sexes, it appears that three-fourths of the cases are males, which shows that if the female intellect be less powerful than man's, it is at the same time better balanced, or at least more capable of standing against reverses of fortune, and facing the battle of life. The ratio differs with each country as follows:—

	Male.		Female.
United States.	72	...	28
England	74	...	26
France	78	...	22
Italy	80	...	20
Germany	82	...	18

The higher percentages for women are in the two countries where they take an active part in the business of life, which is of course only a natural consequence, but it may serve as a caution to prevent them from taking part in politics, or matters best suited for men. Their influence in checking or preventing suicide is seen to happiest advantage in the fact that married people are less exposed than unmarried, since the latter constitute 56 per cent., the married only 44 per cent. of the total. Domestic ties, religious training in youth, and a sense of the duties that each of us owes to society, are the best safeguards against the growing evil. There is nothing in true philosophy or civilization contrary to those precepts of Christianity which tell us, that he who commits suicide is like a soldier who deserts his post, and that every dereliction on the part of an individual must redound to the injury of the commonwealth.

M. G. MULHALL.

THE NEW EGYPTIAN CONSTITUTION.

THERE are two tests by which a Constitution must be judged. One is, does it oppose a permanent barrier to the introduction of arbitrary and bad government? The other test is, does it develop the political independence of the people in such a way that the path is made clear for the ultimate attainment of the best possible government of which the country admits? One of these tests may be satisfied without the other, and that constitution is best, which, in the highest degree, most assuredly satisfies both.

For instance, it is the best defence of the Constitution of the United States that the broad representative basis on which it rests, and the elastic institutions it comprises, afford the highest hopes that some day the best governmental system for the country, according to its peculiar social, economical, and geographical conditions, will be worked out. But the long persistence of slavery, the notorious administrative corruption, and the abuses following at once from over-centralization and over-decentralization, are sufficient proof that the constitution has not satisfied the test of permanently resisting bad principles and practices of government.

Similarly in England, up to quite modern times, the Constitution satisfied the test of vindicating the principle of political freedom and of preparing the way for a system of government fully adequate to the requirements and aspirations of the people, but certainly did not satisfy the test of rendering arbitrary or corrupt government impossible. It was only when the recognition of Ministerial responsibility, publicity of administration, and the definition of the prerogatives of the Crown proceeded with accelerated rapidity—as they have been doing for the last half century—that unassailable barriers were, for the first time, raised against bad government.

The two tests are now in course of being satisfied at once. An effective popular check is maintained against despotism and corruption in the present, and it only needs an indefinite extension of the electoral area, and improved mechanism for ensuring adequate representation, to secure that, in the future, the government shall exactly correspond with the true national requirements.

These remarks suggest the true and only standard by which the new Egyptian Constitution should be tried. Of course, this Constitution, just because it is new and because it is Egyptian, has a variety of foes, or more or less sceptical and cynical well-wishers. It is, first of all, a "paper" constitution—a species of original sin, for which, in some people's mind, there is no atonement. Secondly, it is true that the Egyptian people are scarcely yet escaped out of practical slavery, and have little enough of the political instincts of the inhabitants of even the worst governed European country. Thirdly, the constitution is imposed from without, and not developed from within. Fourthly, the crying want of the people at the moment is rather the negative element of security against rapacity, corruption, and anarchy, than the positive element of political power.

All these deductions from the value of the new Egyptian Constitution are well worthy of consideration, and should certainly check any disposition to premature jubilation or extravagant hopes. Nevertheless, the provision of a permanent system of government for Egypt was an indispensable part of the task of resettling the country; and the only relevant question now is, to what extent does the particular system provided satisfy the two tests propounded above? Does the system, in proportion to its development, tend to render bad government impossible? Does the system tend to bring about such a correspondence between the will of the whole people and the conduct of government that at some future day, in default of external obstacles, the form and practice of government will exactly conform to the needs of the people?

It is no answer to these questions to allege that the new Assemblies now created are to have a very limited influence on legislation, and that the individual Egyptian is to have—owing to the doubly indirect system of representation adopted—only a very remote influence on the debates in those Assemblies. The issue turns on the preparation made for the future, not on the arrangements for the immediate present; on the organic structure of the whole constitutional fabric, not on the temporary restrictions and limitations. These restrictions and limitations are of political, not of constitutional, import. A few strokes of the pen can sweep them out, substituting direct for indirect elections, and imparting to the Legislative Council and the General Assembly exclusive and plenary

legislative powers. Unlike the constitutions granted to their people by the feudal monarchs of Europe, the Egyptian Constitution does not represent existing political facts and the adjustment of actual political forces. It is rather a witness for the claims of humanity which will one day be vindicated, and can only be successfully vindicated, by the training which the habitual use of these very forms will supply.

Here, too, lies one of the main difficulties of the situation, and which might seem to give a peculiar venom to the imputation of the constitution being on "paper." Everywhere in Western Europe, even in France at the time of the first Revolution, the elements of the new constitutions have been found in the reciprocal relationships in which consisted the essence of the feudal system. The people had well-ascertained claims against their chiefs, and the chiefs had well-ascertained claims against their people. The Public Assembly was a mere organ for the regulation and settlement of these opposed claims. Individuality and community of interest were reconciled from the first by more or less rough representative expedients, and the example of the Church, in its councils and its episcopal organization, was ever at hand to prefigure machinery of secular government.

But in Egypt the only materials on which to build have been the rude machinery for electing village sheiks, and the spurious and only nominally elective process for choosing members of the Chamber of Notables. These materials afforded a basis, but a wholly insufficient one, upon which to construct an easily regulated system of universal male suffrage, and a series of national and local Assemblies resting on a representative foundation.

In order to appreciate the magnitude of the edifice which has been constructed on such frail materials, it will be convenient, first, to review the different Assemblies which have been created, and then to examine the electoral system on which they repose.

There are to be three classes of Assemblies—that is, one "Legislative Council," one "General Assembly," and as many "Provincial Councils" as there are provinces in Egypt proper, that is, fourteen.

To the English mind, the centre of the system will be the Legislative Council. As the Constitution is at present settled, the only authoritative source of legislation is the Khédive with his Council of Ministers. That is, every law and decree is promulgated in the name of the Khédive, after being countersigned by the President of the Council of Ministers, and the particular Minister concerned.

Nevertheless, the Legislative Council cannot but have very considerable influence on legislation, so great influence indeed that it is hardly conceivable that a law could be persisted in, in the face of a determined remonstrance of the Legislative Council.

In fact, every effort has been made to enhance the influence of the Council in matters of legislation, short of imparting to it plenary legislative power. Thus by Article 18 of the organic law, no law or decree of a general legislative kind can be promulgated without being first presented to the Council for its opinion. If the Government does not act upon its opinion, it must signify to the Council the reasons for its decision. The Council is entitled, by Article 22, on the Budget being laid before it, to express its opinion and wishes on each particular section of it. If these opinions and wishes are not favourably considered by the Government, the reasons for dissent must be communicated to the Council. By the 25th Article, the account of expenditure for the previous year must be laid before the Council, for its "opinion and observations," at least four months before the new Budget is presented.

Great importance ought to be attached to the 19th Article, by which the Legislative Council can invite the presentation to itself by the Government of the draft measures as a basis of legislation. This power includes the constitutional right of free and spontaneous discussion of the state of the country as a whole, of all matters calling for legislative remedies, and of the possible legislative remedies applicable. It is through the practice which may be afforded in the exercise of the rights under this Article, that the Legislative Council may one day expand into as true a legislature as the House of Commons.

The Legislative Council consists of thirty members, fourteen of whom are permanent, and nominated by the Khédive; and sixteen of whom are elective. The mode of election will be best understood when the whole electoral system of the country is explained lower down. The elective members are elected for six years, and may be indefinitely re-elected. Cairo has one representative. The towns of Alexandria, Damietta, Rosetta, Suez, Port Said, Ismailia, and El-Azich join to have one representative. And there is one representative for each of the fourteen provinces. The Council must meet at least once every two months.

Side by side with the Legislative Council is constituted the "General Assembly." This body is one of great weight in the constitutional system, though its functions are rather occasional and exceptional than regular and ordinary. It comprises the Ministers of State, the whole of the Legislative Council, and forty-six elected members. These elected members have a high property qualification, and are elected for a term of six years by a more direct system of election than the members of the Legislative Council. They can be re-elected indefinitely.

No new tax can be imposed unless discussed and voted by the General Assembly (Article 34), and the same Assembly must be consulted (Article 35) on every public loan, as well as on the con-

struction of canals and railways passing through more provinces than one.

As with the Legislative Council so with the General Assembly, the invariable principle is applied that where the Government does not adopt the views and recommendations of the Assembly, it must distinctly formulate and communicate to the Assembly its reasons for the course taken.

The General Assembly must be summoned at least once in every two years.

The Provincial Councils—of which there are fourteen—form, in fact, a popular extension and distribution of the old powers residing in the Mudir or chief Administrator of a province, who still presides in them. Their legislative powers, for purposes of local government, are very considerable. They can vote "extraordinary taxes" for local improvements, which only require the sanction of the Government to become law. They must be consulted by the Government upon all questions connected with the establishment or change of means of communication by land, and by water, and of fairs and markets, and on all matters connected with the territorial circumscription of a province or its villages.

In order to explain the composition of these Councils, it will be convenient to pass at once to a general description of the electoral system of the country under the new Constitution.

The pivots of this electoral system are the "electors-delegate" of the several villages, the successors of the lately elected sheiks, and the depositaries of the village vote. Every Egyptian man over the age of twenty has a vote, and votes for an elector-delegate of the village in the neighbourhood of which is his usual place of residence. The voting is by ballot; except in the case of an elector who cannot read and write, in which case his vote is recorded privately by two members of a commission of five electors, chosen by the electors present to conduct the election.

There are some 6,000 villages in Egypt, and therefore this constituency of freely and formally chosen electors-delegate is by no means a contemptible one from any point of view. In the first place, the electors-delegate from all the villages in a province form the constituency which elects the Provincial Councils. For this purpose the electors meet, on a given date, at the chief town of the province, and, by a system of ballot, plurality of votes, and cumulative voting, elect the four, five, six, seven or eight members, as the case maybe, of the Provincial Council. Elections are everywhere, and for all purposes, conducted on the same principle, and by a similar method of superintendence, by a commission of electors chosen by themselves, provision being made for a delegate of the Minister of the Interior, or a Judge of First Instance, or both, being added to the Commission.

The first members of the Provincial Councils so chosen are elected for six years, but after three years, one-half are renewed by lot. They are re-eligible indefinitely. They have a property qualification, and must be able to read and write.

The other function of the electors-delegate is to elect directly the forty-six elective members of the General Assembly, of which there are two or three members for each province, four for Cairo, three for Alexandria, and one each for some of the larger towns. Here, again, the system of election will reproduce that for the English school-boards.

The third and last, but by no means the least, important system of elections, is that for the election of members of the Legislative Council by the Provincial Councils. These members have to be elected, each by one Provincial Council out of its own body. In this way the village voter is represented in the Legislative Council by a member who is the product of three elections: first that which results in the elector-delegate, then that which results in the Provincial Council, then that which results in the delegated members of the Legislative Council.

The village voter is represented in the General Assembly by a member who is the product of only two elections, the first resulting in the elector-delegate, and the second in the elective member of the Assembly.

The functions and composition of the several Assemblies have now been briefly described, and the electoral system has been explained. In the case of Egypt, however, certainly not less than in more advanced countries, precautions have had to be taken to secure purity and honesty in conducting the elections. Something, it will have been seen, has been done in this way by introducing universally vote by ballot, and by protecting the rights of organized minorities, such, for instance, as the native Christians, by providing for the representation of minorities. The commissions for the superintendence of the elections have also been strengthened by a Governmental or judicial element.

But the provision of the utmost importance in this way is the constant reference to courts of justice for all cases in dispute. There are three points in which a judicial element is interposed for the protection of the Constitution. For the interpretation of the Constitutional Law, a special court is constructed, consisting of three judges of the Court of Appeal at Cairo, two ministers, one of whom is the Minister of Justice, and two members of the Legislative Council.

For the decision of points arising out of disputed registrations and disputed elections, reference is made, in the last resort, to the ordinary courts of justice, whether of first instance or of appeal. In fact, the latest securities for impartiality and prompt judgment which

have been devised in England through the medium of election judges, recorders, and revising barristers, and in the United States through the medium of the Supreme Court, will be enjoyed in Egypt to the full. It need not be said that in these remarks the integrity of the courts themselves seems to be postulated, as some would say, more than gratuitously. But in the course of constructing an elaborate and complicated edifice, such as that of new Egypt, each chamber must be made independently strong, and must not be badly built from the first, in the expectation that the surrounding chambers will be badly built also.

A question which naturally suggests itself, especially to an Englishman, is that which relates to the prerogative of the Khédive and the constitutional position of his Ministers. In an article which appeared in this REVIEW in the month of April, 1882, on "Egypt and Constitutional Rule," it was pointed out by a careful review of the history of Ismail's reign, that the first step had been taken in the direction of true constitutional government by cutting down the irresponsible power of the ruler, and by subjecting the Government to a stringent system of supervision and account. It was prophesied in that article, that the other side of constitutional government, the development of popular influence, would be the natural complement of the work when done. It may then be asked whether the new constitutional engine now called into being does or does not consist with the impotence of the ruler, brought about by the European intervention represented by England and France. The question is a delicate and difficult one; but it has been solved in a way which, while vindicating the dignity and influence of the present Khédive, and providing for the claims of unity and stability in the administration in the present emergency, in no way compromises the constitutional future of the country, whatever may be the circumstances of Tewfik's successor. The Khédive is left absolutely and irresponsibly free to choose his own eight Ministers. And, while supported by them, he can theoretically—that is, in the face of comment, criticism, dissent, and petition, on the part of legally constituted bodies—impose any laws he likes on the country, and in fact subvert the Constitution itself. But it is well known that in constitutional matters a mere enumeration of legal powers is a very faint index to political facts. An account of what the Queen can do, or cannot do, as gathered from a text-book of law, would give a foreigner a ludicrously false picture of the practical limits of her prerogative.

The Khédive, indeed, by decree signed by Ministers, can dissolve the Assemblies when he pleases; but the Legislative Council must be summoned on the first day of every other month, and the General Assembly once in every two years. To picture the case of the

Khédive and his Ministers, on one side, and the majority of the Legislative Council reappearing every two months persistently, on the other side, with the probability of the General Assembly, when it comes together, being also opposed to the Khédive, is to imagine a state of things in which either the Khédive will betake himself to the obvious constitutional refuge of selecting new Ministers in harmony with the Assemblies, or will voluntarily expose himself to the risk of justifiable revolution.

But a still further question remains as to what has been known during late controversies in England, as the "personal power" of the Khédive independently of his Ministers. It is this which was taken away from Ismail, and it has not been restored to his son. There is one passage in the Constitution of considerable significance, which relates to petitions addressed to the Khédive. From the treatment of them it will be seen how strictly constitutional and impersonal is the course mapped out. It is said (in Article 20) in broad terms, "every Egyptian may address to Us a petition." But the Article goes on to say that these petitions have first to be forwarded to the President of the Legislative Council, where, after examination, they have either to be rejected or forwarded to the Minister concerned with their subject. The Minister is bound to inform the Legislative Council of the action which has been taken in reference to them. The next Article (Article 21) lays it down that every petition concerned with personal rights or interests will be rejected if the tribunals are competent to consider it, or if it has not been previously addressed to the competent administrative authority.

The President of the Legislative Council is said to be directly nominated by the Khédive ("by Us"); but this and all similar expressions have their sting drawn from them by the 51st Article, already alluded to, which obliges every decree to be countersigned by Ministers. The only latent personal prerogative is that in respect of which the most constitution-ridden monarch on earth must stand alone if he is to continue to stand at all—that of dismissing one body of Ministers and putting another in its place.

The formal mechanism of the Constitution having been described, the next question that presents itself relates to the forces which are required to make it work. While there are some persons who will complain that the new Constitutional Assemblies are too weak and the modes of election are too indirect; there are more persons, especially in Egypt, who say that what with habits of indolence, political servility, and inexpressible ignorance on the part of the poorer electors, and habits of intimidation and sinuous trafficking in politics on the part of the richer class, all constitutional training is, and must be, for an indefinite time to come, an impossibility in Egypt.

To these objectors it may be answered, that both the agricultural habits and the religious education of the Egyptian people have imparted to them at once strong social instincts and a keen apprehension of the moral difference between one man and another. The agricultural habits imply the practice of division of labour and commercial tendencies. This practice and these tendencies, coupled with their incessant social intercourse and endless talk, render personal character a matter of the keenest interest and concern. No doubt the standard is often enough low and perverted, and the estimate of it distorted by all sorts of crooked considerations. But from the days of Mohammed and the first Caliphs till now, the notion of some men deserving to be leaders, and of the rest esteeming it a privilege to follow them and to trust them, has never died out.

Now the new Constitution rests more upon this capacity of choosing men in whom their neighbours have a general confidence than upon anything else. It is quite true that the villagers can, for some time to come, know little enough about the general needs of the country, and the ways and means to provide for them. They would probably be as little able to legislate, or to suggest legislation, even for their own village, as an English agricultural labourer for his parish, and would be almost as subservient as that labourer to the influence of his rich employer and neighbour. But the public opinion formulated in an Egyptian village, founded as it is on large opportunities of observation and concentrated by endless gossip and incessant meetings in places of public resort, is, on the whole, likely to be a fair index to real character, and also to be very decisively expressed. It is an important point that Egyptian Arabs are evermore talking, discussing, arguing, and exchanging views. The only checks to the expression of impartial judgment are, first, fear of the strong or rich, and secondly, hope of bribes from the corrupter. Of course, it cannot be hoped that the constitutional devices outlined above will succeed in at once undoing centuries of intimidation, and deeply-engrained habits of corruption, and dependence upon corruption. But it is not fair to state the difficulties of the constitutional problem as if they were due mainly to the apathy and eternal incapacity of the elector. The embarrassment comes from definite causes, which, like corruption in England, can be definitely grappled with. If the Egyptian Central Government is encouraged and fortified in protecting the poor elector, the machinery is provided for the purpose. There is not the slightest doubt that a people so keen-sighted as to their interests, so appreciative of the value of character, so habitually disposed to corporate and social action, will soon do their utmost to return a worthy village representative. When this step is secured, the fortunes of the Constitution are out of the hands of the most ignorant and dependent class of the community.

If it be admitted that the electors-delegate will be actually elected, and that, on the whole—that is, throughout the 6,000 villages of Egypt—they will be average representatives of the villages who choose them, then those who allege that the constitutional machinery is doomed to failure, must shift their ground and assert either that the electors-delegate will not do their work, or not do it properly, or that the Provincial Councils will fail in their appointed task of electing members of the Legislative Council. But any such gloomy anticipations are perfectly gratuitous. The law itself secures that the electors-delegate of a province shall be brought together on particular days under the same roof, and be compelled to go through the process of voting for members of the Provincial Council. They are protected by the ballot, supervised by a commission of electors, and an element supplied by the Central Government, and they have the most complete freedom of accumulating or distributing their votes. No doubt, the Mudir, for the control of whom the Councils are established, has every inducement to fill the Councils with his own creatures, and he may be expected to exert his personal influence to the full. But it is the main object of constitutional forms and mechanisms to counteract personal intervention of this sort, and it is no use to decry a national remedy by dwelling on the extent and depth of the evil to be remedied. If the Mudir was corrupt and despotic without a Council, it is, at least, likely he will be less free to act corruptly and despotically with one. Unless he perpetually succeeds in forcing all the elections in his own favour, at the worst, he will have, from time to time, witnesses against himself always at hand, and whom he cannot shake off. Thus, on the most unfavourable hypothesis, the new constitution will place fresh impediments in the course of bad local government, and, as a favourable hypothesis, it will multiply the resources for good local government.

Again, with respect to the election of a member of the Legislative Council by the Provincial Council, what was said above as to the capacity and disposition of ordinary Egyptian villages to elect a competent representative, is likely to be far more generally true of the selected and organized Provincial Councils. A small body of six or eight persons in constant intercourse with one another, and habitually acting together on matters of local importance, are neither likely to be ignorant of the character of that one of their number whom they depute to represent them in the political Assembly of the capital, nor to agree on electing the most incompetent and discredited of their members, nor to be so indifferent and supine as to let the election be decided wholly by haphazard. Of course, here again, in a certain proportion of elections the influence of the Mudir, their president, may have an undue share of weight. The ballot may prove an insufficient protection, and the Mudir and his habitual

supporters, if not his nominees, may carry the election. But the electoral forms provide something more than a loophole for escape. They are in themselves a constant moral lesson that the State calls on the electors to decide for themselves, with due regard to their own personal responsibility to their constituents outside. The members of the Council may not generally attend to this protest. Local pressure and considerations may be too urgent and binding. But the protest and reminder are still there in the constitutional forms, and it needs but some stirring political call appealing to a deeper sentiment and a standard of duty loftier than ordinary, to summon to the side of the true public interest all those capable of appreciating the situation. In such an hour, the force of local and of sinister influences will be weakened. The electors will become conscious of their inherent strength and independence, and this consciousness, once stirred, will never be lulled to rest again.

Of course there are those who would deny to Egyptians and to Orientals generally any of these political susceptibilities, on the strength of which, in the long run, true national life and habitual resistance to degrading personal interests depend. With such persons it is difficult to argue, because the terms *man*, *human nature*, *citizen*, and *State* are not used in a sense common to one side and the other. To those who believe that national responsibility and political capacity are (as Aristotle held them to be) of the essential nature of man, and that it is the moral duty of every man to draw out and develop this true nature in his fellows, it is only a question of time and circumstance whether, at any given epoch, the Egyptian or any other Oriental is to be put through a course of constitutional training. This training, it is here held, must come sooner or later to all, and no nation is doomed to a condition of eternal slavery or childhood. Sufficient for Egypt that excessive precautions are taken, and, whatever be the immediate working of the Constitution, order and good government are rendered independent of it. If the Constitution fails through any of the causes which have been painted above in the blackest colours, nothing is lost. If the Constitution succeeds, a whole nation is won to the highest humanity, and a few formal changes in the written law can make the system of government in Egypt a broader and more liberal system than that of England or the United States at this day.

It becomes, then, now possible to answer more precisely the questions proposed at the beginning of this article, how far the new Egyptian Constitution responds to the two tests of all constitutions. Does it prevent bad government? Does it tend to promote the best possible government?

Consistently with due regard to the claims of order, and the limited political resources of an indigenous kind now in the country, the new Constitution provides the most effective checks on those sorts of abuses to which an Eastern Government is peculiarly liable. It substitutes publicity for secrecy; ministerial accountability to public bodies for the sinuous tactics of a monarch and his vizier; open discussion and remonstrance for despotic mandates, and, at every point possible, free election from below, in the place of dictated nomination from above. The working of the Constitution itself ought to be, and will be, the best training for its own benefits. The popular knowledge of politics ought to be, and will be, the best security against crooked courses of political action. The education of the political conscience will result from the growing apprehension of the breadth and width and depth of the problems to the solution of which political energy has to be directed. Certainly bad government will henceforth be rendered difficult in Egypt, and the worst government impossible.

The new Egyptian Constitution may be shown in equal detail to satisfy the second of the tests above propounded, that of providing for the best possible government in the future.

Of course those who have no faith in the destinies and capacity of mankind in East or West, will draw no consolation or hope from any openings afforded for the expansion of political forces, and for the generation of new political institutions. Yet, certainly, the constitutional framework now impressed upon Egypt affords every opportunity for the evolution of whatever political genius or energy may be latent in the people. Every Egyptian man, as soon as he comes of age, is forcibly reminded he is a citizen, with a citizen's rights and responsibilities, and at an early date will be invited to take his place with the most venerable grey-beard of the village in choosing the elector-delegate. He must share with the rest in the personal judgments and criticisms, on the basis of which the election will proceed; and he cannot but look forward with the rest to the action of his delegate in helping to choose the Provincial Council and the elective members of the General Assembly.

The whole country sharing in the same electoral work and habitually recurring to its exercise, it cannot but be that a political habit of mind will be constantly in course of formation, and will, as time goes on, engender a spirit of continuous political reform. The Constitution itself must be cast into the crucible so soon as it becomes inadequate to the needs of a new age. The broad electoral basis at the bottom, and the free speech and action already accorded to the Assemblies at the top, must facilitate the advance of every reform loudly and generally called for. For the moment, indeed, the

Executive Government is despotic and the Representative Assemblies formally impotent. But no long time can elapse, if order be maintained and genuine political activity be manifested, before the Assemblies become omnipotent, and the Executive Government their obedient, if not servile, instruments. Such a consummation may not seem devoutly to be wished by those who, mindful of late events, cannot distinguish between the forces of revolution, spasmodically stirred into transitory union, and the evenly and slowly developed forces of political enthusiasm, finding for themselves their natural outlet in equal and just government.

Of course, in all that has been here said of the political openings for the Egyptian people provided by their Constitution, it is supposed that certain other factors of the utmost importance are, at the least, not signally deficient or grossly inadequate. Of these, the due administration of justice, and the provision of some good national education, not bound up with the Koran, are, next to the security of the country against internal and external foes, indispensable requisites. But these factors, while necessary to the highest political development of the people, might for a time be away and yet the Constitution would do only good and not any harm. It would of itself be a liberal education. It would implant habits of co-operation for national and not only for religious or industrial ends. It would impart and distribute a sense of individual right and justice and truthfulness which are not, at present, largely diffused in Oriental countries. It would accustom the people to free speech, fearless comment, and a courageous attitude in the presence of their social superiors. It would, in a word, do as much as can be done, in the face of polygamy and the seclusion of women, to turn to account what is democratic in the religion of Mohammed to combat what is indolent, rapacious, and unpatriotic in that religion.

In this endeavour to found a Constitution in Egypt, based upon the latest constitutional achievements and discoveries in the most advanced countries of the West, it is impossible to overlook the fact, that the issues are far greater than such as are circumscribed by the destinies of Egypt itself. If the experiment succeeds, and a Mohammedan people, guaranteed against external foes, and temporarily, at least, against internal anarchy, responds to the call to govern themselves, and to fit themselves more and more for the task of governing themselves, it cannot but be that the experiment will be repeated again and again elsewhere. The most popular solutions hitherto of the Eastern question have been that of subtracting province after province from the Turkish Empire, and either founding independent principalities, or annexing the several provinces to neighbouring countries, populated by alien races. The problem has been comparatively

simple where, as in Servia and Montenegro, the people have never succumbed in heart and spirit to Turkish rule. But the more depressed countries of Asia Minor have not yet been touched, and, so soon as the Turkish Power finally collapses, tolerable governments must be found for the provinces belonging to the vacant inheritance. If the machinery of the new Egyptian Constitution be found to harmonize with the habits and spirit of a Mohammedan people in one country, it is not impossible it may do so in another. Any Power which is called to prescribe a regimen for such a province in the interest of the people, and not in its own, is sure to attempt to put in practice that which has been already proved a success; vote by ballot, minority representation, electors-delegate, provincial councils, and central assemblies of all sorts, will become as familiar for the provinces of what is now the Turkish Empire, as the vestry and the Court of Quarter Sessions are familiar in England, or the local "Parliaments" were in old France.

The problem is, of course, simpler in Egypt than it is ever likely to be again elsewhere. It is not likely that, elsewhere, the circumstances will ever repeat themselves which have rendered England supreme in Egypt, without it being regarded as politically expedient to annex the country. In any other case, it is probable England, or any other like preponderant Power, would go farther or not so far. If it went farther, constitutional freedom would run a risk of being fettered and weakened. If it did not go so far, that freedom would not be protected and nourished into full-blown strength. But in Egypt, owing to the palsy effect of successful war upon all rival and intrusive influences, the precise conditions exist for England to try the highest form of constitutional experiment. And yet it is not of the nature of vivisection, because the experiment gives no pain, and involves no risk. The Constitution rather gives health and life so far as it goes, and wherever it goes. "Everything that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live."

SHELDON AMOS.

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